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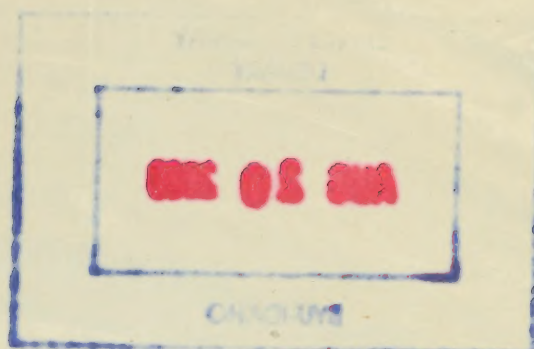
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXIII.—DECEMBER, 1863.—VOL. XXVIII.



IN that narrow Venetian street,
On the wall above the garden-gate
(Within, the breath of the rose is sweet,
And the nightingale sings there, soon and late),

Stands Saint Christopher, carven in stone,
With the little child in his huge caress,
And the arms of the baby Jesus thrown
About his gigantic tenderness;

And over the wall a wandering growth
Of darkest and greenest ivy clings,
And climbs around them, and holds them both
In its netted clasp of knots and rings,

Clothing the saint, from foot to beard,
In glittering leaves that whisper and dance
To the child, on his mighty arm upreared,
With a lusty, summer exuberance.

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VOL. XXVIII.—No. 163.—A

To the child on his arm the faithful saint
Looks up with a broad and tranquil joy,
His brows and his heavy beard aslant
Under the dimpled chin of the boy,

Who plays with the world upon his palm,
And bends his smiling looks divine
On the face of the giant rapt and calm,
And the glittering frolic of the vine.

He smiles on either with equal grace—
On the simple ivy's unconscious life;
And the soul in the giant's lifted face,
Strong from the peril and the strife:

For both are His own—the innocence
That climbs from the heart of earth to heaven,
And the virtue that greatly rises thence
Through trial sent and victory given.

Grow, ivy, up to His countenance!
But it can not smile on my life as on thine.
Look, Saint, with thy trustful, fearless glance,
Where I dare not lift these eyes of mine!

W. D. H., *Venice, August, 1863.*

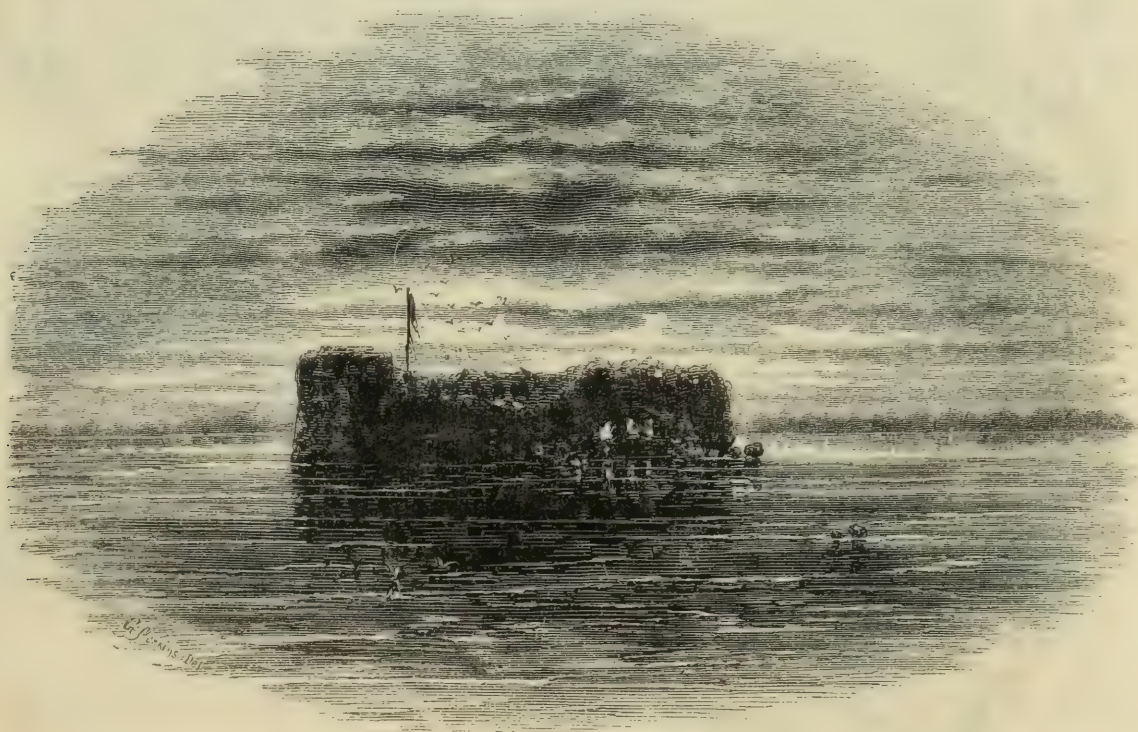
TWILIGHT ON SUMTER:—AUGUST 24, 1863.

STILL and dark along the sea
Sumter lay:
A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red,
Far away!
Not a solitary gun
Left to tell the fort had won,
Or lost the day!
Nothing but the tattered rag
Of the drooping rebel flag,
And the sea-birds screaming round it in their
play!

How it woke one April morn
Fame shall tell;
As from Moultrie, close at hand,
And the batteries on the land,
Round its faint but fearless band
Shot and shell

Raining hid the doubtful light:
But they fought the hopeless fight
Long and well,
(Theirs the glory, ours the shame!)
Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then our flag was proudly struck, and Sumter
fell!

Now—O look at Sumter now,
In the gloom!
Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
(Hark! the ruined rampart falls!)
There's a justice that appalls
In its doom:
For this blasted spot of earth
Where Rebellion had its birth
Is its tomb!
And when Sumter sinks at last
From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
Hell will rise in grim derision, and make room!





NEW LONDON IN 1813.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

VI.—THE WAR ON THE COAST.

THE evident determination of the Americans to seize Canada, and possibly New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the remarkable success of their little and despised navy on the ocean, awakened the fears and jealousy of the people of Great Britain, who could not brook the idea of a maritime rival. Was not England the "Mistress of the Seas?" Had not Englishmen for scores of years sung, complacently, "Britannia rules the waves?" Was not the boast of American independence an insult to British pride, and a menace to British power? Even so. The attitude of defiance assumed by the young Republic of the West was monstrous in the eyes of the ruling classes of Great Britain; and *chastise the Americans into submission* was the fiat of the British Cabinet at the close of 1812. It was determined in Council to send out a land and naval force sufficient to do it, and Great Britain put forth her amazing strength for the purpose. Preparations were made to blockade and desolate the coasts of the United States, lay waste their sea-port towns, destroy their dock-yards, and thus not only endeavor to divert their military strength from the Canada frontier, but destroy the centres of their commercial and naval power, dispirit the people, intensify the domestic resistance to the further prosecution of the war, and secure the absolute submission of the nation to British insolence and greed. Admiral Warren's fleet in American waters was reinforced, and Sir George Cockburn, a rear-admiral in the British navy, and willing instrument in the accomplishment of

work which honorable English commanders would not soil their hands with, was made his second in command. Cockburn was specially commissioned to wage a sort of amphibious warfare on the coasts from the Delaware River southward.

Toward the close of 1812 a British Order in Council declared the ports and harbors in the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays to be in a state of rigorous blockade. Soon afterward additional ships of war and transports arrived at Bermuda, bearing a considerable land-force, and well provided with bomb-shells and Congreve rockets, to be used in the conflagration of sea-port towns. The latter was a destructive species of fire-works, lately invented by Sir William Congreve, an English artillery officer, and first used against Boulogne in 1806. A part of the land-force consisted of French prisoners of war, who preferred to engage in the British marine service to risking indefinite confinement in Dartmoor prison, in England.

The first appearance of blockading vessels was early in February, 1813, when four 74-gun ships and several smaller armed vessels entered the Virginia Capes and bore up toward Hampton Roads. The squadron was under the command of Admiral Cockburn, whose flag-ship was the *Poictiers*. They bore a land-force of about eighteen hundred men, and were well supplied with small surf-boats for landing. Their appearance alarmed all lower Virginia; and the militia of the peninsula and the region about Norfolk were soon in motion, while the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the extinguishment of all the beacon-lights on the Chesapeake coast.



FORT NORFOLK IN 1853.

Hampton and Norfolk, it was supposed, would be first attacked. The latter place was pretty well defended by fortifications which General Wade Hampton had caused to be thrown up on Craney Island, five miles below the city, under the superintendence of Colonel Armistead. The masters and mates of merchant vessels in Norfolk harbor formed themselves into volunteer militia companies, and garrisoned Fort Norfolk, a relic of the old War for Independence. The frigate *Constellation*, 38 (now a corvette in the United States service), commanded by Captain Tarbell, was lying near, supported by a flotilla of gun-boats. Old Point Comfort, on which Fortress Monroe was afterward built, soon bristled with bayonets; and the British commanders thought it more prudent, at that time, to destroy the small merchant-craft found in Chesapeake Bay than to enter Hampton Roads. They did little more than this for several weeks, when Commodore Beresford was sent with the *Poictiers*, *Belvidera*, and some smaller vessels, to blockade Delaware Bay and River, and teach the inhabitants along their shores the duty of submission to British rule.

Beresford found his unwilling pupils very refractory. When, on the 16th of March, he pointed the guns of the *Poictiers* toward the village of Lewis, near Cape Henlopen, and said, in a note to the "first magistrate" of that little town, "You must send me twenty live bullocks, with a proportionate quantity of vegetables and hay, for the use of his Britannic Majesty's squadron," offering pay for them, but threatening, in the event of a refusal, to destroy the place, the "first magistrate" of Lewis, and all the people from Philadelphia to the sea, said in substance, as they every where prepared for resistance, "We solemnly refuse to commit legal or moral treason at your command. Do your worst!" They had heard of his coming, and had already, on both sides of the bay and river, assembled in

armed bodies, at expected points of attack, to repel the invaders. The spirit of the fathers was aroused, some of whom, full of the fire of the flint, were yet abiding among them. At Dover, on the Sabbath-day, the drum beat to arms; and men of every creed in politics and religion, to the number of almost five hundred, responded to the call. Among them was Jonathan M'Nutt, an age-bent soldier of the Revolution, who exchanged his staff for a musket, and engaged in the drill. Pious Methodist as he was, he did not regard the day as too holy for patriotic deeds, and he spent the whole afternoon in making ball-cartridges. This was the spirit every where manifested. The people turned out with spades or muskets, prepared to cast up the earth for batteries and trenches, or to be soldiers to meet the foe. Among others, at Wilmington, was the venerable Allan M'Lane, a gallant soldier of the Revolution, who assumed the direction of military affairs. The specie of

the Delaware banks was sent to Philadelphia for safety; and in that city Captain William Mitchell and his *Independent Blues*, and Captain Jacob H. Fisher and his *Junior Artillerists*, formed in three days for the occasion, volunteered to garrison Fort Mifflin.

The spirit of the people thus manifested astonished Beresford, and he held the thunders of his threat at bay for almost three weeks. The Governor of Delaware, in the mean time, summoned the militia to the defense of menaced Lewistown. He reiterated the positive refusal of the inhabitants to furnish the invaders with supplies. Beresford continued to threaten and hesitate; but at length, on the 6th of April, he sent Captain Byron, with the *Belvidera* and some smaller vessels, to attack the village. They drew near, and the *Belvidera* sent several heavy round shot into the town, with the expectation of terrifying the inhabitants into submission. These were followed by a flag of truce, bearing from Byron a renewal of the requisition. Colonel Davis, in command of the gathering militia, repeated the refusal, when Byron expressed a regret because of the misery he would be compelled to inflict on the women and children by a bombardment. "Colonel Davis is a gallant man, and will take care of the ladies," was the verbal reply.

A cannonade and bombardment followed this correspondence, and were continued for about twenty-two hours. So spirited was the response of a battery on an eminence worked by the militia that the most dangerous of the enemy's gun-boats was disabled, and its cannon silenced. Notwithstanding the British hurled full eight hundred of their 18 and 32 pound shot into the town, and many shells and Congreve rockets were sent, the damage inflicted was not severe. The shells did not reach the village; the rockets passed over it: but the heavy round shot injured several houses. No lives were lost. An

ample supply of powder was sent down from Dupont's, at Wilmington, while the industrious enemy supplied the balls from his guns. A large number of these were sent back with effect.

Unable to capture the town, the British attempted to land the next day, for the purpose of seizing live-stock in the neighborhood. They were met with great spirit at the verge of the water, and driven back to their vessels. For a month longer they lingered, closely watched by the vigilant Davis, and then, dropping down the coast seven miles below Lewistown, they attempted to supply themselves with fresh water from Newbold's ponds. Again they were driven to their ships. Failing to obtain supplies on the shores of the Delaware, the little blockading squadron sailed for Bermuda, where Admiral Warren was fitting out reinforcements for his fleet in American waters.

The blockaders within the capes of Virginia were very busy in the mean time. The squadron was under the command of Cockburn, and took chief position in Lynn Haven Bay. He continually sent out marauding expeditions along the shores of the Chesapeake, who plundered and burned farm-houses, carried off negroes, and armed them against their masters, and seized live-stock wherever it could be found. The country exposed to these depredations was extensive and sparsely settled; and it was difficult to concentrate a military force at one point in sufficient time to be effective against the marauders. In some instances they were severely punished, but these were rare.

More pretentious and more honorable exploits were sometimes undertaken by the blockaders under Cockburn. On the 3d of April a flotilla of a dozen armed boats from the squadron, under Lieutenant Polkingthorne of the *St. Domingo*, 74, entered the mouth of the Rappahannock River and attacked the Baltimore privateer *Dolphin*, 10, Captain Stafford, and three armed schooners prepared to sail for France. The assault was unexpected and fierce. The three smaller vessels were soon taken, but the struggle for the *Dolphin* was severe. She was finally boarded, and for fifteen minutes the conflict raged fearfully on her deck. Overpowered by numbers, Captain Stafford was compelled to submit. In this affair the loss was much heavier on the British than on the American side, owing partly to the disadvantageous position of the attacking party. No official report of losses was ever made by either party, but contemporary writers agree that the capture of the *Dolphin* cost the victors many lives.

Emboldened by this success, Cockburn resolved to engage in still more ambitious adventures. He thought of attacking Annapolis and Baltimore, and even dreamed of the glory and renown of penetrating the country forty or fifty miles and destroying the national capital. Prudence restrained obedience to his desires. His friends among the "Peace men" of Baltimore doubtless informed him that the vigilance of the inhabitants of that city, under the eye of the

veteran General Samuel Smith, was sleepless; that look-out boats were far down the Patapsco; that riflemen and horsemen were stationed along the shores of the river and bay; that Fort M'Henry was being strengthened by the mounting of 32-pounders; that the City Brigade numbered almost two thousand men, and that an equal number of volunteers for the defense of the place were within trumpet-call. Cockburn wisely concluded to pass by the political and commercial capitals of Maryland and fall upon weaker objects. With a large force he menaced Baltimore, as a feint, at the middle of April, and at the close, with the brigs *Fantome* and *Mohawk*, and tenders *Dolphin*, *Racer*, and *Highflyer*, he entered Elk River toward the head of Chesapeake Bay, and proceeded to destroy Frenchtown on the Delaware shore. It was a village of about a dozen buildings, composed of dwellings, store-houses, and stables. The blockading vessels had driven the trade between Philadelphia and Baltimore from the ordinary line of water-travel, and this place had become an important *entrepôt* of traffic between the two cities.

Admiral Cockburn made the *Fantome* his flagship, and sent First Lieutenant Westphall, of the *Marlborough*, with about four hundred armed men, in boats, to destroy the public and private property at Frenchtown. The only defenders were quite a large number of drivers of stages and transportation wagons, who were assembled there, and a few militia who came down from the neighboring village of Elkton. The former garrisoned the redoubt which had just been erected, upon which lay three iron 4-pounders, first used in the old War for Independence. They fought manfully, but were compelled to retire before overwhelming numbers. The store-houses were plundered and burned, but, on this occasion, no dwelling was injured. The women and children were treated with respect—thanks to the gallant Westphall! Property, on land, to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars was consumed, and in the water five small trading vessels were destroyed. This incendiary work accomplished, the invaders withdrew; and in the *Fantome*, on the following day, Sir George wrote an account of the affair to Admiral Warren, taking care to assure that humane commander that he was following out his orders in giving a receipt for property taken from non-combatants.

Havre de Grace, near the mouth of the Susquehanna River, was the marauding knight's next object for visitation. It was a small village two miles up from the head of Chesapeake Bay, and contained about sixty houses, built mostly of wood. It was on the post-road between Baltimore and Philadelphia, as it now is upon the railway between the two cities. For some time the enemy had been expected there, not because there were stores or any other seductions for him, but because the love of plunder and wanton destruction appeared to be Cockburn's animating spirit. Several companies of militia

had been sent to the vicinity; and upon the high bank of the river just below the village, near the site of the present (1863) iron-works of Whittaker and Co., a battery was erected, on which one 18-pounder and two 9-pounders were mounted. On the lower or Concord Point, where the light-house now stands, was a smaller battery, and both were manned by militia ex-empt. Patrols watched the shores all the way to the Bay, looking for the enemy; and for about three weeks this vigilance was unslumbering. The foe did not appear. All alarm subsided; and the spirit that brought out armed men began to flag. Some returned home, and apathy became the rule.

Cockburn was informed of this state of things at Havre de Grace, and prepared to fall upon the unsuspecting villagers on the night of the 1st of May. A deserter carried intelligence of his intentions to the town, and the entire neighborhood was speedily aroused. The women and children were carried to places of safety, and about two hundred and fifty militia were soon again at their posts. But Cockburn did not come. He purposely lulled them into repose by a postponement of the attack. The deserter's story was disbelieved. It was thought to be a false alarm. What is there to call the British here? common sagacity queried. The militia again became disorganized, and many of them returned home.

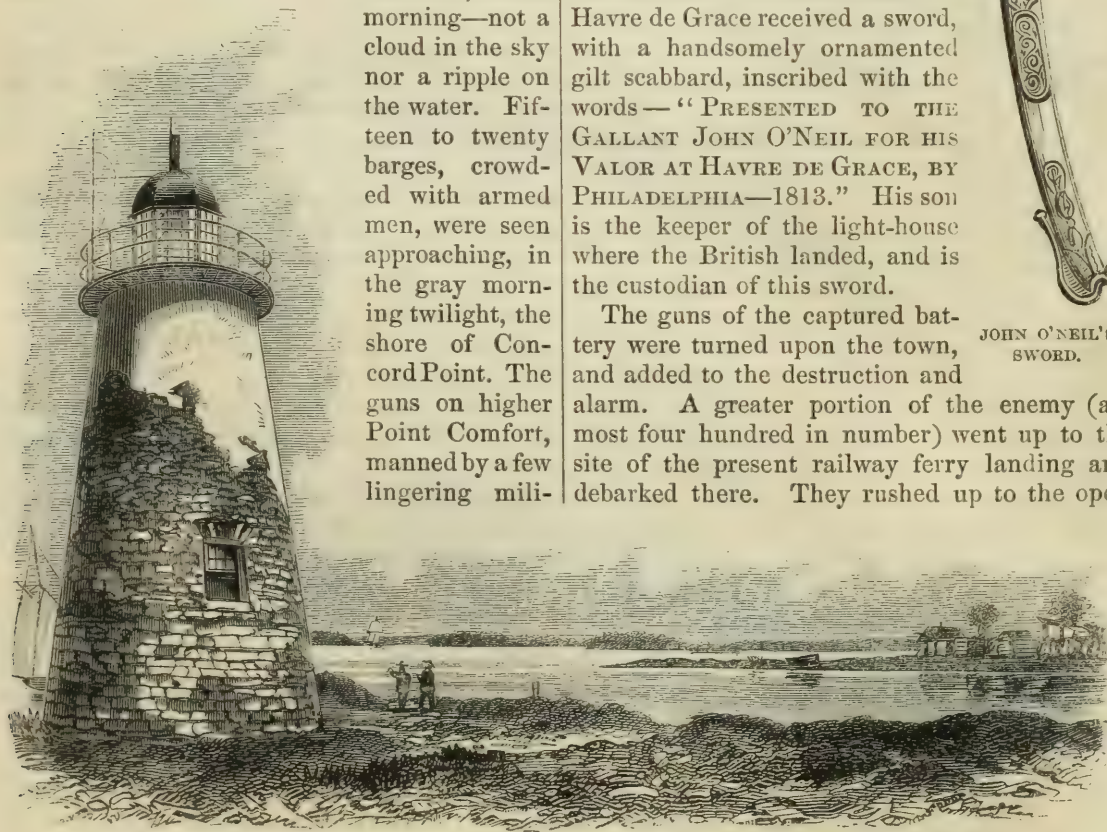
On the night of the 2d of May there was perfect quiet in Havre de Grace. The inhabitants went to sleep more peacefully than they had done for a month. They were suddenly awakened at dawn by the din of arms. It was a beautiful, serene morning—not a cloud in the sky nor a ripple on the water. Fifteen to twenty barges, crowded with armed men, were seen approaching, in the gray morning twilight, the shore of Concord Point. The guns on higher Point Comfort, manned by a few lingering mili-

tia, opened upon them. These were returned by grape-shot from the enemy's vessels. The drums in the village beat to arms. The affrighted inhabitants, half dressed, rushed to the streets, the non-combatants flying in terror to places of safety. The confusion was cruel. It was increased by a flight of hissing rockets, which set houses in flames. These were followed by more destructive bomb-shells; and while the panic and the fire were raging in the town the enemy landed. A strong party debarked in the cove by the present light-house on Concord Point, captured the small battery there, and pressed forward to seize the larger one on the high bank. All but eight or ten of the militia had fled from the village; and John O'Neil, a brave Irish nail-maker, and Philip Albert alone remained at the battery. Albert was hurt, and O'Neil attempted to manage the heaviest gun alone. He loaded and discharged it, when, by its recoil, his thigh was injured, and he was disabled. They both hurried toward the town and used their muskets until compelled to fly toward the open common, near the Episcopal church, pursued by a British horseman. There O'Neil was captured, but Albert escaped. The brave Irishman was carried on board the frigate *Maidstone*, and in the course of a few days was set at liberty. For his gallant behavior the nail-maker of Havre de Grace received a sword, with a handsomely ornamented gilt scabbard, inscribed with the words—"PRESENTED TO THE GALLANT JOHN O'NEIL FOR HIS VALOR AT HAVRE DE GRACE, BY PHILADELPHIA—1813." His son is the keeper of the light-house where the British landed, and is the custodian of this sword.

The guns of the captured battery were turned upon the town, and added to the destruction and alarm. A greater portion of the enemy (almost four hundred in number) went up to the site of the present railway ferry landing and debarked there. They rushed up to the open



JOHN O'NEIL'S
SWORD.



LANDING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH AT HAVRE DE GRACE.



THE PRINGLE MANSION-HOUSE, HAVRE DE GRACE.

common, separated into squads, and commenced plundering and destroying systematically, officers and men entering into the business with equal alacrity. The sailors, not content with plundering, wantonly destroyed many things. Elegant looking-glasses were dashed in pieces, and feather-beds were ripped open for the sport of scattering the feathers on the wind. Some of the officers indulged in plunder. They selected tables and bureaus for their private use, and after writing their names on them sent them on board the barges. Admiral Cockburn was pleased with an elegant coach which fell in his way, and ordered it to be put on board a boat and taken to his ship. "It belonged to a poor coach-maker," wrote Dr. Sparks, the historian (who was an eye-witness), "whose family must suffer by its loss."

Finally, when at least one half of the village had been destroyed, Cockburn, the instigator of the crime, went on shore, and was met on the Common by several ladies who had taken refuge in the elegant brick mansion, some distance from the village, belonging to Mark Pringle, and now the residence of the Honorable Elisha Lewis, who calls the beautiful estate "Bloomsbury." Among those who took shelter there was the wife of Commodore Rodgers, Mrs. William Pinkney, Mrs. Goldsborough, and the aged mother of the latter. They entreated Cockburn to spare the remainder of the village, and especially the roof that sheltered them, for the owner had taken no part in the war. He yielded with reluctance, and at length gave an order for a stay of the plundering and burning.

In the mean time a large detachment of the enemy went up the Susquehanna about six miles, to the head of tide-water, and there destroyed extensive iron-works and

cannon foundry. A number of vessels that had escaped to that point from the Bay were saved from the flames by being sunk. A little further down they burned a large warehouse. Finally, when all possible mischief had been achieved along the river bank; when farm-houses had been plundered and burned a long distance on the Baltimore road; when, after the lapse of four hours, forty of the sixty houses in the village had been destroyed, and nearly all the remainder of the edifices, excepting the Episcopal Church, were more or less injured, the marauders assembled in their vessels in the stream, and at sunset sailed out into the Bay to pay a sim-

ilar visit to villages on the Sassafras River, some miles further southward. Havre de Grace was at least sixty thousand dollars poorer when Cockburn left than when he came twelve hours before.

It was on Thursday the 6th of May, a warm and beautiful morning, when Cockburn and his marauders, six hundred strong, in eighteen barges, went up the Sassafras River that separates Cecil and Kent counties in Maryland, and attacked the villages of Fredericktown and Georgetown, lying on opposite banks of that stream, about eleven miles from its mouth. The former is in Cecil County; the latter in Kent County. Both of them at that time (and especially Georgetown) had a flourishing trade with Baltimore. They contained from forty to fifty houses each; and at Fredericktown several small vessels, that had run up from the Bay for shelter, were moored.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HAVRE DE GRACE.

Fredericktown was first visited by the invaders. Less than one hundred militia-men, under Colonel Veazy, were there, with a little breast-work and a small cannon, to defend it. Of these all but thirty-five fled when the enemy opened the fire of his great guns. After making stout resistance with his courageous men, Veazy was compelled to retire. The British landed; and the entreaties of the women to spare the town, especially the more humble dwellings of the poor, were answered by oaths and obscene jests and the application of the torch. The store-house, the vessels, and the beautiful village were set in flames after the invaders were glutted with plunder. Georgetown then suffered the same fate at the same hands. So delighted was Cockburn with his success in plundering and destroying unprotected towns that, with characteristic swagger, he declared that he should not be satisfied until he had burned every building in Baltimore.

After having despoiled these quiet, unoffending villages of wealth to the amount of at least seventy thousand dollars, Cockburn and his followers returned to their ships. This kind of warfare, so disgraceful to a civilized government, created the most intense hatred of the enemy, and aroused a war-spirit throughout the land that for a time appalled the cowardly "Peace party," and nearly silenced the newspapers in their interest.

On the 26th of May (1813) a British Order in Council extended the blockade to New York and all the Southern ports; and on the first of June Admiral Warren entered the Chesapeake with a considerable naval reinforcement for Cockburn and Beresford, bearing a large number of land troops and marines under the command of Sir Sidney Beckwith. The British force now collected within the Capes of Virginia consisted of eight ships of the line, twelve frigates, and a considerable number of smaller vessels; and it was evident that some more important point than defenseless villages would be the next object for an attack. The citizens of Baltimore, Annapolis, and Norfolk, were equally menaced; but when, at the middle of June, three British frigates entered Hampton Roads and sent their boats up the James River to destroy some small American vessels there and to plunder the inhabitants, it was evident that Norfolk would be the first point of attack. The *Constellation*, 38, and a flotilla of twenty gun-boats, as well as Forts Norfolk and Nelson (one on each side of the Elizabeth River), Forts Tar and Barbour, and the fortifications on Craney Island, were all put in the best possible state of defense. At the same time Captain Tarbell of the *Constellation*, by order of Commodore Cassin, commander of the station, organized an expedition for the capture of the British frigate that lay at anchor at the nearest distance from Norfolk.

Toward midnight on Saturday the 19th of June, Captain Tarbell, with fifteen gun-boats, descended the Elizabeth River in two divisions, one under Lieutenant J. M. Gardner, and the

other under Lieutenant Robert G. Henly. Fifteen sharp-shooters from Craney Island volunteered for the service, and were added to the crews of the boats. Because of head-winds the flotilla did not approach the nearest vessel until half past three o'clock in the morning. She lay about three miles from the others; and under cover of the darkness just before daylight, and a heavy fog, the Americans approached within easy range of the vessel without being discovered. At four o'clock Tarbell opened fire upon her. She was taken by surprise; and her response was so feeble and irregular that a panic on board was indicated. The wind was too light to fill her sails, while the gun-boats, managed by sweeps, had every advantage. They were formed in crescent shape; and during a conflict of half an hour Tarbell was continually cheered by sure promises of victory. It was snatched from his hand by a breeze that suddenly sprung up from the north-northeast, which enabled the two frigates anchored below to come up to the assistance of the assailed vessel, supposed to be the *Junon*, 38. These opened a severe cannonade on the flotilla, and the Americans were compelled to haul off. As they retired in good order they kept up a fire on the British vessels for almost an hour. They damaged their enemy seriously, while some of their own boats were badly bruised. One subaltern was killed, and two seamen were slightly injured. These composed the entire loss of the Americans. How much the British seamen suffered is not known. In this affair Lieutenant (now Admiral) W. B. Shubrick performed a gallant part. He was then only twenty-three years of age. When Tarbell ordered the flotilla to withdraw, Shubrick was so well satisfied that a few more shots would damage the enemy that he obeyed the order reluctantly and tardily, and continued to blaze away at the frigate, causing the concentration of the enemy's fire upon his single boat. Finally, in obedience to peremptory orders, he moved off without having lost a man.

The attack on the *Junon* brought matters in Hampton Roads and vicinity to a crisis. Efforts for the capture of Norfolk, with its fortifications, the armed vessels there, and the Navy-yard, were immediately made by the British admiral. The cannonade had been distinctly heard, and with the very next tide after the conflict on that foggy Sunday morning, fourteen of the enemy's vessels entered the Roads, ascended to the mouth of the James River, and took position between the point called Newport-Newce and Pig Point, at the mouth of the Nansemond. These vessels had on board a large body of land troops; among them two companies composed of French volunteer prisoners, already referred to, who, in compliment to their language, were called *Chasseurs Britanniques*. Sir Sidney Beckwith was in chief command of these land troops, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles James Napier, afterward a distinguished General in the British army, and who was knighted for his services in



CRANEY ISLAND.

the East Indies, where he became Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. The whole number of the enemy, including the seamen, was about five thousand.

This hostile demonstration aroused the Virginians. James Barbour was then Governor of that State. He was patriotic and active, and by untiring energy he had already assembled several thousand militia. A large portion of them, with some United States regulars, under Captain Pollard, were at old Fort Norfolk and vicinity. They had been drawn chiefly from the coast districts most immediately menaced by the enemy. The Richmond press and leading provincial journals had zealously seconded the Governor's efforts, and, as usual, appealed successfully to State pride. Gallant men flocked to the standard of their common country.

Craney Island, five miles below Norfolk, which has played a conspicuous part in the Great Rebellion, was soon made the theatre of stirring events. It was in shape like that of a painter's pallet, contained then about thirty acres of land, which rose only a few feet above high-water mark, and was separated from the main land by a shallow strait fordable at low-water, but over which a foot-bridge had been erected. On the southeastern portion of the island intrenchments had been thrown up, on which were two 24, one 18, and one 6 pound cannon, that commanded the ship channel. These formed the most remote military outpost of Norfolk, and were the key to the harbor.

The defense of Craney Island was demanded by stern necessity, and to that end the efforts of the leaders in that vicinity were directed. The chief of these was Brigadier-General Robert B. Taylor, the commanding officer of the district. The whole available force on the island when the British entered Hampton Roads consisted of two companies of artillery from Portsmouth, under the command of Major James Faulkner, father of the late United States Minister at the French court; a company of riflemen, under Captain Roberts; and four hundred and sixteen militia infantry of the line, under Lieutenant-Colonel Beatty. These were so situated that if attacked and overpowered they had no means for escape; and yet, as one of the newspapers of the day said, they were "all cool and collected, rather wishing the attack."

General Taylor, perceiving the necessity of

reinforcing the troops on Craney Island, on whom the first blow of the invaders must necessarily fall, sent down Captain Pollard with thirty regulars, accompanied by thirty volunteers, most of them riflemen. These were followed by about one hundred and fifty seamen, under Lieutenants Neale, Shubrick, and Sanders; and fifty marines, under Lieut. Breckinridge, who were sent by Captain Tarbell, at the request of General Taylor, to work the heavy guns.

At midnight the camp was alarmed by the crack of the sentinel's musket, who supposed that a bush in the strait was a lurking spy in a boat. The troops, called to arms, stood watching until dawn, when the real character of the object was discovered. The soldiers were at once dismissed; but they had scarcely broken ranks when a horseman came dashing across the shallow strait and reported that the enemy were landing in force near Major Hoffleur's, a little more than two miles distant, in the direction of Pig Point. The long roll was immediately beaten, and as the daylight increased the British were seen passing in a continual stream from the ships to the shore, and making the wood all aglow with scarlet. Faulkner at once ordered the heavy



JAMES FAULKNER.

guns on the southeastern portion of the island to be transferred to the northwestern shore, and placed in battery with four 6-pounders already in position there. These seven pieces presented a formidable defense. A short distance in the rear of them the infantry, riflemen, and some artillery acting as infantry were formed in line, so as to face the strait at the mouth of Wise's Creek. Lieutenant Neale took command of the 18-pounder, assisted by Lieutenants Shubrick and Sanders, and about one hundred sailors and marines, chiefly from the *Constellation*. The two 24's and four 6's were under the charge of Captain Emerson and his company of artillery, aided by active subordinate officers. One of them was Captain Thomas Rooke, of the merchantman *Manhattan*, then in the harbor of Norfolk, who volunteered, and was of great service in the transfer of the heavy guns from one end of Craney Island to the other. These guns were worked chiefly by men of the navy. The entire battery was under the supreme command of Major Faulkner, who was a cool and skillful artilleryist; the entire force on the island

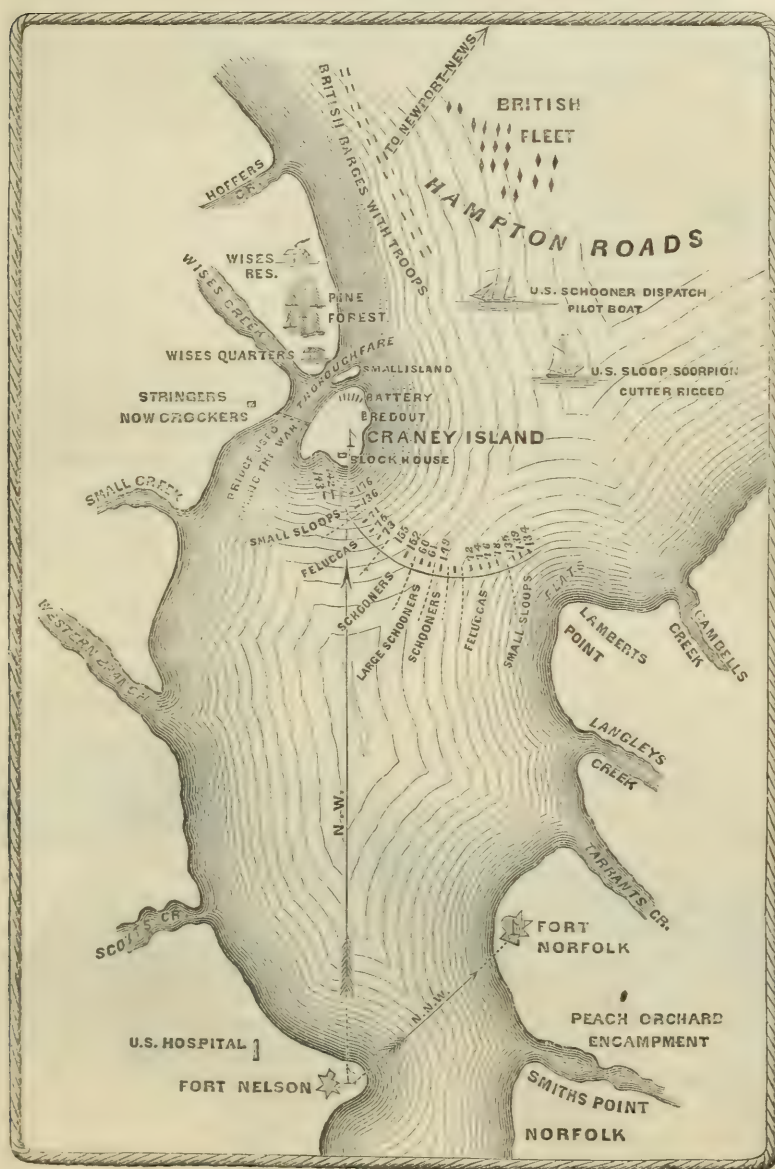
was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Beatty. A long pole was procured, the national flag was nailed to it, and then it was planted firmly in the redoubt. The gun-boats were anchored in the form of a segment of a circle, extending from Craney Island to Lambert's Point; while the *Constellation* lay nearer the city. Thus prepared, the Americans calmly awaited the approach of the foe.

The British landed about twenty-five hundred men, infantry and marines, at Hoffleur's Creek. The morning sky was cloudless; and for more than two hours the flashing of their burnished arms might be seen by the Americans as they manœuvred on the beach and in the edge of an intervening wood. Stealthily they crept through the thick undergrowth of the forest, and appeared suddenly on the point at the confluence of Wise's Creek and the strait. They immediately opened a cannonade from a field-piece and a howitzer, and sent a bevy of Congreve rockets upon the island, to cover the movement of a detachment sent to cross Wise's Creek and gain the rear of the American flank in position

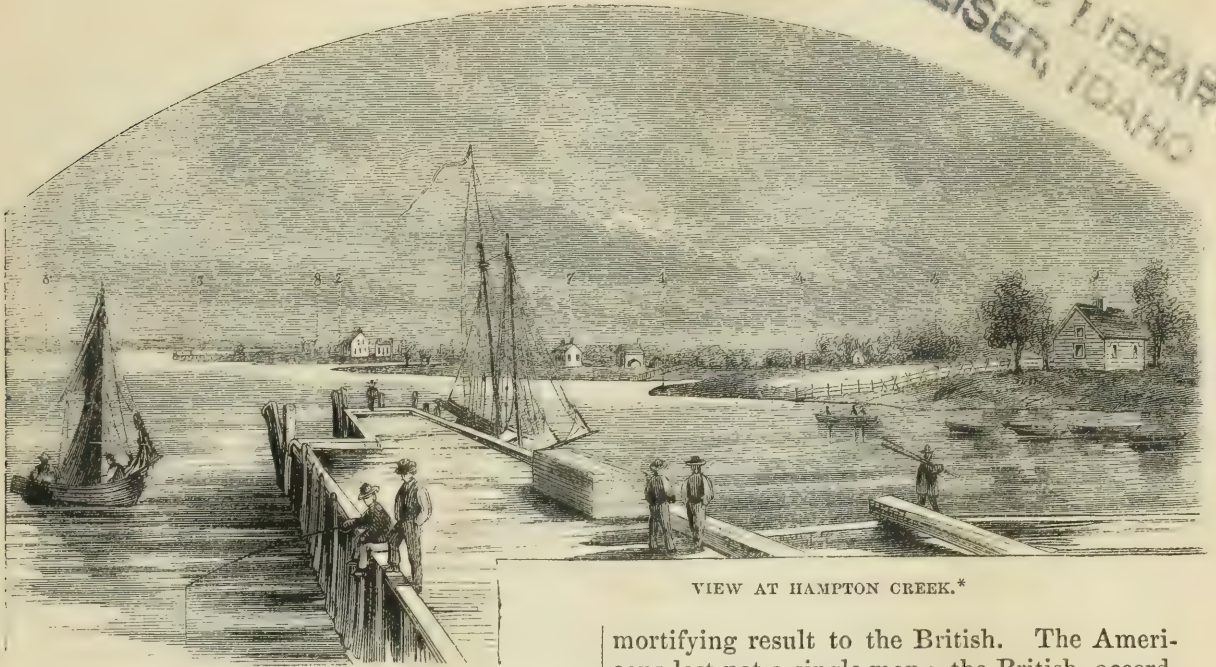
on the main land. They were partially sheltered by Wise's house and a thick wood.—Some of the heavy guns of the battery on the island were opened upon them with great precision and rapidity, and a shower of grape and canister shot soon drove the enemy out of reach of the artillery.

Almost simultaneously with this advance of the British land-force, fifty large barges, filled with full fifteen hundred sailors and marines, were seen approaching from the enemy's ships. They hugged the main shore to keep out of range of the gun-boat artillery, and moved in column order in two distinct lines, in the direction of the strait, led by Admiral Warren's beautiful barge, called—in consequence of its length and the great number of oars on each side, like legs—*The Centipede*. In her bow was a brass 3-pounder, called a "grasshopper," and she was commanded by Captain Hanchett, of the flag-ship *Diadem*, a natural son of George the Third, and half-brother of the Prince Regent, then holding the reins of government in the British realm.

As the first division of the fleet of barges approached, the eager Emerson could hardly be restrained by the more prudent Faulkner. At



PLAN OF OPERATIONS AT CRANEY ISLAND.

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VIEW AT HAMPTON CREEK.*

length they reached within fair range of the guns. Faulkner gave a signal, when Emerson shouted, "Now, my brave boys, are you ready?" "All ready!" was the quick response. "Fire!" exclaimed Faulkner. The whole battery, except two guns that had been dismounted, belched forth fire and smoke, and round and grape and canister shot. The volley was fearful; yet, in the face of it, the barges moved steadily forward, until the storm of metal was too terrible to be endured. The boats were thrown into the greatest confusion. *The Centipede* was hulled by a heavy round shot that passed through her diagonally, wounding several of the men in her, cutting off the legs of one of them, and severely hurting the thigh of Captain Hanchett. Orders for retreat were given. *The Centipede* and four other barges were sunk in shoal water, and the remainder of the flotilla escaped to the ships. Lieutenant Neale was directed to send some of his bold seamen to seize the Admiral's barge and all in it, and haul it on shore. This was gallantly performed, under the direction of Lieutenants Tatnall (late Commodore in the United States Navy, but later Commander-in-Chief of the shadowy navy of the rebels) and Geisenger, and two or three others. They secured the barge and several prisoners. *The Centipede* was afterward repaired, and performed good service as a guard-boat during many a cold, dark, and dreary night in the ensuing autumn.

Thus ended the battle known in history as "The Repulse at Craney Island." Not long before the time when the Prince Regent of Great Britain congratulated his kingdom on the pitch of grandeur it reached by dictating peace to France, in the French capital, a half-brother of that Regent was repulsed by a handful of Virginian militia in an attempt to capture a small island in Chesapeake Bay, three thousand miles from the King's palace. It was a most

mortifying result to the British. The Americans lost not a single man; the British, according to their own statement, lost six killed, twenty-four wounded, and one hundred and fourteen missing. Of the latter, forty were prisoners and deserters.

So certain was General Beckwith of success, that he promised the troops the opportunity of breakfasting on Craney Island that morning. Some of the officers took their toilet-apparatus with them, and others their dogs! At ten o'clock the scene was changed; and before sunset the British commanders abandoned all hope of seizing Norfolk, the *Constellation*, and the Navy-yard. It was the last attempt of the kind which the enemy thought it expedient to make there during the war.

Exasperated by their ignominious repulse at Craney Island, the British proceeded to attack the village of Hampton, a flourishing borough on the west side of Hampton Creek, two miles and a half from Old Point Comfort. It was the capital of Elizabeth County, Virginia, and was a mile from the confluence of the creek with the waters of Hampton Roads. It was defended at the time by about four hundred and fifty Virginia soldiers, under Major Stapleton Crutchfield. They were chiefly composed of militia infantry, and a few artillerymen and cavalry. They were encamped on the "Little England" estate of five hundred acres, lying a short distance southward from the village, where they had a heavy battery, composed of four 6, two 12, and one 18 pound cannon, in charge of Sergeant William Burke, to defend the water-front of the camp and the village.

On Friday night, the 24th of June, twenty-five hundred British land troops, including the rough French prisoners (*Chasseurs Britannique*),

* In this picture the house on the extreme left, beyond the creek, shows the place of Crutchfield's camp on the "Little England" estate. The wharf was the Hampton landing in 1853. The point seen between it and the vessel on the left is Blackbeard's Point.

were placed in boats and small sailing vessels, and between dawn and sunrise of the 25th were landed behind a wood, near the house of Daniel Murphy, a little more than two miles from Hampton, under cover of the guns of the *Mohawk* sloop of war. These were designed to fall upon Hampton and the little American camp in the rear, while Admiral Cockburn, with a flotilla of boats and barges, should make a feint in front.

The land troops, under the general command of Beckwith, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonels Napier and Williams, moved stealthily and rapidly forward toward the doomed town, while the armed boats appeared suddenly off Blackbeard's Point at the mouth of Hampton Creek. The latter were first discovered by American patrols, near the mouth of the creek, who gave the alarm. The camp was aroused and a line of battle was formed. At that moment a messenger came in haste with intelligence that the British were moving in force in the rear of Hampton. The woods toward Murphy's were glowing with scarlet, and a field of ripe grain was made verdant with the green uniforms of the French prisoners. The inhabitants of the village, who yet remained, fled toward Yorktown, excepting a few who could not leave, or who were willing to trust to British honor and clemency.

The brave Crutchfield resolved to stand firmly and defend the town against the invaders on land and water. He sent Captain Servant and his rifle company to ambush on a road known as Celey's, leading from the York road to the James River beyond Murphy's, who were to attack and check the enemy; and when Cockburn ventured within Blackbeard's Point and opened fire on the American camp, Crutchfield's heavy battery responded with so much spirit and effect that the arch-marauder was glad to escape for shelter behind that Point, and content himself with throwing a shot or rocket occasionally into the American camp.

Crutchfield gave special attention to the movements in his rear, being convinced that Cockburn's was only a feint. From his camp was a plantation road that crossed cultivated fields, and by the edge of the woods behind which the British had landed unobserved to the highway known as Celey's road. Connected with this road was a plantation lane leading to Murphy's on the banks of the James River. Along this lane or road the British moved from their landing-place, and had reached rising ground and halted for breakfast when they were discovered by the Americans. Captain Pryor, left in charge of the artillery in camp, immediately detailed Sergeant Parker, and a few picked men with a field-piece, to go up the Yorktown road to Celey's Junction to assist the ambushed riflemen. Parker had just reached his position and planted his cannon when the British moved forward with celerity. They had just crossed the head of the West Branch of Hampton Creek at the Celey road when the advanced-guard of

Servant's riflemen (Lieutenant Thomas Hope and two others), who were concealed by a large cedar-tree (yet standing when the writer visited the spot in 1853), opened a deadly fire, with sure aim, upon the French column in front, led by a huge British sergeant-major. That officer and several others were killed; the invaders were checked, and great confusion in their ranks ensued. The main body of the riflemen now delivered their fire, and the commander of the marines, the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the British army, fell dead.

The enemy soon recovered from his temporary panic and pressed forward, compelling the riflemen to fall back. In the mean time Crutchfield, hearing the firing, had moved forward from his camp with nearly all of his force, leaving the position on the Little England estate to be defended by Pryor and his artillerymen from the attack of the barges. While he was marching in columns, by platoons, along the lane for the Little England farm toward Celey's road and the great highway, he was suddenly assailed by an enfilading fire on his left. He immediately ordered his men to wheel and charge the enemy, who were in the edge of the woods. This was done with the coolness and precision of long-disciplined soldiers, and the foe fell back. The victors were pressing forward when the British opened a storm of grape and canister shot upon them from two 6-pounders, and some Congreve rockets, and appeared in force directly in front of Crutchfield. The Americans withstood the fire a few minutes when they fell back, and a part of them broke and fled in confusion across the Yorktown road and the Pembroke farm.

Parker meanwhile had worked his piece with good effect. Now his ammunition failed. Lieutenant Jones of the Hampton Artillery hastened to his relief; but when they saw an overwhelming force of the enemy moving along the Celey road, they fell back to the Yorktown pike. Jones now found that his match was extinguished; so he ran to a house near by, snatched a brand from the hearth, and concealed himself in a hollow near a spring. When the British drew near, and almost filled the lane, supposing the little cannon to be abandoned, Jones arose and discharged his piece with terrible effect. Many of the foe were prostrated by its missiles; and during the confusion that ensued in the British ranks, Jones attached a horse to his cannon and bore it off toward the American camp. When he drew near that camp he saw that it was occupied by the enemy, who had come in force from the barges and compelled Pryor to spike his guns and flee. This he did in safety. He and his command, after fighting their way through the surrounding enemy with their firelocks, swam the West Branch of Hampton Creek, and, making a circuit in rear of the enemy, fled to what is now known as Big Bethel, where one of the earliest battles of the great civil war was fought. He did not lose a man nor a musket. Seeing this, Jones turned



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and fled after spiking his faithful little gun, and followed Pryor's track to the same destination.

Crutchfield, with the remainder of his troops, had now rallied on the flank of Servant's riflemen, and renewed the fight with vigor. He soon observed a powerful flank movement by the enemy, which threatened to cut off his line of retreat, when he withdrew in good order, pursued almost two miles across and beyond the Pembroke farm. The pursuit was terminated at what is now known as New Bridge Creek. Thus ended the battle. The British had lost about fifty in killed, wounded, and missing, and the Americans about thirty. Of eleven missing Americans ten at least had fled to their homes.

The victorious British now entered Hampton by the Yorktown road, bearing the body of the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Williams. Beckwith and Cockburn made their head-quarters at the fine brick mansion of Mrs. Westwood on the street leading to the landing. In her garden the remains of Williams were buried with solemn funeral rites on the same day. Then the village was given up to pillage and rapine. The atrocities committed at that time upon the defenseless inhabitants who remained in Hampton, particularly on the females, have consigned the name of Sir George Cockburn to merited infamy as the chief author of them. There can be little doubt that he had promised the soldiers, and particularly the French prisoners, "Beauty and Booty" to their hearts' content. It was like him; but no one could suspect the right-minded Admiral Warren, or even the more latitudinarian soldier, Sir Sidney Beckwith, of complicity in these crimes against civilization and Christianity. The reports of these atrocities, made at the time, were doubtless

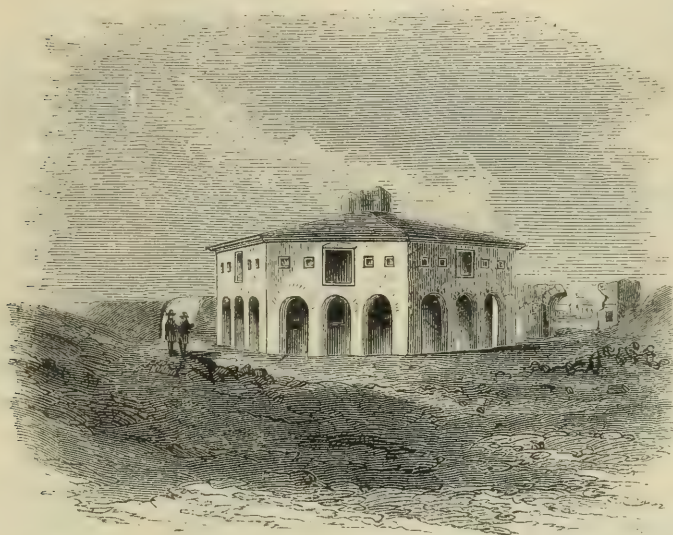
much exaggerated; but sufficient was proven by official investigations to cause the cheeks of every honest Briton to crimson with the deepest blush of shame. "We are sorry to say," reported Commissioners Thomas Griffin and Robert Lively, appointed to investigate the matter, "that from all information we could procure, from sources too respectable to permit us to doubt, we are compelled to believe that acts of violence have been perpetrated which have disgraced the age in which we live. The sex hitherto guarded by the soldier's honor escaped not the rude assaults of superior force."

A correspondence on the subject of these atrocities occurred between General Taylor and Sir Sidney Beckwith, in which the latter, while he did not deny the charges, attempted to justify them by pleading the law of retaliation; falsely alleging, as was clearly proven, that the Americans had waded out from Craney Island after the battle there, and deliberately shot the crew of a barge which had sunk on the shoal. While it was not denied that British officers and soldiers had engaged zealously in the business of plundering the private houses at Hampton of every thing valuable that they might easily carry away, the more horrid crime of ravishing the persons of married women and young maidens was charged, by the British commanders, upon the French soldiery. "This apology," said the Commissioners just quoted, "appeared to us no justification of those who employed them; believing, as we do, that an officer is, or should be, ever responsible for the troops under his command." So shameful were these atrocities—too gross to be repeated here—that the most violent of the British partisan writers were compelled to denounce them; and Admiral Warren and General Beckwith, in obedience to the demands of public opinion, dismissed the *Chasseurs Britanniques* from the service.

The enemy remained in Hampton until the 27th of June, when they re-embarked, and on the morning of the 29th Major Crutchfield entered the plundered village and took possession. On the 1st of July the blockading squadron, consisting, at that time, of seven ships of the line, seven frigates, and eleven smaller vessels, left Hampton Roads.



COCKBURN'S QUARTERS.



BLOCK-HOUSE, CRANEY ISLAND.

It was at the "ides of March" in 1853 that the writer visited the theatre of scenes described in this paper, and had the good fortune to meet several persons who were participants in them. On Craney Island were the remains of military works, constructed after the famous repulse of the British on the 22d of June, 1813. On the northern end of the island were the remains of a magazine, built of brick and earth. On the southern end, nearest to Norfolk, was a block-house in perfect order, within a large redoubt; and between it and the magazine, on the channel side of the island, were the mounds of the old connecting intrenchments. All this has been since changed by the fires of a terrible civil war. Hampton was then a beautiful and, for Virginia, flourishing town; it is now a desolation, made so by the torch of rebels at the command of one of their leaders. There I was favored with the company of Colonel Wilson W. Jones, brother of the brave artilleryman above-mentioned, and who was a soldier at the time, under Crutchfield. He visited every place of historic interest with me. He lived in the house in which Commodore Barron long resided, and there he and his equally aged wife were enjoying the evening of life when the rebellion broke out. Colonel Wilson remained a stanch Unionist, faithful among the faithless, and was the last man to leave the doomed village when, at a few minutes past midnight, on the 7th of August, 1861, the brand was applied to the town by order of the rebel General Magruder, during the maudlin delirium of habitual intoxication. He was not allowed to take any thing from his house; and he and his wife had scarcely left its threshold when they saw it in flames.

When the British blockading squadron left Hampton Roads it entered the Potomac River. A portion of it went up that stream, exciting the most intense alarm at Alexandria, Georgetown, and the national capital. The only fortification on which those cities could rely at that time for the arrest of the invading squadron was old Fort Warburton, then called Fort Wash-

ington, situated on the Maryland side of the Potomac, twelve miles below Washington City. This was strengthened, and its garrison increased by calling in the militia from the surrounding country. Breast-works were thrown up at Alexandria, Georgetown, and Washington; and vigorous measures were taken to meet the foe. But the alarm soon subsided. The British did not approach nearer to Washington than seventy miles, and then withdrew, went around to the Chesapeake and created equal alarm at Annapolis and Baltimore. Assured that these cities were amply defended, they withdrew from those waters, and a portion of the fleet, under Cockburn, went southward to plunder, destroy, and spread alarm along the coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia.

His vessels were the *Sceptre*, 74 (flag-ship), *Romulus*, *Fox*, and *Neptune*.

Toward the middle of July Cockburn anchored off Ocracoke Inlet, and dispatched Lieutenant Westphall, with about eight hundred men in barges, to the waters of Pamlico Sound. They found within the bar the *Anaconda* of New York and *Atlas* of Philadelphia, both private armed vessels. They fell upon the *Anaconda*, whose thirteen men, after stout resistance, blew holes in her bottom with her own guns and escaped. The British plugged the holes and saved her. They then captured the *Atlas* and some smaller craft, but a revenue cutter escaped, and gave timely alarm at Newbern. Westphall proceeded to attack that place, but it was too well defended by the newly-rallied militia, to warrant an assault, so he proceeded to Portsmouth, not far off, took possession of the town, and for two or three days engaged in the pastime of plundering and desolating the surrounding country. The rapid gathering of the militia caused them to decamp in haste on the 16th, carrying with them cattle and other property, and many slaves to whom freedom was falsely promised. These Cockburn, it is said, sold for his own benefit in the West Indies.

Leaving Pamlico Sound, the arch-marauder went down the coast, stopping at and plundering Dewee's and Caper's islands, and filling the whole region of the Lower Santee with terror. Several plantations on Dewee's were desolated; and from Caper's a large quantity of live-stock was taken away, with a few slaves. Other exposed places along the coast expected a similar visitation. Breast-works were thrown up around Charleston; Fort Moultrie and other fortifications were strengthened; and a considerable body of militia were assembled on Haddrell's Point, or Point Pleasant, where might be seen, a few years ago, a monument erected to the memory of some of those soldiers who perished there by disease. No battle was fought on South Carolina soil during the war. Her politicians were among the most clamorous for a

conflict with Great Britain, and some of her citizens made fortunes by privateering; but few of her sons were found in the ranks of their country's defenders. She suffered most from fear of losing property, especially slaves, which her State laws declared to be property; and during the time when Cockburn was hovering along the coast the large slaveholders were agitated by the deepest anxiety lest a force of the British should land and declare freedom to all serfs who should join their standard. Had they done so, no doubt an army of many thousands of colored people would have flocked to that flag, for the negroes there had heard of the liberation of their brethren in Virginia by the British, but not of the infamous treachery of their seducers, who sold them into worse captivity. All along the coast, and far into the interior, a secret organization existed (and has ever since, it is believed) among the negroes for a united effort to procure their freedom; and in anticipation of the coming of a British Army of Liberation they were prepared to rise in large numbers at a given signal and strike for freedom. But Cockburn was content to fill his pockets by plundering and a petty slave-trade on his own account; so, after keeping the Carolinas in a state like fever and ague for many weeks, he went down to the Georgia coast, and at "Dungennes House," the seat of the fine estate of General Nathaniel Greene, of the Continental Army, on Cumberland Island, he made his headquarters for the winter.

While Cockburn the marauder was on the Southern coast, Sir Thomas Hardy the gentleman was blockading a portion of the New England coast. The harbors from the Delaware to Nantucket were rigorously watched, and ingress and egress were very difficult.

In the autumn of 1812 Commodore Decatur returned to New York from a successful cruise, bringing with him the frigate *Macedonian* as a prize. She had been captured by the frigate *United States*, under Decatur. These vessels had been repaired, and were fully fitted for sea, when Hardy appeared off the Connecticut coast. Decatur still commanded the *United States*, and the gallant Captain Jones, late of the victorious *Wasp*, was in command of the *Macedonian*. At this time the *Poictiers*, Captain Beresford, and a number of other vessels of Warren's blockading fleet, were carefully guarding the entrance to New York harbor through the Narrows.

Decatur, anxious to get out upon the ocean, resolved to run the blockade. He found it unsafe to attempt it at the Narrows; so, with his two frigates, accompanied by the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, Captain Biddle, which was to join the *Chesapeake* at Boston, he passed up the East River and Long Island Sound for the purpose of escaping between Montauk Point and Block Island. Here they were met. For a month Hardy, with his flag-ship *Ramillies*, the *Orpheus*, Captain Sir Hugh Pigot, the *Valiant*, *Acasta*, and smaller vessels had been keeping vigilant watch in that region. During that

time Sir Thomas had won the good opinion of the inhabitants along the coast because of his honorable treatment of them.

When Decatur approached the mouth of the Thames he was met by the *Valiant* and *Acasta*, and knowing that the *Ramillies* and *Orpheus* were near he deemed it prudent to run into New London harbor. He was pursued by the enemy as far as Gull Island, at which point the British anchored in position to command the mouth of the Thames. Then commenced a regular blockade of New London, which continued full twenty months, and was raised only by the proclamation of peace. The squadron in sight of New London was soon strengthened; and when, at the latter part of June, Hardy assumed command there, it consisted of two 74's, two frigates, and a number of smaller vessels.

The presence of this squadron created much anxiety. The more aged inhabitants, who remembered Arnold's invasion in 1781, were filled with apprehensions of a repetition of the tragedies of that terrible day. It was generally expected that the enemy would enter the river and attack Decatur's vessels, and the neighboring militia were summoned to the town; the specie of the banks was removed to Norwich, at the head of tide-water; and women and children and portable property were sent into the interior. The character of Sir Thomas was a sufficient guarantee that neither life nor public property would be wantonly destroyed; but in the event of a bombardment of the ships the town could not well escape destruction by fire. Decatur, in anticipation of such bombardment of his vessels, after lightening them, took them five or six miles up the river beyond the reach of the enemy, and upon an eminence near Allyn's Point, from which he had a fine view of the Sound and New London harbor, he cast up some intrenchments and placed his cannon upon them. The spot is known as Dragon Hill.

At about this time an event occurred off New London which caused great exasperation in the blockading squadron, and came near bringing most disastrous effects upon the New England coast. It was the use of a torpedo, or submarine mine, similar, in some respects, to one invented by Robert Fulton. That eminent man had offered his invention to the United States Government, but it refused to accept it, and it was left for private enterprise to attempt the promotion of the public good by the use of a similar destructive agency in weakening the power of the enemy. One of these enterprises was undertaken in New York city. In the hold of the schooner *Eagle*, John Scudder, the originator of the plot, placed ten kegs of gunpowder, with a quantity of sulphur mixed with it, in a strong cask, and surrounded it with huge stones and other missiles which, in the event of an explosion, might inflict great injury. At the head of the cask, on the inside, were fixed two gunlocks, with cords fastened to their triggers at one end, and two barrels of flour at the other end, so that when the flour should be removed

the locks would be sprung, the powder ignited, and the terrible mine exploded. Thus prepared, with a cargo of flour and naval stores over the concealed mine, the *Eagle*, Captain Riker, late in June, 1813, sailed for New London, when, as was expected and desired, she was captured by armed men sent out in boats from the *Ramillies*. The crew of the *Eagle* escaped to the shore, and anxiously awaited the result. The wind had fallen, and for two hours unavailing efforts were made to get her alongside the *Ramillies* for the purpose of transferring her cargo to that vessel. Finally boats were sent out as lighters; the hatches of the *Eagle* were opened; and when the first barrel of flour was removed the explosion took place. A column of fire shot up into the air full nine hundred feet, and a shower of pitch and tar fell upon the deck of the *Ramillies*. The schooner, and the first-lieutenant and ten men from the flag-ship, on board of her, were blown into atoms, and most of those in the boats outside were seriously and some fatally injured.

The success which this experiment promised caused others to be tried. A citizen of Norwich, familiar with the machine used by Bushnell in attempts to blow up the British ship-of-war *Eagle* in New York harbor during the Revolution, invented a submarine boat in which he voyaged to the *Ramillies* three times under water at the rate of three miles an hour. On his third voyage he had nearly completed the task of fastening a torpedo, or portable mine, to the bottom of the British flag-ship when a screw broke and his effort failed. He was discovered, but escaped. A daring fisherman of Long Island named Penny also made attempts on the *Ramillies* with a torpedo carried in a whale-boat; and Hardy was kept continually on the alert. So justly fearful was he of these mines that he not only kept his ship in motion, but, according to Penny, who was a prisoner on board the *Ramillies* for a while, he caused her bottom to be swept with a cable every two hours, night and day. He finally issued a warning to the inhabitants of the coasts that if they did not cease that cruel and unheard-of warfare he should proceed to destroy their towns and desolate their country. Hardy had been in the habit of allowing trading vessels to pass, the blockade of the Thames being chiefly against Decatur's little squadron; but on the morning after the explosion of the *Eagle* he informed General Isham, commanding the militia at New London, that no vessel should thereafter pass without a flag of truce. And at the close of August, after Penny's attempt upon the *Ramillies*, Hardy wrote to Judge Terry, at Southold, from which neighborhood the daring fisherman came, that if the inhabitants of the south side of the Island allowed a torpedo-boat to remain another day among them he would "order every house near the shore to be destroyed." The leniency and courtesy extended to the inhabitants by Captain Hardy gave him a claim to their respectful consideration. No more at-

tempts at destruction by torpedoes were made on the New England coast; but the fear of them kept the British vessels at a respectful distance from the harbors, and no doubt saved several sea-port towns from destruction.

Torpedoes were tried further southward. Encouraged by the success off New London, Mr. Mix, of the United States navy, attempted to blow up the British ship *Plantagenet*, 74, lying off Cape Henry, Virginia, in July. The infernal machine was carried out, under cover of intense darkness, in a heavy open boat called the *Chesapeake Avenger*, and dropped so as to float down under the ship's bow. It was furnished with clock-work, set so as to work a spring attached to a gun-lock after a given number of minutes. It exploded a few seconds too soon. The scene was awful. A column of water twenty-five feet in diameter, and half luminous with lurid light, was thrown up at least forty feet, with an explosion as terrific as thunder, and producing a concussion like the shock of an earthquake. It burst at the crown. The water fell in profusion on the deck of the *Plantagenet*, and in the same moment she rolled into the chasm made by the sudden expulsion of water, and nearly upset. Torpedoes were also placed across the Narrows, below New York, and at the entrance of the harbor of Portland. The British, and their American sympathizers, the disloyal Peace party of that day, expressed great horror at this mode of warfare, when it was properly retorted that the wanton outrages committed by Cockburn and his companions on the defenseless inhabitants of the coasts between Havre de Grace and Charleston fully justified *any* mode of warfare against such marauders, and that stratagem in the horrid business of war was always commendable.

Although Hardy did not execute his threats he made the blockade more rigorous than ever, and many trading vessels, attempting to evade it, were made prizes to the British cruisers. A tiny warfare was kept up along the Connecticut coast, for whenever a chased vessel was driven ashore the inhabitants would turn out to defend her. One of these encounters occurred a little west of the light-house, late in the autumn of 1813. The sloop *Roxana* was chased ashore by three British barges and grounded. Within half an hour a throng of people had assembled to rescue her, when the enemy set her on fire and retreated. The Americans attempted to extinguish the flames, but a heavy cannonade from the ships drove them off. Although many were exposed to the cannon-balls on that occasion not one was hurt. "During the whole war," says Miss Caulkins, the historian of New London, "not a man was killed by the enemy in Connecticut, and only one in its waters on the coast."

At near the close of June, 1813, the veteran colonel of artillery in the regular service, Henry Burbeck, who had been stationed at Newport, arrived at New London to take charge of that military department. He found the militia, who were strongly imbued with the mischievous doc-

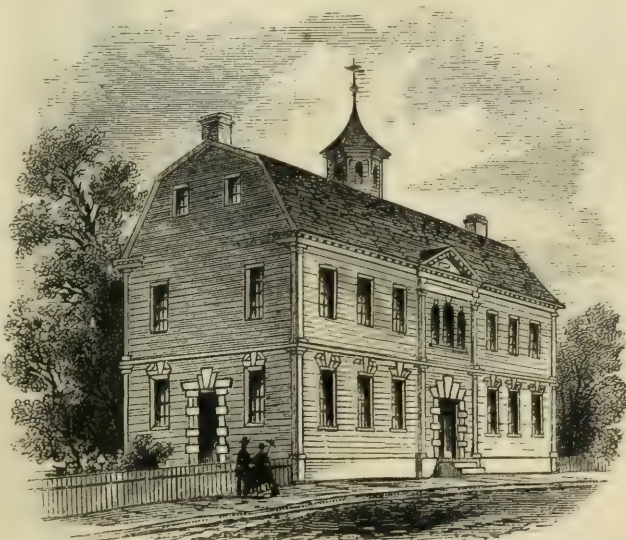
trine of supreme State sovereignty, unwilling to be transferred, in accordance with a late order from the Secretary of War, from the service of the State to that of the United States. Under instructions from Washington they were all promptly dismissed from the service. The people, misconstruing the movement, were alarmed and exasperated. They regarded themselves as unwarrantably deprived of their defenders and betrayed to the enemy, who might come and plunder and destroy to his heart's content. At the same time it was known that Hardy's fleet had been reinforced by the arrival of the *Endymion* and *Statira*, vessels equal in strength to the *United States* and *Macedonian*. A panic of mingled fear and indignation prevailed, and the "Peace" demagogues were jubilant; but it was quickly allayed by the quick response of the Governor of Connecticut to the invitation of Colonel Burbeck to call out the militia for the temporary defense of the menaced town. Brigadier-General Williams was appointed to the command of them, and the alarm subsided.

Decatur watched continually during the summer and autumn for an opportunity to escape to sea with his three vessels; and hoping, as the severely cold weather came on, to find the enemy at times somewhat lax in vigilance, he slowly dropped down the river, and at the beginning of December was anchored in New London harbor opposite Market Wharf. With great secrecy he prepared every thing for sailing. He fixed on Sunday evening, the 12th, for making the attempt to run the blockade. Fortunately for his plan the night was very dark, the wind was favorable, and the tide served at a convenient hour. When all things were in readiness and he was about to weigh anchor word came from the row-guard of the *Macedonian* and *Hornet* that signal-lights were burning on both sides of the Thames, near its mouth. They were blue lights, and Decatur had no doubt of their being signals to warn the enemy of his movement, which was known in the village that evening. Thus exposed by "Peace men," of whom there were a few in almost every community—men whose devotion to *party* was greater than their love of *country*—he at once abandoned the project, and tried every means to discover the betrayers, but without effect. The Opposition, as a party, denied the fact, while others as strongly asserted it. In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy on the 20th the Commodore said, "Notwithstanding these signals have been repeated, and have been seen by twenty persons, at least, in this squadron, there are men in New London who have the hardihood to affect to disbelieve it, and the effrontery to avow their disbelief." The whole Federal party, who were traditionally opposed to a war with Great Britain, were often unfairly compelled to bear the odium of actions which justly pertained only to the disloyal "Peace" faction. They were compelled to do so in

this case; and for more than a quarter of a century members of that party were stigmatized with the epithet of "Blue-light Federalist."

The *United States* and *Macedonian* were imprisoned in the Thames during the remainder of the war. Not long after his attempt to run the blockade Decatur challenged the British squadron to a trial of strength, but satisfactory arrangements could not be made. His vessels remained quietly in New London harbor until the spring of 1814, when they were dismantled and laid up, about three and a half miles below Norwich, and their officers and men made their way by land to other ports and engaged actively in the service. The *Hornet* lay at New London almost a year longer, when she slipped out of the harbor and escaped to New York.

Intelligence of peace reached New London at the middle of February, 1815. Admiral Hotham, whose flag-ship was the *Superb*, then commanded the squadron blockading the Thames. On the 21st the village was splendidly illuminated. Hotham announced the parole on the *Superb* to be "America," and the countersign "Amity." The British officers went on shore and mingled freely and cordially with the inhabitants. The Admiral was received with distinguished courtesy, for, like Hardy, he had won and merited the esteem of the citizens by his gentlemanly conduct. He was publicly welcomed by the civil authorities. At about the same time the *Pactolus* and *Narcissus*, British vessels, came into the harbor, bringing Commodore Decatur and Lieutenant (now Admiral) W. B. Shubrick, who had been captured in the frigate *President*. A public reception, partaking of the character of a ball, was held at the now venerable Court-house, to which all the British officers on the coast were invited. Several were present. The guests were received by Commodores Decatur and Shaw. Soon afterward the blockading squadron exchanged friendly salutes with Fort Trumbull and went to sea, and the *United States* and *Macedonian* departed for New York, after an imprisonment of about twenty months.



OLD COURT-HOUSE, NEW LONDON.

PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—II. RURAL LIFE.

THE materials for producing a picture of the rural life of the Japanese are few and scanty. Japan was first practically discovered by Europeans, just about a century before the first settlement was undertaken on Manhattan Island. The existence of a powerful nation among the stormy seas had been long known. Marco Paolo used to while away the long hours of imprisonment by narrating what he had heard at the Court of Ghengis Khan of the wonders of Xipangu, and his story, taken down by a friend, fell two hundred years later into the hands of Columbus, and sent him westward in search of new worlds, where was, as he believed, "strange wealth of gold, pearls, and precious

stones." But the garrulous Venetian never saw the Japanese isles. It was not until two and a half centuries after that Mendez Pinto, the Prince of Liars, trader or pirate as occasion served, was driven by stress of weather on the shores of Japan. He found the natives quite hospitable and disposed to trade, and an arrangement was entered into by which the Portuguese were to be allowed to send a ship every year laden with "commodities needed by the Japanese." Among these commodities silks are enumerated, which shows that since then considerable changes have taken place in the country, for now silk is the leading article of export. This trade lasted without interruption for half a century, but contributed little to our real knowledge of the Japanese.

Not long thereafter Hansiro, a Japanese noble, killed a man, and fleeing the country took refuge in Goa, where he became a Christian, and persuaded the Portuguese merchants and priests to send a trading and missionary expedition to Japan. This expedition is chiefly notable for the fact that one of its members was Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies." They were received with open arms, and allowed to traverse every portion of the empire; the merchants traded and the Jesuits preached without hindrance. If the princes were ready to quarrel with the traders it was because they would not come to their ports. The success of the preachers was something marvelous. Indeed we doubt whether, since the days of the Apostles, so successful a missionary as was Xavier ever set forth to preach Christianity on heathen soil. If we may trust the accounts given, the seal of miracles was put upon his apostleship. The gift of tongues also was bestowed upon him—not the barren gift of uttering the words of a language which neither he nor his hearers understood, but the practical gift of speaking intelligibly in a language which he had never learned. Before many



FARM-HOUSES NEAR YEDDO.

years an embassy was even sent from the Government to the Pope, recognizing the spiritual authority of the Roman See. Great was the exultation throughout Christendom. It was announced, with a little pardonable

exaggeration, that a nation of thirty millions of civilized and intelligent people had been won from the heathen. We reserve for another chapter the account of how this fair fabric was overthrown almost in a day, Christianity trampled out, and all intercourse with foreigners, except under the narrowest restrictions, annihilated. Here we merely note that from the reports of these early traders and missionaries almost all our knowledge of Japan, until within the last five years, has been derived. At intervals indeed of half a century the physicians attached to the Dutch factory have put forth books not without value. But their knowledge of the Japanese was of the most limited nature. They were practically prisoners in Decima, allowed to have no intercourse except with the Japanese officials, and with women of abandoned character. Every four years a mission of tribute-bearers was allowed to go from Decima to the capital, a distance of 850 miles, under a most vigilant and inexorable escort. They were shut up in norimons, very much as though they were caged monkeys, and could get hardly a glimpse of even the great high-road upon which they were conveyed. They were then brought into a room, at one end of which was a screen behind which was seated—or supposed to be seated, for they never saw him—the Tycoon; here, crouched



FUSIYAMA, FROM THE SUBURBS OF YEDDO.

down upon knees and face, they offered their presents, after which they returned as they came, having seen less of the Japanese people and scenery than one would see in traveling on a railway train for the same distance.

During the 225 years since all intercourse with foreign nations, with the exception of the Dutch and Chinese, was forbidden, it is believed that not a single Japanese left his country, except now and then when a junk was driven out to sea by storm and cast upon foreign shores, and these were subject to execution if they returned, and strangers shipwrecked on their inhospitable coasts were put to death. Of a people thus shut up no reliable accounts could be given.

The opening of Japan is only partial, even by the terms of the treaties concluded during the last five years. By these, three ports were opened at once to foreign commerce, and two more were to be added in two and three years. Foreign residents were to be allowed to go any where within 10 *ri*—about 25 miles—from these ports, only the residents of Kanagawa, could go but 10 miles in the direction of Yeddo, some 20 miles distant. The members of the legations were the only foreigners allowed to reside in the capital, though they assumed the right, which was tacitly conceded, of inviting their countrymen to visit them.

The foreign ministers were to have the right of unrestricted travel in every part of the empire. Mr. Alcock made two trips into the interior. One of these was to Fusiyama, "the Matchless Mountain," whose steep cone rises to the height of 14,000 feet, in full view from Yeddo, at a distance of 80 miles. The other was a still longer one from the port of Nagasaki, across the islands of Kiusu and Nippon, the



A NIGHT-SCENE IN JAPAN.

largest of the Japanese group, and along the narrow sea which separates them. The whole distance was about 850 miles, of which about 600 were by land. The observations which he hoped to make during this journey, which lasted a month, were almost nullified by the interpretation put upon the privilege of travel accorded by the treaty. The Daimios through whose territories he passed affirmed that the authority of the Tycoon extended only over the environs of Yeddo and the great highway of the empire; and that he had no right to allow foreigners to travel at will through their dominions. Hence he was obliged to keep the highway, and in passing through a



VILLAGE AQUEDUCT.

town curtains and barricades were not unfrequently put up, shutting out any view of the streets.

Hence practically all our modern knowledge of the country life of the Japanese is restricted to a space of twenty-five miles on each side of Yeddo, and the three ports of Kanagawa, Nagasaki, and Hakodadi, with such incidental glimpses as could be gained in coasting along the shores and in traversing the great highway, supplemented by the pictures which native artists give of the occupations and habits of the people.

The population of Japan is wholly a matter of conjecture. If there is any official census foreigners have no means of access to it. It is vaguely estimated at from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000. But at all events the population is dense, compared not merely with that of America, but of Europe. Shut out for ages from all foreign commerce, and their mode of life requiring but few manufactured articles, the culture of the soil is of necessity the main employment of the Japanese. The numerous retainers of the Daimios must, in the ultimate analysis, be found to draw their subsistence from the labors of the agriculturists. As large cities exist, and as there are no means of transport except animals of burden, biped or quadruped, the supplies for these cities must be drawn wholly from their own immediate neighborhood. London or



PEASANTS RETURNING FROM LABOR.

New York can draw its daily food from a thousand or ten thousand miles. Yeddo, half-way in population between these, must be fed from a circuit of fifty miles. This is sufficient to show, even in the absence of direct proof, that agriculture must have reached a high development in Japan. What we might thus assume *à priori* is abundantly proved by all writers who have been able to give us any positive information on the subject.

Thunberg, writing a century ago, says: "One sees here the surface of the earth cultivated all over the country, and most of the mountains and hills up to their very tops. Every spot of ground is made use of either for corn-fields or else for plantations of esculent-rooted vegetables, which is the reason that the whole country is very thickly inhabited and populous, and can without difficulty give maintenance to all its innumerable inhabitants."

Sir Rutherford Alcock gives us many pictures of agricultural life, drawn from his own observations. This, taken from his account of his journey to Fusi-yama, may serve as a sample: "We crossed a broad valley beautifully diversified with clumps of trees, hedgerows, and winding rivulets. Nothing could be richer than the soil or the teeming variety of its produce. The whole plain was surrounded by an amphitheatre of cultivated hills, and beyond were mountains stretching higher and farther, with a shaggy mantle of scrub and pine. Little snug-looking hamlets and homesteads were nestled among the trees or under the hills, and here and there the park-walls and glimpses of the avenues leading to the Daimios'

country residences appeared. Much has been heard of the despotic sway of the feudal lords, and the oppression under which all the laboring classes toil and groan; but it is impossible to traverse these well-cultivated valleys, and mark the happy, contented, and well-to-do-looking populations which have their home amidst so much plenty, and believe we see a land entirely tyrant-ridden, and impoverished by exactions. On the contrary, the impression is irresistibly borne in upon the mind that Europe can not show a happier or better-fed peasantry, or a climate and soil so genial or bountiful in its gifts."

All writers upon Japan speak glowingly upon the charms of the region which they have been allowed to visit. The culture is of the highest order, and there is almost an excess of ornamentation. Now in a purely agricultural community every thing ornamental represents the excess of production over the actual wants of the producing population. Food, shelter, and clothing must first be supplied; then come ornament and grace.

Sir Rutherford gives the following picture of the region around Yokahama: "The



FISHERMAN RETURNING HOME.



DIPPING UP MANURE.



MANURING A FIELD.

tall, well-kept hedges and fences are thickly covered, cut, and trimmed in the Dutch manner of gardening (a fashion which there is little doubt, I think, was introduced into Europe from Japan). And how admirably they are planted and trimmed! Nowhere out of England can such hedges be seen, and not in the British Isles such variety. Here is a low hedge, or border rather, made of the tea-plant, two or three bushes deep, and growing about three feet high, not



ROLLING IN SEED.

unlike the ordinary flowering camelia, of which it is a species. Now we have come to an inclosure fenced in with nectarines, and there is a hedge of pomegranate. Inside a tall orange-tree is laden with its golden fruit; and stranger still, a cherry-tree in full blossom, this 25th day of November. Oh, happy land and pleasant country—that is, when no Daimios or officials intrude their presence, which mars all.”

Sir Rutherford, as a true Briton, can not concede that any other country can quite equal the hedge-rows, the special rural glory of his native island. But Mr. Robert Fortune, who went to Japan especially to procure new ornamental plants, gives the palm to Japan. He says: “Never in my wanderings in any other country did I meet with such charming lanes. Sometimes they reminded me of what I had met with in some of the country districts of England; but I was compelled, notwithstanding

early prejudices, to admit that nothing in England even could be compared with them. Large avenues and groves of pines were frequently met with, fringing the roads and affording most delicious shade from the sun. Now and then magnificent hedges were observed, composed of evergreen oaks and other evergreens. These were kept carefully clipped, and in some instances they were trained to a great height, reminding one of those high hedges of holly and yew which may frequently be met with



KEEPING OFF BIRDS.



BRINGING HOME GRAIN.



SEPARATING THE GRAIN.

in the parks of our English nobility. Every where the cottages and farm-houses had a neat and clean appearance, such as I had never observed in any other part of the East. The scene was always changing, and always beautiful—hill and valley, broad roads and shaded lanes, houses and gardens, with a people industrious, but unoppressed with toil, and apparently happy and contented.” And again: “A remarkable feature in the Japanese character is that, even to the lowest classes, all have an inherent love for flowers, and find in the cultivation of a few pet plants an endless source of recreation and unalloyed pleasure. If it be one of the tests of a high state of civilization among a people, the lower orders among the Japanese come out in a most favorable light when contrasted with the same classes among ourselves.”

Baron Liebig affirms that the agricultural system of the Japanese is superior to that of any other people. As pursued in England, it would long ago have exhausted the productive powers of the soil were it not for imported manures; whereas in Japan, without any such re-

course, the fertility of the land has remained undiminished for centuries. The Japanese peasant has learned that every plant abstracts some elements from the soil; a small part of these are restored by the atmosphere and the rain; the rest he must himself replace. Not to put too fine a point on it, he has mastered the science and art of manuring. His religion forbidding the use of flesh as food, and the nature of the country restricting the use of animals of burden and draught within the narrowest limits, man is practically the only eating creature, and therefore the only manure producer in Japan; and we need not wonder that the greatest care should be taken in gathering and applying his excrements. Sir Rutherford Alcock gives many curious bits of information upon this subject; but for directness and simplicity of statement commend us to Doctor Maron, who was sent by the Prussian Government to investigate and report upon Japanese husbandry. In order to present a correct idea of Rural Life in Japan we must devote a paragraph to this unsavory but most important subject.

The “cabinet” of a Japanese farmer is one of the most essential parts of his house. No room is more nicely papered, or painted and varnished. The deposits are received into a large vessel sunk below the floor, provided with handles for removing it. When this is full it is taken out and emptied into a huge earthen pot let down nearly to the brim into the ground. Water is added, and



THRESHING.

the whole is stirred and worked up till it becomes a mass of pap; fermentation sets in, the solid contents subside, and the water evaporates. This process is repeated every time fresh materials are added, until the cask is full. The whole is then thoroughly mixed once more, and left till it is required for use. Notsatisfied with the domestic supply of this precious material, the Japanese farmer places along the roadside pots sunk in the ground, with inscriptions the precise reverse of our "Commit no Nuisance;" and the contributions of benevolent travelers form no inconsiderable addition to the home stock. The night-soil of the cities is almost wholly saved. The conveyances which bring in supplies take back an equivalent in the shape of the remains of what has served its purpose as food, and the unavoidable waste is more than compensated by that derived from fish, which enters largely into consumption. Thus Yeddo, instead of exhausting the narrow region from which it is fed actually increases its fertility. Our own great cities apparently do the same; but it is at the expense of the distant regions from which their supplies are mainly drawn. Every bushel of grain, every pound of meat which is sent from Illinois or Ohio to New York and Boston, is so much abstracted from the total capacity of the soil, which, rich as it is, must under our system of agriculture be in time

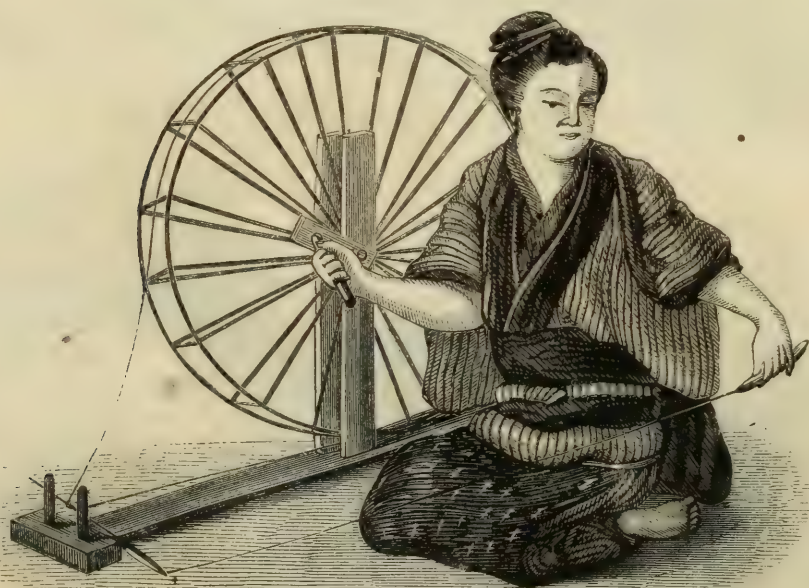


PREPARING COTTON FOR SPINNING.

exhausted. London and Paris and New York are eating up the Valley of the Mississippi, the shores of the Baltic, and the Steppes of Russia. The subject is a vast one, which is now attracting the attention of European savans. To it Liebig has devoted his last work, the summation of his life-long labors. We shall in course of time, in spite of our vast untilled territory, be called upon to consider it.

We have reproduced from Sir Rutherford Alcock's work a series of Japanese pictures, which present some of the most striking aspects of Japanese rural life. In one a peasant and his wife are returning at evening from their work. The husband carries suspended from a neck-yoke a couple of huge tubs which he had evidently borne out in the morning full of unsavory fertilizing matter, while the wife trudges contentedly along by his side, burdened only with a small tea-kettle. This would indicate that

the common people have so far advanced in civilization that the stronger sex take upon themselves the hard labor of life. This pleasing idea is somewhat marred by a companion picture, representing a fisherman and his family returning home. *Paterfamilias* is burdened only with his light rod and bait-bag, while his spouse balances upon her head the basket containing the spoils of the day, steadying it with one hand, the other supporting the youngest hope of the family; a half-grown lad, who might have been better employed in helping his



VILLAGE HOUSEWIFE REELING COTTON.



THE PEASANT'S LUXURY.

mother, drags along a tortoise which he has caught upon the shore. These two pictures tell us that in Japan, as elsewhere, the cultivators of the soil are farther advanced in culture than any other portion of the peasantry. Another picture represents a farmer dipping up manure from the common receptacle; by two or three firm strokes of his pencil, the artist shows that the fumes of the compost are too strong even for the practiced olfactories of the farmer. Then we have an economical method of spreading the liquid manure over a field. The farmer has attached one end of a strong cord to a tree, holding the other in his hand; a bucket is ingeniously slung to this cord, and as he walks around he flings the contents upon the crop; the tree practically does the work of a man. Another picture shows him pressing down the seed with an ordinary garden-roller. Another shows an ingenious manner of keeping off the birds, by means of a series of cords stretching from a central pole to the extremities of the small field; the cords bear sundry shining objects, which the winged depredators will consider to be formidable. The face of the well-to-do proprietor is precisely that of John Bull as depicted by *Punch*; put the figure into a bob-tail coat, tights and top-boots, and the resemblance would be perfect. Another picture represents a peasant totting home a load

of grain. Another shows a carding-machine, for separating the heads of grain from the stalk; and still another presents a threshing scene, where flails precisely like our own are used. Though the Japanese are clothed mainly in cotton there appear to be no manufactories, in our sense of the word. The native artist gives us sketches of the household manner of preparing this material. And, finally, we have the peasant's luxury of a thorough shampooing of his half-shaven skull, after the day's work is done.

Japan, from its climate and soil, is wonderfully adapted to be the home of a frugal and industrious people. Yeddo, being almost in the centre of the empire, presents a fair mean between the extremes of the north and south. Here, in July and August, the hottest months of the year, the highest temperature in 1860 was 92°; the lowest, 63°. In January and February, the coldest months, it ranged from 18° to 59°. The heat of the summer months is tempered by sea-breezes, and the cold of winter is bracing. The spring is delightful until the middle of May, when the rains commence, and last a month. When the heats of summer are over another pleasant season sets in, not unlike our Indian Summer: for weeks together the sun will rise, run his course, and set in a sky on which not a cloud has appeared. Frequently, however, this promise of a fair day is broken by a furious hurricane, unroofing houses, tearing up trees, and wrecking many a goodly vessel. Japan is the land of sudden tempests and earthquakes.

The land is of volcanic origin, and the entire surface belongs to the tufa and diluvian formation. The whole country is intersected with a fine net-work of hills, rising high enough to furnish a temperate climate, while the valleys below present that of the northern tropics, covering the ground with a rich profusion of rice, cotton, yams, sweet potatoes, and tobacco. In-



A SUDDEN STORM.

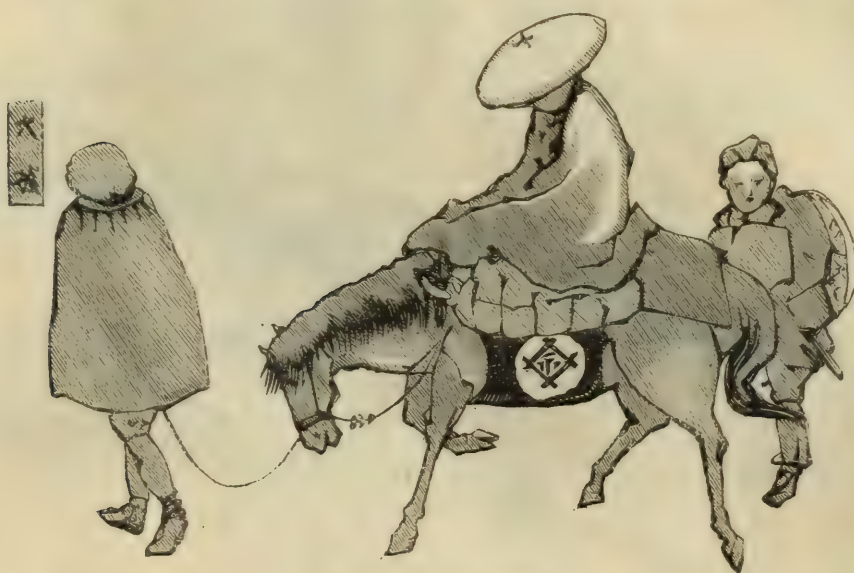
numerable footpaths wind up the hill-sides, so that almost every where in a few hours one can pass from the region of cotton to that of pines. The soil on the hills consists of a fine clay, that of the valleys is a deep, loose, black mould. The hill-sides abound in springs, fed by the copious rain-falls, of which the thrifty Japanese take the utmost advantage. The wheat crop is ready for harvest just before the rainy season begins. To-day you will see a field yellow with ripened grain. In a week this will have been harvested, and the whole aspect of the plot is changed. Half of the field is dug down a foot, the soil being thrown up on the other half. Water is skillfully let into this lower half, converting it into a swamp; and here the farmer and his family, up to their knees in the soft ooze, are setting out rice plants. The seed soaked in liquid manure, sown only a week before, has germinated, and the plants are now ready for setting out. The rains, which would have been fatal to the wheat, barley, and rape, give life and vigor to the rice and sweet potatoes. The tea-plant also, which has just had its first picking, revives in the moist air, and is enabled to furnish a second supply of leaves. When the excessive moisture is no longer needed the rains cease, the hot summer sun hastens forward the process of ripening, and the clear warm autumn enables the farmer to gather the abundant harvest. The Japanese farmer takes such wise advantage of the genial climate and fertile soil, that we have no record that the country has for centuries been visited



STARTING FOR FUSIYAMA.

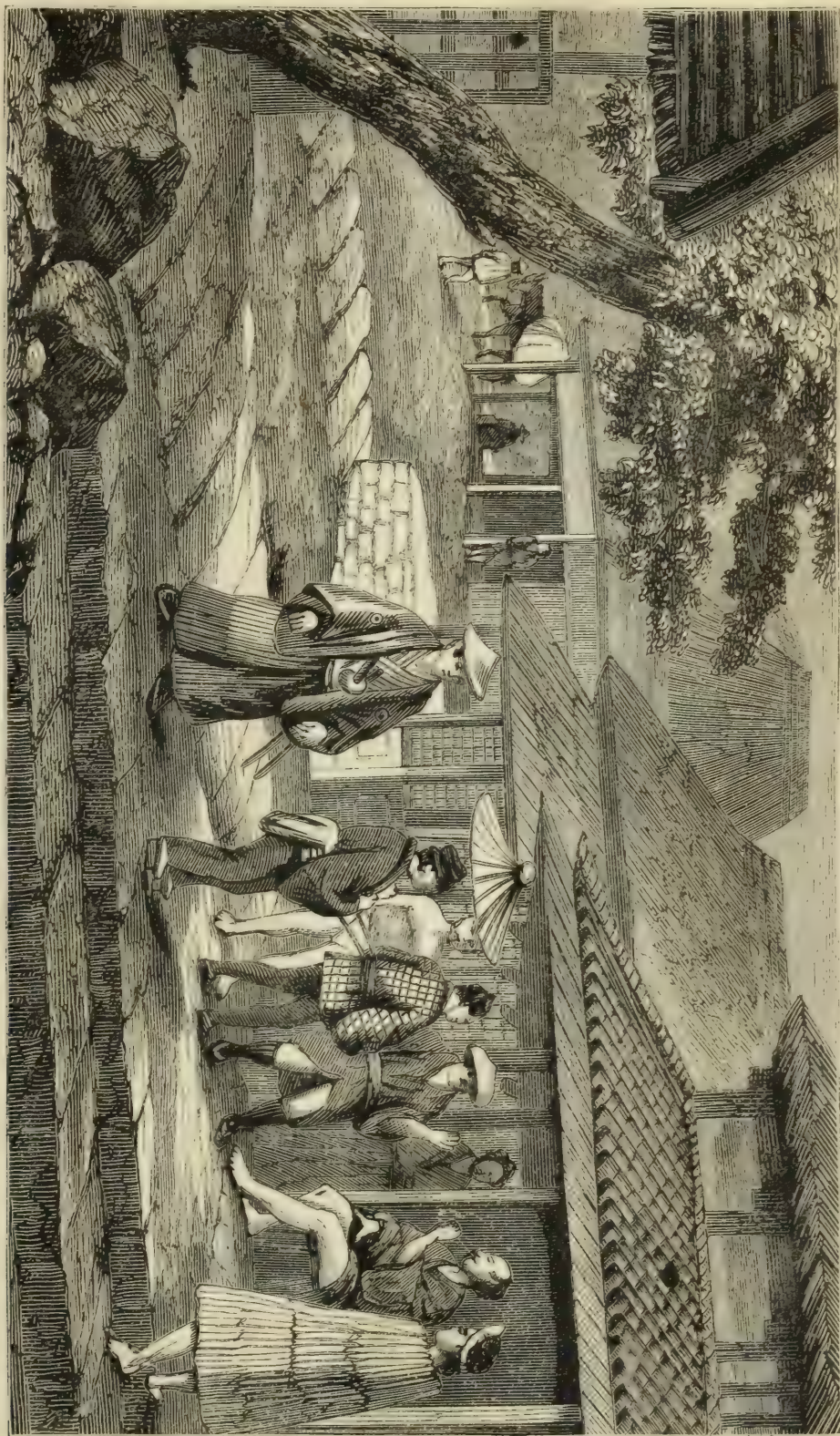
by a famine such as those which periodically desolate India and China. Give him a supply of manure, and he will produce a constant succession of crops. If his supply of this is scanty he lets part of his field lie fallow or grow up with brushwood. The cardinal principle of his husbandry is never to put a crop into the ground unless he has manure enough to supply the elements needed for that crop, without impairing the future capacities of the field. This explains a fact frequently noticed by Alcock, that every where, except in the immediate vicinity of Yeddo, untilled fields and patches of brush were to be seen. He could not reconcile this with the density of the population and the apparent plenty in which they lived. But Maron, better versed in the laws of husbandry, shows that herein lies the secret by which that dense population has been maintained from century to century, while in a hundred years a large part of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, producing almost the same crops, has been reduced to the condition of a worn-out country.

A considerable portion of the details here given is drawn from Sir Rutherford Alcock's account of his trip to Fusi-yama, which lasted a month. Such a journey in Japan is no slight undertaking. The mountain can only be ascended in July and August, and during these months it is a great resort for pilgrims of the common classes. The officials endeavored to dissuade the Minister from the expedition. It would be dangerous, they said; a great celebration was to come off, and there would be many drunken *Lonins* about; then



JAPANESE TRAVELERS.

VILLAGE INN.



the mountain sometimes burst out into eruption, destroying every thing; and, moreover, it was quite inconsistent with the dignity of the Ambassador to mingle, as he would be obliged to do, with the masses; and so on through a series of ingenious though contradictory objections. But Sir Rutherford was firm, and the authorities yielded. Then they almost overwhelmed him with the escort, which they declared to be absolutely necessary. There was a vice-governor, with umbrella carrier and spear-bearers; four two-sworded officials, each with an *ometsky*—that

is, a nominal assistant, but real spy, each of whom must have his *norimon*, with bearers and attendants; then the foreigners, eight in number, must have their own attendants. All told, the party numbered over a hundred, requiring a large train of baggage horses. These, as they at last filed away, commenced a regular stampede, which boded no good to any thing breakable which was comprised in their burdens.

For the first fifty miles their route was by the *tocado*, or great high-road, which skirts the coast, crossing here and there a peninsula. By



FEMALE HOSTLER.

this road all the great Daimios from the south make their yearly approach to the capital, often with thousands of attendants. Their daily journey is about fifteen miles, and at each stopping-place are a number of *hongens* or caravansaries reserved for their especial use. These are kept by some retainer of the lord of the district. They are spacious and clean, but wholly devoid of furniture. The host makes his appearance in full dress, and, prostrating himself on the ground, felicitates himself on the arrival of his distinguished guests, begging them to accept a little fruit, a few grapes, or a parcel of eggs, and to favor him with their orders. A plenty of bathing conveniences, a pleasant little garden, and cleanly-matted floors are common to all of these establishments. The road passes through the mountain pass of Hakoni, which is strictly guarded to prevent any fire-arms from being carried to the capital, or the wife or children of any Daimio from escaping with him when he returns to his dominions after his six months' compulsory residence. The entrance of such a party of foreigners was a great event in all the towns through which they passed. Every living thing seemed to turn out to gaze upon them. The streets were blocked up by such a waving sea of heads that a passage through seemed to be out of the question. But no sooner had the Yaconin reached within a few steps of the foremost rank than he waved his fan and uttered the single word *Shī-taniro*, "Down!" when, as if by magic, every person in the crowd seemed to collapse into half his former bulk; heads dropping, and bodies somehow vanishing behind the legs of the owners, and a wide path was opened at

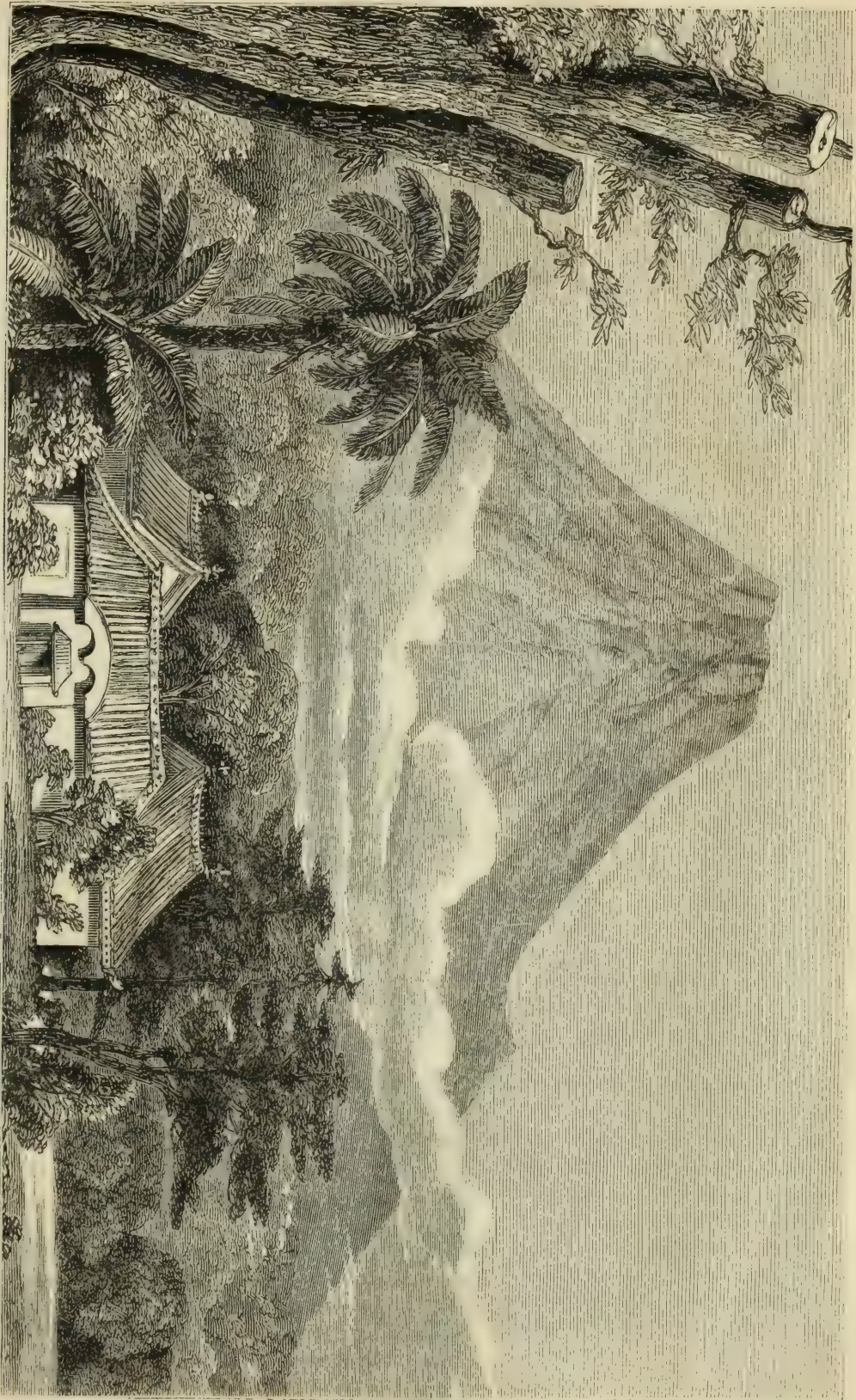
once. "During the two days," says Sir Rutherford, "which brought us to the foot of the Hakoni range of mountains, rising some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, nothing could exceed the beauty of the road. Generally a fine avenue of smooth gravel led through a succession of fertile plains and valleys, where the buckwheat, millet, and rice were all giving promise of a rich harvest. A fruitful soil, a fine climate, and an industrious people make a list which seems to contain nearly all that can be desired for any country, in the way of material prosperity, unless it be a good Government." The experiences of foreigners with the Japanese Government has been any thing but favorable; but if the general condition of the people is fairly represented by that portion which has come under the observation of travelers, we must admit that the Government, bad as it may be in theory, works well in practice.

The road for seven leagues runs through the mountain passes of Hakoni, and a rough road it is. The scenery is beautiful, though hardly grand—high wooded hills covered with pines, fresh green valleys, with a brawling stream winding through cultivated fields. Then it descends to the plain, passing through a fertile country with populous towns at a league apart. As the cavalcade approached the dominion of each seigneur it was met at the distance of a mile or two by an escort to conduct the travelers to their quarters. The real design of this apparent guard of honor was, however, to prevent the foreigners from leaving the Imperial high-road. The route to Fusi-yama at last turns off from the *tocado*, and in due time brings the pilgrim to Mouriyama, the last inhabited place, where great preparations had been made to receive the strangers. They were lodged in a temple, the inner shrine of which had been screened off into two parts, so as to give the minister a separate room, and the chief priest was so profoundly impressed with the dignity of his guests that they began to doubt whether he would ever rise from his prostrations. Extra bath accommodations had been provided. A Japanese bathing-tub presents many economical advantages over our own. It is oval in shape, about four feet deep, and just long enough to



JAPANESE LOVERS.

AT THE FOOT OF FUSIYAMA.



allow a man to sit down with his knees close to his chest. The body of the bather fills nearly the whole space, so that little water is required. In some there is a copper tube fixed at one end, with a grating at the bottom, forming a sort of miniature furnace. Into this a little charcoal is placed, and in an hour a hot bath is ready at no trouble or expense beyond the mere cost of the handful of charcoal. Such a bathing apparatus would be of inestimable use in the sick

room of many a country household, where to provide a hot bath is no small labor.

The ascent of Fusi-yama, although it is twice the height of any peak in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, involves no very serious difficulty or danger—none at least which an Alpine tourist would consider worth mentioning. The ascent and descent occupy two days. At first the traveler passes through waving fields of corn; then comes a belt of rank grass; then



ASCENT OF FUSIYAMA.

a girdle of forest—first oaks and pines, large at first, but gradually diminishing in size; then beeches and birches; then mosses; and at last only bald naked rocks. At intervals of a couple of miles are little huts, partly dug out of the rocks and roofed over, for the accommodation of pilgrims. Within two hundred feet of the summit yawns a huge crater some 1100 yards long, 600 broad, and 350 deep. The volcano has long been extinct, the latest eruption having occurred in 1707. The Japanese say that

Fusiyama was thrown up to its full height, of 14,177 feet, in a single night, and that a lake as large and deep was at the same time formed at Miaco, nearly 200 miles distant. The ascent of the mountain occupied eight hours; and after spending two nights on the summit the travelers returned. They were fortunate in the time, the two days thus spent being the only fine ones of the season. Snow was found only in patches here and there; but on their return to Yeddo, three weeks later, the whole summit had put on

its winter garb. During those two days a furious typhoon was raging at Yeddo, which the natives were reported to have looked upon as a sign of the wrath of the deities at this profanation of their stormy home. Sir Rutherford Alcock, however, believes that this was a foreign invention; he could find no trace of such a feeling among the Japanese; and it is certain that the bonzes of the temples, among whom it would most likely manifest itself, never showed the least token that they considered the visit to the sacred mountain as an intrusion or desecration; on the contrary, they vied with each other in hospitality to the tourists.

The richest proprietor of the district through which they passed was named Agawa Farozayamang, and he is not a Daimio. "We were told," says Alcock, "that he had refused to be ennobled, that he might escape the penance of a yearly visit to Yeddo, with other burdens. One could not but approve his taste; and as I passed the gates that led up to his house, between a double row of noble pine-trees, I thought he might easily find much in his country life to compensate him for the barren honors and burdensome dignities which the Tycoon has in his gift, and figured to myself an existence not unlike that of a wealthy landholder in England, whose pleasure it is to spend his days on his own estates and among his tenants." This instance, which we can hardly suppose to be an isolated one, indicates the existence of a class whose presence has not heretofore been suspected in Japan—gentlemen of large estates, wholly distinct from the lordly Daimios and their truculent retainers.

Returning from Fusi-yama Sir Rutherford spent three weeks at Atami, a little fishing and bathing place on the coast, somewhat noted for its manufactures of paper and of wooden cups, platters, and toys. These are turned from various fragrant or ornamental woods, the growth of the surrounding hills. The workmanship is excellent, though executed by the simplest instruments. The lathe is an upright spindle, turned by a boy with two straps, which he pulls alternately. The article is fixed to this spindle, the workman giving the last polish to the varnish by his fingers and a little whiting. Women sit at the cottage doors weaving cotton in a primitive loom. The fishermen go down to the bay and return laden with the finny spoils, the visitor sometimes participating in the sport.

The strangers were accommodated in the principal bathing house, usually reserved for Daimios and their families. There were half a dozen large baths filled from the hot sulphur springs. The apartments were of good size, opening upon



FISHERMEN AT ATAMI.

a pretty garden. A broad flight of steps led up to the rooms on the first floor, with a balcony commanding a beautiful view of the sea. The inhabitants were kind and courteous to the strangers. A favorite Scotch terrier of Sir Rutherford having died was buried in the garden, the proprietor helping to dig his grave; a group of assistants of all ranks gathered around with sorrowful faces; the priest of the temple brought water and incense-sticks, and placed a rough tombstone at the head of the grave. Atami, where no foreigner had ever before set foot, seems to be almost a counterpart of a thousand quiet sea-side resorts in Europe and America.

At Atami Sir Rutherford saw the whole process of paper manufacture as practiced by the Japanese. The peculiarity is that it is made wholly from the bark of trees. In toughness it exceeds any thing produced in Europe. Even the finer sorts can hardly be torn; the stronger ones defy every effort. The Japanese use paper for many purposes for which we employ cloth and other materials. They use it for the sliding partitions of their houses, for handkerchiefs, and for over-garments; twisted together, it forms the only cords in common use, and so on almost indefinitely. The varieties are numerous; Sir Rutherford sent samples of sixty-seven different kinds to the London Exhibition. Three several kinds of bark are used at Atami. The first, which forms the foundation, is produced by a shrub; this is stripped off, dried, steeped in water, the outer rind scraped off; then boiled in ley until soft, when it is beaten to a pulp with

clubs. The bark of a large tree, treated in the same way, is added to give toughness, and a third kind for sizing. The pulp is spread over frames of matting, very like the wire frames used for our hand-made paper, and answering precisely the same purpose.— It is made about the size of our large letter-paper, and is sold at six *cash*, about one-eighth of a cent a sheet.— For bank-notes, especially, Japanese paper would appear to be preferable to any produced in America or Europe.

In the spring of 1860 Mr. Alcock, who had made a voyage to China, returned to Japan, landing at Nagasaki, the most northern of the open ports. From thence he proposed to make an overland journey across the Island of Kiusu,

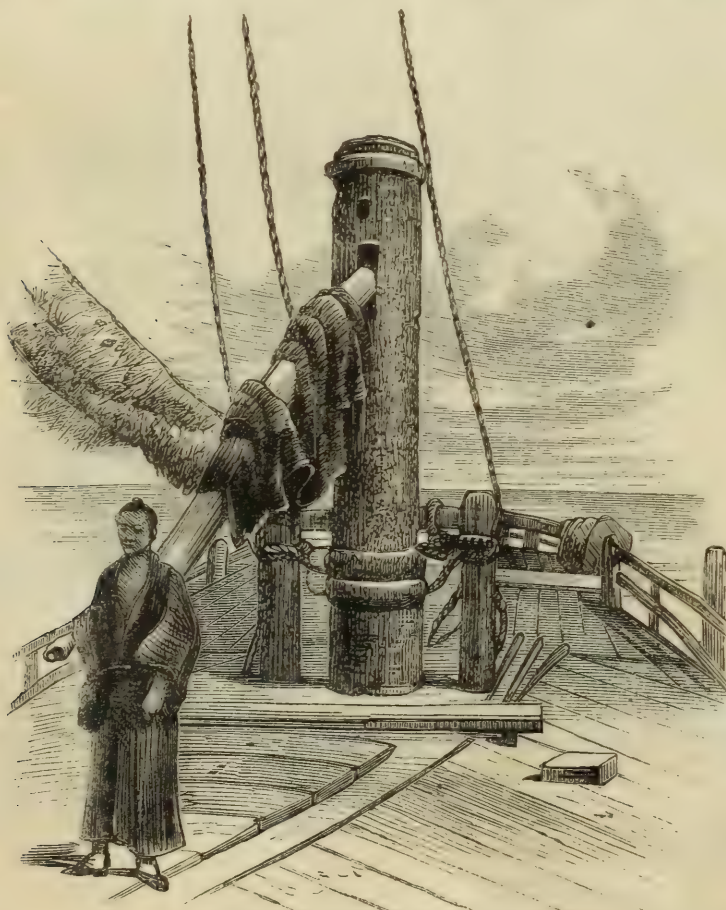
thence by water through the inland sea to Osaka, the chief sea-port on Nippon, and across that island to Yeddo. He was accompanied by Mr. De Witt, the head of the Dutch Mission. The nine days' journey across Kiusu presented the same general features as were observed in the trip to Fusi-yama. The soil, however, is

poorer, and the face of the country rather rocky; the inhabitants were consequently less prosperous. Still, says Sir Rutherford, we continually met with "well-cultivated valleys, winding among the hills, which were graced with terraces stretching far up toward their summits, wherever a scanty soil could be found or carried, with a favorable aspect for the crops. We traversed some wild-looking passes, where hill and rock seemed tumbled in chaotic confusion from their volcanic beds. Frequent glimpses were caught of the sea-coast and bays, from which the road seldom strays very far inland. Pretty hamlets and clumps of fine trees were rarely wanting; and if the villages looked poor, and the peasant's home (bare of furniture at all times) more than usually void of comfort, yet all the people looked as if they had not only a roof to cover them, but rice to eat, which is more than can be said of our populations in Europe."

Under the guise of a guard of honor, they were always accompanied by some armed retain-



JAPANESE JUNKS.



HELM OF JUNK.

ers of each Daimio through whose dominions they passed; the real object being to keep them upon the high-road. One day, in passing through the domains of the Prince of Fizen, they came close to a coal-mine, within a hundred yards of the road. A temporary barricade had been put up across the side-road which led to the mine. They went round this, and were going toward the mine, when the guards shouted to them to come back; their vociferations were disregarded, and they hesitated to proceed to actual violence. So the travelers reached the mouth of the mine, which is the one from which the foreign steamers are mainly supplied with coal. It is of poor quality, and badly worked. A similar scene was enacted whenever they attempted to turn aside to see any object of interest.

Having crossed Kiusu, they embarked on board a junk, upon which they voyaged 250 miles along the Suonada Sea, which separates Kiusu from Nippon. A Japanese junk is very like a Chinese one. The poop rises at an abrupt angle of 50 degrees from the main-deck to the stern. How the sailors manage to keep their feet on



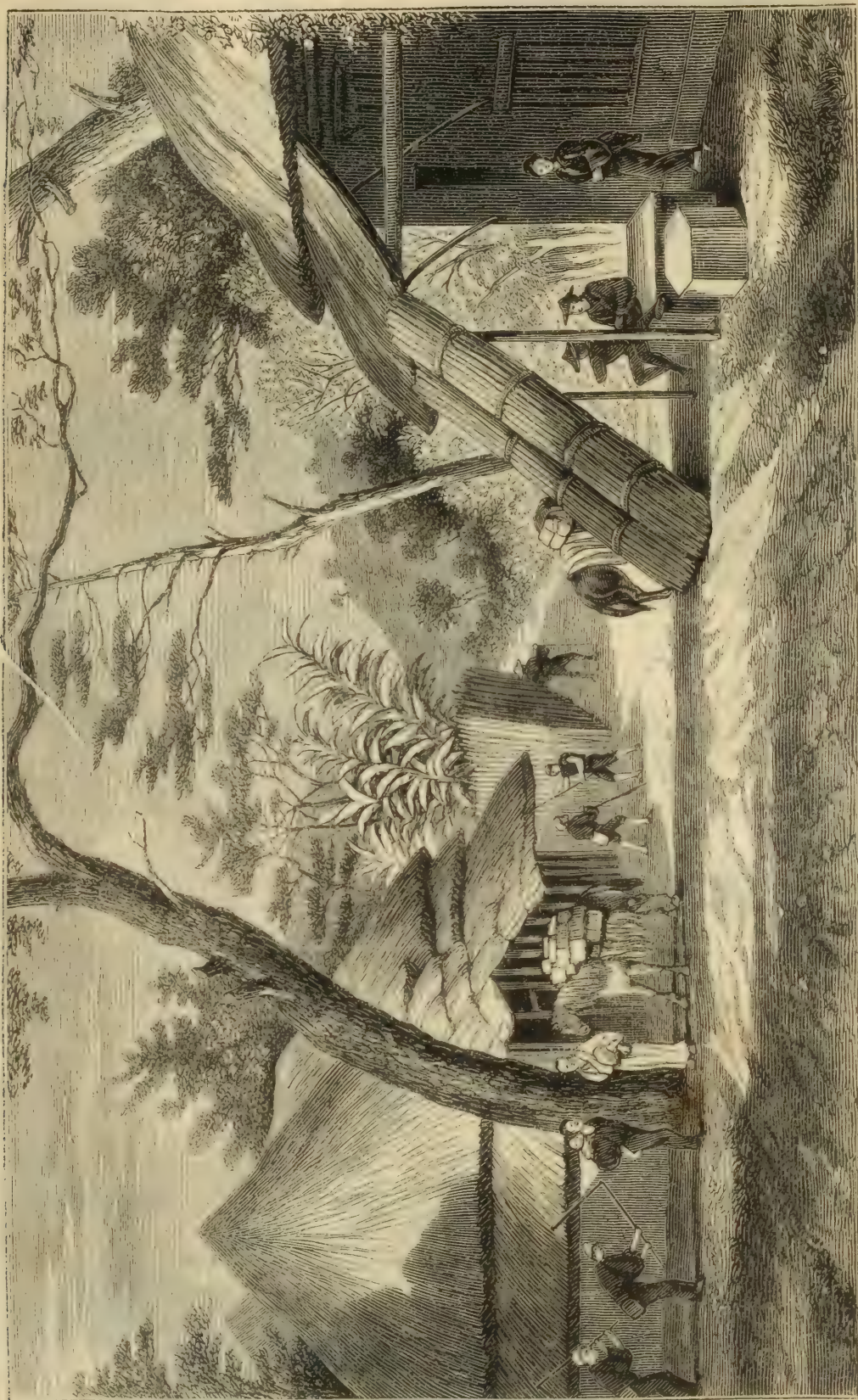
STEERSMAN AND MATE.

such a steep and slippery inclined plane is a mystery. One of the servants slipped, and rolled down to the lower regions, breaking his

ribs. The Japanese along the coast are a sea-going race, but the landmen, like almost all Orientals, have a horror of the sea, and never travel by water where they can go by land.—When the Embassadors were appointed for England, their first inquiry was for a remedy against sea-sickness; and when, not long after their embarkation, the natural consequences ensued, they were vociferous in their expressions of wonder that the Europeans, who spent so much of their time on ship-board, had never, with all their wisdom, found



SAILORS AT DINNÉE.



VILLAGE LIFE IN JAPAN.

out any specific against the illness which made them so miserable.

The above illustration gives a better idea of the general aspects of "Village Life in Japan" than could be conveyed by a score of pages of mere description. It shows the style of architecture on the road-side, with the women beating out their corn by vigorously wielding the most primitive of flails.

The travelers left their junk at Hiogo, the shipping port of Osaka, which is the great centre of trade in Japan. This is a most important place. It is to Yeddo what Liverpool is to London or Havre to Paris; but the pictures of life there are essentially the same as those of Yeddo. They wished to visit Miako, the residence of the Mikado; but this for some special reason was highly objectionable to the authorities, who

trumped up all sorts of obstacles. First was the disturbed condition of the country. *Lonins*, or outlaws, were about, ready for mischief: a couple had actually been seized. Then as a finality, when every thing else had been exhausted, the foreigners were told, as a great state secret, that there were negotiations going on for a marriage between the Tycoon and a daughter of the Mikado, which would heal some grave differences in the councils of the Empire; and that the presence of foreigners would tend to prevent this desirable consumma-

tion. The reason of this does not appear to have been quite clear to the British and Dutch ministers; but they consented to be ruled by the wishes of the officials, and so avoided Miaco. The mysteries of the court of the "Spiritual Emperor" remain untold for the present.

Not far from Osaka is a castle of the Tycoon, reputed to be the finest of the five belonging to him, though it appears that none of the present



THE CASTLE OF OSACA.

dynasty have inhabited it. This, at least, the ministers thought they might visit; not so their Japanese escort, who contrived a series of ingenious pretexts to balk their wishes. However, when the stay at Osaka was over, and the strangers were fairly on the way to Yeddo, the escort took a circuitous route which gave a view of the outer walls of the castle, which we here reproduce. It is a favorable specimen of the

castle of a Japanese Daimio. In general these may be described as consisting of a moat surrounded by a wall, generally built of mud intersected by layers of tiles, and plastered over, sometimes with parapets and loopholed for musketry. If the lord is one of great pretensions, the walls will be flanked by turrets, and something like a pagoda of two or three stories will rise above the dead level of the other roofs.

Some odd and characteristic incidents marked the journey across Nippon. Now and then the travelers would go over the ground which had just been traversed by the cortège of a great Daimio; and then for miles there would be piles of little sand-heaps by the way-side, signifying that the road had been freshly swept and sanded in his honor. At the entrance of every *hongen*, or inn, a mound of sand is piled up on each side, when a visitor of rank is expected, signifying that the place has been freshly swept and garnished for his reception. At intervals they met a man stripped to his loin-cloth.



CARRYING THE MAILS.

with a packet fastened to a pole over his shoulder, for whom every one made way, and who never paid the least attention to any one. He was "an Imperial Express," carrying dispatches to the Government at Miaco. These expressmen are relieved at short intervals; and by their means a dispatch is carried from Nagasaki to Yeddo, 850 miles, in nine days. The whole journey by land and water, from Nagasaki to Yeddo, occupied just thirty-two days, being the longest trip which any foreigner has yet made in the Empire of Japan.

CAP-AND-BELLS.

A NOVEL IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

"OH dear! how can you remain in this horrid close place?" were the precise words Miss Gossimer addressed to her friend, when a few complimentary inquiries had been made, and a glass of water tasted and made mouths over by the new-comers; when, in short, time had been allowed to glance around, and feel assured that the contracted area of the well-house was not suited to exhibit either the thirteen flounces or the wearer's graces.

"Why, we found it pleasant, I think," Miss Florence returned, smiling; for Miss Charlotte Georgina's tactics were, unhappily, transparent to those who had long enjoyed her intimacy. "But it is cool enough now for our afternoon ramble, if mamma pleases."

The Dowager, who had sat, as was customary with her, listening with delight to her idol's chatting, was pleased, of course, and little Van briefly expressed his satisfaction in any arrangement whatever. So the party sallied out in marching order—the Captain, his short arms barely allowing his hands to unite behind him, promenading on one side of Miss Charlotte, and the Lieutenant, who had been greatly struck with the lady's curls and distinguished air, mincing along on the other; after whom came Florence, escorted by Gossimer, toying as usual while he walked and talked with the Gossimer ancestral seal pendent from his watch-pocket, and the rear was brought up by the senior Vans.

Miss Gossimer—despite the possible conjecture of the reader to the contrary—was a young lady not at all difficult of access: it was really quite a marvel that she was so affable and chatty, when it came to be remembered how much there was to nurse her pride, and how haughty her carriage had been at the first. Indeed Miss Charlotte in the outset of her career had assumed so many supercilious airs in society that the number of her beaux became more limited at every ball. She it was who refused to dance *vis-à-vis* to young Tallar and his partner, because the father of the former dealt in oils and the like, although the poor fellow was a man of more intellect than all the Gossimers put together, and was appointed not long after on a

mission of trust to the court of Greece. The *brusquerie* of the affair had been the town-talk, and people whispered that it was less the present smell of tallow than fear of its being remembered that old M'Gregor Gossimer, the Tory, had followed a like calling in colonial times, which brought it about. Experience, however, remedies many social errors, and Miss Charlotte corrected hers accordingly when that wholesome dread of remaining an old maid which time and again has mollified haughty looks, and the increasing likelihood of such a catastrophe, robbed life of one of its delusions. No wonder, then, the Lieutenant was charmed and Rudder enlivened by the conversation.

"Oh, what a sweet, delicious breeze!—is it always so pleasant here?" Miss Charlotte asked of the Captain, with an eye to a group of young dandies who gave way for the party. Indeed it was quite a love of a breeze, it fluttered her curls so delightfully—than which nothing can be more fascinating, as the Lieutenant felt in his inmost soul.

"We generally get cooled by a sou'wester of afternoons. How d'y'e do, Slipper?" the Captain said to one of the passers.

"Pray—excuse me—who was the fine-looking gentleman you bowed to, Captain Rudder? I think I have seen him somewhere," Miss Gossimer murmured, directly.

"Slipper—Manhattan Slipper, we call him. It's rather superfluous as a style of address; for he generally lets you know where he's from the moment he opens his mouth."

"Ah! from Manhattan! What a sweet place to pass a few weeks!"

"Charming—when it is not on duty at the docks," Rudder responded: a sentiment the Lieutenant echoed, snuffing at a rose-bud held daintily between his forefinger and thumb, and begged to know whether Miss G. had been through a three-decker, and wouldn't she like to visit one? and then was she fond of roses? He did not think he had ever smelled one more fragrant: would she accept it?

And, of course, Miss Charlotte wished above all things to be shown through a three-decker (with all the quarter-deck officers on board), and doted on flowers, and really had never met with any thing more deliciously fragrant than this bud. From all which it may be gathered that if the conversation was fluent, it was of no great depth and not particularly instructive. Instruction, however, was the forte of the "rising member of the bar" chatting with Miss van Wadlevurst.

"So we issued a *nolle prosequi*, as we say in law, and stopped his farther progress. He outpolled me in his own parish as a matter of course," Gossimer was saying, in reference to a late trial of political strength in a small way, in which he had been worsted. "But so little will come up this session, it would be rather a waste of time to attend. Next year I think I will run in the city, where we are better known."

"I wish you success," said Florence.

"Thank you. The worst of the city is that there the *canaille* most do congregate; *homines ignoti*, as my Lord Lyttleton has it; and it is unpleasant shaking hands with the Smiths and Joneses, though they'd be confoundedly put out if one were to offer them a gloved finger," Gossimer returned. But his chief objection to a city canvass Gos did not care to mention: the round sum to be expended in treats at taverns and elsewhere for the better security of loose vot *gougnich* could not otherwise be made forthcoming at the required time. So it was from economical motives our young politician had canvassed St. Jude's, the good-will of the planters being purchased with words instead of money; and so lavish was he of the former that Pawley, his antagonist, who was related to three-fourths the voters, but who had showed little concern how the day went, beat him by fewer votes than might have been supposed.

"I have not seen him, I believe," Miss Florence said, returning to the subject of their talk, "since—yes, since the day of the Tournament."

"When he chose you Queen of Beauty," Gossimer put in, with a smirk and side bow.

"Yes, and forgot his allegiance almost at the moment. I think a little Mademoiselle (perhaps you remember the name), to whom he paid a great deal of attention, was the real Queen, and I only an accidental usurper."

"What an idea!" Clarendon exclaimed. "But there's something in it, though," he thought immediately: "he *was* remarkably attentive to somebody with black eyes; I remember noticing that at the fête afterward. I don't know who it can be!" he added, aloud; "but I'll get it out of Pawley himself the first opportunity."

"If he chooses," Florence rejoined; but Gossimer twirled his chain, and said, "Pooh! whether he chooses or not. We gentleman solicitors [Gos always made much of this nomenclature] have a mode of cross-questioning not easily evaded."

Perhaps, however, if Edward Pawley had cared, or thought it the best policy to evade the solicitor's question, he might have done so with ease when they met in the walk shortly after. That young gentleman, relieved of the dust of travel and well dressed, was sauntering along pretty much at random, and looking about him at the various novelties remained unadvised of the proximity of acquaintances until nearly opposite the advanced-guard, consisting of Miss Gossimer and her escort, when he raised his hat—a light beaver, with a strip of crape around it—and passed on. He may have supposed a young lady with two beaux sufficiently occupied; or perhaps had enjoyed enough of Miss Charlotte's society to content him during their journey. But as neither of these motives held good in the case of her successor, Clarendon's late rival stopped there, and expressed his pleasure in doing so.

"Mr. Gossimer mentioned you were travel-

ing companions thus far; and I was recalling where we had last met," Miss van W. said.

"In St. Jude's, I believe," Pawley answered, with a doleful recollection of the chief event of a day memorable in the history of his heart; and his fair questioner added, let us hope with no malice: "I wish I could remember the name of a very pretty stranger whom I saw there, Mr. Pawley."

"A little French creature with black eyes? Pooh! don't pretend to have forgotten her," Clarendon put in, by way of hinting a confession was inevitable; on which our hero replied calmly, to Miss van W., "It was Madame Mère de Truebleu's adopted daughter," and in no way noticed Gossimer's speech. That young gentleman, however, smiled conceitedly and twirled his seal. "He has spoiled my cross-questioning by his candor, you see, Miss Florence," he said. "Pawley, my dear fellow, take my advice and be a little less honest, or you will never succeed in politics. A politician should invert the rule of the courts, and believe every man guilty of a sinister motive who asks a question in public."

"What an unhappy creed!" the belle exclaimed; and Pawley laughed, though he glanced at the speaker with no great show of admiration.

"How many years are you my senior?" he asked. "But I forget; you have a distinguished instructor in the science of politics at home."

Gossimer bowed and smiled: it might have been intended as a compliment, or the reverse; it was not easy to decide by his tone which—so he chose to accept it in the former sense.

"Will you try another Tournament in St. Jude's next spring? the last was so pleasant!" Florence said, presently.

"Did you see the description in the *Transcript*?" our hero replied, smiling at the thought of one Twitty's grandiloquence. "I felt after reading it that we had rather committed ourselves. I don't think I could be tempted into playing the distinguished part I did again."

"I don't think you are very complimentary to your former Queen," the belle rejoined; and Mr. Edward colored and laughed, and stammered an apology. He had quite forgotten that Miss van W. had been raised to regal honors by his election; it was not for *her* he wore crape on his hat.

Chatting and recognizing an acquaintance here and there among the numerous groups encountered, our party walked on, following the path which most of us have trodden in our time, leading to the grove under the cliff, so famous a resort for lovers. Once they caught a glimpse of the Countess Kreeper, that bewitching pariah of the best society, consorting with a cluster of unknown people, who were doubtless equally flattered and edified by her piquant conversation. Pawley raised his hat, and commented *sotto voce* for the benefit of his companions:

"There goes," he said, "a little woman who would rather not live than live without flirta-

tion. I wonder who that great ruddy garçon she has under her thumb now is. People are only beginning to be aware of the reconciliation between her father and herself, and what a fortune she is. I remember very well the outcast sort of life she led two years ago, but last winter I am told she was taken more notice of."

"Was she? I never met her," Clarendon cried, with unusual interest. "I knew her before the imprudent step she took, and I considered her then perhaps the most amiable and fascinating young lady to be met in society. She must have grown prettier of late years, for I failed to recognize her just now in the well-house." Which was an inexcusable fib, for it was not the widow's face but her change of fortune Clarendon had momentarily forgotten, and reproached himself for in the privacy of his own breast. "Confound it!" he reflected, "I should have gone up and spoken to her when she denied me the satisfaction of redeeming my first formal bow. I rather questioned the report before, but of course Pawley here is good authority; why the old curmudgeon must be worth half a million, and this sweet little widow his only heiress. I'll write to the Hon. R. G. so soon as I get matters in train, and ask his consent and blessing; for, as Pawley says, people are not yet aware of the little creature's expectations, and she's too confounded a flirt to be allowed time for consideration. Egad, I must be on the alert, and turn the first opportunity that offers to advantage; and, deuce take it, I don't think, with the weight of my name to bear me out, it will be hard to undo the first impression."

It seemed the fate or good fortune, as Gossimer expressed it, of the Van Waddlevursts and Gossimers to meet the Countess and her company at every turn on this especial afternoon. That independent little lady had allowed herself to be led away from her late gossips, and had probably been rambling somewhere through the woods culling flowers, and otherwise ruralizing and romancing with the enamored Trout at her beck and call, when, coming to the brow of the cliff before spoken of, she proposed a race hand in hand, by the stairway of course, to the foot; and in that guise, with her bonnet on her arm and Trout fanning his flushed visage with his moist pocket handkerchief, appeared suddenly before the party above-named quietly conversing around the High Rock Spring, and partially concealed by the leaves. Mrs. Van, who had taken occasion to learn briefly from Florence the cause of her avoidance of the little lady, and approved of her course, bridled up more than ever; the old gentleman stared; Florence and Charlotte were, or appeared to be, quite engrossed by their conversation with the gentlemen; and nobody seemed inclined to notice the intrusion in any way save Gossimer, who, with the lowest of bows, advanced and offered his hand, which the siren, who was surveying the company rather slightly, accepted, looking up into his eyes with her usual mocking air the while.

"I am sure," he said, "you will forgive my dullness in failing to recognize your ladyship at a glance an hour ago. Won't you shake hands in token of bearing no malice?"

And the Countess gave the fingers proffered a slight squeeze, and asked, "Is it dullness, then, which prevents people from recognizing others?" with a glance around the circle which might have been accidental. "Good-by," she said, smilingly, in the same breath, "I must come and see me. I have a little time to spare, so nobody's propriety will be offended," and tripped away as if there had not been a soul present besides Gossimer.

Gos would have liked nothing better than to accompany her—a contingency which had caused Trout some misgivings during the brief term of their conversation—but he could not abandon his party, of course, without marked rudeness, and returned to brave the censure of her sister, who said, in an aside with a toss of the head: "I am really astonished at you, brother, for claiming acquaintance with a woman like that; only to think of her racing down a hill with a gentleman who has been introduced to her not an hour!" A reprimand which Clarendon, whose cue it was to be always amiably fraternal before witnesses, took in good part at the time; but afterward, in private, rated Miss Charlotte soundly for, advising her to attend to what concerned herself, and hold her tongue where it was not needed, in future.

CHAPTER IV.

FREQUENTERS of watering-places so unservedly give themselves up to idleness and oblivion of business that it is not venturing much in saying that Pawley was the most industrious man of some hundred who rid themselves of the summer hours as best they could, oblivious of this too, that the flight of every hour diminished the space between them and the Horror of all ages, as surely as it would in a condemned cell. Perhaps our hero thought little if at all of this while correcting certain MSS., or meditating, with the aid of a cigar, on his career and the influence of his maiden speech; but he was hopeful and earnest in his undertaking, and these alone are virtues if well applied. He found no cause to regret a change of plans which would have consigned him to the heat and disturbance of a large city while writing his essay on governments; and what with occupation when alone, and gay company at other times, he was in a fair way to lose identity with the desponding young gentleman who, some months back, had paced his hall with his chin resting on his breast, neglected his dress, pinned a crape band around his hat, nobody could divine why, and caused his family unwonted uneasiness.

Miss van Waddlevurst, riding one morning with the bold Captain on her right, met him returning from a ramble with some of the loose

pages of his great work in his hand and a cigar between his lips. Mr. Edward threw away the latter when he saw the cortège approaching, and was repaid by a sweet smile and murmured "Good-morning, Mr. Pawley;" and walked on recalling to himself the agreeable sound of those simple words. Miss Charlotte Gossimer, escorted with a view to propriety by her brother, and to something else by the Lieutenant, brought up the rear on that occasion; and possibly it was the combination of her faded graces and made-up attractions that rendered our heroine's appearance more than usually pleasing.

"I like her," the pedestrian ruminated; "she has a deal of nature and good sense, which is saying not a little for one who has been a couple of years something of a belle, and has passed through the fiery trial of fashion. She has not the sprightliness and brilliancy, indeed, of the only girl I ever loved or ever can (a sigh), but she reminds me more than any one I have since met of that angel (a second sigh and pause). What the deuce constitutes the resemblance? She has gray eyes and she is not a brunette, and she is certainly not *petite*. It must be her accent, there is something French in it, especially that winning way she has of saying Good-morning. Yes, certainly the resemblance lies in their voices—it is strange it did not occur to me before."

From which it will appear, that it was no diminution of constancy to the one passion of his life which caused the society of the reigning belle to be affected by our hero after the above chance encounter, but rather a laudable sort of devotion—the more laudable, of course, as it was objectless—to a peerless myth of his imagination, Mademoiselle Bonair by name. It was this which enticed him more than once at a certain hour into the road by which Mademoiselle's representative usually returned from her early rambles, and the Captain enjoying no right of monopoly, if not always superseded, was obliged repeatedly to share the pleasure of the belle's conversation with his rival, as he began to consider Mr. Edward. Captain Rudder, however, was not a man to succumb to a rival, whatever his recommendations; but it secretly annoyed him to be a listener on compulsion, as he now and then became, when Florence and young Pawley exchanged opinions on subjects he rather slighted, and on books known to him only by name, or not always that.

The Captain was a reading man in spare hours, and got through an immense amount of literature in the course of a year, but of a sort not remarkable for depth or moral worth, and for the most part not to be named in the presence of a lady. "Confound the fellow!" he would comment while riding or walking with Miss Van between them, and eying our hero askance. "He has all the talk to himself. If I edge in an adventure by sea or land, the particulars of which I can vouch for, he has something of the kind to tell out of some lying traveler or other; and it is no better whatever

I may introduce by way of making up my quota of amusement. The truth is, he don't tell a bad story; but I wish he'd keep them for our little réunions over the billiard-table, or for the entertainment of our bachelor suppers," the honest sailor would add, and be quite softened by Florence saying, smilingly, and with not the least appearance of coquetry: "Why, Captain, how silent you are! I am afraid you are consumed by jealousy, and will order poor Mr. Felty away soon, on pretense of a call of duty. How can you show so malevolent a disposition, Captain?" And Rudder would hasten to vow and protest, with much good-humor, that his Lieutenant—who, perhaps, at the moment would be discussing with Miss Gossimer in the van unsuspecting of scrutiny, and evincing by his demeanor or unqualified interest in that young lady's small talk—had nothing to fear from *his* hindrance.

The Captain's jealousy, if it may be called so, was rather superfluous at the time. Had any one hinted to Pawley how fine a girl Miss Florence was, and how excellent a wife she would make, despite her present fashionable pre-eminence, he would very likely have answered, gravely: "What is that to me! I never expect to marry;" and smoked his cigar in silence, with a tender remembrance of the crape on his hat. Matrimony in connection with Florence never entered his thoughts. He felt unusual regard for her as a girl of character, and found enough pleasure in conversing with his ex-queen to induce him to spend more time in that recreation, perhaps, than any other; but these were no more than results to be anticipated of a friendship erected on the ruins of a recent *affaire de cœur*. It was not only Miss van W.'s way of uttering certain words which constituted the fanciful resemblance between Mademoiselle and herself; she sang and played with tolerable execution, and some of the airs Mr. Edward remembered having listened to during his beatific visits to a certain person a twelve-month ago; and these he never wearied of hearing in a private parlor, in joint possession of the Vans and Gossimers, where a rather rickety piano stood. Rudder not unfrequently shared in the entertainment, and begged for "A life on the ocean wave," or "A wet sheet and a flowing sea;" but sometimes the Captain, whose pleasures were of a more active kind than Pawley's, took himself off to the intricacies of the mountains deer-stalking, or meditated of the Van Waddleurst charms while waiting for his float to bob.

One morning, when his stay had been longer than usual, and the senior Vans had in consequence retired to take their customary forenoon nap; while Miss Gossimer was dawdling in dis-habille in a friend's apartment near at hand, and Clarendon playing billiards in his shirt sleeves with the Lieutenant, Slipper, and a friend of the latter, the Captain being absent on one of his expeditions, our hero had the field entirely to himself, and took his fill of that melancholy delight which the songs associated with

Mademoiselle's bewitching airs and graces were like to induce. It was after one of these, obligingly sung for the second or third time, that Florence, running her fingers over the keys, turned and said, smilingly, "You have a singular fancy for three or four of my songs, to the prejudice of the rest, Mr. Pawley."

"They were favorites of—of a dear friend,"

Mr. Edward replied; upon which Florence, regarding him earnestly a moment, turned again to the piano and began playing more thoughtfully than before.

"I must appear rather unreasonable sometimes," Pawley said, standing by. "I bore you with my requests, don't I?"

"No, certainly not, or I would have found some excuse for not playing," the belle returned, still intent on the keys; and Pawley made a bow, something in Gossimer's ornate style, with his hand in his vest; and Miss Van recognized the imitation by a genial smile.

"You remember the fairy," he said, "who came to somebody and offered three wishes. If I could offer you one, what would it be?"

"I believe I should wish for a better piano at present," Florence said.

"Which means that you have no curiosity, or that you do not choose to question me."

"Why should I question you?" Florence asked, not very candidly; but our hero overlooked the remark. "I wish you to know," he said, presently, "almost as much of me as I do myself, because—because I have formed a friendship for you, Miss van Waddlevurst, which I hope you will allow nothing to interrupt." This Pawley uttered with an attempt at ease, about as successful as usually happens where a subject has been considered from all points beforehand, and the precise manner of its introduction laid down—the least likely of all to be employed. He quite frightened his companion by his abrupt change of manner; and that young lady sat, rather pale, with her hands folded in her lap, regarding him, and wondering, perhaps, what would follow. In truth, our hero had made up his mind to tell his little history concerning the "dear friend" whose songs Florence played and sang; and, if he made an awkward beginning, once that was past, his eloquence and the pathos of the tale, in the estimation of a young lady who had unwittingly shared in some part of the performance, amply redeemed the initial address. Perhaps some of the readers of this history may remember what tale that was, and how it had chanced that a little French brunette, without name or fortune, had declined the honor of his hand, who was heir to both. But he had been then and since chary of confidence in regard to that first great sorrow of his life, and we must look elsewhere than to a mere search after questionable sympathy for an explanation of the deliberate confession here made.

Pawley was not vainer than other young men; indeed he was sensible enough of a great part of his shortcomings, in proof of which the empty insolence of pride was quite wanting in his

character. He certainly was not entirely blind and deaf to his own merits—who is?—and thought it at least probable the pleasure he experienced in Miss van W.'s company might come in time to be reciprocal, without the intervention, in her case, of a third party, or, to speak more properly, of a principal whose pleasing traits should be reproduced in his. An ordinary fop would have regarded a sequitor of the sort with smiling complacency, and might have affected to consider it no business of his if the women fell in love with his elegant figure or graces of speech; or one with only a tender conscience might have wanted resolution to venture a hint, and so risk the ridicule attendant on over-hastiness in so delicate an affair. But our hero, not being of a wavering mind, and with nothing of a coxcomb about him, told the story of his unhappy attachment and abandonment of hope with much honesty and earnestness, and a slight tremor of voice, when the last-named reference was made—as the simplest means at hand of defining his position and averting unpleasant misconstructions.

Florence listened to all with breathless attention, and what heart-sickness who can say? Her color came and went ever so little, and the hands lay idly clasped in her lap as at the beginning. Had she been misled already, and willing, in the absence of other testimony, to attribute Pawley's pleasure in her singing to the sweetness of *her* voice, or his preference to the subtle influence of liking for liking drawing two hearts together? Perhaps so, and it was only part of her birth-right as one of Eve's daughters to be ejected from the garden, and the sword of that old love at the gate to forbid re-entrance. What surprise, or agitation, or even grief she may have felt she kept to her own breast and chamber; and if she looked more languid than usual in consequence (which heedful mamma attributed to the debilitating effect of the climate), the world was none the wiser, and lost the opportunity for a sneer.

But our heroine was not perfect, as perfection goes, or she might have been chosen earlier to play the part of heroine, and the moral as well as consistency of this history no doubt impaired. It was therefore quite natural, even while forced to admit Pawley's good sense and candor, to feel piqued, not to say mortified, by the second-rate character she had been called upon to perform, and in truth *had* performed with much goodwill, under the impression that it was a prima donna's. To think of his being in love, and musing, all the while she strummed on that miserable instrument and had supposed he was attentive to *her*, of the little French Mademoiselle, whose proxy she was sure now she had been at the tournament, and who, from what he half said, must have jilted him—for which she was very glad, and hoped he would be treated in the same manner again! But she would show she had some spirit, and was not to be made a convenience of in this way of all others.

In pursuance of which purpose, gay, hand-

some Florence van Waddlevurst, laying aside a certain air of indifference to general admiration which somehow had of late begun to invest her with a something of exclusiveness quite at variance with the policy of a reigning belle, became suddenly what all young ladies have it in them to be when they choose (or can)—a most egregious flirt. But let it be understood, if she appeared a flirt, she was no coquette—that word being somewhat less generic in signification, and saddled with more odium. She made nobody particularly miserable, and cheated none with delusive hopes of success; and her smiles were quite equally distributed—"a devilish deal too equally," Rudder growled, who fancied himself likely to be eclipsed by the butterflies about her, whom he honestly despised. He told Pawley, on his (Pawley's) return from a fortnight's visit to a neighboring watering-place, that Miss Florence was in a fair way to be spoiled by flattery, he was afraid, there was always such a set of dandies about her; and how she could tolerate their small-talk *he* could not imagine.

The truth was, she was nearly the only sensible young lady he knew at Saratoga, and he would feel rather lost with no one to converse rationally with. It was a great bore to be elbowed out of a pleasant acquaintance just as one had got on sociable terms, and to be driven elsewhere. All which and more he confided to Pawley; for the Captain was not in love, or supposed himself not to be, and really regretted the loss of those friendly *têtes-à-tête*, for their own sakes alone. Moreover, if he had inclined to be jealous as a lover, he would have spoken with no less freedom to Mr. Edward, having been already assured by that faithful swain—in subversion of certain sly jokes of the Captain's—that "insurmountable obstacles prevented his ever thinking of marrying." Hm! prior unhappy attachment, maybe, Rudder thought; and refrained from saying more on a subject which might be more painful than he knew.

It was Pawley who laughed at the Captain's grumbling, and felt unselfishly pleased at learning the estimation in which his friend was held. "She has been always considered remarkably pretty, of course," he said; "but of late she has seemed too quiet and sedate for what people call a reigning belle. Perhaps *she* may have lost a friend," our hero added, sagaciously, knocking the ashes off his cigar and nodding. "Depend upon it, Captain, all grief is not lasting, and society and forgetfulness are bringing back her spirits."

"Well, she has vivacity, and wit, and all that, in plenty now," Rudder answered, with a sigh of which he may not have been conscious. "And I'll tell you what, she is so undeniably bewitching and lovable that I'm devilishly afraid our Platonics will be cut short one of these fine days by some one of her beaux offering himself and being accepted, and of course monopolizing her society altogether."

"Are you?" the other cried, with a laugh; "then you had better abandon Platonics for

something more enduring, Captain, while the way lies open. For my part, I may say, without egotism, a pledge of friendship exists between us too well founded in confidence to be easily disallowed; and I have no doubt she has looked forward to my return to renew a topic she showed much interest in the morning I left here, when Gossimer coming in interrupted our *tête-à-tête*."

But the Captain gave no answer, though his eye remained contemplatively fixed on his friend's face; he smoked assiduously, without desisting to say, "You're a lucky fellow!" as his thought was; and his first cigar being consumed, took another, and still puffed on and mused long after Mr. Edward had dropped off into a siesta in an arm-chair tilted against his bed.

That same evening our hero paid his respects to Miss van W. in the ball-room, with the confidence of one in favor with a reigning beauty. Fair Florence was crossing the floor, her hand upon the arm of her partner-elect for a quadrille, and our friend walked a few paces by her side. "After so long an absence, you know," he said, in conclusion, and almost in a whisper.

"Have you really been long away?" the queen returned, provokingly. "What a pity it is I am engaged for the half dozen succeeding sets and promenades! Unless you wouldn't mind finishing your story before Mr. Skipp here, who will be very discreet if it's a secret, I dare say. What was it all about?—I think I remember you telling me something"—which was so near a fib, the story referred to having occupied no small share of her daily thoughts, that the speaker blushed a little in uttering it. And Pawley, surprised out of self-possession, came near exclaiming aloud, "What a flirt!" in the exuberance of his chagrin; and presently fell back among the crowd of idlers, not a little disconcerted.

CHAPTER V.

BUT if the hero of this tale prided himself on being faithful to his "unhappy attachment," Lieutenant Felt found cause for shifting his allegiance. A revolution—without bloodshed or tearshed, or much disturbance of any kind—was a common occurrence with him; somebody in muslin continually surrendering the sceptre to a riding-habit and ostrich feathers; or that galloping vision of loveliness giving place to a young lady who lisped perhaps, or sang divinely. In the present case it was not Cæsar who was loved less, but Rome more; he might have remained immovable in his passion for Miss Joy to time's end if Miss Gossimer, with her sentiment and ringlets and gabble, had not appeared on the stage. The Lieutenant, poor fellow, since his African cruise, entertained a sufficiently painful consciousness of his weakness, to feel more at ease in the company of a young lady who, inspired by unwonted attentions, chattered about whatever nonsense came in her head,

than with one of our heroine's tone of mind. So by degrees Felty left off petitioning Miss van W. to walk or ride, leaving bouquets at her door, or serenading before it. He hired a piebald pony, which passed for his own, expressly on Miss Gossimer's account; filled her sitting-room with flowers, and chanted his "Good-neet" to his guitar almost nightly under, or rather before, her windows. It will be remembered that the Gossimers and Vans occupied contiguous lodgings and shared a common parlor; consequently Florence was still a party to the serenades, and it was upon her piano and mantle-shelf the Lieutenant's proofs of his constancy were arrayed. It was consequently a perplexing question at the first how to make known his change of sentiments. He might go on forever leaving bouquets to be appropriated by Miss Florence, and it was so deuced awkward telling a young lady you meant your attentions for somebody else. "What would you do in such a case, Captain?" he asked; and Rudder affected much indignation. "You'll ruin the credit of the service, Sir! Only last week you had the impudence to tell Miss Gossimer, whom you knew to be on good terms and likely to repeat your nonsense, that a more perfect woman did not breathe, and a good deal more of the same stuff. I was sitting on the back bench at the *Tableaux vivantes*, and couldn't help overhearing. And now you go making love to the very young lady you tried to get to speak up for you!—it's past believing!"

"I think as highly of Miss van Waddlehurst as ever, Captain," Felty answered, with becoming gravity, "and have no doubt of her perfection as a woman. But Miss Gossimer is an angel!"

"Why you've used the same language about every one of them," Rudder exclaimed, bursting into a laugh; at which the occupant of the next chamber knocked upon the partition-wall, and growled out, "What the devil's all that haw-hawing about?"

"Trout is an eminently practical man; suppose we find out what he would do in your case. We needn't mention names," the Captain suggested, in an under-tone; and Felty assenting, invited that gentleman to a conference.

"Do you suppose I would put on my things such a day as this to come to a confab?" Trout rejoined, and consigned the pair to what Rudder called warm latitudes. "Pooh! run a muck; nobody's about to see you," the Captain cried.

"Well, look out and make sure none of the womenkind are out of doors," Felty's neighbor answered; and the Captain, taking an observation and stating the coast to be clear, Trout bolted in, habited in a cool undress, and with an embroidered cigar-case in his hand, from which he supplied the company and himself. "Pretty, ain't it?" he said—meaning the case, which Rudder was eying—"the work of fair fingers."

"Yes, and *new*," the Captain put in.

"New!" Trout returned, blushing redder than his wont, if possible; "I've had it in my

trunk a year without use. No, Jove! that's too big a one! Somebody gave it to me the other day, but it's no business of yours to ask who."

"It's no business of mine, to be sure," Rudder answered; "but it don't need a ghost to tell who was the giver. I could swear to the work, if needful; and prettier hands than did this you won't easily find. I suppose you don't care to find prettier?—you'll be contented to get one of these, and you seem deuced likely to do it too."

"Give me the pouch and hold your jaw," the owner replied. "I didn't gratify you with my company to be quizzed. Let us hear what you called me in for—what's the joke that set you haw-hawing till you woke half the Row?"

"Felty and I were discussing—as a matter of theory you know—what we would do in a given case. Suppose two ladies occupied lodgings in common, and one should be a former sweet-heart, and the other one for the time being. How would you manage to prevent the first from appropriating the attentions you wished to pay the second, especially if there had been no previous breaking off, you understand? Or, to make the thing clear; if I wanted to send a bouquet to Miss B., where I knew Miss A. (who had been in the habit of getting them) would be, what plan should I adopt to avoid mistakes, eh? It ain't a very likely case, but supposing it probable." And Trout responded with a grin and surveyed the Lieutenant, who, seated sideways on his bed with the blue ribbon of his guitar across his shoulder, was strumming and attending to the conversation.

"Look at him," he said; "why he's been serenading before the house you are trying to mystify three nights in a week, and I never once suspected him of having changed his love. You needn't deny it, Captain, his looks betray him—and he is the only man I know who could imagine such a dilemma. I suppose he wants to send flowers now, and don't want to write a note—don't want to commit himself. Jove! he'd better label the nose-gays, and sing a prelude to his songs to the effect they are for Miss—what's the lady's name?"

"Every thing is fair in war," the Lieutenant lisped from the bed. "You tell tales out of school, and expect me to keep your secret. Captain, did you ever hear Mr. Trout play on the violin?"

"No, and I ain't sure I would like to," Rudder made answer.

"He thinks he draws a bow like Paganini. I rather think he takes lessons from one of the fiddlers in the band here, for he's gone an hour or two every day nobody knows where. And of nights he gets me now and then to accompany him in front of a certain door—you can guess whose."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Rudder; "why don't he use a violoncello? it would have a grand effect, and wake us all up to enjoy the sport." "And express the *greatness* of his passion,"

Felty added, attempting the air, "Love let us cherish."

"I'll tell you what," Trout cried, beginning to feel nettled, "I don't mind your jokes on any other subject; but where a lady's name is concerned regard for the sex forbids familiar discussion. And Jove! for a man who lives in a glass house, you're devilish liberal with your flings, Rudder. You suppose nobody observes you screwed in around the waist to look slim—a thing you never will be—bobbing and bowing to the young lady, who puts me in mind of the scene between Prince Hal and Falstaff where Sir John sits for the King."

"Reminds you how?" the Captain asked, glumly.

"Why she wears a cushion on her head," Trout returned, referring to Miss van W.'s style of dressing her hair à la Pompadour; a witticism originating with the nimble-tongued widow, as Rudder at once divined. "I suppose Janey Joy told you that," he said, dryly; "the lady you criticise I esteem as a friend, not more; but whether 'common regard for the sex' forbids or not I beg you will speak more reverently of her in future."

"And I beg you not to mention Miss Joy—that is, the Countess Kreeper—at all in my hearing," Trout cried, growing warm. Indeed these two champions were in a fair way to obtain a public award of the cap paraded at the beginning of this tale; for the Lieutenant, lying back on his pillow, absorbed in his meditations and in the strains drawn from his favorite instrument, continued oblivious of what was going on, when the opportune entrance of a tray, ordered by their host, and containing among other good things a couple of bottles of iced Champagne, restored a better state of feeling, as Trout was not slow to acknowledge. "I'm hasty, and Jove! I ought not to have said what I did just now, Captain," he said, aside; and the Captain, clinking their glasses together with perfect bonhomie, responded, "Pooh! pooh! let's forget it. It was not to the credit of either of us, and I am sorry for my share, Trout, my boy."

It was during this conversation that Miss Gossimer's lover formed the plan of his campaign, like an able officer as he was. The Lieutenant was not above taking a hint even from a jest, and determined to send his card attached to each bunch of flowers in future, inscribed on the upper side, to Miss Charlotte Gossimer. And of course, knowing who the flowers were for and from whom they came, would afford a sufficient clew to the party chiefly interested to discern whose was the solo on the guitar, and for whose ear intended. "I only hope she is not much interested in me yet," Felty thought with some compunction when writing the first of these labels; and speculated on the possibility of our heroine's reading the address, and struck to the heart by the evidence of his perfidy, lapsing into hysterics or a fainting fit. But the soft-hearted Lieutenant might have spared him-

self any uneasiness then and afterward had he known the truth, which, if nothing worse, was not flattering to his vanity. Florence only laughed when she saw it, which she did before any one, the bouquet being brought to her in accordance with custom, and placed the flowers in water on the piano with the card conspicuously displayed; and Miss Gossimer, who was out visiting at the time, on her return read it while drawing off her gloves, and exclaimed, "Oh la!" and was evidently quite tickled and flustered.

"You may be sure those serenades we hear so often are for you too," our heroine then said when Charlotte had run in to show her friend her trophy. "And I rather think none of the bouquets which preceded this were really mine, although sent in my name. Very likely it may have been an error of the servant's all along, or your Damon may have wished to bribe me with flowers (a pretty piece of diplomacy, isn't it?) to plead his cause."

"Do you really think so? Oh dear! he is a very impertinent fellow—that he is: and I should not like it to come to the ears of a *certain person* (not Clarendon, my love), who might take him to task for it," Miss Charlotte replied; and twisted her ringlets and smirked coquettishly before the glass, after which fit of admiration she went off humming a tune to affect that this sort of thing was no novelty to her.

Florence, it may be noted, had evinced more amusement than curiosity when Miss Gossimer referred to the jealousy of a "certain person;" from long familiarity with that young lady's habit of ascribing meaning to very ordinary attentions from the other sex, and of throwing out allusions which might lead you to suppose she had only to choose out of half a dozen suitors for her hand. But in the present instance, for a wonder, Miss Gossimer's tender anticipations were more real than usual, and the Lieutenant, even aided by his pony and guitar, ran no little hazard of being distanced by a rival whose strong points lay in his elegance of person, and unmistakable ease of address; to say nothing of the extraordinary social advantages it would remain with him to throw open to the lady whose happy privilege it should be one day to write "Mrs. R. De la Rue Slipper" upon her cards.

Slipper had been making some inquiries of Captain Rudder, who, owing to the roving life he had led, seemed to know something of people from all points of the compass. "She is of a deuced high family, the Captain said; her father was a Senator, and the family are so proud, I've heard they rather thought the Government or the electors, I don't know which, honored by one of them serving. They live in style, too, at home, I am told, and Miss Gossimer dresses dashily and carries herself with quite a tonnish air. I was only introduced to them here the afternoon they came."

"Yes, I remember meeting you," Slipper re-

plied. "She *has* rather a tonnish look which I think might be developed into something suitable to the atmosphere of our avenues. Her gait wants culture—there is too much spring in her ankle when she walks at present. Don't you think so?"

"Did you ever handle a yard-stick?" Rudder asked. "You measure every thing by a measure of your own. Deuce take your complaisance! If Miss G. had known your criticism on her gait, I'll be bound she would not have asked me who you were (with a complimentary prefix, Slipper, my lad), and declare New York was such a sweet place!"

"I am indebted to Miss Gossimer for the compliment, whatever it was," Slipper made answer. "I was presented to her the other evening, and, I must say, was rather struck with her appearance."

"And"—Slipper might have added, but did not—"I heard she was rich as Croesus, and thought I'd question you a little, Captain. It does not do to tell, but I don't roll in riches myself, and I would like to have the fear of coming to want or earning my bread *professionally*, which is much the same, off my mind. If she is all you say—and I've no doubt of your veracity—highly connected and living in great style at home, she will suit, of course; and I must give up my case a little, and see what can be done while the sun shines. It is well to look out for the chances."

In accordance with which purpose Mr. Slipper, hitherto rather a cool observer of the young ladies who nightly disported themselves in the ball-room, and of afternoons in the walks, whose charms he appeared to disparage, devoted no small share of his time and energy, such as it was, to the conquest. To say the truth, it required both to keep pace with Miss Charlotte's demands; a slave to her charms was too much of a novelty in that young lady's experience to be let off with trifling services. Slipper, of course, could not stand by and see Miss Gossimer seated for want of a partner, and consequently was forced to take his place with the rest on the chalked floor, despite his gentlemanly contempt for the performance; and as it happened, too, the honor in question being mostly shared between the Lieutenant and himself, he danced nightly a great deal more often than suited his comfort, to say nothing of his inclination. Felty might have laughed, remembering Slipper's philippic against quadrilles; but the joke lost its point in the rivalry it bore witness to. "A man," he thought, "would not so utterly sacrifice his individuality unless hopelessly smitten, and bent on prosecuting his suit to extremity." And the Lieutenant, whose cravat hung in a sailor's knot, noted with envy the neat tie of the other's bow, and found cause for despondency in the impudently easy conversation of the fascinating dandy.

If there was one thing abhorred by Slipper more than capering to music it was producing music at the still hours of night, as he said, for

the possible delight of an inamorata who, for all you knew, might be sleeping through the whole of it with her night-cap drawn over her ears. "And I would see any woman far enough before compromising my self-respect to that extent," was his usual comment. So Felty had the field to himself during his serenades, and sang songs in accordance with the depression or elevation of his hopes. Slipper tooted a little on his flute, however, and the flute made a good accompaniment to the piano—the same rickety instrument Florence had played Mademoiselle's tunes on, but now scarce ever touched. "Really it was so out of tune—could not Mr. Pawley excuse her till they chanced to meet over a better piano?" and there again these rival powers were in equipoise. Poor Felty had never loved before, in comparison with his present attachment to Miss Gossimer; he fairly idolized her flaunting person as it moved before his eyes, and imagined her muslin skirt and blue mantle floating by left the atmosphere fragrant, as might the clothing of some celestial being; that old trick of the curls, too, wafted back from her cheeks by the breeze when she walked bonnetless, was something he was never tired of beholding or recalling. He even envied Slipper the privilege of running about on her errands; for, with the instinct of a thorough coquette, Miss Charlotte perceived whom the office of lackey would most distress, and allowed the Lieutenant to dawdle about her and pick up her handkerchief, or fan her at the piano, when his competitor was on duty out of doors. This errand-running was none of the other's seeking, and caused him to reflect more than once on the expediency of making his bow, and denying Miss Charlotte the advantages of writing her name De la Rue Slipper. He was dispatched every where—to a neighboring country-town to purchase a few pounds of maple-sugar, of which Miss Gossimer professed herself extravagantly fond; desired to run across with a roll of music or borrowed novel (an August sun shining in undimmed splendor at the time, and the Judge Joneses occupying apartments at the farther end of the village); or sent to beat up recruits for a riding party or excursion somewhere.

That astute observer, the Captain, long practiced in feminine arts, saw from time to time what was going on, and derived much amusement from it. "By the lord Harry! the conceit will be taken out of him," he said, with a chuckle, when Slipper was obliged to dismount in front of their quarters to recover her whip. "She enjoys it amazingly too. Felty, my lad, what the deuce are you moping here for, over your everlasting guitar, instead of riding on the other side of Miss Gossimer, and dividing the spoil?"

"I have loaned out both my horses; he asked in her name, and I could not well refuse," the Lieutenant returned, lugubriously. At which the old campaigner stared with surprise, and then laughed until the tears ran down his weather-beaten cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. EDWARD PAWLEY, if something surprised by our heroine's reception of himself in the ball-room the evening of his return, and perhaps a little chagrined, was not much hurt, and, not caring to dance, took his place at an open window and looked on. Miss van Waddlevurst was evidently a belle, and held a little court of her own, toward which more than one envious glance was directed from less favored damsels, whom no one offered to escort from under shadow of mamma's stately turban or be-bowed cap. Pawley, despite his rebuff, saw with satisfaction that his capricious friend made no pretense to the usual languishing graces of watering-place queens, and that there was nothing like *ennui* apparent among her hangers-on; she was the reigning belle, not through sufferance, but in virtue of her own right. And so the Captain, who had been to cool himself with something iced, after resigning her to the next aspirant, said, over the other's shoulder,

"By the lord Harry, look at that woman!" He added, with a broad grin, "She affords as strong contrast as night to day. Did you ever see such wriggling, and monkeyfied airs!"

And our hero looked and laughed too, at sight of Miss Gossimer parceling a bouquet between her two beaux, and rapping Slipper's fingers playfully with her fan, when that elegant gentleman affected to be ill-pleased with his share.

"I thought you hinted pretty broadly this afternoon that Miss van Waddlevurst was in a fair way to be spoiled," Rudder's companion remarked, after a pause.

"Yes—in a fair way; but not very likely to be, on the whole," the Captain rejoined, apologetically. "It takes a sound head and heart too, though, to resist such cajolery; if she weathers it, it will be the first reigning belle—and I've danced with scores of them—who wasn't spoiled by worship, even if it's the worship of apes. I suppose, though, she will make somebody a lucky man before that happens. But what the deuce have you been doing with yourself? I've been half the evening wondering why you did not pay your respects."

"I did once," Pawley said, "but she seemed in no especial need of my attentions. I asked her to dance, and she told me she was engaged for six at least."

"Why didn't you ask for the seventh, then? Lord, man, don't you know you must accommodate yourself to a queen's caprices, not a queen's to yours?" To which our hero answered by a scarce perceptible shrug.

"Well, I've no time to talk now, for the floor is beginning to be occupied, and I have the little widow in charge this turn. I'll tell you what, *she* is becoming a devilish stylish belle, and will run our charming friend hard for the sovereignty after a little. No less than a dozen young fellows have cross-questioned me about her fortune, which I answered them, as I had heard, to be truly colossal—or will be when the

old gentleman sleeps with the Capulets. I make it a rule never to reply definitely to the inquiries of your avowed fortune-seekers, but in this case I know the dove is able to guard her own nest; and, by Jove! the youngsters will be flayed alive some of them. She has a lively little tongue and a will of her own, and can look as wicked as you please when out of humor; but, after all, she has done nothing to compromise her, and I'd like to see her better received than she is by some of her sex here."

"And so would I," Pawley answered; and to say the truth, if he did not seek the society of the ex-Countess, he seldom avoided it, and had crossed rapiers in friendly fashion more than once with that clever swordswoman, by which exercise his blood had been quickened and some moody thoughts occasionally routed. The little widow, too, rather liked him, and entertained a careless sort of respect for his reputed talents, and, by contrast, gravity of demeanor; and when Rudder on this occasion excused his tardiness by mentioning the pleasant talk with Mr. Edward, which had caused him to overlook the fact of the places being taken, the lady laughed, and said she was content to dance at the lower end of the hall since he had been improving his mind.

It happened that on this occasion the position selected by, or assigned to, Florence was immediately in front of the window whence our friend stood looking on after the conversation with the Captain; and as observation begets criticism, so does criticism under unfavorable circumstances lead to no good tone of mind. "What a gabbling and simpering those men keep up!" our young gentleman commented. "Who are they? There's Felt introducing somebody—confound him! I wonder if he asked permission first. Well, it's no concern of mine." All which and more may be put into other words, thus: Mr. Edward Pawley found himself out of humor with a remark dropped by Rudder, and none the less so because unable to justify his sense of annoyance. It would have pleased him in his present mood, for example, to undervalue the efforts of the best small-talkers in the room, supposing that person to be conversing with Miss Van. And although he had pronounced Miss van W.'s affairs no concern of his—as they were not—would very like have been glad to know whom Rudder meant, or whether there were any real foundation for the rumor he had mentioned. If Florence meditated marriage her smiling *sang froid* may have been assumed to give quiet warning that confidences of a certain sort would be less in place thenceforward. Or might not her manner of receiving him—now that he recalled the circumstances so immediately subsequent to his frank avowal—be the consequence of—of, should he say, pique? Pique may not have been the word our hero first thought of, but it answered as well as another, and spared his blushes perhaps. It would have been rather a stretch of vanity, certainly, to suppose a reigning belle and young

lady of Miss Florence van W.'s character, beauty, and the like, interested in himself without his wish or invitation; and Pawley, who was nothing of a *petit maître*, stopped short of that surmise instinctively. Gossimer or Slipper would very like have dawdled with their watch-chains, and said, "Egad, it was not the first time such an event had happened though," referring to the unhappy Miss Peck, whose history has been given elsewhere; and even Trout in a similar case might have surveyed his face in his broken glass, and told the Captain "He had known a young lady in his time—but it was no business of his to know about it." Our hero, if a better man than to pride himself on the unintentional conquest of a raw school-girl, was, like the rest of us, not altogether wanting in vanity, and felt a slight increase of pulsation at thought of so flattering a probability, and a sudden predilection over and above what was usual with him for Miss van Waddlevurst's society. "Rudder was in the right," he said, mentally. "It is a poor compliment to a lady to withhold one's attentions because she has the claims of others to acknowledge as well as one's own." And in accordance with this laudable conclusion, presently drew near and made his presence known.

But what charlatans we all are! If too just or simple or timid to cheat our neighbor, we cheat ourselves—and the simplest may do as much—without fear of law before our eyes, and sure of acquittal before the court which sits to try misdeeds with doors closed to the plaintiff's witness. No doubt Mr. Edward Pawley would have scouted the idea that he—who had loved once, hopelessly and forever—could come again to feel interest in the regard of any woman whatever; and would have expressed some indignation if accused of finding any manner of gratification in the unsolicited and impossible to be reciprocated attachment of a young lady equally interesting and courted. And no doubt his denial would have been more honest than his search for a motive. But let the one of us who may probe his heart to the bottom, and hold up a fair page during any infinitesimal measure of his life, without blot or blemish of crime, or weakness or meanness—do so in all piety and cast the first stone at our hero.

"You are still here then," Florence said, smiling, "and have not gone away on another excursion?"

To which our friend replied, "I went no farther than the window there," and begged to know when her list of engagements would be exhausted.

"I was not engaged for so many—I jested," our heroine returned. Perhaps she, too, was penitent; and Pawley, well pleased, cried,

"Indeed!" adding, "Perhaps then you will honor me next?"

"Yes, if you will persuade Mr. Skipp—the gentleman helping himself to his partner's lemonade yonder—to resign in your favor."

But our hero laughed and declined. "I would not like to ask him," he said; and presently

learned that Mr. Lovelute, a gentleman at the moment lolling over the orchestra rail, had been in waiting perhaps half an hour, and might count on the fourth set from the present.

"But I would not wish you to imitate Mr. Lovelute," Florence added, pleasantly.

"I have no ambition to do so," Mr. Edward rejoined. "But why not?"

"Because our party will scarcely remain so long," Florence said, with a smile, and giving her hand to her cavalier; and Pawley looked after, feeling again in some degree discomfited. "Humph! it's very plain the Captain is wrong," he thought; "my friendship *is de trop*; she smiles, and seems as much entertained by the nothings of that mustached fellow when they meet in chassée as she appeared a week or two since by my attempts to please."

"Then you will not imitate Mr. Lovelute?" Miss Florence asked, coming back; and the following uninteresting dialogue ensued.

"I would rather be myself without imitation," returned our hero, folding his arms and bowing.

"Oh! I don't admire imitators, I confess. Have you been on the floor to-night?"

"No, Miss van Waddlevurst."

"Like Mr. Lovelute, a looker-on."

"But scarcely for the same reason."

"How do you mean for the same reason?"

"Not for the same reason. I did not care to dance with any one, and so remained passive."

"But you asked me, Mr. Pawley—"

"Yes, out of friendship."

"Thank you," said our heroine a little scornfully.

"I thought," Mr. Edward continued, "the attentions of an admitted friend would please more than those of—such men as you have named."

"It seems your friendship is critical. Can any one find fault with Mr. Skipp's flightiness, or even with the meditative silence of Mr. Lovelute? I'm sure you would be charmed to know them sociably," Florence replied; and our hero refolded his arms, and smiled dubiously, which was the only answer he deigned.

"Or what objection can be advanced to the style of Mr. Sliderslip's dancing, which is all he pretends to? Does he not glide over the chalked floor gracefully enough for you? And now that he has performed his part of *cavalier seul* to admiration, he comes smilingly to interrupt our side-talk. Brava! Mr. Sliderslip, we were praising your performance."

"He-ha!—were you, then, ye, Miss Joy. Let me find you a seat somewhere," Slider said, through a quantity of hair, and offered his arm familiarly; upon which Mr. Edward bit his lip, and muttering "Cursed puppy!" made his way through the crowd of dispersing dancers with an angry flush mantling to his forehead, and an unaccountable feeling of choking in his throat; for who had done him wrong? The piazza was unoccupied at its farthest end, and there our friend paused involuntarily, and looked out into the

night; from the hot rooms behind came a confused noise of laughter and voices and a glare of light, but in front the valley reposed in silence and obscurity, and the stars were shining in full lustre overhead. Twitty (does any one remember the poet of the *Transcript*?) might have been moved to composing some verses on the appearance of the heavens, or have brushed up his recollection of sidereal geography for the edification of whoever might have chanced to be promenading on his arm; but as Pawley beheld, the pettishness which had impelled him to turn his back on the gayety within dwindled away in awe of that mighty presence. If each of those flecks of light were a world, inhabited by creatures perhaps as powerless and fallible as himself and his compeers, and moved by similar passions—what was he to stand up before them and dole out his infinitesimal vexations? Why, wealth and honor of all kinds were as nothing in their company, which stood fast while time and again most approved things took shape and wasted away; and here he was chafed by a few light words, and fetching them out of their proper atmosphere of the ball-room into this solemn assembly: “I believe I will light a cigar and take a quiet stroll before going to bed—it will do me good,” Mr. Edward said at the end, with a half sigh; and going in search of his hat, ran against a gentleman with a lady on his arm in act of emerging from the same door.

“Halloa!” said the gentleman, “can’t you look before you?” And our hero looked accordingly, and saw the Countess Kreeper with both little hands clasped over Trout’s arm, and Trout himself blushing exceedingly when he found himself recognized.

“The very person!” the Countess cried, in her old coaxing manner. “You will go with us, won’t you? for I can’t persuade this man it would be dreadfully improper for us to go alone.”

“I’m afraid I should be *de trop*,” Pawley made answer, glancing at Trout, who pulled up his collars and said, “No: the more the merrier; they were only going to take a walk where it wasn’t so hot as in those rooms.” At which response the little widow laughed.

“What an honest face the great big backwoodsman has!” she exclaimed, looking up into it. “Really, people who don’t know him as well as I do, would suppose he is in the habit of telling no fibs. Can you imagine where we are going, Mr. Pawley?”

“I was about to ask,” Pawley said.

“Well, we are about to enjoy a little private concert, under the most remote tree of the grove yonder, and Mr. Trout is to be sole performer. Won’t it be delightful? I suspected him for certain reasons of learning the violin, and for a wonder ferreted out the truth; in return for which he kindly offers a solo on his instrument, and allows me the privilege of inviting a friend.”

“Jove!—I’ll leave it to any body if I’m the only one given to fibbing,” Trout broke in with his customary grin. “I’d as lief volunteer to

stand an hour in a July sun as fiddle to an audience.”

“Well, you won’t mind playing for her ladyship, perhaps? I will hear Mr. Trout when he is in better practice. Good-night,” Pawley said, amused. But the Countess stopped him.

“What, leave me in charge of this great ogre!” she cried. “Don’t you know what scandalous things people like to say? I never can think of going to listen to his solo among those dismal trees unless you go with us.”

“Oh, by Jove! Mr. Pawley can listen if he likes. I rather wish he would favor us with his company,” her vassal made submissive answer. And the three presently went down the steps in high good-humor, from the foot of which Trout ran to his room, while our hero walked leisurely on with the lady, and overtook them with a violin under his arm and something in his hands. The enamored youth had lost no time in going and returning, yet enough had elapsed to double the number of his audience. The Countess had recognized a lady and her brother, and invited them to join company, which the lady did graciously enough, and the gentleman with unmistakable eagerness.

“I did not observe you until you called,” he had said. “Charlotte and I were at that moment speaking of you.”

“Were you, Miss Gossimer? Your brother is such a courtier, you know,” the widow had rejoined; and Charlotte had replied; “Oh yes, he was comparing you to—to a fairy.” On which her friend had laughed and said: “The one that gave Fortunatus the enchanted purse, wasn’t it?” but Trout coming up, averted the necessity of a reply, which might have been awkward.

Trout looked on rather lugubriously; Gossimer was not among his familiars, and, what was more, he entertained an unspeakable jealousy of his attentions to the fairy above mentioned, who observed the expression of his countenance with secret amusement, and spoke to the purpose. “You see I have acted without you,” she condescended to explain, “and have invited a couple of friends to join us in our ramble. So this is my violin, is it? Well, thank you for the trouble you have had in borrowing it for me; run now and put it behind the door of my little parlor until we return.” And Trout, to his great surprise, found himself relieved of a now distasteful task, and hurrying away with the instrument to deposit it as he had been desired.

Before he went, however, he made a transfer of three glasses from his pockets to Pawley, and likewise of a bottle which he pronounced genuine Heidsieck, with the view, as he explained, of fetching another; which last he did, and aided, with the rest, to finish, on one of the benches in the grove where they were all very merry and sociable, or seemed to be. But although a weight has been lifted from Trout’s spirits by the ready wit of the Countess, and he appeared not the least jovial of the party, his relish in the impromptu frolic was less than it

might have been. He had been disappointed in something, and told the widow so, when a momentary occasion offered.

"You wished to speak with me alone, eh?" his inamorata said, with a laugh; which Trout admitted, with a face so florid that it might have looked red by starlight. "I thought so," she continued, still laughing. "Why, that is the reason I asked these people to come along. No, Sir, I don't choose to make a confessional of a place where any number of listeners may be hidden. And that reminds me, don't forget to come to-morrow and give me a lesson on the fiddle, Mr. Trout!"

CHAPTER VII.

MISS CHARLOTTE GOSSIMER, two weeks earlier, would scarce have noticed a salutation from the Countess Kreeper, had that spirited little lady cared to give her an opportunity after the distant recognition in the spring-house; but in the above limited period, a complete revolution had been brought about through the diplomacy of Clarendon, and we have witnessed the lively widow proffering an off-hand invitation, and Miss Charlotte not only accepting without demur, but absolutely clinking glasses soon after with a company mainly composed of people whom she considered immeasurably beneath her.

Clarendon, indeed, had promptly availed himself of the invitation extended by the widow, on the occasion of her down-hill race with Trout, and the little parlor of the woman whose turn of fortune had not yet become sufficiently known to readmit her to society, came to be frequently honored by the presence of the aristocratical Gos. Miss Charlotte, on the other hand, having once for all informed him that "*her* hands were washed of all participation," refrained, after the scene hinted at three chapters back, from giving her brother the benefit of her counsel in words; but she maintained a constant protest nevertheless, by means of various airs and innuendoes, and had more than once got worsted in a chance collision with the Countess herself, who liked nothing better than a set-to of the sort, but who, to humble Miss Gossimer still farther, rehearsed it all to Gos.

"I don't care for her wit," she said, with a laugh, "and not three straws for what people think—which is more than she does; but it is disagreeable to overhear some one remark of one's self: 'Oh, dear! she's not at all received at home—and as for the title which she sometimes calls herself by, it is quite a sham, you know; she made a runaway match with some notorious swindler.' I say it isn't pleasant!" his friend added, clenching her little hand and becoming pale—"if it is true! I choose to keep the title because people know he was a swindler, and I choose to be independent. Have I not lived to repent the match and do penance for it? see here!" And with that,

drew up her sleeve high enough to exhibit to the wondering eyes of her lover marks upon the alabaster flesh, which might have been stripes a few years previous.

There was more spirit in the speech and act than Gos had given her credit for—more than he was quite able to comprehend, and quailed before it accordingly; but he prudently remembered the millionaire papa, and asked, "What reparation she required? should he find some plausible excuse for packing his sister home by the first opportunity?"

"Pooh! let her stay," the Countess answered, resuming her usual smiling manner; and satisfied with this evidence of her power, led the conversation to more entertaining topics.

Clarendon's, however, was not a disposition prone to forgive and forget, and he restrained his wrath only until closeted with Miss Charlotte in her own room, when he spoke to the point and with characteristic freedom, if careful to pitch his voice no higher than suited the thinness of the partition walls. "D—n it, miss!" he said, savagely; "do you think I will suffer a simpleton like you to cross my purposes as you are doing? Who made you my conscience keeper, and gave you liberty to vilify a better woman than yourself?"

"I'd have you know, Sir," Miss Charlotte rejoined, turning very red, "that I don't pretend to keep your conscience, and, thank Heaven! have known quite enough of your doings, both in and out of business, never to wish to. But as long as we bear the same NAME it shall never be said to fall into disgrace through any fault of mine." At which Gos broke into a scornful laugh.

"Suppose you try at home whether your name will do to pay your milliner's bill—who'll take it on a promissory, at your own valuation, do you think?" he said. "Why, d—n it, miss, you know as well as I, our father who has been a Congressman and Senator in his time, and would be now but for his former politics, can't command enough sometimes to meet the interest on his debts without a strain; and here, when I am ready to sacrifice myself for the benefit of the family, and to restore our former state and style by accession of a few hundred thousands, with little or no incumbrance" ("an old man who can't hold on long, and a wife who'll be as likely as not to run off with somebody else before the honey-moon is over," Gos thought), "you, forsooth, must step in with your cursed airs and throw stumbling-stones in my way. Take my advice and keep a fool's tongue between your teeth, or you bundle off with the first party returning home; for not one shilling of your expenses here will I pay after such an opportunity offers. And—stay!—you have most grossly insulted a lady I consider it my interest and pleasure to propitiate in every way, and I beg you will offer a becoming apology, and make yourself hereafter more agreeable."

"I'll humble myself to no one, Sir," Miss Charlotte made answer, whimpering; but she

thought better of it after the interview, over-awed, possibly, by the mention of the widow's "few hundred thousands," or by Clarendon's threat, which, if carried into execution at the time, would have interfered with her own little schemes.

Countess Kreeper, *née* Janey Joy, was not one, it may easily be imagined, likely to use a triumph with moderation; and she was as ingenious as usual in plaguing Miss Gossimer, affecting to be hand and glove with her in society, and treating her cavalierly enough when the fancy took her. Charlotte's friend and confidante—so far as the inherent Gossimer cunning and closeness permitted confidence—Florence, who had been more than once instructed in "the idea of a Gossimer stooping to familiarity with a creature of her (the Kreeper's) station, and making their NAME a by-word," wondered not a little at the change in relative positions, and felt a characteristic degree of indignation when she came to surmise the cause of Miss Charlotte's altered views, through the spiteful allusions to her brother's doings—that young lady, for all her prudence, could not help letting slip from time to time. —Miss van W. herself had had some experience in the Countess's mode of warfare. They had met at a celebrated bathing-place the preceding summer, at which time Von Kreeper's widow was in the height of her ill fame, and not yet reconciled to the rich merchant; with little or no money at command, and openly abandoned to eating opium, under the influence of which she occasionally went about with eyes half closed, and her usually pretty mouth idiotically open. Her costume on such occasions was little better than her behavior; but at other times, perhaps when only so much of the drug had been taken as served to exhilarate rather than stupefy, she astonished every body, tripping across the ball-room floor or along the public promenades as coquettishly, if not as extravagantly, dressed as the best, surrounded by a throng of beaux, and scattering brilliant repartees and *bon mots* right and left. Of course a lady of this character was a pariah in the eyes of the rest of her sex; and even those who had known her in better days, and bore her no ill-will, shunned recognition with justifiable vigilance; among whom was our heroine; or, rather, fair Florence chanced to be the only one present with whom she had formerly, as Miss Joy, exchanged hospitalities; and the unmistakable desire in the party with whom Miss Van chanced to be to avoid a renewal of acquaintance, nettled the Countess more in consequence than the aversion of all the others.

When the little widow was "good," as she called it, and chose to play the magnet, there were scarce any of her numerous male admirers who could resist the temptation of joining her train; there was always such fun going on about her, somebody getting flayed; and not many escaped that ordeal, whatever their social or political standing, and whether they took it well or ill. Miss Van was one of the few who at such

times retained two or three of her usual cavaliers in attendance; and at this faithful reserve the Countess Kreeper made a dead set. She gave up opium, or took no more than sufficed to preserve her brilliancy; and two of her rival's adherents yielded to her witchery—with some pang of conscience, no doubt. And by dint of manœuvring, in the end, the third—a young gentleman of unexceptionable manners and large expectations—was fairly brought over one morning, and galloped past Miss Van's window by the widow's side, followed by his two late coadjutors: they were going somewhere on a boating party!

Florence was indignant; not that she cared for the attentions of the last, or first either; but she had been piqued into a wish to vindicate the dignity of her sex. It was both foolish and degrading, she admitted to herself a dozen times a day, to compete with such an antagonist; but, as has been elsewhere admitted, our heroine was not a heroine in the popular sense of that word, alas! and to contend, and to be angry and secretly chagrined when defeated—as every body knew she was before night—was nothing more than human and womanly. And next day, which was Sunday, every body was looking at a scandalous spectacle: the victorious belle of the day before, asleep and—ah, well, let it pass. She had abstained longer than customary to gain her end, and had made amends by an extra dose of laudanum.

It was no wonder, then, that the recollection continued to be a sore one to Florence, and that she should refuse to receive in good part the little widow's advances on the occasion of their next meeting in the spring-house, even after the lapse of a twelvemonth. But a great reformation had been undergone meanwhile by that lady. By exercise of such energy as few can command, and would have accomplished wonders in any cause, she had abandoned opium eating; and she had also become heiress-apparent to a great many thousands a year. But with the stimulant went Countess Kreeper's keenness of wit. She said sharp things still, but not often enough nor cruelly enough to bring about her the homage of fear or applause; and, in truth, excesses and years—one of which in her life might have counted, in wear and tear at least, three in the lives of most women—had begun to tell on her petite face and figure, and made the widow appear much more charming by the light of a ball-room chandelier than in that of the truth-telling sun.

Gossimer was not the only slave of this waning sultana, although he may have been the least esteemed in the depth of her understanding, which experience had rendered apt in appreciating motives. The lively widow had not only brought Trout to her feet, but kept him there, and made him very happy in the fact. He had begun by doing much as he pleased—smoking during their *tête-à-tête* walks in the woods, for instance, and wearing a cool linen suit while ever the sun was above the horizon;

but before long he left his cigar-case at home when he went out of afternoons, and regularly took his way to lunch sweltering in a cloth coat with glittering gilt buttons, and wearing the stiffest and most showy of cravats. Trout was fast losing consideration for himself in consideration for some one else; and that some one, accustomed as she was to flattery in all shapes, was at least as much touched at heart as amused by the growing honor in which she had come to be held by her honest admirer. There was something novel in this unasked self-abnegation for her sake; she could tell it from the empty verbiage of a flirtation—and she too would be honest for once, and not suffer him to delude himself beyond what was right. No doubt he thought her better than she was; if he knew all, might not his sentiments toward her change? At worst, that sin should not lie at her door. And when she told Trout to come to-morrow and teach her to play on his violin before he took it away, it was with the view of making this disclosure.

It was not the first time Trout had sat in the little parlor flanked by the still smaller chamber of the widow. The sash doors opened upon a kind of pleasure-ground, not frequented until afternoon; and she had gathered a few of the flowers and made the room look pretty in anticipation of his coming. Trout had never felt so nervous before; he had dressed himself in his very best, and was proportionably uncomfortable in consequence; and the widow's jesting allusion the evening before to his purpose had dwelt on his mind and harassed him unreasonably. Did she mean to make a mock of his passion? He hoped not; and cut himself in one or two places while shaving. He made a show of appearing as usual, however, and of laughing with his hostess over a felicitous sketch she had made of Slipper in attendance on Miss Gossimer; but it would not do, and crumpling the margin of the drawing, he said, "It's no use, I wasn't intended to shine in diplomacy. I came here, Mrs.—I mean, your ladyship—to talk of a single thing, and, Jove! I can't talk of any thing else. I am not good-looking, I know, and I am only a rough fellow at best. But I love you—*tremendously*! And I have a good farm to live on in old Kentucky. Will you marry me? There, it's all out now," Trout said, wiping his brow, and straightened himself up to encounter as best he might the ridicule which he anticipated would follow.

But his hostess showed no inclination to be merry at his expense; on the contrary, she continued sitting as she had been while Trout was speaking, with her eyes directed thoughtfully to his face, across the card-table, and her cheek on her hand. "I am sorry you have gone so far; I did not wish you to commit yourself," was the only reference she made to what had just been said, and quickly adding, "Would you not like to know something more than you do of my life?" began her recital without waiting for an answer.

And Trout, after he had unavailingly protested that he required to be told nothing, sat and listened with rapt attention, and learned how his innamorata had been a spoiled child—a very spoiled and self-willed child—and, she was afraid, not a good daughter. She had been imprudent for a young person, and an adventurer had taken advantage of it to frighten her into marriage; but he had been disappointed in his expectations, and had not treated her well afterward. Probably he knew she had used opium? She had not for almost a year, and never would again, God helping. It was then that she learned to take it, and when she became a widow she had continued its use to drive away other cares; for the world had turned its back upon her. The world had said many harsh things of her, some of which, perhaps, had their foundation in what she may have said or done or written under the influence of the drug; but she had never been guilty, if she had been bitter and reckless, and her heart was not originally as bad a one, or as unfeeling now, as most people believed.

This was the sum of what his hostess related, with nothing of her usual manner, without irony or anger or any attempt to make the best of her character. She did not show him, however, as she had to Gossimer with the air of an empress, the scars on her arms. Some other time, she thought, with a fear of appearing just then too degraded in his eyes, which she might have spared herself, for Trout's sympathy and affection were only waiting for a pause to overflow, and nothing could have restrained them a moment longer. "I—I love you more than ever!" he cried, and went plump down on his knees, blubbering. Yes, the great honest fellow, who had not shed a tear, probably, since leaving off short frocks, was actually weeping over his dear widow's past troubles, and covered her hand with kisses. And the widow blushed as she had not blushed for years, perhaps, and her lip quivered—a thing it may never have done before.

And who can tell what would have been the result, if somebody had not tapped on the outer door at that instant, and a feminine voice begged to know if the Countess Kreeper were within.

The voice was one easy to recognize, and Trout regained his feet, while his hostess whispered, with the old smile,

"I dare say you are fond of flowers: go and gather some in the grounds there, to put in your button-hole."

But before he quite went he seized her hand. "Yes or no?" he said; "you have not answered my question yet; only one word."

"You may give me another lesson on the violin, if you please: there are a dozen for you," the widow answered, and pushed him out of the side-door. After which she threw open the one in front.

"Miss Gossimer," said the Countess, courtesying.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IT is somewhat remarkable that the year 1859 should have witnessed the extinguishment of the light of two such charming and popular writers as Irving and Prescott. They had both, although in different paths, added largely to the reputation of their country, and won for themselves a world-wide and imperishable renown. Both had been early attracted to the beautiful and romantic but unfortunate land of Spain for the incidents from which they fashioned their most fascinating productions—one with all the romantic ardor of a poet, the other with the gravity of a staid historian. In the writings of the one we see a romantic but faithful picture of the Moor, dressed out with Oriental magnificence, while in those of the other we find a calm, philosophical, but beautifully-written history of the events he narrates. While Irving "views the battle-ground from the towers of the Alhambra, Prescott sees it from the plains of Madrid." Neither detracts from the other, while both fascinate by the richness of their imagery and the felicity of their style.

I had the good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance of both, and was often impressed with the gentleness of manner and genial spirit that characterized the social life of these two eminent writers. Nor was Prescott, at least as to his earlier productions, less diffident of their merits than Irving. He received, while a student at college, an accidental injury in one of his eyes at the hands of a fellow-pupil which nearly caused a loss of sight in both, which, in the introduction to his "Conquest of Peru," in a most charming specimen of autobiography, he has thus explained: "While at the University I received an injury in one of my eyes which deprived me of the sight of it. The other soon after was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated, while twice in my life since I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods I received from Madrid the materials for the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella;' and in my disabled condition, with my trans-Atlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye; I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities, and in time I became so familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader progressed I dictated copious notes, and when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes fur-

nished an easy means of reference to sustain the text. Still another difficulty occurred in the mechanical labor of writing which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering them, and a fair copy—with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer."

Under these discouraging circumstances the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" was written; but while it was slowly progressing the tendency to inflammation in the eye gradually subsided and its strength was more confirmed, until at last he was enabled to read several hours each day. The power of reading necessarily terminated with the daylight; nor was he ever able to dispense with the writing-case or the services of a secretary. Being so far restored as to be enabled to read in the manner indicated, he caused a copy of "Ferdinand and Isabella," in large type and a quarto form, to be struck off by the printer for his own inspection and revision.

After it was finished he sent the two volumes, printed as above described, to Jared Sparks, already eminent as a biographer and historian, with a request that he would read them. He did so, as he assures us, with great pleasure and profit, and with no little surprise at the success of the writer under his infirmity of sight. He returned the volumes, and soon after saw Prescott, who asked him, with great diffidence, what he thought of the book. Mr. Sparks replied that there could be but one opinion—that he had read the work with great delight, and thought he had written one of the most successful works of its kind that had been given to the public.

"But," urged Prescott, "you may have read it under the bias of some degree of partiality and friendly feeling." He was assured by Mr. Sparks that although this might be true, yet he was greatly gratified with its perusal.

"Do you think it should be published?" demanded Prescott.

"To be sure," responded Sparks. "Have you not written it for that purpose?"

Prescott replied by urging many objections. The subject was one that related to Spain in times long past, and would not be likely to interest American readers; besides he very much doubted whether the style of composition and the execution of the work were of such a character as to make it attractive. His own impression was that it would prove a failure. Mr. Sparks urged what arguments he could against his positions, but finally left him in a state of great uncertainty as to whether he should publish it or not. He said that he had the gratification of writing the work, and should place it upon his shelf, and leave it for those who came

after him to give it if they thought fit to the world. He was, however, at last, at the urgent solicitation of his father, who entertained the same opinion respecting the work expressed by Mr. Sparks, induced to place it in the hands of the publisher, and it was finally issued in three volumes near the close of 1837.

The author's diffidence in regard to this work is the more remarkable when it is considered from what original sources he was privileged to draw his materials. He had projected it as early as 1826, and had at that time made arrangements for procuring the requisite manuscripts from Madrid. The library of Harvard College, which was rich in old Spanish literature, and that of his friend, George Ticknor, whose able history of Spanish literature is a contribution worthy of any age, which was still more abundantly stocked with rare Spanish volumes, supplied him with many materials for the work he contemplated, but his greatest mine of wealth lay scattered around him in rich profusion within the precincts of his own library room. Among these treasures were the "Quincuagenas" of Oviedo, which to this day lie buried in five folio volumes of manuscript, containing a very excellent narrative of the lineage, arms, and surroundings of the chief personages in Spain, intermingled with a vast amount of private gossip; Palencia's "Coronica del Enrique 4th," the predecessor of Isabella on the throne; an original life of Cardinal Ximenes; the "Anales del Rey Don Fernando el Catolicos," of Carbajal; and many others, which had been permitted to remain in the cloisters of the old library of Madrid, carefully treasured, but rarely consulted by those in whose custody they were placed.

Nor was he less fortunate in the selection of his subject. The age of Ferdinand and Isabella, under whose reign, either by marriage or conquest, the four kingdoms of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, and Granada became consolidated, was one of the most interesting epochs in Spanish history. The genius of Castilian literature, the music of the troubadour, and the melody of the Moorish ballad, were in their fullest perfection, and every where disseminated their influence over this beautiful and picturesque country. It was the age of Columbus, Gonsalva, and Ximenes. The epoch of great discoveries by sea, and the development of vast erudition, and military prowess on land. What wonder that the genius of Prescott, with such a subject, should at once have arrested attention at home and abroad, and that he should have risen at a single bound to an exalted position in the world of letters!

About two years after the appearance of Ferdinand and Isabella Mr. Edward Everett visited Europe, and found that wherever he went the name of Prescott was well known and his merits duly appreciated. Translations had been made into French, German, Russian, Spanish, and Italian; and in each country, with the exception of Washington Irving, no American writer had obtained so exalted a rank as an author. He had already conceived the project,

after he should have narrated in the conquests of Mexico and Peru the great events of these epochs, of continuing the tide of Spanish history downward by writing the history of Philip II., entirely leaping over that of Charles V., which he supposed was exhausted by the previous labors of Robertson.

He desired Mr. Everett to make some preliminary examinations at Paris and elsewhere for materials to be used in Philip II., and especially to obtain some knowledge of that part of the archives of Simancas that had been taken by Napoleon I. to Paris, where they were still detained. Mr. Everett found no difficulty in examining the materials of the royal library. The whole of the celebrated collection had been removed to Paris, but after Napoleon's downfall, in the general restoration, those parts of the archives that related to France were retained at Paris notwithstanding the protest of the Spanish government. These were guarded with more jealousy than any other part of the public archives; but the name of Prescott supplied a key that unlocked the depository, and they were freely thrown open to the inspection of Mr. Everett on his account.

In Italy the name of Prescott met with the same courtesy. Prince Corsini, with the approval of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, issued a peremptory order to the custodians of the carefully-guarded Medicean archives, consisting of an immense number of well arranged and indexed volumes, to allow Mr. Everett to inspect the whole, and cause such extracts to be copied as he should indicate. When it is considered that this collection contained the entire correspondence of the Tuscan Minister at Madrid during the whole reign of Philip II., it may readily be imagined how valuable an aid it was to the historian in the preparation of his masterly work. Nor were these public archives the only ones placed at his disposal, but those of private individuals, as the Marquis Gino Capponi, and the Count Guicciardini, the lineal descendant of the historian, were freely offered for inspection and use. "It was sufficient," remarks Mr. Everett, "that I thought it would be useful to Mr. Prescott;" and so exalted was his reputation, that papers guarded for three centuries with the most jealous care, including the correspondence of the Tuscan minister on the arrest, imprisonment, and death of Don Carlos, were at once placed at his disposal.

In 1851 he made a visit to Europe, the first since his wide-spread fame had rendered his name as familiar to European as to American readers. This visit, which had been in contemplation for some time, was anxiously anticipated by his trans-Atlantic friends. Mr. Curtis, his friend and fellow-townsmen, was in London at the time of his arrival. In his account of this reception he says that he does not suppose so warm and cordial a welcome was ever "accorded in modern England to any other merely literary and private man of any country." This he attributed at the time in part to the fact that

he had written in a language which is the common inheritance of England and the United States. Some sympathy might also have been elicited by the extraordinary difficulties under which his works were produced. But no doubt, apart from the high character of his writings, the chief source of his popularity arose from the charm of his conversation and his frank and genial manners.

Mr. Curtis returned home in the same vessel with Prescott, and during the voyage they had many hours each day of the freest and frankest conversation together, which more than ever impressed him with the nobleness of his nature. "I have never," he declares, "seen the man on whom fame and extraordinary social success had a less disturbing effect than they had on him. Neither the flatteries of the great, the fascinations of that brilliant society in which he was an honored guest, nor any single circumstance of his personal success changed the simplicity of his character or imparted to it one tinge of arrogance."

As he is thus described by his more intimate and daily associates so was Prescott as I remember him, in our occasional and sometimes accidental meetings. The last of these took place in the summer of 1857, while I was spending a few days at Nahant. Prescott had formerly a cottage on this rock-bound and picturesque promontory, in the immediate vicinity of Agassiz's residence; but of late he had spent the summer months at Lynn, a few hours' run from Nahant, and as I remember it within sight of its granite cliffs. Prescott's residence was about half a mile from the village, and directly upon the banks of the ocean. Its position was midway between the main road and the sea, and was approached through a winding carriage-drive, bordered with shrubbery which every now and then permitted a full view of a carefully tended and verdant lawn. The dwelling itself, while sufficiently commodious for a gentleman's residence and in excellent taste, was without the first element of ostentatious display. Upon my arrival I was shown into a sitting-room overlooking the ocean, from whose open casement the murmur of the waves was distinctly audible.

I was speedily joined by Prescott, who extended to me a frank and cordial welcome. The meeting more closely resembled that between familiar friends than persons who had but seldom met, and at once placed me at my ease. Prescott appeared much as he is represented in his portraits. He was tall and slender in person, and with a graceful and gentleman-like manner, that had nothing of shyness or reserve on the one hand, or forwardness or ostentation on the other. Of his own productions he spoke frankly and as a matter of course, fully satisfied that I was familiar with them. Of mine he made some commendatory remarks, which I felt sure were honestly spoken, and alluded to many circumstances in them in such a manner as showed to me that my own feebler attempts were not unfamiliar to him.

In dress he was remarkably neat, as I believe was his usual custom. A coat of blue cloth and light nether garments (for the season was mid-summer and the weather warm) composed his apparel. As he approached me I looked for some evidence of defective vision, but in vain. He walked to the window where I had taken my position to command a view of the ocean, and extended to me his outstretched hand, with as correct a knowledge of the surroundings as if his eyesight had never been impaired; and yet I never could dispossess myself of the idea while conversing with him that his vision must be but a short remove from one absolutely deprived of sight. Among his first inquiries were those concerning my fellow-townsmen, John P. Kennedy. He regretted that his pen was not more prolific, and said that his descriptions of society in Virginia, in the early days of that State, were the very best that had yet been given to the world. Gilmore Simms was undoubtedly clever, but in this respect Kennedy was master of the field.

I remarked that Kennedy's pen was not idle, although not employed in fictitious literature—that at the present time he was greatly concerned as to the future of the country, and had contributed a number of able articles to the *National Intelligencer* for the purpose of showing the tendency of events, and of arousing the people to the imminent danger of our institutions. I said that Kennedy was a member of a Monday club of literary men, and punctual in attendance, and that I had met him almost every week during the preceding winter (1856-'7). We all knew what had occupied his thoughts, because he was certain soon to introduce the subject, and always spoke so well that we were delighted to listen; but I could never share with him in his fears concerning the shock which he supposed our institutions were soon to experience—an opinion in which Prescott cordially joined. Alas! how little did we then imagine what mighty events the future had in store for us, or how soon the placid peace we had so long enjoyed was to give place to the horrors of a fierce and relentless fratricidal war!

I alluded to his present charming summer residence, and jocosely remarked that he had not got out of sight of the far-famed Nahant, although so far removed as not to be disturbed by the crowd of visitors. He replied pleasantly that to one of studious habits like himself, the gay company of a watering-place was not always the most pleasant, yet he was so far from being a recluse that the society of intelligent persons was a source of great delight to him. He had, however, from the isolation which he had been obliged to pursue in his earlier years of authorship, become somewhat independent in this respect, for which he did not know whether he was to be envied or pitied. In speaking of the ocean prospect he remarked, that in summer it was one of his chief delights, and that he was especially favored in his pleasant location. He had left the lawn between the house and shore free from foliage higher than small shrubbery,

in order that the view might not be intercepted. The pleasantest time to enjoy the sea-view was after nightfall, particularly when its surface was silvered over by the glancing rays of the full moon.

In remarking on the pecuniary returns of authorship he said he had been more than repaid. He was, however, probably the greatest pecuniary sufferer of any American author on account of the want of an international copyright law. Just before the appearance of Philip II. his London publishers made him an offer of thirty thousand dollars for his copyright of that work in England, provided he would visit England and write some portion of the work, no matter how little, in England in order to secure the copyright there before its appearance in America, the recent decision of Lord Campbell having largely contributed to destroy the value of this species of property there. They further stipulated, in addition to the thirty thousand dollars offered for the copyright, to defray the personal expenses incurred in this visit in the most sumptuous style in which he desired to live. Prescott wrote in reply that, after consultation with Mrs. Prescott, he had concluded that the sum to be allowed for personal expenses must equal one million of dollars, and inasmuch as the presumption was that this estimate would far exceed the ideas of the publishers, the negotiation must be dropped. This letter was, of course, written in a spirit of badinage, and intended as a pleasant mode of declining any offer, however tempting. Indeed, he remarked on this occasion that his present means were adequate to the wants of himself and family, and that no offer could tempt him to incur the annoyance of a sea voyage.

This incident would seem to argue that Prescott cared but little for the pecuniary rewards of his labor; but I fear that he can hardly be exempted from the rest of mankind in this particular. Shortly after the publication of the first edition of "Ferdinand and Isabella" he entered into an arrangement with the large publishing house of Harpers, by means of which the subsequent editions of his work, as well as those which followed, appeared from their press. Under this arrangement a liberal compensation was paid to the author, and the various works from his pen obtained a large circulation and sale. A few years previous to his death the house of Philips and Sampson made him an offer largely in advance of that received under his arrangement with his New York publishers. Upon consultation with the Harpers they advised him to accept the offer, assuring him, not only of their unwillingness to make any such terms, but likewise that the arrangement, if complied with, must ruin the publishing house which undertook it. The arrangement was entered into, and Philips and Sampson became his American publishers, and continued as such until their failure. How far this event was brought about by this contract I am unable to say, but I have good reason to believe that Prescott regretted

the change he had made, and perhaps did not after all find it so lucrative as he was led to imagine it would be. Certain it is that the pleasant relations heretofore subsisting between himself and his former publishers continued unabated until his death.

He spoke quite freely in regard to his mode of composition, and in this connection only alluded to his defective vision. His first work, "Ferdinand and Isabella," was the result of an immense amount of care in research and labor in preparation, which had afterward become a habit with him. Many of the materials of his subsequent works were gathered in his first years of investigation, and each succeeding year made him more familiar with the subjects treated in his works; but he had never on this account relaxed his careful and rigid scrutiny of facts, nor allowed a sentence to pass from his hands until he was satisfied he could not render it more exact as to narrative or euphonious as to construction.

He had, under an arrangement made with Rich and others, obtained many of the materials for the composition of "Ferdinand and Isabella" from Madrid, in 1826, about ten years prior to its publication, at a time when his vision was most defective. The eyes which he procured to do the duty of his own were those of a person who was wholly unaccustomed to the languages in which the documents were written. This was an experiment intended to ascertain whether it would be practicable for him to master the contents of these documents without the use of his eyes. Having satisfied himself on this point, he procured the services of a more competent person and went systematically to work. No one could tell the amount of labor bestowed upon that work. Indeed he was hardly cognizant of it himself. So many and varied had been the pleasures connected with its composition that its labors were counted as nothing in the comparison, and after all he had probably arrived at greater accuracy, and established a method in his subsequent writings which he might never have equaled under other circumstances.

I called his attention to Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which had just made its appearance, as another of the historical works of the present time which would be creditable to the fame of American authorship, in which opinion he entirely agreed. He said he knew Motley well, and had, before the appearance of his history, a high opinion of his capacity as a writer. The novel published by him showed talent of a very superior order, but he feared he might not have the industry and perseverance necessary properly to write a historical work. He therefore commenced the perusal of this work with some doubts on this point, which were speedily dispelled as he proceeded.

I was ashamed to say that I was not before aware that Motley had written a novel, or, indeed, had appeared as an author, and therefore continued the conversation by remarking that

he had undoubtedly anticipated more than one of our Knickerbocker friends in his subject, as I knew of two or three extensive libraries in New York that bore evidence of the idea of the preparation of some such work in their selection; and I could not but think that our good friend Dr. Bethune had indulged some such a fancy in his Waltonian ramblings. I have since learned that Motley's novel was not successful, although, from the high encomium passed upon it by Prescott, I am disposed to think it deserved a better fate, and may yet, upon the great reputation of its author in another department of literature, be viewed by the public with different eyes from those which greeted it when the writer was "unknown to fame."

When Motley was about to prepare his history he learned through some channel that Prescott intended to write on a similar subject, and, fearing he might be intruding upon his ground, called upon him for the purpose of ascertaining his views on the subject. The circumstances are fully detailed in a letter written at Rome by Motley to a friend in Boston, after the death of Prescott.

"It seems to me but as yesterday," says Motley, in this letter, "though it must now be twelve years ago, that I was talking with our lamented friend Stackpole about my intention of writing a history upon a subject to which I have since that time been devoting myself. I had then already made some general studies in reference to it, without being in the least aware that Prescott had the intention of writing the history of Philip II. Stackpole had heard the fact, and that large preparations had been made for the work, although "Peru" had not yet been published. I felt naturally much disappointed. I was conscious of the immense disadvantage to myself of making my appearance, probably at the same time, before the public with a work not at all similar in plan to Philip II., but which must of necessity traverse a portion of the same ground. My first thought was inevitably, as it were, only of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship; for I had not first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me, and absorbed me in itself. It was necessary, it seemed to me, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other. When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip. At the same time, I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and if I should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind at my proposition to abandon my plan altogether.

"I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on any ground to more than common courtesy, which Prescott never could refuse any one. But he received me with a frank, ready, and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted and guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place but yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library looking on the garden. House and garden, honored father and illustrious son, alas! all numbered with the things that were. He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan; that he wished me every success; and that if there were any books in his library bearing on the subject, they were entirely at my service. After I had expressed my gratitude for his kindness and cordiality, by which I had been in a very few moments set completely at ease, so far as my fears of his disapprobation were concerned, I very naturally stated my opinion that the danger was entirely mine, and that it was rather willful of me thus to risk such a collision at my first venture, the probable consequence of which would be utter shipwreck. I recollect how kindly and warmly he combated this opinion, assuring me that no two books ever injured each other, and encouraging me in the warmest and most earnest manner to proceed on the course I had marked out for myself.

"Had the result of that interview been different, had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*."

When Prescott narrated the circumstances so fully set forth by Motley himself, I remarked that it was singular, but nevertheless true, that authors were frequently jealous of the slightest encroachment by others upon any set of subjects they had selected; and this was the more unaccountable, as no one who had made any considerable researches could fail to discover how unequal were his powers to consummate a tithe of the undertakings that presented themselves to his mind. I added that, in the scientific researches that had chiefly occupied me, nothing gave me greater delight than to meet one who was willing to aid in their development without an envious thought as to the reward he was likely to gain from his labors.

He replied that it was with precisely such sentiments that he heard from Motley his intention to devote himself to the development of the history of the Netherlands. He had talent, leisure, and means, and with requisite industry he was satisfied that he would produce a history creditable to himself and worthy of the literature

of his country. That this was not the mere compliment of a writer of established fame to a younger aspirant about whom he cared but little is evident from the manner in which he aided in giving currency to the work upon its appearance. It was first published in London, and advance sheets were sent to Prescott for his perusal. He immediately sent a copy of these to the Harpers, accompanied by so warm and complimentary a letter advising the publication in this country, that a portion of it was set down by the cautious publishers to personal friendship, and the letter and advance sheets were sent to Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, for his opinion as to the propriety of the publication. The encomiums of Dr. Cogswell were as warm as those of Prescott, and the work was immediately put to press and scattered far and wide over the United States, with what success the reader need scarcely be told.

Prescott spoke of the articles which had appeared from time to time in the *Evening Post* on the Private Libraries of New York, which he had read with great interest. He said that he had only brought such books to Lynn as he had immediate occasion for, and offered me a note to his housekeeper in town to enable me to inspect his collection at my leisure on my way through Boston. He, however, assured me that I should see nothing in comparison with collections of the bibliopoles of New York, which he said not only exceeded his expectation but far surpassed those to be found in other cities. He had some knowledge of the Boston collections, and was fain to admit their inferiority as compared with those of New York. I now greatly regret that I declined his offer to give me the note, which I did under the impression that I would at some future day inspect it in company with its learned and accomplished owner. That opportunity will now never be afforded.

I am led to believe that Prescott's modesty induced him in this conversation to undervalue his own collection. His friends well know that his library contains several thousand volumes in handsome bindings, and for the most part choice books. The library, which was likewise used by him as a reception-room, is truly a beautiful apartment, and besides its treasures of books is decorated with busts and pictures of eminent literary men and other evidences of his literary calling. There was one set of relics in this apartment to which allusion should be made. These are two swords, which used to hang, crossing each other, over the recess of the great window. One of these was the sword of his grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, and was worn by him when he commanded the American forces in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. The other belonged to Captain Linzee of the British Navy, the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, and was worn by him while in command of the sloop of war *Falcon*, which was engaged on this eventful day in cannonading the forces under the command of Colonel Prescott at Bunker Hill.

"It was certainly a curious coincidence," remarks Mr. Gardner, his friend and executor, "that in the train of human events these weapons, which former owners would have been ready on that day, as public enemies, to bury in each other's bosoms, had occasion required it, should have been brought, by the marriage of their descendants of the third generation, into such an amiable relation as to hang peacefully together, a principal ornament to a scholar's room, fitted up expressly for literary and historical pursuits.

"One who knew Prescott well may easily imagine what a field these incidents afforded for the play of his lively fancy in a genial mood, and his mood was seldom any other with his friends. I wish it were possible to recall his own language in some of the varied remarks, at times overflowing with sparkling wit, which I have heard fall from his lips on the suggestion of this theme, when the attention of his guests happened to be called to his military possessions. But alas! there was no Boswell in the company, and the spirit of the remarks has fled with the author, leaving behind only a cluster of impressions most agreeable for friends to dwell upon, but such as can never be conveyed to others who only knew him through his published works."

These swords were bequeathed by Prescott in his will in the following manner: "The sword which belonged to my grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, worn by him in the battle of Bunker Hill, I give to the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a curiosity suitable to be preserved among their collections, and the sword which belonged to my wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee of the British Royal Navy, who commanded the enemy's ships during the same battle, I give to my wife."

Mr. Gardner, after presenting the sword to the Historical Society, accompanied by the letter from which the above extracts were made, informed it through Mr. Ticknor that he was authorized by Mrs. Prescott and the other heirs of Captain Linzee to present to it the sword bequeathed to Mrs. Prescott, in order that the friendly embrace in which they had been associated together during the life of the historian might not be severed by his death. These revolutionary relics, crossed in the manner in which they were in the library of Prescott, now occupy a prominent position in rooms of the Society to which they were donated.

On the occasion of my visit to Prescott the conversation turned upon the cheap editions of popular English works which were being turned out from the presses of the large publishing houses in great numbers. He deprecated it as an evidence of bad taste on the part of the public. "For my own part," said he, "I believe that the style in which a book is printed and bound adds greatly to the value of its contents with most persons: it certainly does with me. I have often cast aside as unworthy of perusal a closely and cheaply printed book, which, on ex-

amination in a guise more befitting its contents, I have found of the greatest interest."

I replied that this was an evil that would probably cure itself; and, for one, I was anxious that the rage for cheap books should be carried to its furthest extent, because I was fully assured that this would be followed by a reaction, in which choice library editions would again possess their true value. I said that I already began to see the end, for I had recently observed a novel of considerable size issued by a publishing house at six cents a copy, probably for the purpose of inflicting punishment upon some other house that had not followed strictly the rules of "the trade."

He remarked that when last in New York one of the news-boys approached him with an armful of cheap copies of Dickens's last novel.

"Buy a copy of Dickens, Sir?" said the news-boy; "last work, Sir; cheap, Sir; dog-cheap, Sir; only six cents!—have a copy, Sir?"

"What!" interrogatingly demanded Prescott of his little peddler of books, "a novel of Dickens for six cents?"

"Yes," replied the news-boy. "Dickens is fell, Sir; Dickens is fell; have a copy? only six cents!"

What a commentary, thought Prescott, upon the popular fame of an author! The story, however, he considered a good one; and the next letter he wrote to Dickens he informed him of the incident, and the estimate in which he was held by the young dealer in cheap literature.

I have already alluded to the great alacrity with which the different European governments to whom application was made hastened to place before Prescott their choicest and most carefully guarded archives. Hon. Richard Rush, while engaged officially abroad in 1847, narrates another instance of this kind that should not go unrecorded. He received while in Paris a letter from Prescott, informing him that, in his search for materials to illustrate the History of Philip II., he had ascertained that the papers of Cardinal Granville, which contained many important documents bearing on the question, were at Besançon, whither he had sent an agent to examine them. His agent learned that the papers had been removed to Paris, and were in the process of publication by the French government for private distribution. His friend, Count de Circourt, had informed him that an application from Mr. Rush to the government would probably be successful in placing the desired documents in his hands. Mr. Rush, upon the receipt of this note, immediately addressed a communication to the Minister of Public Instruction on the subject, which was responded to by an answer the next day, accompanied by six quarto volumes, comprising the whole of Cardinal Granville's papers, which he caused to be transmitted to Mr. Prescott. "I performed no act," adds Mr. Rush, "in the public station I held in Paris which gave me more sincere pleasure."

Shortly before this correspondence took place Mr. Rush was introduced to the venerable Baron

Humboldt, by Count d'Arnim, the Prussian Minister.

"You are a countryman of Prescott," said Humboldt. "He ranks with the first of historians, and is a savant of whom your country may well feel proud."

Mr. Rush remarked that he was certainly very popular at home, but he believed his fame was greater in England than any where else.

"Not so," replied Humboldt. "That he is highly appreciated in England I do not deny; but if you wish to see the fullest and most unaffected tribute to his greatness you must visit Germany. There he occupies the first rank."

If evidence had been wanting to establish Prescott's high character as a historian, Humboldt's testimony would have been of the first importance, because the wonderfully learned and philosophic labors which he has given to the world in his Mexican and South American travels have particularly familiarized him with the scenes of many of Prescott's most brilliant descriptions. In the absence of the need of such authority, it is pleasant to witness a great genius in one hemisphere bestowing a just meed of praise upon a distinguished literary light in another.

THE TELLING TREASURE.

I CAN tell you all about it, how much it was, and how I came to get it at last; but previously to that there is a preamble. It is necessary to give you a little bit of family history, and personal history with it.

My maternal grandfather was named Godfrey Telling. The Tellings are of a respectable family, connected with the Letmenoes and the Informings, and, by marriage, with the French Raconteurs. He had but one daughter, who married with Adolphus Story. The Storys were of a good family too—kin to the Rousers, Bouncers, and Tarradiddles. I was named after both my father and grandfather—Telling Adolphus Story. I was usually called Dolly, when a boy; but, from dislike to the abbreviation, I sunk the middle word when I grew older, and wrote my name after the usual way.

My grandfather had the reputation of being quite rich. He had at one time a number of houses and farms, scattered through several counties. They happened to lie on the route taken by the main railway between Philadelphia and New York, and when that went fairly into operation they rose greatly in value. One by one he sold them at highly increased prices. This was during my boyhood. He retained one place—a farm of about fifty acres—in one of the lower counties of New Jersey. On this there was an extensive house, of a rather tumble-down pattern, where my grandfather, who had long been a widower, lived all alone.

My father was a bad manager. He was industrious and somewhat persevering; but every thing he touched seemed to go wrong. He entered on various enterprises, and tried all kinds

of business, to signally fail in every thing. At length the money inherited from his father melted nearly all away, and he became reduced to comparative poverty. Grandfather Telling would give him no assistance. Every body said that the old gentleman, who had sold his real estate at such high prices, must have vast hoards of money; but he would not part with a single dollar. He dug and delved around his fruit trees, of which he had the choicest kinds, lived frugally on the produce of his little farm, and did not seem to trouble himself about the mischances of his son-in-law. But he died, and left all behind, when I was in my sixteenth year.

Every body said that now my father would be rich. Every body was mistaken. The will was opened in due course. Attached to it was a letter, which the lawyer, who was executor, handed to my father. The latter, after glancing at the indorsement, put it in his pocket. It was directed "To my Grandson, Telling A. Story, to be given to him on the day he arrives at years of discretion, and not before. He may then find it of service; if not, it will be his own fault." The will was read. The farm where my grandfather had lived so long was bequeathed to me, with all the appurtenances, subject to a life-interest, granted to my father. There were no other legacies, and no mention was made of any money. The house was searched carefully, the wainscots and wash-boards removed, the very floors ripped up, and the cellar dug over; but without success. Every inquiry possible was made in vain. What had become of the money obtained for the houses and farms was a mystery.

To say that my father was annoyed does not describe his disappointment. He took the matter deeply to heart. He talked about it, and brooded over it; he thought of it by day, and

dreamed of it at night. It may have had something to do with hastening his death, which happened a little over two years after my grandfather's. He died in no better circumstances than before, and his family were left with small resources.

However, my mother was a woman of great decision and energy; and I was a stout boy of over eighteen years of age. I left college at once, though my mother wished me to remain. I had a will of my own in that matter. I knew that she would need some one to help her manage the little farm, and that she could ill afford the expense of completing my education. So I came home, took lessons in plowing and such like rural accomplishments, and became a farmer.

My father, in spite of his lack of success in other matters, had accumulated a fine library of well-selected books, and I inherited his literary taste. I became an omnivorous reader. When my daily toil was over, and during the winter when outdoor work was impossible, I used to sit and read, without reference to any particular line of study. I devoured every thing in my way, as it came to hand. History, science, art, romance, sermons, travels, plays—all fell before me. By the time I was twenty-one I had exhausted the library, and had done a deal toward completing my unfinished education.

Having now become of age, which was presumed to be the period which my grandfather intended to indicate as arriving at "years of discretion," the letter which my poor father had puzzled so long and vainly over was given to me. I need not say that I read it carefully, hoping to find in it some hidden meaning. Here is an accurate fac-simile of it. The handwriting, though a little crabbed, was perfectly legible after a few minutes' study:

My dear Grand Son :- You have come to a state of being, which you will discover to be not unpleasant if you find the means to make it so. Some advice on the matter, may be even worth more than the cash which you expected from me so vainly. Under the disappointment and the chagrin of the moment you may not listen to advice so big with importance as this. My words may appear frivolous, at least. Hang yourself on no tree, if you are in want; but, even with the least care, scan the letter, and examine closely the staff.

G. Telling.

The letter certainly looked silly enough. The underscored phrase suggested to me at first the idea that there was a scroll, telling where the money was to be found hidden in some staff of my grandfather; and I suggested this. My mother removed that idea very quickly.

"There is no staff about," said she. "Old as your grandfather was, he never used a cane, and walked as erect to the day of his last sickness as he ever did."

We puzzled over the matter for a while, and then the letter was carefully put away.

In the mean while the farm prospered. My mother made butter and cheese, and superintended the kitchen; I planted garden crops, melons, sweet-potatoes, and such things; in short, it was a mingled dairy and "truck" farm on a small scale. We prospered so much that I was enabled to add to the library a volume now and then, and in two years after I came of age my mother bought a little tract of ground, ten acres in all, adjoining our own, repaired the old house, and built a new barn. We were getting along finely and comfortably, and these were happy and busy years.

There had nothing occurred worthy of note in my life until my twenty-fifth year. I remember that time well, for a very important event happened—an event, without which, as you shall see presently, this account would probably never have been written.

It was late in June, and from pressure of work the little meadow-field on the south slope of the farm—it is part of the lawn before my mansion now—had not been mowed. The grass was beginning to shed its seed, and myself and two hired men went at the business in a hurry. We had just finished mowing, and were preparing to toss the grass first cut, when I heard the sound of silvery voices and musical laughter, and, on looking to the direction whence it came, saw a gay party, principally females, coming toward us. They looked tired, but their spirits were not jaded, that was evident. There were two gentlemen—one, advanced a little in years, the other a boy—and five young ladies, apparently from sixteen to twenty years of age. Of these my eye noted one in particular.

Certainly she was very pretty. Indeed, all the girls there were notable for good looks, but there was something about her lips, an expression so arch and yet so innocent, that the beauty of the rest gave way before it, and I could see no one but her.

The elder gentleman, who was apparently about fifty, and had the air and appearance of a man of refinement, stepped out to where I was and slightly bowed.

"I believe," he said, pleasantly, "that we are trespassers; but we really can not tell where we are. We started out this morning for a ramble and have lost our way. These young ladies are both fatigued and hungry, and if you would tell us the shortest way to Oaklands we should be very much obliged to you."

"To Oaklands—not Colonel Annis's seat?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It is no wonder that the young ladies are fatigued. You have wandered some distance. By the nearest route you can take it is over ten miles."

A general expression of dismay went over the faces of the party.

"If," suggested the gentleman, "any conveyance could be hired in the neighborhood—"

"Some difficulty there," I replied. "This is a busy season, and the teams around are occupied. If you will walk to the house yonder, and let me have some refreshment prepared, I will arrange it. I have no carriage large enough for all of you, except a heavy farm wagon; but with plenty of fresh hay in the bottom, the ladies will find it endurable. Or, I can improvise some seats of rough boards, if you prefer them."

The gentleman, who gave me his name as Dorland, poured out a profusion of thanks. He declined the hospitality of my house at first, but I laughed down his excuses, and led the way homeward. My mother soon had a substantial lunch prepared, which the younger portion of the party dispatched quite readily. The table was set in my library, and I could see that Mr. Dorland, who was the father of the younger gentleman and of the young lady whose beauty and manner had so strangely attracted me, was surprised at seeing so extensive a collection of books in a farmer's house, and possibly rather astonished at the manners and language of one whom he had seen just previously, scythe in hand, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a dilapidated felt-hat crowning his head. But on entering the house, after the party were seated, I had slipped off, washed, and changed my clothes for something more presentable. When I entered the library to preside over the lunch-table, I presented the company with the view of a sufficiently well-dressed, and—well, I am vain enough to say it—a rather good-looking young gentleman.

In due time the wagon was brought to the door, and after a deal of chattering and giggling among the young ladies, was filled and driven off to Oaklands, where its load was deposited. While the mouths of the horses were being washed, and the tired animals rested, I entered Colonel Annis's house, at the invitation of its owner. The Colonel himself, who only came to his country-seat during three months of the year, and whom I had never met, was quite courteous; but his was a lofty and condescending courtesy which I did not like. It put me on my mettle. I knew the worthy Colonel's history—by-the-by, his military title came from a two-years' service in the militia, on the peace establishment—and I knew that he had not been for many years accustomed to the luxury around him. His patronizing way was insufferable.

I nullified it by ignoring it altogether, and joined in the general conversation with a dash and brilliancy which astonished even myself. The occasion developed colloquial powers which I had not dreamed of possessing, and as there

were several others present gifted with quick perceptions and full command of language, the conversation was racy and sparkling enough to have satisfied the most inveterate talker on earth. Twice during this I glanced around and caught the eye of Grace Dorland fastened upon me. The expression I could not define, whether of interest or not, and the doubt dampened my spirits a little; but the provocation of Colonel Annis's patronizing way would recur, and that brought me right again.

The whole time occupied thus was scarcely an hour, but it was a very eventful one. I unquestionably made an impression on the gentlemen present, whatever I might have done on Miss Dorland. As I rose to take my leave there was a general invitation to repeat my visit. Colonel Annis himself unbent, and said:

"I am glad to find I have so agreeable a neighbor. I trust we shall see more of you, Sir."

I replied with what was after all a haughty humility.

"It would afford me a deal of pleasure, but it is almost impossible. My farm is my support, and if I were to gratify my inclination by visiting genial and congenial people, what would become of my crops? I might as well let the foxes, rigged Samson-fashion, get among my standing crops as the weeds. It is much easier for you all to visit the farm. In a month's time, or thereabout, the marsh-grounds below will afford you abundance of woodcock; the little stream running through my place is filled with trout; and the view from the hill to the right of the house is charming. You have full license from the lord of the pocket-manor to fish, fowl, or gaze at your pleasure."

"We shall avail ourselves of the invitation, be assured," said Mr. Dorland.

As I was about to drive off young George Dorland came up and leaned over the wagon-wheel to talk to me.

"Is there such good trouting there, Mr. Story?" he asked.

"Bring your rod and flies over and see," was my answer.

The next day Master George came, fully equipped for slaughter among the trout; and he whipped the little stream to some effect. The fish were plenty there. Few knew any thing about it; there were not many trout-streams in that section. I had no taste for angling, and so the fish had grown and multiplied.

The report of his success brought his father, and a young English traveler, a Mr. Anson; and in a short while the Philistines were upon the trout in earnest.

I could see meanwhile that I was an object of some curiosity, and a subject of discussion with my visitors; the more especially as I went about my business as usual, gathering in my vegetables, and taking them to market myself, after my customary fashion. Mr. Dorland and I became quite intimate. We discussed all sorts of things when we met, from Encke's comet to landscape-

gardening; and he gradually extracted from me the family history, the mysterious disappearance of my grandfather's money included.

He suggested that the missing treasure was probably deposited in some bank.

"I think not," I answered. "My grandfather had a horror of banks. But we have made every inquiry in that quarter as vainly as elsewhere."

The young ladies rode that way frequently, and Grace Dorland took a strong liking to my mother, with whom she grew to be a great pet, and thus I met her often. Grace grew very much interested in farm matters; and, at her own request, was speedily initiated into the mysteries of raising poultry, making pickles and preserves, and other housekeeping knowledge. Her father laughed at this, and said it was a very useful whim, to whose indulgence he did not object. As for me I became deeper in love every day.

And yet it was folly. I soon learned that Mr. Dorland was a man of ample means, and high connections. If I could gain the affection of his daughter, thus strangely thrown in my way, I felt that he would never consent. To marry her against his will, was to introduce one, nurtured in elegance and used to a certain class of associates, into a sphere to which she was unaccustomed. I thought over this a deal, but the fascination of her presence was too powerful. I was well content to let events take their course.

October came, and Colonel Annis, with his guests, departed. Grace came over to bid my mother good-by, and I thought her hand trembled as she gave it to me for a moment on parting. I was very miserable, and when they had left for Philadelphia, of which city Mr. Dorland was a resident, I went to my library, and, like a huge boy, fairly blubbered. For I now began to see, or think I saw, a great gulf between Grace and myself. If I could only find my grandfather's missing money! And day by day I speculated on its whereabouts.

During the autumn, when I went to Philadelphia, which was my market-town, to sell my produce, I always took a valise containing a nice suit of clothing along. Business over, I would dress myself and walk out Walnut Street, past Mr. Dorland's house—I found its location by the directory—in the vain hope of seeing Grace. I was never successful. Nor did I ever meet her in Chestnut Street, nor at any place of public amusement. After every failure I hated myself for my folly, and yet I renewed the attempt again and again.

The winter drew on, and then I learned by chance that Mr. Dorland, with his children, had been for some time in Europe, and that his town residence had been leased to another during his absence. I had been strolling through the streets of Philadelphia to no purpose.

The next summer came. In the mean while, though my reason told me that it was useless, my love for Grace Dorland had grown more absorbing. Absence threw a thousand charms

around her. There was no likelihood that we should ever meet again. She would probably marry and forget me. Reason, however, never checked the current of love in the breast of a young man of twenty-six. I yielded to the passion that possessed me, and, as I went about my daily duties, built a thousand castles in air, in each of which myself and Grace Dorland were lord and lady.

The summer had not passed—it was about the middle of August—when I went one day to the post-office, two miles off, to get my newspapers. The postmaster handed them to me, and with them a letter having a foreign post-mark.

I was delighted when I opened it. It was from Mr. Dorland, and ran as follows:

"PARIS, July 9.

"Mr. T. A. Story:

"SIR,—On seeing the signature you may remember me as the one to whom, and to his family, you were so courteous during my visit to Colonel Annis's seat last summer. My agent has bought the Colonel's place for me. I do not like the manner in which it is laid out. From the conversations I have had with you on the subject of landscape-gardening, I have a high confidence in your taste in all such matters. Will you undertake the commission of having the grounds laid out in conformity with the memorandum I inclose? Of course I mean with such modifications as your taste and your visits to the grounds may suggest. As I could not think of taxing your time without compensation, I will say that whatever is the customary fee of an engineer and landscape-gardener for similar services I will gladly pay. Inclosed is an order for a sum that I think will cover the expenses; and my agent at Philadelphia is instructed to put himself in communication with you, and, in case you oblige me by undertaking the business, to advance any farther needful amount. I hope you will confer the favor on me of accepting the commission.

"Your obedient servant, FRANCIS DORLAND."

The commission involved a labor of love. I had long desired to have a place of my own which I could lay out in accordance with my views; and next to that was the pleasure of laying out grounds for some one else, when I had *carte blanche* as to means. So I went to work at once. I had to make some alterations in the plan proposed. Where Mr. Dorland had indicated a lake on the miniature map he sent I found it impracticable to have it, without water could be made to run up hill. The drive to the house I turned into two, each approaching from different points, and each more than double the length of the single one proposed. The whole grounds embraced a little over three hundred acres, about one-third heavily wooded, and fifteen acres of this was covered by my lake. I drove every thing so rapidly, with a large force of men, that the artificial additions and subtractions were completed by the 1st of November, when I left it for nature to do the rest. By the 10th of November I dispatched to Florence, where Mr. Dorland intended to pass the winter, a map of the estate, as newly fashioned, and pencil sketches of various views on the grounds. In due time I received an answer expressing gratification at the manner in which I had fulfilled the trust, and an order on the agent for the exact amount of compensation which had

been agreed on between me and the latter. With the amount—five hundred dollars—added to the farm-profits for the previous year, I bought a little patch of eight and a half acres, which lay between my farm and the main public road.

The fact of going about a handsome place and seeing its natural beauties developed by judicious art under my own direction, and the fact that on either side of me lay neglected farms, severally of a hundred and nine and two hundred acres, which would make up a handsome estate if added to my own, engendered covetous feelings, and made me think frequently of my grandfather's missing money. "Where could he have hidden it?" occurred to me continually. But that was a problem without a probable solution.

In the mean while every thing prospered with me more and more. My own energy and industry, and my mother's prudent management brought in golden returns. A young orchard, which I had planted on coming to my majority, was now in full bearing; it was a fine season for fruit, and the New York commission merchant, to whom I had consigned my Greenings and Bellflowers, handed me a handsome check when our business was concluded. I was considered by my neighbors to be in "warm" circumstances, and was even talked of for the high dignity of one of the Chosen Freeholders of the county. The preliminary step to this great position, a membership of the Township Committee, had been already attained. It might have been my possible destiny to have become High Sheriff of the County; but though I had decided views in political matters, I left rural honors to more ambitious friends. I may as well, therefore, at this stage of my story say that, although I did become Chosen Freeholder, my preferment has never gone farther.

During the ensuing May Mr. Dorland, with his son and daughter, came home. He soon after made a visit to his country residence; expressed himself delighted with the alterations, and the promise which the place gave of greater beauty in the future; set about furnishing and altering the mansion; and then returned to town. I was struck with the alteration in his appearance. There were deep furrows in his face, and his hair was of a deeper gray. I found out afterward that it was on account of his son George, whose health was threatened seriously.

A few days after the family had come to reside for the summer Grace Dorland rode over to see my mother.

Certainly foreign travel had improved her manner in the estimation of her friends. She had been presented at court, had moved in the first circles abroad, where her beauty made her a favorite; but I saw no difference. She seemed the same frank, single-hearted being she had been before she had gone abroad. At first, indeed, there was a little embarrassment on her part for which it was not easy to account, but this passed off.

I now saw a great deal of Grace. Mr. Dorland was very fond of me, and continually pressed me to visit him at leisure hours, consulting me on various alterations and improvements which he engaged in—some, by-the-by, no improvement at all. George Dorland, whose health at this time began to fail visibly, took a strange fancy to me, and haunted me like a shadow. I felt that prudence required I should absent myself from Grace's presence as much as possible; but what young man of that age was ever prudent in a matter of the kind?

Mr. Dorland had a great many visitors during the summer, and among the rest a Mr. Anson, the young English gentleman whom I have mentioned previously as a guest of Colonel Annis. He was a man somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty, handsome, well-bred, and in the possession of ample means. He was the avowed suitor of Miss Dorland, and her father evidently favored his claims. His family was good, for he was the heir-apparent to an old English baronetcy, and the heir-possible—if I may so phrase it, for there were three lives between it and him—to a viscount's coronet. To be sure it was only a Scotch peerage; but a live lord is something, and the match would be a very brilliant one for Miss Grace. A very manly fellow was Frederick Anson—perfectly at ease in general society, but timid before Grace, exceedingly. There was nothing, one would think, to embarrass him there; she was rather cordial than otherwise to him—indeed to every one except me. Her manner to me grew more distant every day, as though she suspected my attachment, and had determined to let me know that I had no hope.

I was a poor farmer that year. To be sure I went about my business with method and regularity; but there were divers little pieces of neglect by which my crops suffered. I grew moody too, and irritable; so much so that my mother noticed it and spoke to me on the subject. I parried the inquiries by saying something about my liver being out of order—a most disingenuous answer. If there were any physical disorder, the heart was in trouble, and not the highly important, but less notable viscera on which I threw the blame.

One day Frederick Anson dawdled over to my farm to whip my trout-stream. That was the pretext, but there was more behind. After a few casts—without flies, I verily believe—he threw down his tackle and walked to where I was superintending the repair of a fence. He intimated a desire to speak with me, and I walked aside with him. After a deal of preliminary observation, on various queer topics, he burst out at last with—

“You are a great favorite with Miss Dorland?”

Had he fired a mine at my feet, though I might have been more hurt, I would not have been more astonished. I did not know what reply to make.

“She is a little reserved to you, I know,” he continued; “but she thinks a deal of you.

I heard her say so to a lady yesterday. She says your opinions are good, you know, on every thing.”

“Well,” said I, seeing that he paused, and being still uncertain what response to make.

“The fact is that I am confoundedly deep in love with her, you know, and somehow I don't seem to get along. If you would speak a word, you know, you might help a fellow.”

This was still more startling. I woo Grace Dorland for another!

I merely said that I would think about it, and answer him to-morrow. He went away, and I let my men fix the fence to suit their own fancy. I was done with work for that day.

That night I slept none. I tossed about uneasily till dawn, when I arose. The fresh morning breeze cooled my fevered head somewhat, and I reasoned the matter clearly.

I felt that I had no hope to win the love of Grace Dorland, nor her father's consent to marry her, if I had hope. Here was a young man—certainly, I hated him thoroughly—but a young man of gentle blood, of unimpeachable habits, handsome, agreeable, and rich. He could confer on her every luxury—he could surround her with that society for which she was best fitted. If my love were really pure, why not urge her to accept what my judgment told me she should? I gradually reasoned myself into this view of the case, and when Anson called, told him that I would plead his suit at once. I dared not, in fact, trust myself for another day.

I rode over to Mr. Dorland's. The coast was clear. The father had gone out to take a ride on horseback—a morning practice—his son was with him; but the young lady was at home.

When I entered the presence of Grace Dorland my embarrassment may be conceived. At length I opened my mission, awkwardly enough; but had scarcely got well into the subject, when Grace rose to her feet indignantly, and I followed her example.

“Sir,” she said—but emotions choked her utterance, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears.

I spoke on, however, determining to fulfill my task, and her reply was a continuous sobbing, like that of a chidden child. In the excitement of the moment I seized her hand. Recollecting myself, I was about to withdraw my own hand from hers, but her fingers retained mine, with a nervous, convulsive clutch.

“Miss Dorland,” I said, “I have urged these views because I love you too well to not place the matter before you in a true light. Had I the wealth, the position, and the advantages of Frederick Anson, I would not be pleading for him, but for myself. For I love you—have long loved you—oh, so passionately!—but I am not so selfish—”

“You love me,” she murmured.

“Don't be offended,” I replied; “I could not help it, nor help avowing it—but forget all about that. Mr. Anson is a gentleman—”

I felt that she was about to fall, and clasped her quickly about the waist to lead her to a chair. She looked up at me—she said nothing—the glance was withdrawn—a deep blush fell over her face and neck—and I felt then that I was beloved with a love that had coexistence with my own. Her lips met mine—he who has loved and been beloved will conceive my feelings—he who has not can form no idea of the happiness of that moment.

“By—”

The sentence was never finished, but the speaker looked profanity. It was Mr. Dorland who had entered and surprised us both in this interesting position. Grace slid from the room.

“Well, Sir,” said he, after a short pause, “can you tell me how long this comedy has been going on?”

“I can tell you all, Sir, very briefly,” I answered. What did I care for his wealth then? Grace loved me.

“Suppose you let me hear,” he said.

I told him the simple facts, and I could see that he believed me.

“Since this is so,” said he, “why not carry out your first intention?”

“I didn’t know then that she loved me—I did not know how much I loved her,” I replied, piteously.

“Remain, if you please,” he said, and left the room.

I was under some little alarm. What was his purpose?

I heard him talking in a tone of expostulation to his daughter in an adjoining apartment, and I heard her voice reply. I could not distinguish the words. The conference was a long one, but it ended in the return of Mr. Dorland, Grace following. I did not dare to look up.

“Mr. Story,” said he, “the position and merit of my daughter might lead her to aspire to a better match than this.”

I was about to speak, but he went on.

“Don’t interrupt me. I know enough of your character, and the impulses of a young man of good principle and unaccustomed to society, to divine what you are about to say. But I made up my mind years since, that in a matter of this kind I would not cross my daughter’s inclinations.”

I looked at Grace. She was radiant. My heart beat audibly, and I could scarcely breathe. Mr. Dorland went on.

“If you marry when and how I wish, she is yours. She has chosen, and she must abide the consequences. No heroics, if you please. I understand all that. It is proper that I should tell you one thing. My fortune is intended for my son. I will give Grace a marriage-portion—don’t interrupt me—money to the value of your property and no more. You shall never receive a cent from me besides—unless—” and he curled his lip sarcastically—“unless that missing money of your grandfather should happen to turn up, when I pledge you my word to match it dollar for dollar.”

I was about to pour forth my thanks when he interrupted me.

“After this prostration of my hopes,” said he, “I am desirous to be rid of this ungrateful girl as soon as possible. I told you of conditions under which I would give my consent. They are these. I will send at once for our clergyman—you shall be married immediately—and leave my house, never to set foot in it again.”

He would not listen to his daughter’s entreaty, but was as good as his word. In two hours’ time we had been married, and were on our way to my house. Grace sobbed a deal, but she soon took comfort, and by the time we arrived at home she smiled and blushed with happiness.

And now I shall hurry over a space of more than six years. Grace made me a good, contented, and happy wife. Every year added to my worldly prosperity; and every two and a half years or thereabouts something both costly and valuable was added to my family. Mr. Dorland held out for three years, during which there was no intercourse between us. At that time George Dorland, who had sunk into hopeless decline for some time, died. The lonely father then sought reconciliation with us, to my wife’s delight. Our eldest boy, little Francis, soon took his dead uncle’s place in Mr. Dorland’s heart. The young hopeful came very near being spoiled by his grandfather, and was quite as much at Dorland Park or in Philadelphia as at the farm. There he ruled Mr. Dorland most rigorously, but the old gentleman evidently liked it.

One day, however, I had been out, assisting to gather my wheat-sheaves into the barn, and on my return went into the library to get a key which lay in a private drawer. Here, though it was prohibited ground, I found Master Francis engaged in mischief. He had gone to my secretary, which happened to be open, taken out a bundle of letters, and scribbled over their backs. By way of varying his amusement, he had served one letter, and that was grandfather Telling’s, in a different fashion. He had taken a penful of ink and traced out the water-mark, which was a swelled baton, or staff—a punning allusion by the maker to his own name, Baton—and the ink marks were on the written side of the sheet. I gave the little fellow a sound spanking, and his outcries brought his grandfather and his mother to the rescue. I explained the cause of the punishment, and showed the inked letter.

“Pooh! pooh!” said Mr. Dorland, taking Frank in his arms; “there is no great harm done after all. There, hush crying, dear, and go to my room, and I’ll show you something funny. That silly letter is only—”

He stopped, picked up the letter, regarded it with a stare of astonishment, and then examined it with great minuteness.

“See that!” said he, triumphantly. “You owe little Frank a ton of sugar-candy at least.”

AN EXPERIMENT.

OUR little girl was growing up in a way that surprised her mother and myself.

She was the only child we had, and of course it was a great thought with us what we could do for her that would prove best and wisest—the right thing altogether.

Considering what our one girl has been to us, I am filled with amazement when I read of the patriarchs and their tents full of children. Letting young ones take their chances seems such a dangerous way of doing the business, though I know it is quite possible, on the other hand, to train a child out of all common sense, common usefulness, and earthly and heavenly beauty. Indeed I've seen it done. Where there's a houseful of children it isn't likely any one of them will grow up with the notion that the world was made particularly for him, or with that everlasting craving for some new thing which, when he comes to be a man, you may safely bet on it, will amount to a spirit of depredation and ravage and covetousness that will stop nothing short of Bathsheba with David, or the Temple with Herod, Piracy with John Bull, or a profane clutch at the Monroe Doctrine on the part of Louis Napoleon.

For my part I should have been perfectly content if Pauline had been supplied with only so much learning as her mother could give her. But she had been sent to the public school in Salem—her mother insisted upon it—and now there was another plan working in Phœbe's mind: that I could see well enough long before she was ready to share it with me; for the woman was clear as crystal.

One evening as we sat in the piazza after tea she said, "Justus, we must do our duty by Pauline."

"Yes, truly, I hope so." That was the answer I made to Phœbe.

"But we're not doing it, Justus," said she, after a little pause.

"How is that?" I asked; and I confess I wondered that she should bring a charge like that against herself and me.

"Is it possible you don't know what an idle, restless, worthless set of girls is coming on here in Salem?"

"What kind of girls, Phœbe?" said I, opening my eyes wide as if I were filled with amazement at her speech. Indeed I was surprised; and for her sake, as well as my own, I wanted she should express her opinion a little more clearly—differently I mean. Phœbe didn't like my question, for she answered, quickly,

"Is it possible, Justus, you haven't noticed what perfect vagabonds these girls are getting to be! I wish our minister would preach on some of the proverbs of Solomon till they should see there was some application to be made of them. It's enough to frighten one—at least it frightens me, to see the way they swarm about this house. And, therefore, always a good reason why Pauline should go u—

and yon, with them. I feel sometimes as if they would hate me, and I almost hate myself for it, standing guard in the way I do. But how can I help myself? Who will stand guard if I don't? It isn't *your* business, unless you see that I'm incapable. If she were away from home a while all this would be broken up."

I feel as if I ought to say here that my wife wasn't in the habit of expressing herself in this manner. I had never seen her so roused and so disturbed as she was now.

I was going to say "And we, too," when she spoke of this necessary breaking up—when it occurred to me that it had probably cost my wife the greatest effort to make this proposition. So I said,

"Well, Phœbe, what is the rest of it? For of course you haven't thought as far as this without thinking further. What do you mean we shall do about Pauline? Are you sure it would be the wisest thing to put her beyond temptation, supposing we *could* do it?"

"Yes! out of such temptations as she has. I don't believe it's likely that Pauline would ever get to thinking as these other girls do, that home is the last place in the world agreeable to stay in. But every one of those girls ought to be at home three-fourths of the time you see them patrolling the streets. There's actually work to be done by somebody whose back and feet are aching—whose tired faces ought to make them blush. But if you want to make the saucy, worthless jades hate you, just hint to them there's some need of them off the sidewalk. Pauline is contented, I think. She's an obedient child, she knows her duty, and she does it; but she can not learn much more at this school in Salem, and she's learned quite enough of such companions as she has. I declare, Justus, I'm terrified when I ask myself what's going to become of these young people."

"Send Pauline to Lucy for a bit," said I; I felt like a coward saying it. I could never have made such a proposition except in extremity; and the expedient I had never thought of before dropped from me as if it were the result of deliberate meditation.

My wife surveyed me with the profoundest satisfaction.

"I've been thinking of it for days," said she.

"There's nothing else to be done."

"Lucy has been urging us to visit her this long time—why not go—say to-morrow? Any day you are ready I am."

"There it is again!" said my wife in a tone of such unmistakable displeasure as brought me to my feet. I don't know that I was ever more startled by any word of hers. My mild acquiescence in, and attempt to further her wishes, had met with a response which would have moved me to indignation if it had not surprised me so much.

But as my eyes followed her to the street-corner, on which her eyes were set, what did I see? An explosion at the foot of her wrath. There was a—, wal' g along the pave-

ment with a young gentleman, conversing apparently in the most decorous manner; but the sight terrified me as it presented itself on my wife's "platform"—I own it. I saw it with her eyes. What might at another time have attracted my attention as a very pleasing picture now made me shudder.

They did not separate at the gate but both passed through, and so along the path to the steps of the piazza. How handsome they did look! I couldn't help saying to my wife as they came near, for I began to be ashamed of my late fit of suspicion.

"Why, Phœbe South, it's only Frank Jeffers."

"That makes no difference," said she. "It's somebody or another all the time. There's a sight too much of it."

The boy had come to inform me of a vestry-meeting to be held that evening on some special business, and having performed his errand, he retired in as gentlemanly and grave a manner as his father would have done. I own I felt like a culprit when I turned from Pauline to my wife, but it was easy to see that though Phœbe's face had lost its vexed and anxious look, her heart had not lost its fear.

It was curious the way my wife's fear troubled me all through that vestry-meeting, and on my way home, and in the night that followed.

To be worried about our daughter, to be troubled about Pauline—that was something so unusual, it seemed to unmake me out of my present self, and fashion me over into the man I used to be—for that one night, a man of care and trouble, and a man of fear.

Of course it was a foolish confidence I had fallen into, but since Pauline had gone safely through with measles, and hooping-cough, scarlet-fever, and other childish troubles, which touched her as lightly as if they were ashamed to do it, I had actually ceased to fear any thing in her behalf.

And this confidence in her, and for her, was grown to be so strong that I might torment myself about her for a night perhaps, but it was all over by daylight.

Still, now that the business of preparing her for Bridgeport was in hand, I did aid and abet my wife to the extent of my ability, by counsel and encouragement; then I went back to my business in the shop, as if nothing had happened.

It was the next day that I sat making calculations, and dissecting the works of a chronometer, the spring and wheels all lying spread out on the slab before me, when a carriage stopped in front of the shop and a young man got out, dismissed the hack, and ran across the pavement to my door. He had, however, taken a good look at the sign first, and paid the hack-hire; so he was coming to see me. And was a stranger in the place very likely. I had hold of these two points when he came in and closed the door.

He looked to me, as he came in, like the veriest boy that was ever dressed in man's clothes. The slenderest mite of a man I ever saw. Not

half grown, bodily—though his mind, a glance told that, had obviously outstripped his body—for he had the unmistakable look of a lad who is doing business with the world in his own behalf.

Nobody, I thought, as I looked at him in a dumb, breathless sort of way, nobody need tell me that your name is Racy. If it isn't, where did you get that brow and chin? The nose too, on a second glance, seemed unmistakable.

If he had known how I sat there shaking and quaking, waiting for him to speak, he wouldn't have come to me in such a shy way, that yet didn't lack of manliness, and say:

"I heard you had patented a machine for making calculations. Have you one on exhibition?" At the same time he handed me his credentials, a card with "EDWARD HALE, U. S. Observatory," engraved upon it.

I don't know that I was ever more disappointed; but he had nothing to do with that. He had asked me to wait upon him, and I was proud, I will own, of my new calculator. So I got up at once and brought the box containing one of the machines to the young gentleman.

He sat down in the shop when I invited him to a seat, and for the next hour I don't believe either of us knew how the rain was dashing against the panes. I was so busy explaining, and he listening.

He had heard all about the calculator, but didn't seem to know much about some other things I had patented. But I saw that he would take an interest in them, and I liked to talk with him; in fact, I was afraid every moment that something would happen to break up the interview; it seemed to me as if, for the first time in years, I had hold of a thread that connected me with a time of which I had reason to believe there was no one now on earth who knew so much as I.

I found him an interested listener to all I had to say about my patents. From the beginning to the end of an invention there wasn't a part, or a point, but he wanted to understand. Why shouldn't I tell him about Racy? not all that long, dark story indeed; but about Racy, my master, whose studies and suggestions first led me into the paths of invention.

What I had to say about him also interested the young man, as I knew it would. I was more sure of him than I am of my reader, because he was himself a mechanic. He was curious to know all about my way of working, the when and the why. He entered into the soul of every difficulty I mentioned, and he triumphed in every triumph I had ever had.

"What became of your speculator?" said he, by-and-by.

"My old master!" I replied. "I would give any thing to know. He went away from here years ago under such circumstances as makes me think that he can hardly be alive now. Though you know it isn't in nature to give up a hope so long as it can be held to. Still, I think if he had prospered in the way he would wish to pros-

per, he would have come back long before this. He was so proud."

"Well, I can understand that."

"I would be sorry," said I, "if I thought you could; for then you would be capable of letting every thing run to ruin on account of your pride."

"Haven't you ever had a word from him?"

"Not one word."

"Then he must be dead, surely. If you were his friend once, he would feel sure you were for always."

"Thank you. That is the truth, whether he knew it or not," said I. "I expect him yet, though—it would be worth his while to come." To cover up the boasting these words might seem to have I asked young Hale about himself some things.

He told me he was working this season along the coast, and that he made the Observatory, as he called the light-house, his head-quarters at present.

He invited me down there to visit him, and "rough it," if I had the mind. He would take me out in his boat, he said, and I might judge for myself then whether my calculating machine were worth any thing or not.

"But how," said I, wishing to bring myself nearer to him, and himself nearer to facts, "how did they happen to make an engineer of you?"

"I don't know," he said, "unless because I took so kindly to it. We were down on the beach one summer for bathing, and there was an engineer who undertook to teach me. Neither of us thought that he would die and I should slip into his place, but that happened."

"Are you a stranger in Salem?" I asked.

"Oh, I've been in Salem times enough," said he, "on errands and so forth. We use a good many tools, you know. But I haven't any acquaintance here. It isn't long since I heard that this was South's place."

I told him there were a good many things more worth looking at in Salem than poor South. He said he'd take my word for it, but he didn't care much about the shows villagers usually took pride in; when he came to my shop I might know that he had come to see me. He could afford to go farther than to Salem, he hoped, to see a man who was inspired with ideas. "For it is inspiration surely," he said; "it is always by inspiration that a man takes a step toward perfection of any kind. My brother wouldn't be afraid to preach such a doctrine as that. It's more orthodox than most of the things you hear."

"Then you have a brother?" said I, more taken by that fact than by his speculations.

"Oh yes. He is a deacon. He might be ordained if he were only old enough."

"A couple of marvelous boys your mother has," said I.

He smiled, and laid his hand on my shoulder as Pauline might have done. The touch was as gentle, and it thrilled me more, I was going to say, than even her touch could do; for I

couldn't help feeling 'twas like the touch of a dead man who had come to life, and who loved me. He looked so like Walter Racy at that moment.

"Mark, you may well say, is wonderful," said he. "You can't sleep while he's preaching. But I'll own to you I *don't* like him to be a preacher. However, he's pleased."

He might have gone on talking, but just then we both heard steps on the pavement, voices before the door, then a hand on the knob. I had but a moment, and I said, "Which is the older of you two? The minister, of course."

"Oh, we are one," said he, laughing and blushing. "We are twins, Mark and I."

Good God! I thought. But then, the other one's name was Mark—I couldn't understand that. Perhaps she had changed his name. For of the twins one was named after his father—if I remembered any thing, or was any thing, or if there was any past and any Walter Racy; indeed any world at all.

"Don't go yet," I said; for through all this chaos into which I seemed to have fallen I saw that the lad was buttoning up his coat.

"I must this very minute—it will be dark enough pretty soon. I've left my card there for you, Sir, if you can come down—the sooner the better. Good-by, Sir."

He took my hand, passed the picket, and went off in the greatest hurry, leaving me at liberty to attend to my customers.

I tried to quiet myself that night with thinking that when I had more leisure I would run down to the sea-side and visit young Hale; and, as he said, witness there with my own eyes the practical working of the calculator.

At last my wife had Pauline ready for Bridgeport, and to Bridgeport we went.

It was our first journey of any importance made as a family. For the importance of a journey does not depend upon its length. We had not hundreds of miles to go, but we had hundreds of thoughts, and hopes, and fears in making our distance.

When I beheld the numbers of young people who assembled at the dépôt to see Pauline off that morning, I saw besides, and in a clearer light than ever, the wisdom, the good sense, the far-sightedness of Mrs. South. But I was not sorry to know how much real affection our daughter had been able to inspire in the hearts of her young companions.

When we got down to Lucy's we found that we were not to carry out our plan entirely according to our programme.

Lucy's son, and only child, had gone on board a merchantman which had just sailed for Japan; she and Josiah, in consequence, were breaking up housekeeping.

They had already leased their house, and engaged board for the winter at a hotel in the place. All these things Lucy had sat down to write us when we suddenly walked in upon her. We were surprised all round, and a little disconcerted too, all round.

When we explained our business in Bridgeport, Lucy, dear soul, would have revoked all her orders and recalled her plans, had it been possible to serve us. But out of an hour's regret and perplexity at last came this suggestion:

"You must leave Pauline with me, at any rate; in this town, if not under this roof; under my eyes at least, wherever she is stowed. There is the school to which you would have sent her if I had still been housekeeping. She will live in the seminary instead of with me; and, Phoebe, if I had a daughter, I would sooner trust her with Miss Shipley than myself."

This was very encouraging. But I hadn't any opinion of boarding-schools. Neither had my wife. I couldn't help saying to Lucy,

"I know a thing or two about what you call 'seminaries.' If you had made such a proposition to me while I was at home I would have said I'd rather Pauline shouldn't have an education than cheat myself with thinking she was going to get it in such a place. I would just about as soon send her to a camp-meeting out in Michigan with the expectation that she'd get religion there. I don't know any thing about *your* school here in Bridgeport and Miss Shipley, but isn't it enough to make one tremble to think of putting your daughter into close communion with girls that have come from the Lord knows where, and have been brought up the devil knows how?"

But I had put the business in too fierce a light. I had both the women against me. Phoebe trusted Lucy's judgment, and presently decided:

"Mr. South and I will go to see Miss Shipley; but we will go alone, for he never will be convinced that there isn't sham and false show somewhere unless he takes the establishment by surprise."

I quite agreed to that. And so it was. Lucy and Pauline attended us as far as the gate of the school-grounds, and Phoebe and I went in alone.

The house stood quite back in a yard that was full of trees—fine large forest trees and ornamental shrubs. It was a beautifully-shaded spot, and, as far as the grove was concerned, I need not fear to leave Pauline to its inspiring influences. She loved the trees. She could paint them as I notice all good painters do—such limbs and branches as the winds and birds can get through. She painted a hemlock forest for her father once— Well, I wish you could see it! Come visit me and you shall. But about this seminary. Phoebe and I went up the walk without either of us speaking a word. We had made up our minds to various things that would content us in the school, and resolved that without certain requisites we wouldn't consent for a moment, and nothing should persuade us to leave Pauline.

Of course our feeling wasn't peculiar to us. I dare say every father and mother feels just so. Your child grows up before your eyes. She is your own to love, and to ACCOUNT FOR! You

have such fears and such torments, such joys and such hopes, all growing up out of that body and spirit, the like, I suppose, nobody but a father or a mother has the least notion of.

You—supposing you have lived a tolerably active, exposed life in the world—have grown into the habit of looking at things more coolly than you used. Your experience has shown you that every woman is not an angel, nor every man fit to take place instantly among the seraphim. There are temptations and errors that have stumbled you, before which it is not impossible your young one may fall. That young life is somehow getting beyond your reach, if not beyond your control. There is one cord by which you may hold her, and that is your love. But that must from her cradle have been made worth more to her than any other earthly thing. You must have always made your office symbolize to her mind God's attitude toward all created beings, or there's danger you will be turned out of it. When it comes to leaving her with strangers, in the desire to free her from one set of influences exposing her to another set, oh, if the girl could only understand what the father and mother are thinking of and praying for, how safe she would be!

I was wondering as we walked up toward the house whether Pauline could possibly understand or *suspect* what was in our minds. Those thoughts her mother and I could no more have uttered aloud to each other than we could help exposing them to God.

I turned to Phoebe as we went up the steps of the fine large brick building. Her face looked calm as ever. Nobody was going to take the child from her except of her own consent. That was as clearly to be seen as any thing. I acknowledge, after I had that look of my wife's face I took fresh courage.

"What is the name?" asked Phoebe, as we went up the steps.

"Shipley," said I.

Those were the only words exchanged by us.

We were shown through the hall of this house into the drawing-room. It was an elegant place enough; not splendid, though; not such a place as any plain man would feel uncomfortable about setting his foot in, thinking of his own modest house. But it was handsome—the right kind of place for ladies to make their home in.

"This looks very well to me," said Phoebe, when we were left alone there, having asked for Miss Shipley.

It was clear that the first appearance had encouraged her. It didn't have at all the look of a spot that had been furnished at a day's notice by a single order, as one might furnish a hotel drawing-room, or a steamboat saloon, or any other public place for visitors. There seemed to be some heart in it. There were things in that room which never would have got there if the Principal had been thinking of business altogether.

Presently our observations were interrupted

by the sound of footsteps, and Miss Shipley was in the room.

It must either have been the best woman in the world, or the woman of most tact, that could have got around my wife as suddenly as Miss Shipley did. I saw that Pauline's fate was determined when I looked at her. For, of course, Phoebe's decision was mine.

She had the first right to speak about our daughter. I always conceded this. Not merely because she was the mother of the child, but because she was such a mother. I don't say I would follow the advice of all the women I see in such a matter; but it has been an everlasting comfort to me that Phoebe always had her way about Pauline.

When Miss Shipley asked us if we would like to see the house she expressed a regret that Mrs. Hale was not at home. We would be better pleased and satisfied, she thought, if Mrs. Hale were present to speak to us.

"Who is Mrs. Hale?" I asked, outright, blunt enough I suppose, for the name amazed me.

Miss Shipley looked a little surprised, and said, gravely, but she smiled, too, before she finished speaking,

"I hope you have not mistaken my position. Mrs. Hale is the principal of the school. She is absent just now. At the sea-side with her son."

"You must excuse us," said my wife. "We are strangers in town, and my sister mentioned only your name."

While they were settling the matter so quietly between themselves, I was fuming over this question.

"But who is Mrs. Hale? She's Mrs. Hale, of course. But *who* is Mrs. Hale?" At last I had to ask,

"Has the lady you mentioned, I mean Mrs. Hale, had the school on her hands long?"

"Oh yes. She established it, Sir. Several years ago. I don't know how many. Before I came here. I have only been here three years."

"Do you know her son's name?" I asked. Phoebe blushed. She was ashamed of me. But there were things I had never told my wife, and so I was obliged to let her blush for me.

"One of her sons is named Edward. The other Mark," Miss Shipley answered, very politely.

Here was a coincidence! My wife might set herself at ease. No danger I should ask any more questions, at least there and then."

When we went back to Lucy I asked her how she came to give Miss Shipley all the glory of the Institution. She looked at me a minute as if she didn't understand, then she blushed and laughed outright. "Well, if I ever! To be sure it's Mrs. Hale's, but Miss Shipley is head teacher, and the main-spring up there. No, not that exactly, either, for Mrs. Hale is a splendid manager, but she don't teach much. And every body knows Miss Shipley, and she's liked so well."

"I wish we could have seen her too."

"Who, Mrs. Hale? She's a magnificent woman. Every body says so. I don't know her myself."

"Well, I'll own," said I, "if I had suspected what was going to happen here, I would never have brought my little girl to Bridgeport. She isn't going to lead the same kind of life that Jonathan Knight's daughters and Sam Strong's daughters will; and you tell me, Lucy, that's the kind of young lady Mrs. Hale has in her school. Not but that I think our Pauline equal to any one of them."

"I should think so," said my wife.

"But she mustn't get her head turned with their notions. Still, I like the look of the place." I said this rather quickly, for there was an expression in my wife's face made me fear what the result of her thinking on this new hint would be. And I was determined that Pauline should spend at least one quarter at Mrs. Hale's.

Who was this Mrs. Hale? There was the question again for torment. She *might* be Racy's wife. But if so, why Hale? Was Racy dead? and had she married again? Any way what business was this of mine? I can tell it in few words. Strange to think into how little space the events it took years to carry out can be crowded! When I look at the volumes of United States History in my library, and see how the centuries of old Rome have been pressed into a few chapters, I foresee how it will be with the records of this nation by-and-by, when all the world's history shall be written as it were upon a leaf. A thousand years are as one day with the Ancient of Days!

One morning Mr. Racy, my employer—I like to say my master—came down to the shop a good deal excited, and made sad work of every thing he attempted to do. He was in a mood that made me tremble whenever I saw it had possession of him. He was sure, while in such a state, to ruin whatever he took hold of, and he did ruin the watch he was trying to clean. I tried to get him away from it till he told me pretty sharply he believed he knew what my place was, if I had forgotten it, and advised me just to keep it. So he had his way. After he had got through with the watch he took down his port-folio and went at his drawing, and while he worked at that his hand became as steady, and his strokes as firm as ever you could wish. It was amazing.

What had happened to my master? In his good moods he was more like a child than a man for gayety and gladness, and took to work as if it were play. Thinking of what he was when I first knew him, how cheerful he was, how capable, makes me say a thousand curses on the men who put in his way the cure of pain and headache, and made labor, when he was worn out and exhausted and fit only for a dark room and a quiet house, seem still like play, and a terrible excitement and fascination to him.

When he was happy he was open-mouthed about it, for he seemed to want his friends to

share in his pleasures, just as he could always share in theirs. But about his troubles, when he had them, he was close as the grave. There was a cloud all about him from this day on. One day I had to go up to his house on urgent business; for he hadn't come down in the morning as usual, and the thing had to be attended to. He had invited me a great many more times to come up to his place than I had ever gone; but he didn't seem glad to see me now.

I found he was alone in his house, and the place looked to me as if nobody had lived in it for some time. I never saw a man look as he did when he came down into the yard, after I had gone round the house three or four times and knocked at every door. It seemed to me as if he might have been sleeping for a week, dreaming horrible dreams all the time. I had to explain my business over several times before he took it in; finally he said, "Well, go back to the shop, South. I'll be down there presently." I wouldn't have gone without him if I had stood there all day, and I think he saw that in my face, for after a minute he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, and then himself led the way.

"I could wait a minute or two, Sir," said I, "if you had any thing you'd like to attend to before you come down."

"It makes no difference," said he, and kept walking on.

On our way down just before we came to the shop, he told me that his wife had gone home to her uncle's and taken the children with her, Edward and Walter, so that he was now keeping bachelor's hall. I never shall forget the smile with which he said that. It makes me faint at heart to this day thinking of it.

His wife's uncle was a very rich man who lived in Pelham. But it surprised me to hear that she had gone home to visit, for I knew that Racy ran away with Miss Livingston to get married, and that ever since her uncle, with whom she had lived, for she was an orphan, would have nothing to do with her.

Afterward I understood the matter better. Racy's wife had gone back to her friends, and didn't intend to return to her husband.

She did not return. He waited about three months, looking for her, as I believe, every hour of every day. Meanwhile he left his house, which he had leased of the owner for ten years, and came down into the village, and boarded at the house where I was then boarding. In all this time I don't believe he took one drop of any kind of stimulant, opium, laudanum, or brandy. He had taken enough at odd times of all three. But he told me he had got through with those things, and he said it in a way that, knowing the man, would have made me trust him alone with every grain of the hellish drug that England ever raised in India and forced on the Chinese.

He didn't seem like a child in those days. He never laughed or even smiled. I never saw but one such sombre face as he carried when he for-

got, at times, that others might be watching him. Daniel Webster's was the only match for it. At last came the day when he could endure it no longer. I found a letter from him saying that he should sail that night for the other side of the globe, and it was impossible to tell when he should return. I might carry on the business if I liked—he hoped I would choose to do so—he left every thing with me to settle or arrange as I might consider best. For himself, he thought a sea-voyage the best thing, the only thing—it might save him from fever or a mad-house.

And there was the end of Walter Racy.

There was in fact no explanation he could make to me in regard to business affairs. I knew precisely how we stood, perhaps better than he did, for he had insisted for some time on my attending to every thing.

I determined to remain where I was. In six months, or at furthest a year, I said to myself, he will come back again, well cured of all this; as to his wife, it isn't my business to go hunting her up, it's hers to come back home and attend to her own affairs. For I thought the woman had acted like a selfish coward and a paltry fool. I'll own it, I despised her.

One day, several months after Racy's departure, a gentleman, a stranger to me, came to the shop. He was Mrs. Racy's brother. He had come to look into affairs, he said. For, though I said to myself she might come home and find out about her husband, I had written to her, and inclosed a copy of Racy's letter. This after a while brought down this young gentleman to Salem. You have seen the kind of person he was often enough. If it depends on my loving that sort of animal whether I ever get into heaven, the question is settled.

He was very anxious to find out whether I knew any thing more in regard to Racy than I had written. Whether I had heard from him again. What I really thought about his being alive yet, and so on. It was my conclusion, and any other man would have arrived at the same, I think, that she was going to marry somebody else, if she could only satisfy herself that her husband was dead.

The notion made me mad. Still I determined to do up the business precisely as I knew Racy would have chosen to have me. Since they had made a sign, I wouldn't stop short of attending to it, and of putting every thing into their hands, if that was what they wanted; folks that were worth their hundreds of thousands and rolling round in their gold chariots for all I knew; they could do it if they liked.

So I got out the receipts of payments I had made on Racy's debts; they weren't many, but I was determined nobody in Salem should be saying he owed them a cent, and I would have cramped myself nigh on to suffocation before I let them do it. I showed these things to Mr. Wood, and that brought him down a little. Then I got the account-books and laid them on the desk, and told him he might examine them too.

He spent an hour or so at it, and then he said

he thought I might as well go on about my business, and he would go about his. He didn't see but the debts I had paid, and the responsibilities I was under for stock, more than balanced any profit I was likely to make in some time.

I told him that if he had any clew to Walter Racy I wanted it. He laughed at that; I could have knocked him down for the laugh: if there'd been any thing honest, out and out manly in it, I wouldn't have cared. I said, however, that the note Racy had left intimated that he might come back some time; and for that reason, because I expected him, if I wasn't interfered with I should keep on in the business, though I lost time and money by it—which I did not expect to do. He had been a good master to me, and I had learned my trade of him; besides I honored him, and believed there were few men like him in the world.

So Mr. Wood went off, and I never saw him again. I expected for a long while after he went that I should hear from him, or from Racy's wife. But not one word. Two years afterward I heard that Mr. Wood died only a few months after he came to Salem on his investigating tour.

I kept on with the business. I might have supported myself by it, just as Racy had done, comfortably, respectably; but it would never have given me that measure of independence—I mean, not in a long time—that I found from another source. And that source Racy himself had pointed out. All the improvements I made in the chronometer of course yielded me, in time, a good deal of money; so did the other patents. And for starting in that track I was indebted to him. His mind was always working on those things, and if he ever got warmed up and excited about any thing it was improvements in machinery. If he didn't suggest the things I worked out—which, of course, he did not—he at least turned my mind in the direction of those matters. And so—I had as lief tell it, and I must, if I'm going to tell the story at all—whenever payments came in from one party and another, for the use of my patents, I always put by half the profits for Racy. I was so convinced that my lord would come some day, I was determined, when he did, he should find his own with interest.

I can't tell you what a spring it gave to all my working the doing of this, and how happy I often was with thinking of the provision that was being made for him. It seemed to me if I could only get some tidings of him, and should go to him, no matter in what unfortunate state I might find him, supposing things had gone their worst, I should be able, by God's grace, to make a man of him again. I heard a man preach a sermon once, and he wasn't a great light either, but I believe the Holy Ghost spoke by him if He ever did by Paul or John, and he said that love was the saving of men—I mean human love for earthly saving; it's all of a piece with the divine love and everlasting salvation, to my mind. I believed that if my master did

seem to the eyes of men to be lost, he could be saved by love—even by mine! Do you think I write that down with any sort of pride? I write it as if I were kneeling on my knees; and I couldn't trust my voice to *say* to you what I'm explaining.

About Racy's house. He had leased it, I said, for ten years. Mr. Wood asked me about that too. There was nothing he didn't think of. I told him it was likely I would take the payment on myself and occupy the cottage. I had been talking with Phoebe. We were both very young, and poor besides; but I thought it might be managed. There was no one in the world, we both believed, who could take better care of her than I.

Wood went to the cottage. I went up with him. He had brought directions with him as to what should be done with the things; some of them were packed up and sent away; the rest I bought. When the lease expired I bought the cottage; for I said to myself, "When Racy comes he shall have a house whose doors are open to him."

And all this was a business about which my Phoebe had heard very little.

When we came home from Bridgeport, where we had left Pauline, I found that young Hale had been at my shop the day before, and left a note to me to the effect that they were about to set up some new machinery at the Observatory, and they would defer it till I could come down, though they were in daily want of it, for they should need my assistance. So I had my call.

When I arrived at the Observatory, as young Hale called the light-house, I found only one old gentleman there. He had his head tied up with a silk handkerchief, and looked as if he ought to be in bed. A scrap of paper lay before him, and he had a pencil in his hand; an open case of tools was on the table within reach. I knew how deep he was in calculations by the way he looked up when I had mounted the stair and stood before the open door. He wished me farther off. I sat down on the top step and wiped the perspiration from my forehead; and said, after a minute or two,

"Excuse me, Sir; but I supposed these were Mr. Hale's head-quarters. Is he in?"

"He's not," was the answer.

"He sent for me to come down here on my return home," said I. "I'm South, from Salem. I don't want to force myself upon your notice, Sir; but he said there was some work going forward he'd like me to have a hand in."

"If you're South, from Salem, maker of these tools," said the old man, rising from his seat, "come in, Sir; you're welcome and wanted."

So I went in.

Then I had to explain a great many tedious things, and to talk about work that was done and doing—all the while I was burning to go find the young fellow who had summoned me for work that was to be done. But before I had a prospect of approaching that subject, even in conversation, there came a sound of footsteps

on the stairs, and presently a young man appeared in sight, who was greeted with a much readier welcome than I had. But this was not Edward. He, too, came in search of Edward. Then I said, hurriedly, to myself, "Can this be Mark—this easy-looking, genial, kindly, loving-looking fellow? No," I said to myself. But yes, this was Mark. I was disappointed again. The name was not Walter, to be sure, but change in that might be accounted for. It was not so easy to account for this young man as the son of my Walter Racy.

The first words he spoke were:

"Doctor, where shall I find my brother?"

"I am expecting Edward in every moment," said the old man. "He hasn't been away from the Observatory for so long a time these three days, looking for the hourly arrival of this gentleman here, who, it seems, must now take his turn at waiting. Mr. Mark Hale, Mr. South, from Salem. You have bewitched Edward, Mr. South, with those inventions of yours. Have you any partner in those patents, Sir?"

"No one."

"Your own idea, execution and all?"

"Why, yes, Sir."

I wasn't even surprised at the question, much less offended at it, because I continually associated Racy in my thought with all my doings. As I answered in this way I looked at the young minister, and there was an expression on his face as if he were displeased at what had been said, not by me, but the old man he called Doctor, who was Professor Olidge. It was but a gleam I had—gone before I could possess myself of it. But that one instant said to me, "Racy, and son of Racy." And yet the next moment there wasn't the trace of it.

Before any thing more was said there was another step on the stair.

"That's Edward this time," said Dr. Olidge, looking up with a pleased smile. "No other boy comes up like that."

Mark went nearer to the door. It was pleasant to see the way those brothers met. But when Edward's eyes fell on me he came forward, still looking at and speaking to his brother, however.

"Mark, here is Mr. South. How good you were to come up, Sir! We wanted you badly, but I had begun to give it up. Mark, these are all Mr. South's patents, from Salem. He has a jeweler's shop there, but—excuse me, Sir, for saying it—he ought to have a very different kind of establishment."

"Well," said I, "that's rather curious to say. You might as well banish me out of the country at once as turn me out of that shop."

And, will you believe, when I said that I couldn't help feeling as if they ought to understand the reason why.

"That's all right, then," said Edward, "if you feel that way. Now, Mr. South, you have fairly puzzled the doctors, though I don't suppose Dr. Olidge would own it. He can't see into the use of all these springs though, and I

can't help him out of the difficulty. So there are two of the doctors fairly trapped, eh?"

I liked to explain such matters to such men; for when I saw Edward here I couldn't think of calling him a boy any longer—any more than the soldiers who followed a "little corporal" across the Alps could help thinking of him as if he were a giant.

Then there were other points of science to be argued and debated; we had a long session of it. At last, when the sun was setting, Edward said:

"South, you've got an hour and twenty minutes, and that's all. I promised myself you should have a sail when you came down. You may have it if you want it."

"I do want it," said I.

That pleased him.

"Come, then," said he. "Come, Mark. Doctor, you won't come; so good-by, Sir."

We were nearing the beach, after a good hour's sail, when Edward said, pointing to a substantial stone cottage high up on the beach:

"There is our summer-house. If you had visited us a week ago, Mr. South, we should have insisted on your staying overnight; we could have made you comfortable, for our mother was here then."

"Is the season for visitors over, then?" I asked.

What did I care about the season? But I wanted they should talk about their mother.

"I don't know whether it is or not," said Edward. "Mother was obliged to go back to Bridgeport. Did you come by Port, Mark? Did you see mother?"

"No," said Mark. "I knew she would be better pleased if I waited a bit."

"I have been at Bridgeport myself lately," said I, in a perfect tremor. "I went to leave my daughter with a lady who has a school there—and, by-the-way, her name is Hale."

The young men smiled, looking at each other.

"That Mrs. Hale is our mother," said the minister.

"Have you always lived at Bridgeport?" I asked.

"Why, yes, I guess so; haven't we, Mark?"

"We weren't born there, but we grew up in Port. I don't have any clear recollection of any other house. Do you, Eddy?"

"No; Pelham was nothing to Bridgeport."

There it was. Edward had said it. That blessed boy had given me all the evidence I needed.

What did I do then? I sat there in the boat till we came to the pier, then I landed, and was in time for the cars. My heart ached to think of Racy and those boys. Why wasn't he here to rejoice in them, and take his rightful pride and part in them? Why didn't they know that their father was a man to know and to love? O Lord! and they didn't even seem to know or dream that they had ever experienced a loss—that they ever had a father!

I was glad when I found myself alone in that passenger car.

But then I couldn't rest.

In the course of a month I had to go down to the beach again. But I only lost time for my pains. He wasn't there—neither of the boys were—and the old gentleman, Dr. Olidge, had gone home sick with cold and rheumatism. So a fisherman's wife told me, of whom I inquired where all the people were I came to see.

Not a great while after this Edward Hale came into my shop one day. He looked at least ten years older than when I saw him last. He walked, and spoke, and acted like a man in trouble. His business in Salem, he said, was to see me; but all he wanted of me, it appeared, was to give him room in my window that he might finish some drawings of his survey.

Didn't I know better? But I asked no questions. I was satisfied that what he wanted of me was *to be with me*—perhaps he wanted advice. I felt sure that he did, and consolation also. What would I not have given him that could have eased one ache of his! I longed to take him in my arms and say, "My son, what is it? for your father's sake." But of course it was best he should take his time. He took it. At last it passed out of his mind into mine that he had been bothered half out of his life, worried and tormented, on his mother's account. The man she had trusted with her money for investments had proved to be a defaulter, and she had lost every thing; all the savings of her prosperous years were swept away; there wasn't a trace left of them.

"South," said he, "it makes me crazy. There's poor Mark ready and willing to help her—dying to help her—but if he does his best he can't more than earn his bread for a year or two to come. And just think of me and my salary!"

"But she has the school," said I, and for a moment I almost felt a sort of satisfaction in thinking it was perhaps Justice who had laid a hand of Vengeance upon that woman.

"Yes," said the lad, bitterly. "But now it is working for a living. It wasn't before."

I told him, when he had talked the business all over, and eased himself by some repetitions, that I was going down to Bridgeport that night, was there any thing he knew of I could do? Could I serve him, or his mother, in any earthly way? I stood ready for service. I had money enough, for one thing, if money was wanted. No. He and Mark had talked about that. They knew how their mother would take the whole business. She could not be helped. She had already rebuked their complaints, he said, and was confident that the year would enable her to meet all her obligations. She should find no difficulty about gaining time of creditors, and time was all she asked; "but," said Edward, and his eyes filled with tears, "she is getting old, South! That's a thing I never thought of before; but she will not grow younger with all this trouble."

How could I soothe him? I might do that; but I couldn't make black white, and that was

what harassed me. How I would have lifted his feet out of the mire and set him on the rock! But only One could do that thing for Edward.

I went down that night to Bridgeport because I felt called that way. Nobody else could do what I was going to do. Who could ever have persuaded me that going to Bridgeport while Pauline was there at school, and going to the very school itself, meant something else than seeing Pauline, or intending to see her?

When the wife of Walter Racy stood before me—Heavens! one look was all I needed—what had I to say to her? I might have said some strange things if Edward had not seemed to stand close to me, and oh, I loved that lad!

My daughter was there at school. Yes—well on that topic we launched forth. But were soon ashore again. What next? From my child to hers. She might think the distance vast—it didn't seem so to me.

"I have the pleasure of your son's acquaintance, Madam," I said, and her politeness made the thing easy to say; at least it would have been easy for another man to say it, and under other circumstances for me.

"Edward or Mark?" said she. "I have two sons."

"And twins, they tell me," I answered. "They have both been to my shop." I said shop, though I thought she would wince at the word. "Edward and I are good friends; he comes to work with me in Salem quite frequently, and I wish he would come oftener, he reminds me so constantly of my former master, who was no older than your son when I first entered his service."

She understood, long before I finished this sentence, that I was telling her all this with some stern object, that my aim could not be averted.

"Who are you?" she asked, straight out, just as I have written down the question.

"Jeremiah South is my name, Madam. I am a silversmith in Salem. The gentleman's name, my master's—as I'm still proud to call him—was Walter Racy."

"What has become of him?" said she to me.

"God knows. I don't. I'd give all I'm worth, though, to hear some good word of him alive or dead."

She just sat and looked at me. It seemed to me as if she would never speak again, and never stop looking. So I said, for I could not help saying it, and I found myself speaking as I never supposed I should be able to speak to her; but she was the mother of those splendid boys, and that said a great deal for her,

"Madam," I said, "I want to explain to you. I have been talking with your son Edward to-day; perhaps that started me up here to-night. I have always carried on my business in the expectation that Mr. Racy would come back again, just as I told your brother I should. My shop is about the only one left in Salem that looks as it did twenty years ago. All the repairs I have made haven't changed the outside look, or the

inside either, one whit. And just so with the house where he lived. I live there now. I wanted when he did come back he should see I expected him. And that's the way I have conducted business. He has always been my partner. There's laid up for him half the profits of my patents, and so on. I'm making you an honest statement, Madam. I expect him back."

"And so," said she, "do I."

"In all I've done I've had an eye to that time, Ma'am," said I.

"And I," said she, as if, "Where, now, is your advantage, Sir?"

"But you have been unfortunate," said I.

"'Tis right," said she. "There is nothing more to be said about that."

I felt as if a thousand leagues spread wide between us. I had blamed her: how had she blamed herself! Those last words she uttered contained in them folios of repentance and remorse.

Yet I tried to do something with her—for her; to explain that for her son's sake, at least, it would be best, kindest, most generous, to make use of the money I had in hand belonging of right to hers and to her, and thus relieve herself of the embarrassments that were crowding upon her.

"Edward has told you all this," said she, but with what feeling I could not make out; "what have you told him?"

"That I am his friend—no more."

"That is well. I thank you."

I could come no nearer to her. I attempted to say no more.

To think of talking with Pauline that night, it was out of the question. When I arose to go Mrs. Hale—Hale, yes, if she preferred that name; what was it to me?—spoke again of my daughter; seemed surprised that I should think of going away without first seeing her. But I said,

"I did not come here for her sake, or my own pleasure. I am in no condition to meet that child, Madam; neither would I choose to encounter one of your sons to-night. Youth has no right to guess that such things can be in this world as you and I have—and no wonder!—been afraid to speak of in this interview."

Edward came to Salem to finish his drawings of the coast, and made my shop his head-quarters as the cold weather came on.

I often saw him and his brother in thoughtful conference, and I knew their trouble. I could guess at their hundred annoyances, how their pride was put upon the rack, and how they suffered in their tender hearts. Mark found a situation as tutor, and Edward practiced economy in ways whose outward signs I understood well enough. He had worked very hard through the summer, and this trouble and vexation on his mother's account had a frightful effect upon him, spite of all I could do, as time went on. Physically, he was nervous and sensitive as a girl, and running down all the while.

When I could stand it no longer, seeing him in this state, getting worse all the while, and never gaining on himself, I said to him one day, in the hope that a shock would do him good, rouse him, set some spring into new action,

"Edward Hale, what is the matter with you? I want you to tell me. No dodging, Sir. Out with it."

He looked at me amazed. It wasn't the way I usually spoke to him.

"Why, South," said he, "are you crazy? Nothing's the matter."

"Yes—yes there is. You're getting thin and peaked, and you've got some sort of a big, horrid pack on your back. Just throw it on me; my shoulders are broad."

He laughed, but he grew very red.

"I would rather not have you laugh that way," said I. "What you need, Ed, is a father to look after you just now. Use me like one—do."

With that he grew pale. Then I said, as if I meant to change the subject,

"Edward, do you remember your father?"

"Why no, South; how should I?"

"You are very like him."

He started up. "Why, Mr. South! did you ever know my father?"

"Do you think I know you, Edward?" said I.

"I hope you do. You've seen enough of me, I should think."

"I knew him a great sight better, when he used to live here, almost, in this shop."

"He did? Just as I do? Only he never plagued you so. And that's the reason you let me take to you! You knew it all the while!"

"He's plagued me more, and been more to me, and done more for me, and I've loved him better, and thought of him oftener, and inquired of the Lord on his account oftener than—Edward, why isn't your name Racy instead of Hale?"

He sat and looked at me in dumb wonder.

"Haven't you ever heard about him, or any thing?" said I. "Tell me truly, if you haven't or if you have. Before God, I'll tell you every word."

"Tell," said he.

And I told him all that it was right Racy's son should know from me. When I had finished he got up and threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, and sobbed. But he said not one word.

By-and-by I said,

"Speak, Edward."

"To-morrow you and I will go to Bridgeport. We must talk with mother."

"She won't touch that money though."

"Of course not."

"But you will."

"Not I, South."

"Then you expect him back as well as I? It isn't devilish pride?"

A shiver passed over him.

"South, he never should have gone."

"No, he should not," I acknowledged; "but

he went. And so, I believe it as surely as I know that he went, he will come back. She was proud and left him; that's your mother, Edward. But it was a dangerous experiment. I don't believe, I never can believe, she meant to stay. But he was proud as well as she, and he went too. Dead or living, I *know* he has seen—I pray that he has seen in the flesh—the folly of changing his battle-ground."

"I don't know," said Edward.

Poor young fellow! glorious child! He worked on at his map, point by point, and stroke by stroke, just as his father would have done, till dark. Then he went home. He didn't come down again next day. I concluded, therefore, that he must have gone to Bridgeport without me, but toward night a boy came to the shop with a note like this:

"Dear South, can you come down here? I don't know what the matter with me, but I've been in bed all day and I don't want to get up. I believe I am going to have something. Die, perhaps."

He had a fever. Typhus, of course.

It ran like a race-horse thirty days. All the doctors we could bring to bear upon it couldn't check it any more than they could have checked the rapids of Niagara River. His mother was down there taking care of him. This trouble added to her other trouble—but she was one of the sort that takes a new stand forward, never back, with every new affliction. She thought he would die. We all thought so. Nobody said it, but we could see it plain enough in each other's eyes.

He had worked so hard all summer, exposing himself to night damps, and all the rest; then his mother's trouble, and I had finished the business, meaning to finish it in such another fashion.

I told his mother what I had done. Of course, what else could I do? She liked me the worse for it. She said it was not my secret; that I had taken an inexcusable liberty, and, what could I say? I only said,

"Madam, I feared that what has happened *would* happen, and I used my knowledge as a remedy and preventive: had surely not obtained my knowledge in any dishonorable way! If I made a mistake, which isn't clear yet, I did so seeing the occasion required a desperate measure."

And she having expressed her opinion, and I mine, it wasn't like her or me to hang on to the subject.

Not long after Edward was down with the fever Mark came to me and said,

"Mr. South, I thank you for giving our father to Edward and me. He wants you to say so for him, and I—I say it for myself."

There was some comfort in that.

One day, while we were in the thick of our tribulation and anxiety, a customer came into the shop and asked to look at one of the latest chronometers. I was just leaving for my house. Miles was about waiting on the man, when

something made me go back to the counter and say to Miles, "Take this box to Mrs. South, John, and get your tea. I shall not be home till late in the evening. You can say so to Mrs. South. Come back as soon as possible."

Then I turned toward the customer who asked to see my latest chronometers. They wanted a flood of light for exhibition, so I turned on the gas, and laid one box and case after another on the counter, there wasn't another collection so large to be had outside of Boston. Here was a man to appreciate the show.

When I heard Miles close the shop door I followed him and locked it; then I came back, but I don't know *how* I got across the floor to my old seat in the window before the slab. It was some time then, at least to me it seemed so, before I could say,

"Racy, come here and sit down."

He came, without a word, and sat down in his old place; and I can not tell you, I never could tell even my wife, what followed in the next ten minutes. God knows it all—how grateful I was—how I thanked Him—how two men were like two children before Him.

I know how much I was startled at last by the sound of my own voice, as much as if I had roared out the words,

"Mr. Racy, I knew that you would come."

"How did you think I'd come?" said he. Oh it was enough to hear him speaking that way, and to see what manner of man he was.

"Just as you have, Sir! only there's ten thousand times more of it."

"Not in bulk, any way," said he, "nor in fortune either, South. I've made three fortunes, and lost every one. Fire and flood have followed me. At last I made up my mind that the Almighty meant I should come back empty-handed, as I went out. And so I've come and left my pride behind me."

"Born again!" said I. He did look like an angel. "To begin all new, at the beginning. But a rich man to boot." And I told him what I had done, and what his wife had done, and was; and his boys, what they were. But then I must tell about Edward, as Edward was that night, and I said,

"There's one of the lads sick now in my house. By-the-way, Racy, it's your house. We have lived in it ever since, keeping the fire going till you came back. Come home with me."

He put his hand in mine without one word. Indeed he had become as a little child. It was meet he should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I took him home.

Edward was asleep when we went in. Phoebe and I had given the upper story of the house over to them for their use, and I knew where I should find Mrs. Hale and Mark. I told him so. Mrs. Hale! She had taken her uncle's name then, said Racy. And Mark. The boy's name once was Walter. Well. It was right.

I still held Racy by the hand when we walked into that little death-still parlor where his wife

and son were sitting. For about five minutes after every thing went spinning round me, I saw nothing, I heard nothing, till at last there came a sound, as of a voice speaking far off on some great height. It was saying, and every word was burned into my memory:

"O reconciling Saviour, who didst bring back the world to God, Thou hast in all human relationships symbolized Thy tender love. Perfect Thou the symbol we here have dishonored. Complete Thy beneficence to us. Thou who hast given to us the heavenly, give to us this earthly father, with Thine own peace and blessing in the gift."

And when I looked at them I was as one filled with bewilderment, not knowing whether I was among the angels of heaven, so glorified were all those countenances.

This thing happened twenty years ago.

I have written it down because Pauline and Edward said to me, not long since, "Father, where is that 'Tract for the Times' you have been promising ever since you got into such a rage over Carlyle?"

I was so mad at Carlyle for pulling down all the strong-holds of our faith and hope, and not putting into our hands so much as a rush-light when he would have sent us out shivering and naked into the darkness of chaos.

I thought I could see how the experiences of these, my dearest friends on earth, threw a strong light on some points before which certain philosophers sit down with despairing eyes and sorrowful countenances.

OVERLAND FROM ST. PAUL TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

BRIGHT shone the sun on a warm July afternoon when a cavalcade of carriages and baggage-wagons drove from the portico of the International Hotel at St. Paul, on a journey across prairies and through forests to reach the far-famed Lake Superior. Kind friends assembled to bid farewell; the polite landlord handed the ladies to their seats; waiters and porters gathered to wish "good luck," and to wonder (no doubt) why people who could sleep on good beds, and "fare sumptuously every day," should choose to lie on the ground and eat from tin dishes with iron forks. But it was even so; and the hearts of the youthful members of the party beat high with hope and expectation of wild adventure and romance; and those of more mature age were in nowise daunted at the prospect, although heat, dust, mosquitoes, and hostile Indians had been held up before them in terror.

The conductor proposed that after driving six miles we should encamp for the night, thus gaining the first experience of camping out at a near point to the town, so that in case of any unforeseen deficiency he could send back and have the want supplied. Accordingly, on the shores of a beautiful little lake, and near a French settle-

ment called Little Canada, the tents were pitched, a fire made, and the table-cloth spread on the grass, milk being purchased of a little French girl who hung around the encampment, enchanted with the gay laughter of the party and the unusual scene near their quiet and retired hamlet. The bell of the little chapel tolled for vespers, reminding us that we should strive "not for one moment to live the guests of such dread scenes without the springs of prayer o'erflowing all the soul." There was something so exciting in lying down on the hard ground, with all the surroundings, that it was long before we could compose ourselves to sleep. Then suddenly came a burst of joyous merriment, proceeding from the lake, where the men who had charge of the horses, accompanied by Antoine, a foreign attendant of the party, had gone to wash off the dust of the day. Long and loud were the shouts, and above them all rang forth the voice of Antoine. The horses were near the sleepers, they, with the wagons, forming a sort of semicircle at the back of the tents.

In the early morning the ladies bathed in the lake; and after a breakfast of fish caught from Bass Lake, one mile distant, we again moved forward. Bass Lake, which we next passed, is a beautiful sheet of water, adorned with lovely white lilies. The ground on one side rises to a height of forty feet, and the slope was covered with groups of cattle. A solitary man occupied a small house in the neighborhood.

From Bass Lake we moved on through the sandy road and across the prairie to Rice Lake, stopping to water at the log-cabin of a German, and thence proceeded to the town of Columbus. The heat was excessive, and the drought had been severe, making the sand in the roads very deep; but the horses were the only sufferers. All were impressed with the solitude of the scene. Hour after hour passed by, and not a human being nor a dwelling was visible. Indeed, during the whole journey of two hundred and ten miles we met only six wagons. Columbus, comprising only one house, was nevertheless laid out on paper for a large city, having streets eighty feet wide, with churches, school-houses, etc. So confined also were the limits of this house that we were obliged to eat the excellent dinner which the landlady provided in the kitchen, where glowed an ample fire not at all needed for our comfort, with the thermometer at 90°.

The landlord threw out some words of discouragement as to what was in store for us, and fears were entertained by the more enthusiastic of the party that the wiser heads might propose beating a retreat. The horses were fagged, and the heat and dust still continued to be excessive. But the hearts that composed the party were made of unyielding stuff. "Onward" had been their motto through life; and so when Wyoming—another large city, containing *two* houses—was reached after a drive of eight miles, and a consultation was held, the most delicate of the ladies boasted of Herculean strength, and the

young gentlemen and ladies declared that, rather than yield to any thing so ignominious as a return to St. Paul, they would *walk* to Bayfield! So after deciding on driving to Sunrise the next day, we prepared ourselves to enjoy Mrs. Tomblor's good fare, and the ladies were accommodated with a large sleeping-room and good beds, leaving the gentlemen, in American fashion, to sleep on the floor in an ante-chamber.

Wyoming is on a dead level, and could not without too much poetical license be called "fair." But as the carriages passed through these vast solitudes, the mind was busy picturing the time, not far distant, when inhabitants should people these solitary places; and when the lovely prairie flowers every where abounding should be transferred to well-arranged gardens, and the white pond-lilies covering the little lakes should grow in artificial ponds within the pleasure-grounds of country seats.

And now, the next morning—more hesitation, no abatement of dust, though the dew had made the night cool—there arose a question: Should we make for Prescott and take a Mississippi boat? But Sunrise seemed such a tempting name, and the "onward" feeling was so predominant, that, though the more delicate ones drooped a little with the heat (which through all these days was from 90° to 100° in the shade), the drive to Sunrise was decided on. The road, as heretofore, lay through deep sand—deeper because for nearly two months previous no rain had fallen—but lovely flowers abounded; and from the carriage where the young people were seated voices raised swelling notes to sing heart-stirring strains, and still were they urged on to sing again the old loved melodies.

On reaching Sunrise we found that the place did not correspond with its name. It proved to be a miserably small and unfinished village, where were stationed a company of soldiers to allay the fears of the inhabitants respecting the Indians. The terror which had been aroused by the massacres of the Sioux in Minnesota the previous autumn had reached thus far. On the Sunrise River were a saw-mill and school-house. The water was clear and cold, and fine fish are sometimes taken there; but the fisherman of our party had no success. Deep black sand abounded in this place. We passed the night at Sunrise, the gentlemen sleeping in one of the tents, and the ladies in rooms where unplastered laths permitted free vision and ventilation.

After breakfast the next morning we left the village, and made our way to the ferry over the St. Croix River, which is the dividing line between Minnesota and Wisconsin. The ferryman was absent and the scow on the other side. But two of the active young teamsters swam the river and brought it over; and, after two or three hours' delay, the whole party crossed, together with an additional wagon to convey oats for the remainder of the journey. From what we had been told we expected, after leaving Sunrise, "to bowl along" over the ground. But, alas for human hopes, a new road had been laid,

and for the first and last time we were jolted over several miles of stumps and stones and rough uneven ground. One carriage was in advance of the others, containing a gentleman, three ladies, and the driver, when suddenly a gust of wind arose and a strong smell of smoke and burning wood filled the air. The sky was overcast, and we felt that we were too far ahead of our party. So a halt was made; some refreshment and rest revived our minds and bodies, and reassuring ourselves and our driver, who feared a burning prairie ahead, a hail-storm, or hostile Indians, we waited trustingly till the others should come up. Soon were heard the cheerful voices of Billy and Tommy, two young wagoners, exulting over the capture of a tiny partridge. From the first encampment the young gentlemen supplied the party with wild pigeons, prairie hens, partridges, and ducks.

After meeting and exchanging mutual congratulations at the cool breeze which had arisen, all jogged merrily forward, hoping soon to find a spring of water. A spring there was, but so obscurely marked that the forward carriage passed it. There we met a mail-carrier in a one-horse wagon—quite an event—and we all stopped and spoke a few words to him, and then moved on again. Steadily we advanced till lo! at last a house, and a barn, and a lovely spring of water, and a river! Here it was determined we should pass the night, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The horses were refreshed with oats and water. One carriage was drawn by a pair of mules, remarkable for their instrumentality in saving between sixty and seventy persons from the late Sioux massacres. Good, stout little mules they were.

Our landlady at Wood River was an interesting woman, but seemed in feeble health. She was a "good shot," and said that it was necessary in winter, as the wolves came to her very door. A little Norwegian girl found a home in this family; and, with all her cares and weakness, the kind lady was teaching this child. Her open book lay on the table. Oh, many a lesson can be learned in the lowly habitation of the poor! Too many, alas! despising these humble followers, forget our Saviour's words: "Who-soever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." The little Norwegian Anna seemed anxious to do all in her power for us, and assisted the ladies in preparing their own simple meal. We were told that about two miles from Wood River is a Norwegian settlement of about forty families, possessing barely the necessities of life, but very industrious and religious.

After a good night in our tents and a comfortable breakfast the next morning we took leave, enveloped in every available article of warmth, for the day was very cold. We drove on, passing the Kelth Rapids; and, while the horses were being watered, conversed with and gave books to two or three Swedes—young men with fine faces, who seemed happy to receive a

few words of kindness. At Wood River, while we were sitting around the table, a French Canadian and his son—a lad of twelve years—suddenly dropped in. They had walked thirty miles that day, and as our route was theirs we invited them to ride on one of our baggage-wagons for the next day's journey. We lunched at Clam River, where we met the first Indians; and one of them having a canoe, the ladies were paddled up and down the river, seated in the bottom of the frail bark. Clam River is a tributary of the St. Croix. At the spot where the party paused the view was perfectly beautiful. It contained all the requisites for the picturesque—a cottage, a river, a bridge, undulating ground, a group of Indians, and a canoe. The owner of the house was a Virginian, his wife a Norwegian. They seemed much gratified with the little books given to the children, and received the party, as did the few other families encountered on the road, as welcome guests, hanging around them, anxious to serve in some way. The young Indian who paddled the canoe for the ladies said that on the day before he had brought three barrels of flour from the Falls—a place seven miles distant. It showed that the canoe, although so light and airy in appearance, was in reality very strong.

Eight miles further on we came to Yellow Lake. Here is a trading post, a house owned by a half-breed Indian, and two or three wigwams. The road during the afternoon lay along the banks of the Yellow River, which takes its rise in Yellow Lake; and the encampment for the night was at the junction of the Yellow and St. Croix rivers. Here, too, the site of ground chosen was beautiful. A good bridge spanned the river. A settlement had once been made here by a company from New York, and the frame of a mill was still standing. But they became discouraged and left the place, and the Indians destroyed all traces of their buildings. This spot had evidently been a famous Indian camping ground. The land rose gradually from the river to quite an elevation, and the gentle slope was covered with the bones of animals on which the red men had at various times feasted.

A short distance from where our encampment was made was a high knoll, on which were several Indian graves. A tall pole marked the place. Some of the graves were covered with an inclosure of birch bark and boards. The golden sunshine rested around and adorned these simple, lonely tombs of the poor children of the forest; and those who with such care had laid the sleepers in their silent beds had moved on, probably never again to stand upon the spot where once they paused to lament their dead. Back of our tents and very elevated was a formation of ground which one of the drivers said had been a fort, and beneath which it was thought many bodies were interred. A very heavy dew fell during the night, and breakfast would have passed off as but a melancholy affair had it not been for Antoine's excellent soup—such soup as only French cookery could have

supplied. He had pronounced the poultry when first purchased as of "the time of Le Général Washington;" nevertheless, he managed to set before the hungry travelers most admirable dishes therefrom. He was full of wonder "why" and "what for" his ladies came there; but as they were there he endeavored to turn all the discomforts into causes of merriment, ever ready with some droll remark to excite the laughter of the youthful members of the party. Handing the young ladies water—rather warm, sometimes not quite clean, and in a tin cup—on observing them drink it eagerly, he would remark, "Ah, it is much better than iced water in a silver pitcher."

Long the party lingered around this encampment, unwilling to leave such a beautiful spot. But the conductor was anxious to reach Nimakogan at noon; so once more the cavalcade took up the line of march. At noon we passed a stream, which the driver said abounded in trout; but as it was Sunday none of the party felt inclined to fish. Whortleberries were plentiful along the road-side, and we occasionally paused to refresh ourselves with a few of them. The ground here became more broken, but the road was good and the weather perfect.

Nimakogan, at the junction of the St. Croix and Nimakogan rivers, was a romantic spot. A good bridge crossed the river, where a short time ago was only a ferry-boat. We stopped at the house of a lumber merchant, and gathered together in a small but clean room for morning service. We invited the men around to join with us in worshipping God, and a few accepted the invitation. The lessons for the day proclaimed the Lord God as the great "I Am;" and as the solemn petitions of the Liturgy arose we hoped that the hearts of these men, living far from all the means of grace, might be touched. After service we had dinner at the house. A young German waited on us with a sort of affectionate and earnest zeal. He was the cook of the establishment, and extremely neat and orderly in all his arrangements. He seemed pleased to receive a present of a Testament, and when asked if he would read it, replied, in a serious and decided tone, "I will." At two o'clock we left them, refreshed in body and mind.

After driving two miles, all became aware of a proximity to burning woods. Trees and grass in flames seemed to surround us. As we drove on the fire extended to the right and left. The conductor rushed ahead, knocking over one or two charred trees, one falling but a moment before the carriage reached the spot. While the conductor was running through the fire he picked up a young rabbit, which was bewildered by the smoke, and gave it to one of the young ladies. Poor Bunny! in spite of all the fostering care of its loving protector it lived only two days. Not one drop of milk could be procured from Wood River to Bayfield. After passing the burning district we came to a country where we saw numberless evergreens, occasionally

many acres being overgrown with young pines and balsam-firs. Then, again, appeared a large district covered with half-burnt trees—charred trees still standing, others lying on the ground in wild confusion—no signs of vegetation to be seen. We passed numerous small lakes, many of them very beautiful, and some inviting camping grounds. But the conductor advised going as far as Antoine Gordon's, the usual stopping-place.

At seven o'clock the weary horses drew up at this station. It was not very attractive in external appearance, having no inclosure in front, which was a barren sandy area. At the left of the house stood a garden, blighted by a heavy frost the night before (July 11), which killed all the corn. We found Mrs. Gordon anxious to accommodate us, and as the dew was falling heavily we thought it best to take shelter under her roof. So we spread our table-cloth in the kitchen, while she cooked in a shed adjoining. Her husband, a French half-breed, was absent. She was the daughter of an Englishman, and her mother—a squaw—lived in a wigwam on the plain in front of her daughter's house. Another wigwam was seen in the distance. Mrs. Gordon spoke English, French, and Chippewa fluently, and waited on all the party with much alacrity.

Leaving there at half past seven in the morning and driving twenty-two miles, we came to the loveliest spot that a wilderness could ever contain—a beautiful lake about six miles in circumference, in the centre of which arose an island covered with fine trees. The house stood facing the lake, with a lawn gently sloping to the water's edge, where was a small dock and a little boat. On either side of the house was a well-kept and well-arranged garden. The frost had not visited this place. A neat log barn was at a convenient distance from the house, and an ice repository occupied an accessible place near the lake. The forest, vocal with birds, formed a semicircle in the rear. As we entered the house, the neatly-ceiled walls, the Indian mats covering the floors, the vases filled with white pond-lilies and other flowers, and the general aspect of two bedrooms adjoining the parlor, so delighted the party and appeared so much like civilization, that the ladies were clamorous in their requests to go no further that day. So after due consultation it was decided upon, as best for the tired people and somewhat jaded horses, to tarry a while at this tempting resting-place.

Those who wished to bathe soon plunged into the waters of Island Lake, and found it most refreshing to wash off the dust of the drive in the soft clear water. One of the young ladies "pushed the light shallop from the shore," and well could she appear as "Lady of the Lake;" for, with her bright face beaming with happiness and in her picturesque woodland costume, she paddled the boat toward the Island. Oh! when did dinner ever so gratify the taste of hungry wanderers as that prepared by Mrs. Taylor, aided and directed by Antoine! After dinner

the party separated—some to fish, others to shoot; some to read, and others to rest. One lady sat apart and sketched the scene. What an oasis, what a paradise this lovely spot appeared! so replete with comforts, so neat and so inviting. At evening the hunters returned with game, and the fishermen with fine perch and bass; and we were regaled with a fine supper of nicely-cooked fish and duck. We took entire possession of Mrs. Taylor's house; all lay down and slept peacefully. Most reluctantly in the morning did we prepare to depart; and gladly would the kind landlord and landlady have detained us, for this solitary couple lived far from any human habitation, twenty-two miles being the distance to the nearest neighbor. No lady had visited the house in more than a year. But they made themselves happy by their industry and good management; thus securing for themselves every comfort of which their situation admitted. The mail-carrier passed through twice a week on foot. He was an Indian half-breed, and carried his burden on his back with a strap around his forehead. We heard that he walked forty miles a day for two days consecutively.

After leaving Taylor's the train of wagons soon plunged into the woods, and here for a whole day we drove through a splendid forest over an excellent road. The hearts of the travelers were lifted in adoration to the great Creator, as their eyes were raised to trace the height of those silent monarchs that for years had reigned in these vast solitudes. Beautiful ferns and a variety of lovely vines grew at the base of the trees and on the side of the road, and red wintergreen berries covered the fallen logs. All day long there seemed to be some new variety of the vegetable creation to cause wonder and admiration. Occasionally some of the party would alight and take long walks. Near a pretty little lake and under some of the majestic trees all were seated at noon for luncheon.

Two of the party walked on ahead, and becoming fatigued, seated themselves on a log at the edge of the wood. Suddenly two Indians made their appearance, and although Indians they could not conceal their astonishment at seeing a lady and gentleman quietly seated in that lonely spot. They asked, in broken English, where we were from and whither we were going? On being told, they said: "You walk all the way?" "No," we said; "carriages behind and more people." They then spoke a few words together and vanished in the woods. On going further they were found standing at the door of a house, where dwelt a brother of Antoine Gordon's. This was twenty-two miles from Taylor's, and the last station before reaching Bayfield.

About sixteen miles from Gordon's we had our last encampment. It was cold, and four large camp-fires were made; and as different groups gathered around them, and night set in, the effect of the scene was beautiful, and furnished a good subject for a sketch, which was made. The beds that night were luxurious.

All hands were busily at work gathering ferns and spreading them on the ground before the canvas was laid down. So we slept grandly on that last night of "camping out."

How sad the thought that it was the last! So pleasant had been the journey, so charming had been the interchange of thought, so strongly had this sojourn in the wilderness bound the sympathetic hearts together, that as the end drew near all shrank from it and wished it might

yet be postponed. But Bayfield would be reached at noon. So we ate our last breakfast in the wilderness; and when will fish and eggs be enjoyed with such a relish? When will those dear old woods again resound with so much gaiety and mirth?

Another pleasant drive of twenty-six miles over a wild hilly country, and lo! the white houses of little Bayfield, the blue waters of the lake in the distance, the old church at La Point.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING.

THE fourteenth of February was finally settled as the day on which Mr. Crosbie was to be made the happiest of men. A later day had been at first named, the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth having been suggested as an improvement over the first week in March; but Lady Amelia had been frightened by Crosbie's behavior on that Sunday evening, and had made the countess understand that there should be no unnecessary delay. "He doesn't scruple at that kind of thing," Lady Amelia had said, in one of her letters, showing perhaps less trust in the potency of her own rank than might have been expected from her. The countess, however, had agreed with her, and when Crosbie received from his mother-in-law a very affectionate epistle setting forth all the reasons which would make the fourteenth so much more convenient a day than the twenty-eighth, he was unable to invent an excuse for not being made happy a fortnight ear-

lier than the time named in the bargain. His first impulse had been against yielding, arising from some feeling which made him think that more than the bargain ought not to be exacted. But what was the use to him of quarreling? What the use, at least, of quarreling just then? He believed that he could more easily enfranchise himself from the De Courcy tyranny when he should be once married than he could do now. When Lady Alexandrina should be his own he would let her know that he intended to be her master. If in doing so it would be necessary that he should divide himself altogether from the De Courcys, such division should be made. At the present moment he would yield to them, at any rate in this matter. And so the fourteenth of February was fixed for the marriage.

In the second week in January Alexandrina came up to look after her things; or, in more noble language, to fit herself with becoming bridal appanages. As she could not properly do all this work alone, or even under the surveillance and with the assistance of a sister, Lady De Courcy was to come up also. But Alexandrina came first, remaining with her sister in St. John's Wood till the countess should arrive. The countess had never yet condescended to accept of her son-in-law's hospitality, but always went to the cold, comfortless house in Portman Square—the house which had been the De Courcy town family mansion for many years, and which the countess would long since have willingly exchanged for some abode on the other side of Oxford Street; but the earl had been obdurate; his clubs and certain lodgings which he had occasionally been wont to occupy were on the right side of Oxford Street; why should he change his old family residence? So the countess was coming up to Portman Square, not having been even asked on this occasion to St. John's Wood.

"Don't you think we'd better?" Mr. Gazebee had said to his wife, almost trembling at the renewal of his own proposition.

"I think not, my dear," Lady Amelia had answered. "Mamma is not very particular; but there are little things, you know—"

"Oh yes, of course," said Mr. Gazebee; and then the conversation had been dropped. He would most willingly have entertained his august mother-in-law during her visit to the me-

tropolis, and yet her presence in his house would have made him miserable as long as she remained there.

But for a week Alexandrina sojourned under Mr. Gazebee's roof, during which time Crosbie was made happy with all the delights of an expectant bridegroom. Of course he was given to understand that he was to dine at the Gazebee's every day, and spend all his evenings there; and, under the circumstances, he had no excuse for not doing so. Indeed, at the present moment, his hours would otherwise have hung heavily enough upon his hands. In spite of his bold resolution with reference to his eye, and his intention not to be debarred from the pleasures of society by the marks of the late combat, he had not, since that occurrence, frequented his club very closely; and though London was now again becoming fairly full, he did not find himself going out so much as had been his wont. The brilliance of his coming marriage did not seem to have added much to his popularity; in fact, the world—his world—was beginning to look coldly at him. Therefore that daily attendance at St. John's Wood was not felt to be so irksome as might have been expected.

A residence had been taken for the couple in a very fashionable row of buildings abutting upon the Bayswater Road, called Princess Royal Crescent. The house was quite new, and the street being unfinished had about it a strong smell of mortar, and a general aspect of builders' poles and brickbats; but nevertheless, it was acknowledged to be a quite correct locality. From one end of the crescent a corner of Hyde Park could be seen, and the other abutted on a very handsome terrace indeed, in which lived an ambassador—from South America—a few bankers' senior clerks, and a peer of the realm. We know how vile is the sound of Baker Street, and how absolutely foul to the polite ear is the name of Fitzroy Square. The houses, however, in those purlieus are substantial, warm, and of good size. The house in Princess Royal Crescent was certainly not substantial, for in these days substantially-built houses do not pay. It could hardly have been warm, for, to speak the truth, it was even yet not finished throughout; and as for the size, though the drawing-room was a noble apartment, consisting of a section of the whole house, with a corner cut out for the staircase, it was very much cramped in its other parts, and was made like a cherub, in this respect, that it had no rear belonging to it. "But if you have no private fortune of your own you can not have every thing," as the countess observed when Crosbie objected to the house because a closet under the kitchen-stairs was to be assigned to him as his own dressing-room.

When the question of the house was first debated Lady Amelia had been anxious that St. John's Wood should be selected as the site, but to this Crosbie had positively objected.

"I think you don't like St. John's Wood," Lady Amelia had said to him somewhat sternly, thinking to awe him into a declaration that he

entertained no general enmity to the neighborhood. But Crosbie was not weak enough for this.

"No; I do not," he said. "I have always disliked it. It amounts to a prejudice, I dare say. But if I were made to live here I am convinced I should cut my throat in the first six months."

Lady Amelia had then drawn herself up, declaring her sorrow that her house should be so hateful to him.

"Oh dear, no," said he. "I like it very much for you, and enjoy coming here of all things. I speak only of the effect which living here myself would have upon me."

Lady Amelia was quite clever enough to understand it all; but she had her sister's interest at heart, and therefore persevered in her affectionate solicitude for her brother-in-law, giving up that point as to St. John's Wood. Crosbie himself had wished to go to one of the new Pimlico squares, down near Vauxhall Bridge and the river, actuated chiefly by consideration of the enormous distance lying between that locality and the northern region in which Lady Amelia lived; but to this Lady Alexandrina had objected strongly. If, indeed, they could have achieved Eaton Square, or a street leading out of Eaton Square—if they could have crept on to the hem of the skirt of Belgravia—the bride would have been delighted. And at first she was very nearly being taken in with the idea that such was the proposal made to her. Her geographical knowledge of Pimlico had not been perfect, and she had nearly fallen into a fatal error. But a friend had kindly intervened. "For Heaven's sake, my dear, don't let him take you any where beyond Eccleston Square!" had been exclaimed to her in dismay by a faithful married friend. Thus warned, Alexandrina had been firm, and now their tent was to be pitched in Princess Royal Crescent, from one end of which the Hyde Park may be seen.

The furniture had been ordered chiefly under the inspection and by the experience of the Lady Amelia. Crosbie had satisfied himself by declaring that she at any rate could get the things cheaper than he could buy them, and that he had no taste for such employment. Nevertheless, he had felt that he was being made subject to tyranny and brought under the thumb of subjection. He could not go cordially into this matter of beds and chairs, and therefore at last deputed the whole matter to the De Courcy faction. And for this there was another reason, not hitherto mentioned. Mr. Mortimer Gazebee was finding the money with which all the furniture was being bought. He, with an honest but almost unintelligible zeal for the De Courcy family, had tied up every shilling on which he could lay his hand as belonging to Crosbie, in the interest of Lady Alexandrina. He had gone to work for her, scraping here and arranging there, strapping the new husband down upon the grindstone of his matrimonial settlement, as though the future bread of his, Gazebee's, own children were dependent on the

validity of his legal workmanship. And for this he was not to receive a penny, or gain any advantage, immediate or ulterior. It came from his zeal—his zeal for the coronet which Lord De Courcy wore. According to his mind an earl and an earl's belongings were entitled to such zeal. It was the theory in which he had been educated, and amounted to a worship which, unconsciously, he practiced. Personally, he disliked Lord De Courcy, who ill-treated him. He knew that the earl was a heartless, cruel, bad man. But as an earl he was entitled to an amount of service which no commoner could have commanded from Mr. Gazebee. Mr. Gazebee, having thus tied up all the available funds in favor of Lady Alexandrina's seemingly expected widowhood, was himself providing the money with which the new house was to be furnished. "You can pay me a hundred and fifty a year with four per cent. till it is liquidated," he said to Crosbie; and Crosbie had assented with a grunt. Hitherto, though he had lived in London expensively, and as a man of fashion, he had never owed any one any thing. He was now to begin that career of owing. But when a clerk in a public office marries an earl's daughter he can not expect to have every thing his own way.

Lady Amelia had bought the ordinary furniture—the beds, the stair-carpet, the washing-stands, and the kitchen things. Gazebee had got a bargain of the dinner-table and sideboard. But Lady Alexandrina herself was to come up with reference to the appurtenances of the drawing-room. It was with reference to matters of costume that the countess intended to lend her assistance—matters of costume as to which the bill could not be sent in to Gazebee, and be paid for by him with five per cent. duly charged against the bridegroom. The bridal trousseau must be produced by De Courcy's means, and, therefore, it was necessary that the countess herself should come upon the scene. "I will have no bills, d'ye hear?" snarled the earl, gnashing and snapping upon his words with one specially ugly black tooth. "I won't have any bills about this affair." And yet he made no offer of ready money. It was very necessary under such circumstances that the countess herself should come upon the scene. An ambiguous hint had been conveyed to Mr. Gazebee, during a visit of business which he had lately made to Courcy Castle, that the milliner's bills might as well be pinned on to those of the furniture-makers, the crockery-mongers, and the like. The countess, putting it in her own way, had gently suggested that the fashion of the thing had changed lately, and that such an arrangement was considered to be the proper thing among people who lived really in the world. But Gazebee was a clear-headed, honest man; and he knew the countess. He did not think that such an arrangement could be made on the present occasion. Whereupon the countess pushed her suggestion no further, but made up her mind that she must come up to London herself.

It was pleasant to see the Ladies Amelia and Alexandrina, as they sat within a vast emporium of carpets in Bond Street, asking questions of the four men who were waiting upon them, putting their heads together and whispering, calculating accurately as to extra twopences a yard, and occasioning as much trouble as it was possible for them to give. It was pleasant because they managed their large hoops cleverly among the huge rolls of carpets, because they were enjoying themselves thoroughly, and taking to themselves the homage of the men as clearly their due. But it was not so pleasant to look at Crosbie, who was fidgeting to get away to his office, to whom no power of choosing in the matter was really given, and whom the men regarded as being altogether supernumerary. The ladies had promised to be at the shop by half past ten, so that Crosbie should reach his office at eleven—or a little after. But it was nearly eleven before they left the Gazebee residence, and it was very evident that half an hour among the carpets would be by no means sufficient. It seemed as though miles upon miles of gorgeous coloring were unrolled before them; and then when any pattern was regarded as at all practicable, it was unrolled backward and forward till a room was nearly covered by it. Crosbie felt for the men who were hauling about the huge heaps of material; but Lady Amelia sat as composed as though it were her duty to inspect every yard of stuff in the warehouse. "I think we'll look at that one at the bottom again." Then the men went to work and removed a mountain. "No, my dear, that green in the scroll-work won't do. It would fly directly if any hot water were spilt." The man smiling ineffably, declared that that particular green never flew any where. But Lady Amelia paid no attention to him, and the carpet for which the mountain had been removed became part of another mountain.

"That might do," said Alexandrina, gazing upon a magnificent crimson ground, through which rivers of yellow meandered, carrying with them in their streams an infinity of blue flowers. And as she spoke she held her head gracefully on one side, and looked down upon the carpet doubtfully. Lady Amelia poked it with her parasol as though to test its durability, and whispered something about yellows showing the dirt. Crosbie took out his watch and groaned.

"It's a superb carpet, my lady, and about the newest thing we have. We put down four hundred and fifty yards of it for the Duchess of South Wales, at Cwddglwlch Castle, only last month. Nobody has had it since, for it has not been in stock." Whereupon Lady Amelia again poked it, and then got up and walked upon it. Lady Alexandrina held her head a little more on one side.

"Five and three?" said Lady Amelia.

"Oh no, my lady; five and seven; and the cheapest carpet we have in the house. There is twopence a yard more in the color; there is, indeed."

"And the discount?" asked Amelia.



"THAT MIGHT DO."

"Two and a half, my lady "

"Oh dear, no," said Lady Amelia. "I always have five per cent. for immediate payment; quite immediate, you know." Upon which the man declared the question must be referred to his master. Two and a half was the rule of the house. Crosbie, who had been looking out of the window, said that upon his honor he couldn't wait any longer.

"And what do you think of it, Adolphus?" asked Alexandrina.

"Think of what?"

"Of the carpet—this one, you know!"

"Oh—what do I think of the carpet? I don't think I quite like all these yellow bands; and isn't it too red? I should have thought something brown with a small pattern would have been better. But, upon my word, I don't much care."

"Of course he doesn't," said Lady Amelia. Then the two ladies put their heads together for another five minutes, and the carpet was chosen,

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subject to that question of the discount. "And now about the rug," said Lady Amelia. But here Crosbie rebelled, and insisted that he must leave them and go to his office. "You can't want me about the rug," he said. "Well, perhaps not," said Lady Amelia. But it was manifest that Alexandrina did not approve of being thus left by her senior attendant.

The same thing happened in Oxford Street with reference to the chairs and sofas, and Crosbie began to wish that he were settled, even though he should have to dress himself in the closet below the kitchen-stairs. He was learning to hate the whole household in St. John's Wood, and almost all that belonged to it. He was introduced there to little family economies of which hitherto he had known nothing, and which were disgusting to him, and the necessity for which was especially explained to him. It was to men placed as he was about to place himself that these economies were so vitally essential—to men who with limited means had to maintain a decorous outward face toward the fashionable world. Ample supplies of butchers' meat and unlimited washing-bills might be very well upon fifteen hundred a year to those who went out but seldom, and who could use the first cab that came to hand when they did go out. But there were certain things that Lady Alexandrina must do, and therefore the strictest household economy became necessary. Would Lily Dale have required the use of a carriage, got up to look as though it were private, at the expense of her husband's beef-steaks and clean shirts? That question and others of that nature were asked by Crosbie, within his own mind, not unfrequently.

But, nevertheless, he tried to love Alexandrina, or rather to persuade himself that he loved her. If he could only get her away from the De Courcy faction, and especially from the Gazebee branch of it, he would break her of all that. He would teach her to sit triumphantly in a street cab, and to cater for her table with a plentiful hand. Teach her!—at some age over thirty, and with such careful training as she had already received! Did he intend to forbid her ever again to see her relations, ever to go to St. John's Wood, or to correspond with the countess and Lady Margaretta? Teach her, indeed! Had he yet to learn that he could not wash a blackamoor white?—that he could not have done so even had he himself been well adapted for the attempt, whereas he was in truth nearly as ill adapted as a man might be? But who could pity him? Lily, whom he might have had in his bosom, would have been no blackamoor!

Then came the time of Lady De Courcy's visit to town, and Alexandrina moved herself off to Portman Square. There was some apparent comfort in this to Crosbie; for he would thereby be saved from those daily dreary journeys up to the northwest. I may say that he positively hated that windy corner near the church, round which he had to walk in getting to the Gazebee

residence, and that he hated the lamp which guided him to the door, and the very door itself. This stood buried as it were in a wall, and opened on to a narrow passage which ran across a so-called garden, or front yard, containing on each side two iron receptacles for geraniums, painted to look like Palissy ware, and a naked female on a pedestal. No spot in London was, as he thought, so cold as the bit of pavement immediately in front of that door. And there he would be kept five, ten, fifteen minutes, as he declared—though I believe in my heart that the time never exceeded three—while Richard was putting off the trappings of his work and putting on the trappings of his grandeur.

If people would only have their doors opened to you by such assistance as may come most easily and naturally to the work! I stood lately for some minutes on a Tuesday afternoon at a gallant portal, and as I waxed impatient a pretty maiden came and opened it. She was a pretty maiden, though her hands, and face, and apron told tales of the fire-grates. "Laws, Sir," she said, "the visitors' day is Wednesday; and if you would come then there would be the man in livery!" She took my card with the corner of her apron, and did just as well as the man in livery; but what would have happened to her had her little speech been overheard by her mistress?

Crosbie hated the house in St. John's Wood, and therefore the coming of the countess was a relief to him. Portman Square was easily to be reached, and the hospitalities of the countess would not be pressed upon him so strongly as those of the Gazebees. When he first called he was shown into the great family dining-room, which looked out toward the back of the house. The front windows were, of course, closed, as the family was not supposed to be in London. Here he remained in the room for some quarter of an hour, and then the countess descended upon him in all her grandeur. Perhaps he had never before seen her so grand. Her dress was very large, and rustled through the broad doorway, as if demanding even a broader passage. She had on a wonder of a bonnet, and a velvet mantle that was nearly as expansive as her petticoats. She threw her head a little back as she accosted him, and he instantly perceived that he was enveloped in the fumes of an affectionate but somewhat contemptuous patronage. In old days he had liked the countess, because her manner to him had always been flattering. In his intercourse with her he had been able to feel that he gave quite as much as he got, and that the countess was aware of the fact. In all the circumstances of their acquaintance the ascendancy had been with him, and therefore the acquaintance had been a pleasant one. The countess had been a good-natured, agreeable woman, whose rank and position had made her house pleasant to him; and therefore he had consented to shine upon her with such light as he had to give. Why was it that the matter was re-

versed, now that there was so much stronger a cause for good feeling between them? He knew that there was such change, and with bitter internal upbraidings he acknowledged to himself that this woman was getting the mastery over him. As the friend of the countess he had been a great man in her eyes; in all her little words and looks she had acknowledged his power; but now, as her son-in-law, he was to become a very little man—such as was Mortimer Gazebee!

"My dear Adolphus," she said, taking both his hands, "the day is coming very near now; is it not?"

"Very near, indeed," he said.

"Yes, it is very near. I hope you feel yourself a happy man."

"Oh yes, that's of course."

"It ought to be. Speaking very seriously, I mean that it ought to be a matter of course. She is every thing that a man should desire in a wife. I am not alluding now to her rank, though of course you feel what a great advantage she gives you in this respect."

Crosbie muttered something as to his consciousness of having drawn a prize in the lottery; but he so muttered it as not to convey to the lady's ears a proper sense of his dependent gratitude. "I know of no man more fortunate than you have been," she continued; "and I hope that my dear girl will find that you are fully aware that it is so. I think that she is looking rather fagged. You have allowed her to do more than was good for her in the way of shopping."

"She has done a good deal, certainly," said Crosbie.

"She is so little used to any thing of that kind! But of course, as things have turned out, it was necessary that she should see to these things herself."

"I rather think she liked it," said Crosbie.

"I believe she will always like doing her duty. We are just going now to Madame Millefranc's, to see some silks; perhaps you would wish to go with us?"

Just at this moment Alexandrina came into the room, and looked as though she were in all respects a smaller edition of her mother. They were both well-grown women, with handsome, large figures, and a certain air about them which answered almost for beauty. As to the countess, her face, on close inspection, bore, as it was entitled to do, deep signs of age; but she so managed her face that any such close inspection was never made; and her general appearance for her time of life was certainly good. Very little more than this could be said in favor of her daughter.

"Oh dear, no, mamma," she said, having heard her mother's last words. "He's the worst person in a shop in the world. He likes nothing, and dislikes nothing. Do you, Adolphus?"

"Indeed I do. I like all the cheap things, and dislike all the dear things."

"Then you certainly shall not go with us to Madame Millefranc's," said Alexandrina.

"It would not matter to him there, you know, my dear," said the countess, thinking perhaps of the suggestion she had lately made to Mr. Gazebee.

On this occasion Crosbie managed to escape, simply promising to return to Portman Square in the evening after dinner. "By-the-by, Adolphus," said the countess, as he handed her into the hired carriage which stood at the door, "I wish you would go to Lambert's, on Ludgate Hill, for me. He has had a bracelet of mine for nearly three months. Do, there's a good creature. Get it if you can, and bring it up this evening."

Crosbie, as he made his way back to his office, swore that he would not do the bidding of the countess. He would not trudge off into the city after her trinkets. But at five o'clock, when he left his office, he did go there. He apologized to himself by saying that he had nothing else to do, and bethought himself that at the present moment his lady mother-in-law's smiles might be more convenient than her frowns. So he went to Lambert's, on Ludgate Hill, and there learned that the bracelet had been sent down to Courcy Castle full two months since.

After that he dined at his club, at Sebright's. He dined alone, sitting by no means in bliss with his half-pint of sherry on the table before him. A man now and then came up and spoke to him, one a few words, and another a few, and two or three congratulated him as to his marriage; but the club was not the same thing to him as it had formerly been. He did not stand in the centre of the rug, speaking indifferently to all or any around him, ready with his joke, and loudly on the alert with the last news of the day. How easy it is to be seen when any man has fallen from his pride of place, though the altitude was ever so small, and the fall ever so slight! Where is the man who can endure such a fall without showing it in his face, in his voice, in his step, and in every motion of every limb? Crosbie knew that he had fallen, and showed that he knew it by the manner in which he ate his mutton-chop.

At half past eight he was again in Portman Square, and found the two ladies crowding over a small fire in a small back drawing-room. The furniture was all covered with brown holland, and the place had about it that cold, comfortless feeling which uninhabited rooms always produce. Crosbie, as he had walked from the club up to Portman Square, had indulged in some serious thoughts. The kind of life which he had hitherto led had certainly passed away from him. He could never again be the pet of a club, or indulged as one to whom all good things were to be given without any labor at earning them on his part. Such for some years had been his good fortune, but such could be his good fortune no longer. Was there any thing within his reach which he might take in lieu of that which he had lost? He might still be vic-

torious at his office, having more capacity for such victory than others around him. But such success alone would hardly suffice for him. Then he considered whether he might not even yet be happy in his own home—whether Alexandrina, when separated from her mother, might not become such a wife as he could love. Nothing softens a man's feelings so much as failure, or makes him turn so anxiously to an idea of home as buffetings from those he meets abroad. He had abandoned Lily because his outer world had seemed to him too bright to be deserted. He would endeavor to supply her place with Alexandrina, because his outer world had seemed to him too harsh to be supported. Alas! alas! a man can not so easily repent of his sins, and wash himself white from their stains!

When he entered the room the two ladies were sitting over the fire, as I have stated, and Crosbie could immediately perceive that the spirit of the countess was not serene. In fact, there had been a few words between the mother and child on that matter of the trousseau, and Alexandrina had plainly told her mother that if she were to be married at all she would be married with such garments belonging to her as were fitting for an earl's daughter. It was in vain that her mother had explained, with many circumlocutional phrases, that the fitness in this respect should be accommodated rather to the plebeian husband than to the noble parent. Alexandrina had been very firm, and had insisted on her rights, giving the countess to understand that if her orders for finery were not complied with she would return as a spinster to Courey, and prepare herself for partnership with Rosina.

"My dear," said the countess, piteously, "you can have no idea of what I shall have to go through with your father. And, of course, you could get all these things afterward."

"Papa has no right to treat me in such a way. And if he would not give me any money himself, he should have let me have some of my own."

"Ah, my dear, that was Mr. Gazebee's fault."

"I don't care whose fault it was. It certainly was not mine. I won't have him to tell me"—him was intended to signify Adolphus Crosbie—"that he had to pay for my wedding-clothes."

"Of course not that, my dear."

"No; nor yet for the things which I wanted immediately. I'd much rather go and tell him at once that the marriage must be put off."

Alexandrina of course carried her point, the countess reflecting with a maternal devotion equal almost to that of the pelican, that the earl could not do more than kill her. So the things were ordered as Alexandrina chose to order them, and the countess desired that the bills might be sent in to Mr. Gazebee. Much self-devotion had been displayed by the mother, but the mother thought that none had been displayed by the daughter, and therefore she had been very cross with Alexandrina.

Crosbie, taking a chair, sat himself between

them, and in a very good-humored tone explained the little affair of the bracelet. "Your ladyship's memory must have played you false," said he, with a smile.

"My memory is very good," said the countess; "very good indeed. If Twitch got it, and didn't tell me, that was not my fault." Twitch was her ladyship's lady's-maid. Crosbie, seeing how the land lay, said nothing more about the bracelet.

After a minute or two he put out his hand to take that of Alexandrina. They were to be married now in a week or two, and such a sign of love might have been allowed to him, even in the presence of the bride's mother. He did succeed in getting hold of her fingers, but found in them none of the softness of a response. "Don't," said Lady Alexandrina, withdrawing her hand; and the tone of her voice as she spoke the word was not sweet to his ears. He remembered at the moment a certain scene which took place one evening at the little bridge at Allington, and Lily's voice, and Lily's words, and Lily's passion, as he caressed her: "Oh, my love, my love, my love!"

"My dear," said the countess, "they know how tired I am. I wonder whether they are going to give us any tea." Whereupon Crosbie rang the bell, and, on resuming his chair, moved it a little farther away from his lady-love.

Presently the tea was brought to them by the housekeeper's assistant, who did not appear to have made herself very smart for the occasion, and Crosbie thought that he was *de trop*. This, however, was a mistake on his part. As he had been admitted into the family, such little matters were no longer subject of care. Two or three months since, the countess would have fainted at the idea of such a domestic appearing with a tea-tray before Mr. Crosbie. Now, however, she was utterly indifferent to any such consideration. Crosbie was to be admitted into the family, thereby becoming entitled to certain privileges, and thereby also becoming subject to certain domestic drawbacks. In Mrs. Dale's little household there had been no rising to grandeur; but then, also, there had never been any bathos of dirt. Of this also Crosbie thought as he sat with his tea in his hand.

He soon, however, got himself away. When he rose to go Alexandrina also rose, and he was permitted to press his nose against her cheek-bone by way of a salute.

"Good-night, Adolphus," said the countess, putting out her hand to him. "But stop a minute; I know there is something I want you to do for me. But you will look in as you go to your office to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XLI.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

WHEN Crosbie was making his ineffectual inquiry after Lady De Courcy's bracelet at Lambert's, John Eames was in the act of en-

tering Mrs. Roper's front door in Burton Crescent.

"Oh, John, where's Mr. Cradell?" were the first words which greeted him, and they were spoken by the divine Amelia. Now, in her usual practice of life, Amelia did not interest herself much as to the whereabouts of Mr. Cradell.

"Where's Caudle?" said Eames, repeating the question. "Upon my word, I don't know. I walked to the office with him, but I haven't seen him since. We don't sit in the same room, you know."

"John!" and then she stopped.

"What's up now?" said John.

"John! That woman's off and left her husband. As sure as your name's John Eames, that foolish fellow has gone off with her."

"What, Caudle? I don't believe it."

"She went out of this house at two o'clock in the afternoon, and has never been back since." That, certainly, was only four hours from the present time, and such an absence from home in the middle of the day was but weak evidence on which to charge a married woman with the great sin of running off with a lover. This Amelia felt, and therefore she went on to explain. "He's there up stairs in the drawing-room, the very picture of disconsolateness."

"Who—Caudle?"

"Lupex is. He's been drinking a little, I'm afraid; but he's very unhappy, indeed. He had an appointment to meet his wife here at four o'clock, and when he came he found her gone. He rushed up into their room, and now he says she has broken open a box he had and taken off all his money."

"But he never had any money."

"He paid mother some the day before yesterday."

"That's just the reason he shouldn't have any to-day."

"She certainly has taken things she wouldn't have taken if she'd merely gone out shopping or any thing like that, for I've been up in the room and looked about it. She'd three necklaces. They weren't much account; but she must have them all on, or else have got them in her pocket."

"Caudle has never gone off with her in that way. He may be a fool—"

"Oh, he is, you know. I've never seen such a fool about a woman as he has been."

"But he wouldn't be a party to stealing a lot of trumpery trinkets, or taking her husband's money. Indeed, I don't think he has any thing to do with it." Then Eames thought over the circumstances of the day, and remembered that he had certainly not seen Cradell since the morning. It was that public servant's practice to saunter into Eames's room in the middle of the day, and there consume bread and cheese and beer—in spite of an assertion which Johnny had once made as to crumbs of biscuit bathed in ink. But on this special day he had not done so. "I can't think he has been such a fool as that," said Johnny.

"But he has," said Amelia. "It's dinner-time now, and where is he? Had he any money left, Johnny?"

So interrogated Eames disclosed a secret confided to him by his friend which no other circumstances would have succeeded in dragging from his breast.

"She borrowed twelve pounds from him about a fortnight since, immediately after quarter-day. And she owed him money, too, before that."

"Oh, what a soft!" exclaimed Amelia; "and he hasn't paid mother a shilling for the last two months!"

"It was his money, perhaps, that Mrs. Roper got from Lupex the day before yesterday. If so, it comes to the same thing as far as she is concerned, you know."

"And what are we to do now?" said Amelia, as she went before her lover up stairs. "Oh, John, what will become of me if ever you serve me in that way? What should I do if you were to go off with another lady?"

"Lupex hasn't gone off," said Eames, who hardly knew what to say when the matter was brought before him with so closely personal a reference.

"But it's the same thing," said Amelia. "Hearts is divided. Hearts that have been joined together ought never to be divided; ought they?" And then she hung upon his arm just as they got to the drawing-room door.

"Hearts and darts are all my eye," said Johnny. "My belief is that a man had better never marry at all. How d'you do, Mr. Lupex? Is any thing the matter?"

Mr. Lupex was seated on a chair in the middle of the room, and was leaning with his head over the back of it. So despondent was he in his attitude that his head would have fallen off and rolled on to the floor had it followed the course which its owner seemed to intend that it should take. His hands hung down also along the back legs of the chair, till his fingers almost touched the ground, and altogether his appearance was pendent, drooping, and woe-begone. Miss Spruce was seated in one corner of the room, with her hands folded in her lap before her, and Mrs. Roper was standing on the rug with a look of severe virtue on her brow—of virtue which, to judge by its appearance, was very severe. Nor was its severity intended to be exercised solely against Mrs. Lupex. Mrs. Roper was becoming very tired of Mr. Lupex also, and would not have been unhappy if he also had run away—leaving behind him so much of his property as would have paid his bill.

Mr. Lupex did not stir when first addressed by John Eames, but a certain convulsive movement was to be seen on the back of his head, indicating that this new arrival in the drawing-room had produced a fresh accession of agony. The chair, too, quivered under him, and his fingers stretched themselves nearer to the ground and shook themselves.

"Mr. Lupex, we're going to dinner imme-

diately," said Mrs. Roper. "Mr. Eames, where is your friend Mr. Cradell?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Eames.

"But I know," said Lupex, jumping up and standing at his full height, while he knocked down the chair which had lately supported him. "The traitor to domestic bliss! I know. And wherever he is, he has that false woman in his arms. Would he were here!" And as he expressed the last wish he went through a motion with his hands and arms which seemed intended to signify that if that unfortunate young man were in the company he would pull him in pieces and double him up, and pack him close, and then dispatch his remains off, through infinite space, to the Prince of Darkness. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, as he finished the process. "False traitor! Foul traitor! And she too!" Then, as he thought of this softer side of the subject, he prepared himself to relapse again on to the chair. Finding it on the ground he had to pick it up. He did pick it up, and once more flung away his head over the back of it, and stretched his finger-nails almost down to the carpet.

"James," said Mrs. Roper to her son, who was now in the room, "I think you'd better stay with Mr. Lupex while we are at dinner. Come, Miss Spruce, I'm very sorry that you should be annoyed by this kind of thing."

"It don't hurt me," said Miss Spruce, preparing to leave the room. "I'm only an old woman."

"Annoyed!" said Lupex, raising himself again from his chair, not perhaps altogether disposed to remain up stairs while the dinner, for which it was intended that he should some day pay, was being eaten below. "Annoyed! It is a profound sorrow to me that any lady should be annoyed by my misfortunes. As regards Miss Spruce, I look upon her character with profound veneration."

"You needn't mind me; I'm only an old woman," said Miss Spruce.

"But, by Heavens, I do mind!" exclaimed Lupex; and, hurrying forward, he seized Miss Spruce by the hand. "I shall always regard age as entitled—" But the special privileges which Mr. Lupex would have accorded to age were never made known to the inhabitants of Mrs. Roper's boarding-house; for the door of the room was again opened at this moment, and Mr. Cradell entered.

"Here you are, old fellow, to answer for yourself," said Eames.

Cradell, who had heard something as he came in at the front door, but had not heard that Lupex was in the drawing-room, made a slight start backward when he saw that gentleman's face. "Upon my word and honor," he began; but he was able to carry his speech no further. Lupex, dropping the hand of the elderly lady whom he revered, was upon him in an instant, and Cradell was shaking beneath his grasp like an aspen leaf—or rather not like an aspen leaf, unless an aspen leaf when shaken is to be

seen with its eyes shut, its mouth open, and its tongue hanging out.

"Come, I say," said Eames, stepping forward to his friend's assistance; "this won't do at all, Mr. Lupex. You've been drinking. You'd better wait till to-morrow morning, and speak to Cradell then."

"To-morrow morning, viper!" shouted Lupex, still holding his prey, but looking back at Eames over his shoulder. Who the viper was had not been clearly indicated. "When will he restore to me my wife? When will he restore to me my honor?"

"Upon-on-on-on my—" It was for the moment in vain that poor Mr. Cradell endeavored to asseverate his innocence, and to stake his honor upon his own purity as regarded Mrs. Lupex. Lupex still held to his enemy's cravat, though Eames had now got him by the arm, and so far impeded his movements as to hinder him from proceeding to any graver attack.

"Jemima, Jemima, Jemima!" shouted Mrs. Roper. "Run for the police; run for the police!" But Amelia, who had more presence of mind than her mother, stopped Jemima as she was making to one of the front windows. "Keep where you are," said Amelia. "They'll come quiet in a minute or two." And Amelia, no doubt, was right. Calling for the police when there is a row in the house is like summoning the water-engines when the soot is on fire in the kitchen chimney. In such cases good management will allow the soot to burn itself out, without aid from the water-engines. In the present instance the police were not called in, and I am inclined to think that their presence would not have been advantageous to any of the party.

"Upon-my-honor—I know nothing about her," were the first words which Cradell was able to articulate, when Lupex, under Eames's persuasion, at last relaxed his hold.

Lupex turned round to Miss Spruce with a sardonic grin. "You hear his words—this enemy to domestic bliss. Ha, ha! man, tell me whither you have conveyed my wife!"

"If you were to give me the Bank of England, I don't know," said Cradell.

"And I'm sure he does not know," said Mrs. Roper, whose suspicions against Cradell were beginning to subside. But as her suspicions subsided her respect for him decreased. Such was the case also with Miss Spruce, and with Amelia, and with Jemima. They had all thought him to be a great fool for running away with Mrs. Lupex, but now they were beginning to think him a poor creature because he had not done so. Had he committed that active folly, he would have been an interesting fool. But now, if, as they all suspected, he knew no more about Mrs. Lupex than they did, he would be a fool without any special interest whatever.

"Of course he doesn't," said Eames.

"No more than I do," said Amelia.

"His very looks show him innocent," said Mrs. Roper.

"Indeed they do," said Miss Spruce.

Lupex turned from one to the other as they thus defended the man whom he suspected, and shook his head at each assertion that was made. "And if he doesn't know, who does?" he asked. "Haven't I seen it all for the last three months? Is it reasonable to suppose that a creature such as she, used to domestic comforts all her life, should have gone off in this way, at dinner-time, taking with her my property and all her jewels, and that nobody should have instigated her; nobody assisted her! Is that a story to tell to such a man as me! You may tell it to the marines!" Mr. Lupex, as he made this speech, was walking about the room, and as he finished it he threw his pocket-handkerchief with violence on the floor. "I know what to do, Mrs. Roper," he said. "I know what steps to take. I shall put the affair into the hands of my lawyer to-morrow morning." Then he picked up his handkerchief and walked down into the dining-room.

"Of course you know nothing about it?" said Eames to his friend, having run up stairs for the purpose of saying a word to him while he washed his hands.

"What—about Maria? I don't know where she is, if you mean that."

"Of course I mean that. What else should I mean? And what makes you call her Maria?"

"It is wrong. I admit it's wrong. The word will come out, you know."

"Will come out! I'll tell you what it is, old fellow, you'll get yourself into a mess, and all for nothing. That fellow will have you up before the police for stealing his things—"

"But, Johnny—"

"I know all about it. Of course you have not stolen them, and of course there was nothing to steal. But if you go on calling her Maria you'll find that he'll have a pull on you. Men don't call other men's wives names for nothing."

"Of course we've been friends," said Cradell, who rather liked this view of the matter.

"Yes—you have been friends! She's diddled you out of your money, and that's the beginning and the end of it. And now, if you go on showing off your friendship, you'll be done out of more money. You're making an ass of yourself. That's the long and the short of it."

"And what have you made of yourself with that girl? There are worse asses than I am yet, Master Johnny." Eames, as he had no answer ready to this counter attack, left the room and went down stairs. Cradell soon followed him, and in a few minutes they were all eating their dinner together at Mrs. Roper's hospitable table.

Immediately after dinner Lupex took himself away, and the conversation up stairs became general on the subject of the lady's departure.

"If I was him I'd never ask a question about her, but let her go," said Amelia.

"Yes; and then have all her bills following you, wherever you went," said Amelia's brother.

"I'd sooner have her bills than herself," said Eames.

"My belief is, that she's been an ill-used woman," said Cradell. "If she had a husband that she could respect and have loved, and all that sort of thing, she would have been a charming woman."

"She's every bit as bad as he is," said Mrs. Roper.

"I can't agree with you, Mrs. Roper," continued the lady's champion. "Perhaps I ought to understand her position better than any one here, and—"

"Then that's just what you ought not to do, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Roper. And now the lady of the house spoke out her mind with much maternal dignity and with some feminine severity. "That's just what a young man like you has no business to know. What's a married woman like that to you, or you to her; or what have you to do with understanding her position? When you've a wife of your own, if ever you do have one, you'll find you'll have trouble enough then without any body else interfering with you. Not but what I believe you're innocent as a lamb about Mrs. Lupex; that is, as far as any harm goes. But you've got yourself into all this trouble by meddling, and was like enough to get yourself choked up stairs by that man. And who's to wonder when you go on pretending to be in love with a woman in that way, and she old enough to be your mother? What would your mamma say if she saw you at it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Cradell.

"It's all very well your laughing, but I hate such folly. If I see a young man in love with a young woman, I respect him for it;" and then she looked at Johnny Eames. "I respect him for it—even though he may now and then do things as he shouldn't. They most of 'em does that. But to see a young man like you, Mr. Cradell, dangling after an old married woman, who doesn't know how to behave herself; and all just because she lets him to do it—ugh!—an old broomstick with a petticoat on would do just as well! It makes me sick to see it, and that's the truth of it. I don't call it manly; and it ain't manly, is it, Miss Spruce?"

"Of course I know nothing about it," said the lady to whom the appeal was thus made. "But a young gentleman should keep himself to himself till the time comes for him to speak out—begging your pardon all the same, Mr. Cradell."

"I don't see what a married woman should want with any one after her but her own husband," said Amelia.

"And perhaps not always that," said John Eames.

It was about an hour after this when the front-door bell was rung, and a scream from Jemima announced to them all that some critical moment had arrived. Amelia, jumpin

up, opened the door, and then the rustle of a woman's dress was heard on the lower stairs. "Oh, laws, ma'am, you have given us sich a turn," said Jemima. "We all thought you was run away."

"It's Mrs. Lupey," said Amelia. And in two minutes more that ill-used lady was in the room.

"Well, my dears," said she, gayly, "I hope nobody has waited dinner."

"No; we didn't wait dinner," said Mrs. Roper, very gravely.

"And where's my Orson? Didn't he dine at home? Mr. Cradell, will you oblige me by taking my shawl? But perhaps you had better not. People are so censorious; ain't they, Miss Spruce? Mr. Eames shall do it; and every body knows that that will be quite safe. Won't it, Miss Amelia?"

"Quite, I should think," said Amelia. And Mrs. Lupey knew that she was not to look for an ally in that quarter on the present occasion. Eames got up to take the shawl, and Mrs. Lupey went on.

"And didn't Orson dine at home? Perhaps they kept him down at the theatre. But I've been thinking all day what fun it would be when he thought his bird was flown."

"He did dine at home," said Mrs. Roper; "and he didn't seem to like it. There wasn't much fun, I can assure you."

"Ah, wasn't there, though? I believe that man would like to have me tied to his button-hole. I came across a few friends—lady friends, Mr. Cradell, though two of them had their husbands; so we made a party and just went down to Hampton Court. So my gentleman has gone again, has he? That's what I get for gadding about myself, isn't it, Miss Spruce?"

Mrs. Roper, as she went to bed that night, made up her mind that, whatever might be the cost and trouble of doing so, she would lose no further time in getting rid of her married guests.

CHAPTER XLII.

LILY'S BEDSIDE.

LILY DALE's constitution was good, and her recovery was retarded by no relapse or lingering debility; but, nevertheless, she was forced to keep her bed for many days after the fever had left her. During all this period Dr. Crofts came every day. It was in vain that Mrs. Dale begged him not to do so; telling him in simple words that she felt herself bound not to accept from him all this continuation of his unremunerated labors now that the absolute necessity for them was over. He answered her only by little jokes, or did not answer her at all; but still he came daily, almost always at the same hour, just as the day was waning, so that he could sit for a quarter of an hour in the dusk, and then ride home to Guestwick in the dark. At this time Bell had been admitted into her

sister's room, and she would always meet Dr. Crofts at Lily's bedside; but she never sat with him alone since the day on which he had offered her his love with half-articulated words, and she had declined it with words also half-articulated. She had seen him alone since that on the stairs, or standing in the hall, but she had not remained with him, talking to him after her old fashion, and no further word of his love had been spoken in speech either half or wholly articulate.

Nor had Bell spoken of what had passed to any one else. Lily would probably have told both her mother and sister instantly; but then no such scene as that which had taken place with Bell would have been possible with Lily. In whatever way the matter might have gone with her, there would certainly have been some clear tale to tell when the interview was over. She would have known whether or no she loved the man, or could love him, and would have given him some true and intelligible answer. Bell had not done so, but had given him an answer which, if true, was not intelligible, and if intelligible was not true. And yet, when she had gone away to think over what had passed, she had been happy and satisfied, and almost triumphant. She had never yet asked herself whether she expected any thing further from Dr. Crofts, nor what that something further might be—and yet she was happy!

Lily had now become pert and saucy in her bed, taking upon herself the little airs which are allowed to a convalescent invalid as compensation for previous suffering and restraint. She pretended to much anxiety on the subject of her dinner, and declared that she would go out on such or such a day, let Dr. Crofts be as imperious as he might. "He's an old savage, after all," she said to her sister, one evening, after he was gone, "and just as bad as the rest of them."

"I do not know who the rest of them are," said Bell, "but at any rate he's not very old."

"You know what I mean. He's just as grumpy as Dr. Gruffen, and thinks every body is to do what he tells them. Of course, you take his part."

"And of course you ought, seeing how good he has been."

"And of course I should, to any body but you. I do like to abuse him to you."

"Lily, Lily!"

"So I do. It's so hard to knock any fire out of you, that when one does find the place where the flint lies, one can't help hammering at it. What did he mean by saying that I shouldn't get up on Sunday? Of course I shall get up if I like it."

"Not if mamma asks you not?"

"Oh, but she won't, unless he interferes and dictates to her. Oh, Bell, what a tyrant he would be if he were married!"

"Would he?"

"And how submissive you would be if you were his wife! It's a thousand pities that you

are not in love with each other—that is, if you are not."

"Lily, I thought that there was a promise between us about that."

"Ah! but that was in other days. Things are all altered since that promise was given—all the world has been altered." And as she said this the tone of her voice was changed, and it had become almost sad. "I feel as though I ought to be allowed now to speak about any thing I please."

"You shall, if it pleases you, my pet."

"You see how it is, Bell; I can never again have any thing of my own to talk about."

"Oh, my darling, do not say that."

"But it is so, Bell; and why not say it? Do you think I never say it to myself in the hours when I am all alone, thinking over it—thinking, thinking, thinking. You must not—you must not grudge to let me talk of it sometimes."

"I will not grudge you any thing—only I can not believe that it must be so always."

"Ask yourself, Bell, how it would be with you. But I sometimes fancy that you measure me differently from yourself."

"Indeed I do, for I know how much better you are."

"I am not so much better as to be ever able to forget all that. I know I never shall do so. I have made up my mind about it clearly and with an absolute certainty."

"Lily, Lily, Lily! pray do not say so."

"But I do say it. And yet I have not been very mopish and melancholy; have I, Bell? I do think I deserve some little credit, and yet, I declare, you won't allow me the least privilege in the world."

"What privilege would you wish me to give you?"

"To talk about Dr. Crofts."

"Lily, you are a wicked, wicked tyrant." And Bell leaned over her, and fell upon her, and kissed her, hiding her own face in the gloom of the evening. After that it came to be an accepted understanding between them that Bell was not altogether indifferent to Dr. Crofts.

"You heard what he said, my darling," Mrs. Dale said the next day, as the three were in the room together after Dr. Crofts was gone. Mrs. Dale was standing on one side of the bed, and Bell on the other, while Lily was scolding them both. "You can get up for an hour or two to-morrow, but he thinks you had better not go out of the room."

"What would be the good of that, mamma? I am so tired of looking always at the same paper. It is such a tiresome paper. It makes one count the pattern over and over again. I wonder how you ever can live here."

"I've got used to it, you see."

"I never can get used to that sort of thing; but go on counting, and counting, and counting. I'll tell you what I should like; and I'm sure it would be the best thing too."

"And what would you like?" said Bell.

"Just to get up at nine o'clock to-morrow and go to church as though nothing had happened. Then, when Dr. Crofts came in the evening, you would tell him I was down at the school."

"I wouldn't quite advise that," said Mrs. Dale.

"It would give him such a delightful start. And when he found I didn't die immediately, as of course I ought to do according to rule, he would be so disgusted."

"It would be very ungrateful, to say the least of it," said Bell.

"No, it wouldn't a bit. He needn't come unless he likes it. And I don't believe he comes to see me at all. It's all very well, mamma, your looking in that way; but I'm sure it's true. And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pretend to be bad again, otherwise the poor man will be robbed of his only happiness."

"I suppose we must allow her to say what she likes till she gets well," said Mrs. Dale, laughing. It was now nearly dark, and Mrs. Dale did not see that Bell's hand had crept under the bed-clothes, and taken hold of that of her sister. "It's true, mamma," continued Lily, "and I defy her to deny it. I would forgive him for keeping me in bed if he would only make her fall in love with him."

"She has made a bargain, mamma," said Bell, "that she is to say whatever she likes till she gets well."

"I am to say whatever I like always; that was the bargain, and I mean to stand to it."

On the following Sunday Lily did get up, but did not leave her mother's bedroom. There she was, seated in that half-dignified and half-luxurious state which belongs to the first getting up of an invalid, when Dr. Crofts called. There she had eaten her tiny bit of roast mutton, and had called her mother a stingy old creature because she would not permit another morsel; and there she had drunk her half glass of port-wine, pretending that it was very bad, and twice worse than the doctor's physic; and there, Sunday though it was, she had fully enjoyed the last hour of daylight, reading that exquisite new novel which had just completed itself, amidst the jarring criticisms of the youth and age of the reading public.

"I am quite sure she was right in accepting him, Bell," she said, putting down the book as the light was fading, and beginning to praise the story.

"It was a matter of course," said Bell. "It always is right in the novels. That's why I don't like them. They are too sweet."

"That's why I do like them, because they are so sweet. A sermon is not to tell you what you are, but what you ought to be; and a novel should tell you not what you are to get, but what you'd like to get."

"If so, then, I'd go back to the old school, and have the heroine really a heroine, walking all the way up from Edinburgh to London, and

falling among thieves; or else nursing a wounded hero, and describing the battle from the window. We've got tired of that, or else the people who write can't do it nowadays. But if we are to have real life, let it be real."

"No, Bell, no!" said Lily. "Real life sometimes is so painful." Then her sister, in a moment, was down on the floor at her feet, kissing her hand and caressing her knees, and praying that the wound might be healed.

On that morning Lily had succeeded in inducing her sister to tell her all that had been said by Dr. Crofts. All that had been said by herself, also, Bell had intended to tell; but when she came to this part of the story her account was very lame. "I don't think I said any thing," she said. "But silence always gives consent. He'll know that," Lily had rejoined. "No, he will not; my silence didn't give any consent; I'm sure of that. And he didn't think that it did." "But you didn't mean to refuse him?" "I think I did. I don't think I knew what I meant; and it was safer, therefore, to look no than to look yes. If I didn't say it, I'm sure I looked it." "But you wouldn't refuse him now?" asked Lily. "I don't know," said Bell. "It seems as though I should want years to make up my mind; and he won't ask me again."

Bell was still at her sister's feet, caressing them, and praying with all her heart that that wound might be healed in due time, when Mrs. Dale came in and announced the doctor's daily visit. "Then I'll go," said Bell.

"Indeed you won't," said Lily. "He's coming simply to make a morning call, and nobody need run away. Now, Dr. Crofts, you need not come and stand over me with your watch, for I won't let you touch my hand except to shake hands with me;" and then she held her hand out to him. "And all you'll know of my tongue you'll learn from the sound."

"I don't care in the least for your tongue."

"I dare say not, and yet you may some of these days. I can speak out, if I like it; can't I, mamma?"

"I should think Dr. Crofts knows that by this time, my dear."

"I don't know. There are some things gentlemen are very slow to learn. But you must sit down, Dr. Crofts, and make yourself comfortable and polite; for you must understand that you are not master here any longer. I'm out of bed now, and your reign is over."

"That's the gratitude of the world all through," said Mrs. Dale.

"Who is ever grateful to a doctor? He only cures you that he may triumph over some other doctor, and declare, as he goes by Dr. Gruffen's door, 'There, had she called you in, she'd have been dead before now; or else would have been ill for twelve months.' Don't you jump for joy when Dr. Gruffen's patients die?"

"Of course I do—out in the market-place, so that every body shall see me," said the doctor.

"Lily, how can you say such shocking things?" said her sister.

Then the doctor did sit down, and they were all very cozy together over the fire, talking about things which were not medical, or only half medical in their appliance. By degrees the conversation came round to Mrs. Eames and to John Eames. Two or three days since Crofts had told Mrs. Dale of that affair at the railway station, of which up to that time she had heard nothing. Mrs. Dale, when she was assured that young Eames had given Crosbie a tremendous thrashing—the tidings of the affair which had got themselves substantiated at Guestwick so described the nature of the encounter—could not withhold some meed of applause.

"Dear boy!" she said, almost involuntarily. "Dear boy! It came from the honesty of his heart!" And then she gave special injunctions to the doctor—injunctions which were surely unnecessary—that no word of the matter should be whispered before Lily.

"I was at the manor yesterday," said the doctor, "and the earl would talk about nothing but Master Johnny. He says he's the finest fellow going." Whereupon Mrs. Dale touched him with her foot, fearing that the conversation might be led away in the direction of Johnny's prowess.

"I am so glad," said Lily. "I always knew that they'd find John out at last."

"And Lady Julia is just as fond of him," said the doctor.

"Dear me!" said Lily. "Suppose they were to make up a match!"

"Lily, how can you be so absurd?"

"Let me see; what relation would he be to us? He would certainly be Bernard's uncle, and uncle Christopher's half brother-in-law. Wouldn't it be odd?"

"It would rather," said Mrs. Dale.

"I hope he'll be civil to Bernard. Don't you, Bell? Is he to give up the Income-tax Office, Dr. Crofts?"

"I didn't hear that that was settled yet." And so they went on talking about John Eames.

"Joking apart," said Lily, "I am very glad that Lord De Guest has taken him by the hand. Not that I think an earl is better than any body else, but because it shows that people are beginning to understand that he has got something in him. I always said that they who laughed at John would see him hold up his head yet." All which words sank deep into Mrs. Dale's mind. If only, in some coming time, her pet might be taught to love this new young hero! But then would not that last heroic deed of his militate most strongly against any possibility of such love!

"And now I may as well be going," said the doctor, rising from his chair. At this time Bell had left the room, but Mrs. Dale was still there.

"You need not be in such a hurry, especially this evening," said Lily.

"Why especially this evening?"

"Because it will be the last. Sit down again,

Doctor Crofts. I've got a little speech to make to you. I've been preparing it all the morning, and you must give me an opportunity of speaking it."

"I'll come the day after to-morrow, and I'll hear it then."

"But I choose, Sir, that you should hear it now. Am I not to be obeyed when I first get up on to my own throne? Dear, dear Dr. Crofts, how am I to thank you for all that you have done?"

"How are any of us to thank him?" said Mrs. Dale.

"I hate thanks," said the doctor. "One kind glance of the eye is worth them all, and I've had many such in this house."

"You have our hearts' love, at any rate," said Mrs. Dale.

"God bless you all!" said he, as he prepared to go.

"But I haven't made my speech yet," said Lily. "And to tell the truth, mamma, you must go away, or I shall never be able to make it. It's very improper, is it not, turning you out, but it shall only take three minutes." Then Mrs. Dale, with some little joking word, left the room; but, as she left it, her mind was hardly at ease. Ought she to have gone, leaving it to Lily's discretion to say what words she might think fit to Dr. Crofts? Hitherto she had never doubted her daughters—not even their discretion; and therefore it had been natural to her to go when she was bidden. But as she went down stairs she had her doubts whether she was right or no.

"Dr. Crofts," said Lily, as soon as they were alone. "Sit down there, close to me. I want to ask you a question. What was it you said to Bell when you were alone with her the other evening in the parlor?"

The doctor sat for a moment without answering, and Lily, who was watching him closely, could see by the light of the fire that he had been startled—had almost shuddered as the question was asked him.

"What did I say to her?" and he repeated her words in a very low voice. "I asked her if she could love me, and be my wife."

"And what answer did she make to you?"

"What answer did she make? She simply refused me."

"No, no, no; don't believe her, Dr. Crofts. It was not so; I think it was not so. Mind you, I can say nothing as coming from her. She has not told me her own mind. But if you really love her, she will be mad to refuse you."

"I do love her, Lily; that at any rate is true."

"Then go to her again. I am speaking for myself now. I can not afford to lose such a brother as you would be. I love you so dearly that I can not spare you. And she—I think she'll learn to love you as you would wish to be loved. You know her nature, how silent she is, and averse to talk about herself. She has confessed nothing to me but this, that you spoke to her and took her by surprise. Are we to

have another chance? I know how wrong I am to ask such a question. But, after all, is not the truth the best?"

"Another chance!"

"I know what you mean, and I think she is worthy to be your wife. I do, indeed; and if so, she must be very worthy. You won't tell of me, will you now, doctor?"

"No; I won't tell of you."

"And you'll try again?"

"Yes; I'll try again."

"God bless you, my brother! I hope—I hope you'll be my brother." Then, as he put out his hand to her once more, she raised her head toward him, and he, stooping down, kissed her forehead. "Make mamma come to me," were the last words she spoke as he went out.

"So you've made your speech," said Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, mamma."

"I hope it was a discreet speech."

"I hope it was, mamma. But it has made me so tired, and I believe I'll go to bed. Do you know I don't think I should have done much good down at the school to-day?"

Then Mrs. Dale, in her anxiety to repair what injury might have been done to her daughter by over-exertion, omitted any further mention of the farewell speech.

Dr. Crofts as he rode home enjoyed but little of the triumph of a successful lover. "It may be that she's right," he said to himself; "and, at any rate, I'll ask again." Nevertheless, that "No" which Bell had spoken, and had repeated, still sounded in his ears harsh and conclusive. There are men to whom a peal of noises rattling about their ears never takes the sound of a true denial, and others to whom the word once pronounced, be it whispered ever so softly, comes as though it were an unchangeable verdict from the supreme judgment-seat.

THE GULF.

"**T**HOU art so near, and yet so far!"—
He smiled, and looked away
Across the ramparts' frowning guns
To where the city lay.

Above us, their white outlines steeped
In April's southern gleam;
The lazy transports smoked their pipes,
Fast anchored in the stream.

Below us, the beleaguered town
Lay silent and serene;
The Mississippi's turbid wave
Was all that flowed between.

Was all?—As in a dream, I saw
The yellow current swell;
And in the river's channel yawned
A gulf as deep as Hell.

While, strangely, from my boyish past,
The words swept back to me
With which the Roman consul paints
The camp at Fæsulæ:

"On this side *Loyalty*, with all
That human life sublimates;
On that side *Treason* leads the host
Of its companion crimes."

"*Hinc fides, illinc fraus*"—ah! thus
The old oration runs:
(The smooth, sonorous phrases drowned
The thunder of the guns

That from the awakening batteries hailed
Our iron-mailed Queen. The foe,
Too late aroused, beheld her gain
The curving bend below.)

"Far more is ours this side," he said
(For I had thought aloud),
"When yonder wreathing smoke has wov'n
"The fated city's shroud;

"When this dear flag flings out its stars
"Above those batteries grim—"
He paused; we were but half ashamed,
Because the view grew dim.

O distant home! Our eyes across
The prairies dwelt on thee,
Where Michigan's dark waves assume
The splendor of the sea.

The long green avenue, spire-crowned,
On which thy windows shine;
The woody grove—our early haunt—
Beyond the city's line,

Where lupines came in bonnets blue
To celebrate the spring,
And the marsh-marigold upheld
The goblet of a king;

And the tall cottonwoods hung out
Their swelling pods, that soon
Would drift their soft untimely snow
Above the green of June.

Like some fair mirage, seen from far,
Rose on my sight the day
We trod those mossy paths with her,
Our sweetest dream of May.

The tender eyes that lit his soul
In many a night of pain;
The loyal voice:—I could not meet
Their memory again.

"This side the Gulf," I cried, "that home,
"All dear delights of life,
"Remain for us. Beyond, who knows
"The issue of the strife?

"Our leaders waste in petty ends
"The grandeur of our aim;
"Life offers love. What more could add
"The empty joys of fame?

"Leave we yon stubborn forts unstormed;
"The sullen donjon-keep,
"Where the old feudal vices hold
"The newer age asleep.

"Seek we the genial arts of peace—"
"Seek, then, our home," he cried;
"But leave with me the nobler hopes
"For which the fathers died.

"Return! but never more unclose
"The books we once knew well:
"You could not hope unnerved to meet
"The steadfast eyes of Tell.

"The quiet eloquence of scorn
"In Silent William's face;
"The cold disdain that could but freeze
"Our Sidney's courtly grace.

"No! leave to me their clasping hands
"Amidst the strife I dare;
"And, Curtius, meet me in the fight
"With thy sublime despair.

"O Rome! one gallant soul could bridge
"Thy gaping chasm o'er;
"In ours a thousand lie engulfed,
"And still it waits for more."

Io Triumphe! Heaven and Earth
Are jubilant to-day;
The ides of our July fulfill
The promise of our May.....

Above the forts that mocked our gaze
The nation's flag is thrown;
Unarmed I tread the conquered streets;
But I walk there alone.

Where, in the valley at my feet,
The proud magnolias show
White banners to the sun, he fell
Face forward to the foe.

"The New World's Balaklava!" so
He said, while life ebbed fast.
"We led as grand a charge as—" Earth
For that great soul was past.

The siege is closed; but not the gulf
That sunders Freedom's sod
From that red soil whose tears and blood
Are crying yet to God.

Far sooner shall the fire and flood
Eternal warfare cease,
Than tyrant yield to freeman's hand
The friendly clasp of peace.

O comrade of my early youth!
Beside thy grave I kneel;
Before the southern heavens I swear
Upon my sword's blue steel,

Long as this gulf shall last, its blade
Against the cause to draw;
And when its use is past, to grasp
The sterner sword of Law.

When there we cast the will that bends
The weak before the strong—
The prejudice that gives a power
To long-established wrong—

Then—not till then—the gulf shall close;
The Northern pines shall moan
A greeting to palmetto-grove
In Nature's tenderest tone.

And the Atlantic surges join
Pacific murmurs dim,
In the great symphony that sounds
A nation's wedding-hymn.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

LIKE old portraits, personal names, in the dim past times, wear such quaint garb that we find it hard to trace in them even a family likeness; and between us and their right comprehension lies a hedge of interminable records, and dreary lists of uncouth appellatives, and much dodging of syllables among the nations, and not a little patient grubbing among vowels and consonants, and groping along history's crooked ways, and stumbling about in the twilight of mythology. But it is stumbling over the roots of a growth that overshadows half the earth, and we come to the very thinking and reasoning of races now little more than historical; and fossilized in strange combinations of letters, and under perplexing strata of nationalities we find sounding in our streets and by our hearths the faith, the love, the fireside talk and traditions of that simple, rude old world. Nor is it the least charm of such research that we discover these treasures in names common and half despised—veritable Cinderellas, sitting down in the dust and ashes of the commonplace—names that we stigmatize as everyday.

Any one who has an interest in a FREDERICK is within daily hearing of a nice little Teutonic sermon; for Frederick, going back through its respective stages of Friedel, Fedlim, Fridthjof, Frideger, according as it is found in the mouth of German, Erse, Norseman, or Visigoth, finds its way finally into the Teutonic Asgard, where it claims relationship with Frigga, wife of Odin, who knew the destinies of all men and never told them!—a model to modern dames. She it was who, desiring victory for the Vandals, bade their wives stand out in the morning sunlight, with their long hair let down over their chins. "Who are these Longbeards?" asked Odin. "Since thou hast given them a name, thou must give them the victory!" exclaimed Frigga, joyfully. And hence we have the Lombards, the bankers of Europe, and many a Lombard Street besides, and the word "lumber," from the miscellaneous contents of a pawnbroker's shop.

Frederick calls cousins also with Frey, one of the Teutonic Triad, a dignified personage, but misty; and through him gets back to *freyr*, the text of our sermon; for *freyr* finds its root in *pri*, Zend. *frî*, Greek *φιλέω*, "to love" or "rejoice;" but the Teutons, who clearly knew nothing of our modern logic, argued that to be glad was also to be free—so *freon*, or *frigon*, means "to free" or "to love." Very likely it was supposed, in those simple times, that the two acts had something of kinship; so we have the Norse *fri*, Gothic *frige*, German *frei*—all forms of the word "free." Then *fro* was both "glad" and "dear," and the Goths had *frowida*, the Germans *freude*, and we "frolics" and "freaks," that we might see that freedom came of a merry and loving family. He who loved was known by the word *frigonds*, now we style him "friend;" and as the effect of love is peace,

the term was *fred*, or *fried*. Then to be free was to be noble, so we get *franja*, "free noble"—a pithy homily enough bound up in this Frederick, "Peace-Ruler."

MAUDE, a name in favor from its prettiness, springs from *magan*, Gothic and Saxon for "to be able," whence our defective "may," and the word "main," i.e., chief. From this we get *Maginhard*, "powerful peace," known now as Manfred; *Meginhard*, "main power," from whence the surname Maynard, and then *Maginhild*; and "might" and "main" being close allies, that was presently made into Mathilde, "might heroine." The Normans softened it into Molde, gradually Anglicized into Maude, a change not a little deplored in the ingenious work from whence we are gleaning, though prettier infinitely to our perverted thinking.

"Might" brings up naturally another auxiliary, "can," and opens another chapter of rude old-world logic; for among the roots of these dead languages we find a living root, a truth boastfully claimed as the special property of to-day, yet grasped already by these rough reasoners who proclaim that "knowledge is power," making every where the difference between *I ken* and *I can* well-nigh imperceptible. The Anglo-Saxon form is *cunnan*, Danish *kjende*, German *kennen*, whence our words "cunning," "knowing," and *cuth*, "known," "noted," or "dextrous," preserved in Cuthbert, of saintly fame, and by him bequeathed to the Northumbrian peasantry, and—alas! that we should write it—to many asses, for whom it is shortened to "cuddie." Of Christian names springing from this source we find Conrad, "able-speech." The most familiar, but though hardly within our province, we can not but notice, among a host of German surnames of similar origin, that of *Knowhart*, "bold resolution," made by us into the well-known name of Cunard.

Such research, dry perhaps in itself, has yet a soul and a meaning, in that it satisfies not simply our curiosity, but that through its means hoary centuries yet speak to us; for with Time yet young, and the wide globe still unpossessed before them, Earth's eldest children might well have forgotten the story of a lost Paradise, and the vision of its flaming swords, the promises received of angels, who came at twilight and vanished like mist, the tender sorrow or the great gladness, oft repeated, of the parents, but neither graven nor written, had they not been given remembrance in the names of their children—had not Eve, disinherited of Eden, but clinging to the promise, called her first-born son "A Possession," and Noah, in the spirit of prophecy, been "Consolation," and Peleg told of the folly and confusion of Babel, and the son of Sarah been "Laughter," and the son of Hannah "the Asked of the Lord." On this wise their traditions and household talk became incarnate, made part of their daily life, and, as family names, had immortality, though ashes returned to ashes, dust to dust; and coming on down through the generations, were borne in on strange

lands, on waves of invasion, or sprung up in upheavals of popular tumult, clipped, barbarized, made scarce recognizable, their very significance forgotten, and yet, if we will but be at the pains to trace them, telling their tale of Hebrew wanderings, Greek wars, Roman conquests, and Kymric struggles, in the same way that the old cliff prates of grinding icebergs, and a sea that once held in its ravenous maw the shores against which it now vainly frets. Thus ELLA binds up in its short syllable almost as many marvels as the book of Michael Scott. It is the spoken record of the days when an untutored people saw in a gleam of moonlight or the sparkle of a forest stream at mid-day something of the power and goodness of God, and, not finding its explanation within themselves, called it "spirit." *Alfi*, "white," akin to the Latin *albus*, and appearing in the words Elbe and Alps, were the elves of the North—beautiful white spirits retained even after the introduction of Christianity as the children of Eve, whom she had hidden from her Maker, therefore condemned by him to be hidden from the face of man. Elberich their king and his shadowy people meddled much in mortal matters, and had namesakes not a few among them. Elberich himself, known in French romances as Auberon, whence our Oberon, comes down to us as Aubrey. King Alfred wrote himself *Ælfred*, "Elf in council;" Elgiva is *Ælf-gifu*, "elf-gift;" *Elfrida*, "elf-threatener;" *Ella*, "elf-friend."

Apropos of fairies, these subtle sprites continue as of old to haunt us where least suspected, in such staid and sober names as Martha, the property of quiet spinsters and Puritan dames, dead in the odor of sanctity, little dreaming what kindred their Scriptural cognomen held to the Irish fairy-queen, and through her to the twanging of viols and twirling of toes and such unseemly abominations. Mention of Martha suggests that other name so closely linked with it in Holy Writ, MARY—derived from Miriam, and though variously explained as "myrrh of the sea," or "lady of the sea," meaning in truth "bitter." Miriam after the Captivity took the Greek forms of Mariam and Mariamme, and was frequent in the East, but was slow in gaining a foothold in the Western Church, till about the middle of the twelfth century, when it was brought into Europe by the Crusaders as Maria, figuring in ballads and street plays as Marion, adopted by the Scotch as Menie, and by the French as Marion, Manon, and Marie. This last obtained with us till the translation of our Bible made Mary familiar among us. Every where this popular name has left its impress among us. The month of May, the maiden hair-fern, our clearest springs, are christened after her; even the flaunting marigold, and the little beetle known as lady-bug or lady-bird. The old exclamation, Marry! with which our fathers so profusely garnished their conversation, was the contraction of the oath, By St. Mary! Marybone Church was St. Mary la Bonne; Bow Church, St. Mary of the Bows, or arches; while

among votaries of the Romish Church she is yet more popular.

The Hebrews constantly incorporated with their own names the syllable *je*, known as the divine syllable, because supposed to indicate the mystical name of God; and, in this way, from Hannah—a derivative of the Hebrew *Chaanach*, signifying "mercy," "favor," or "grace"—we get the masculine Jehohanan, shortened into Johanan. Of Hannah and Hananiah the Greeks made Anna and Ananias, and Anna growing largely into favor, from some apocryphal tradition concerning the mother of the Virgin, sent forth offshoots into all tongues: Anne, Nancy, Nan, Annot, Annette, Anita being only a few of her numerous children. Johanan, as Joannes or Johannes, was brought to England by the Crusaders, where it was made into JOHN; Ireland took him up as Maol Eoin, "disciple of John," shortened into *Shawn*; Scotland made of it Ian; the Germans style him Hans, the Russians Ivan; Jan obtained in Brittany. The Joneses, Jenkins, and Jenkinsons, are so many forms of the Welsh Ap John. The village around the Church of St. John sent forth the St. John family; the Church of St. John at Perth gave its name to the family of Johnstons. There isn't a harder-worked word in our language than our abbreviation *Jack*; for first we called the buff-coats of the moss-troopers jacks, and then cut them down into jackets, and from that went on to jack-boots, and boot-jack, jack-plane, jack-knife, jack-daw, jack-ass, jack-anape, and to proverbs many and wise about Jack-of-all-trades, and the Jack entirely given unto play or work, and the Jack who went up the hill with Gill; finally, making him into the scape-goat for entire nationalities, whom we designate as John Bull, Johnny Crapeau, etc. As for the surnames, they are legion. Jackson, Johnson, Jennings, Jenkins; large John, as Micklejohn and Grosjean; small John, as Littlejohn and Petitjean; and even handsome John, as Giovanazzi. Jock, the Scotch contraction, has named the whole class of jockeys; the Italian *Gianni* gives us our "zany;" and in the twelfth century arose a feminine in France, Jeanne, Juana, and Joan, and being adopted of royalty prospered, and was prettily shortened as Jessie and Janet, till the time of the Tudors, when Jane Seymour brought *Jane* into fashion. Happened to it, notwithstanding, the inevitable evil of popularity, for becoming soiled with peasant breath and familiar with cottage hearths, it came down from its high estate to the kitchen, where the spinning-jenny was named after her, and was presently discarded of the great; nevertheless it is not to be forgotten that it is of good parentage, and has, together with John, wide connections and an excellent signification—"the Grace of the Lord."

I think few among us will hold ourselves acquainted with *Hruodperah*; and yet that is the dress worn by our old friend ROBERT in the year 700, at which time it was the property of a bishop of excellent fame, who founded the first Christian

church at Würms. Germany made it over as Ruprecht, and gave it to another famous builder, Ruprecht, Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, who founded the university of Heidelberg. France appropriated it as Robert, and so christened the second of the Capets; and the Dukes of Normandy—among whom was that wild prince known as “the Devil” and “the Magnificent”—took it into England, where it familiarized itself among the peasantry as Hob and Robin.

Doubtless also some subtle essence of spirituality lurks in this sturdy name, for we find it in high favor among the fairies, and worn not only by that homely elf Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of Shakspeare, but by the Danish *Robin God Dreng*—a water sprite who wears a bubble for a night-cap, and a certain *Knecht Ruprecht*, who is sure to know all about surreptitious apples in little German pockets, and acts as aid-de-camp to Santa Claus at the pleasant Christmas time. The name signifies “Bright Fame.”

Not to be passed in silence is the word *Amal*, *Æmilius* in the Latin, *Amaethon* in the Kymric, but all preserving one idea—that of “work;” and indeed in old Norse *Aml* is work, and we get from it our verb “to moil;” and *Mahl* is in German a “stroke;” *mahlen*, “to paint,” or make strokes; and *Maal* is a measure, an end, a goal. So then it is not simply toil, but stroke upon stroke, for some given end—intelligent labor directed and sustained by a purpose. *Amal* speedily sends out a feminine, *Amala*, in favor with the German ladies, which, softened into *Amalie*, was taken up by France and Italy, and there confounded with the Latin *Æmilia*, from which, in the present day and under its modern form, in England it is scarcely held to differ. *Amalsontha*, another derivative, corrupted on Burgundian lips to *Melisenda*, *Melusine*, came by degrees to the English *Melicent*; and *Emmeline* is doubtless but another form of *Amaline*. But most noteworthy is its Italian form, *Amerigo*, the name of that adventurer who, christening a mighty continent after his small self, thus unwittingly perpetuated in a land whose very existence has been the apotheosis of labor, the grand old Gothic *Amal*, or *Amalrich*, “Work-Ruler.”

EMMA, suggested by *Emmeline*, though of widely different parentage, is from *Amme*, “a nurse,” in Germany; *Ama*, a “housekeeper,” in Spain; and having in itself the syllable *ai* or *am*, used to designate a remote ancestor, is made to signify “grandmother.” It was first borne by the daughter of Charlemagne, said to have borne her lover on her back over the snow, lest his foot-prints should be discovered; and coming early into fashion among French maidens, was transplanted to England at the time of the Conquest, where it is sometimes used as a translation of *Amy*, and incorrectly confounded with *Emily*, who, as we have already seen, is of the *Amaler* family.

ELIZABETH, a name equally familiar and homelike, is the Latin form of *Eli-scheba*, the name of Aaron's wife, meaning “God hath sworn;” for

the Israelites at the time of the Exodus, and even earlier, were in the habit of making the name a dedication to the Deity, by commencing or ending it with the Divine Name, which, before the revelation in the burning bush, was the word *El*, meaning Deity or Godhead. It was the name also of the mother of John; but, spite of its saintly fame, it can not deny the strange resemblance existing in *Jezabel*, a word exactly similar, save that the wife of Ahab appeals to *Baal*, whose votaress she was; and, in curious confirmation, the niece of *Jezabel*, the Carthaginian *Dido*, properly also *Jezabel*, was known in Rome and Greece as *Elissa*, while yet the scriptural *Eli-scheba* was unheard of. In France *Elizabeth* was metamorphosed into *Isabelle*, whence it was brought back to England by *Isabelle* of Angoulême, wife of King John. Transplanted across the border into Scotland, it found favor as *Tibbie*; and finally the splendid reign of good Queen Bess popularized it to that extent that we hear of an entire English village, in which all the grandmothers were *Betty*, the mothers *Lizzie*, and the daughters *Elizabeth*. *Lisa*, *Elspath*, and *Babette* are alike of this family, and are held to mean “God's Oath.”

A similar custom of dedication prevailed in the wild North, where *Thor*, the special deity of the Norsemen, was invoked in every possible change that could be rung upon his name. He was the eldest son of *Odin*, and third in the Teutonic Triad, possessed of the belt of strength, which doubled his force, and of the mighty hammer *Mjolner*, which always returned to him after he had hurled it. He it was who slept in the thumb of the giant *Skrymr's* mitten, supposing it a cave. Meeting the giant himself, and provoked by his snoring, *Thor* dealt him in the night three such mighty blows as should have silenced him forever; but the giant only stirred in his sleep, and, on being questioned in the morning, complained that a leaf had fallen on him; whereat *Thor* blushed as red as his beard with shame and anger: yet small need was there for blushing; for *Skrymr* was the earth, and *Thor's* three blows had cloven as many valleys in its surface. Traveling on to *Utgard*, he tried to drain the drinking-cup of the giants, but failed, since this cup held the sea, though he succeeded in lessening its flood; lifted a single paw of a cat from the ground, to his own mortification, but to the consternation of the *Joten*; for the cat was none other than the world-encircling sea-serpent; and, wrestling with a toothless, decrepit old woman, was finally thrown—reason good, since this woman was *Old Age*. Forgotten myths of a half-forgotten people! But the long-bearded, red-haired hero of this gigantic joking still lives on our tongues in the name of our Thursday, and in many a surname: among them *Thorwaldsen*, from *Thorvallar*, “Thor's power;” *Thurlow*, from *Thorleik*, “Thor's sport;” *Tunstall* and *Tunstan*, from *Thurstan*, “Thor's stone;” and *Tostain*, corrupted to *Toussaint*, and as such naming the negro champion of Hayti, *Toussaint l'Ouverture*.

The name WILLIAM opens a still more ancient chapter in Teutonic mythology, telling us of the three primeval gods, Odin, Wili, and Vê, the "All-pervading," the "Will," and the "Holy," who animated the first human pair. That done we hear no more of Wili; but from him were named the Billingen, who gave Germany its first emperors: and undoubtedly this popular name is of German origin, *helm* being a special Germanic termination, and for some reason the favorite piece of armor, coming from a word meaning to cover, the same word that gives us whole, and holy, and from which we get also heel, the covered part of the foot, and the hold, and hull of a ship. Wilhelm or William signifies "Helmet of Resolution."

"Words," says one, "convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow, and laden with this their precious freight sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have made shipwreck, and the languages of common life suffered oblivion;" and of no word or name does this hold more specially true than of one common in almost every kitchen and hovel—BRIDGET, coming from *Brighid*, the daughter of the fire god, and the Erse goddess of song and skill; also one of the patron saints of Ireland, a maiden educated by a bard and afterward the pupil of St. Patrick, rising finally to become the head of five hundred nuns, and the adviser of the synod of bishops. The days of Ireland's glory are forgotten: the Erse tongue, seldom or never spoken, has much ado even to explain itself, but in this despised Bridget lies the syllable *Brigh*, a potent syllable: commencing one of the most curious chapters of history; for *brî*, "force" or "strength," is found in the Greek, and in the name of him whom the gods call Briareus; and the Keltic tongues all repeat it in various forms, making from it the term for a ruler or king. Many Breton names, such as Trobriant, Chateaubriant, still retain it, and the old French *Brie* is from the same source. Comes from this likewise the name of that Bran, or Brennus, as the Latins make it, who defeated Gabius and Porsena, and so nearly ruined Rome. From him we come to Bran the Blessed, who brought home the faith of Christ from Rome, where he had been as a hostage for his son Caradwg, the Caractacus of Roman history; and his captivity exactly coinciding with the time of St. Paul's first journey to Rome, those learned in such matters conclude the Arwystli who accompanied him as a missionary of the Gospel to have been the Aristobulus to whom Paul sends greeting in his Epistle to the Romans. It seems also that our friend Bran may have been the Cymbeline of Shakspeare, for the Romans style him Cunobelinus, and his queen Cartismandua. In confirmation, gilt coins have been found bearing the head and name of Cunobelinus, but though it is a title indeed, it is that of a god, not a man. *Cûn* is "Chief" or "Lord," *Bel* or *Belin* was the Keltic god of light and war, and in his honor the coins were struck during the heathen days of Bran, on which the

Romans supposed they were reading his own name. Thus far is solid ground, and as reliable treading as perhaps any in history; but Bran's domain trenches also on enchanted ground, and once there, like Carathis in the palace of Eblis, he revolves in a whirl of the wildest fiction, till he becomes as fabulous as the marvels related of him. He it was who imported the Sancgreal which healed wounds and raised the dead, given him, says one tradition, by a great black man, while another states that he received it from St. Joseph of Arimathea. This cup was one of the thirteen wonders of Britain, and only disappeared with Merlin when he sailed away to fairy-land in his vessel of glass, or as others have it, till he was beguiled into a hawthorn-tree by Vyvyan, leaving nothing but his voice. Bran's son, Caradwg, was Sir Caradoc, one of the knights of the Round Table. His wife was one of the three fair ladies, and chaste, of Arthur's court, possessing three treasures of which she alone was worthy—the mantle, the goblet, and the knife; and lest wonders should be wanting, the four brothers of Bran the Blessed, were all turned into swans by their cruel step-mother; but out of this bog of nonsense we come triumphant, however, with the fact that Bran the Blessed was the first Christian prince of Britain.

Much less apocryphal is that *Brian Boromhe*, the glory of Ireland, who defeated the Danes in twenty-five battles, and was finally killed at the battle of Clontarf. Warned, like Brutus, of his approaching death, he reviewed his forces, crucifix in hand, in the early morning, declaring his readiness to meet his fate, and commanding that there should be no pause to remove him from the field. On their homeward march they were attacked by the men of Ossory, when such was the spirit of his troops that even the wounded insisted on being tied to stakes that they might aid in defending his corpse. From this king descended the great clan of the O'Briens.

Barbara, Agnes, Catherine, and Margaret, the four virgin saints of the Romish Church, though possibly veritable martyrs, come to us through the medium of the respective legends attached to their names, rather as lovely impersonations of artistic devotion, the triumph of innocence, intellectual worship, and the victory through faith.

BARBARA, the feminine of the Greek word signifying "a stranger," was, on the authority of tradition, a maiden of Heliopolis, whose Christianity was revealed by her insisting that her bath chamber should be built with three windows instead of two, in honor of the Trinity. Her father beheaded her with his own hands, and she became patroness of architects and engineers, and the protectress from thunder and artillery.

AGNES, "pure," was a gentle Roman girl who, after her death, appeared to those sweeping over her grave, leading a lamb of spotless whiteness; and from the fact that the gospel for her day was the parable of the ten virgins, and

that her persecutors had accused her of magic arts, and demanded the name of her betrothed, arose the English superstition that by watching and fasting on her eve maidens could discover their fate in marriage. *Nest* is the Welsh form of Agnes, while the Spaniards make of it *Înes*, or *Inez*.

MARGARET is from the Persian *Mervarid*, "Child of light," in accordance with the fancy that the oysters rising to the surface of the water at night, and opening their shells in adoration, received into their mouths drops of dew congealed by the moonlight into pearls; and perhaps it was with some thought of the pearl of great price that the virgin martyr of Antioch was so named. Hungary adopted the name and sent it in the person of Margaret Etheling to Scotland, where it became national, and was adopted as *Marjorie*, *Mysie*, and *Meg*. Germany and France took it up as *Margarethe*, and the Provençal wife of St. Louis bequeathed it as *Marguerite* to all French princesses. Her niece, the daughter of Henry III., made it English; and from thence it is cut down to *Madje* and *Peggy*, though some would have us believe that *Peggy* is from the Danish *pige*, a girl, the word that, in the sign of the *Pige Washael*, the maiden's greeting, or the salutation of the Blessed Virgin, has suffered that astounding change to "the Pig and Whistle."

CATHERINE, the fourth saint, made the centre of intellectual devotion, and after the wheels that were to have torn her in pieces had been destroyed, and her exceeding wisdom shown, said to have been martyred by the sword and carried by angels to Mount Sinai, also signifies "pure." The name was brought into use by the Crusaders, who seem to have carried on an extensive importing business in saintly names and legends, and was taken into special favor of all ranks and countries.

There is hardly a name among us, however familiar or inharmonious, but is worthy of a sort of tender reverence, for on looking closely at it we shall find it either a mile-stone of progress on the upward path of the human race, or a chronicle of fears and fightings, revolutions and upheavals, forgotten of us, yet to which we stand debtors, as we do to the fire and flood that have helped form our fertile plains and sheltering mountains, or a golden link that, through their varied tongues and legends, binds fast the nations together in one noble and mighty brotherhood.

Yet not more curious than this digging down through the layers of the various nationalities, Kymric, Erse, Teutonic, Greek, whatever they may be, to the root of the thought or truth or tradition that has given rise to our Christian names, and the tracing it branch by branch and leaf by leaf through all its dynastic seasons, is the inquiry into the motives that have led to the adoption or often the infliction of these names upon individuals. The Greeks called the eldest son after his paternal grandfather, unless he were alive, when it was supposed to be of ill-

omen, a sort of jostling him from his place into the lap of death. The Arabs have a similar custom, and as parents are called not by their own names, but as the father or mother of such a one, a young boy is addressed as *Abu*, the "father" of his future son, who is to be called after his grandfather—a perpetual shuffling off, as it were, of the responsibility of one's own name on the shoulders of others, and a twisting of Memory's neck fatiguing to contemplate. Most business-like also was that fashion of the unimaginative Latins, who checked off their children as numbers One, Two, and Three when they found their Caius, Lucius, Marcus too threadbare, and so saved much overhauling of pedigrees and straining of one's invention, making of it as simple a matter as in those earliest days when, if there were some peculiarity in the child's appearance or complexion, straightway he or she was dubbed Esau, "Hairy," Don, "Brown," Ruadh, "Red," as the case might be; or in the joy of the parents it must be David, the "Beloved," or Eadgifu, the "Happy Gift;" or the proud Teuton father styles it *Gar*, "Spear;" or its preciousness is set forth in *Mote-Mahal*, "Pearl of the Harem," *Marguerite*, "Pearl;" or religiously dedicated to the God who had given it—*Elijah*, "God the Lord," *Ishmael*, "Heard of God," *Thorgils*, "Thor's Pledge." Poetic feeling sometimes found expression in such names as *Susanna*, a "Lily," *Smiljana*, the "Amaranth;" and times of deep distress are commemorated in *Beriah*, "Son of Evil," *Una*, "Famine," *Ita*, "Thirsty," *Dolores*, "Child of Tears."

Patron saints and relics in Romish countries are responsible for not a little curious nomenclature. Holy toes and fingers have been the seed of crops of Diegos, Marcos, Andreas, etc., overspreading entire countries; while, not to be behindhand, Puritans and Huguenots assert their devotion by Scriptural names, often chosen by opening the Bible at haphazard and taking the first that presented itself. It is to be supposed that Karen-Happuch, Talitha-cumi, and Mahal-shahal-hashbaz are among the pleasant results of such appeals to chance.

Romance, also, which seldom gets leave to meddle with our realities, has here left its impress. Printing press and circulating library were not, but the old crone in the smoky hut, or the minstrel in the baron's equally smoky hall, told at eve how Morgwen turned her ring inward and became invisible; of Guendolen and her golden chessmen; of Sir Yvain setting forth in search of adventures; of the enchanted castle, fastidiously revealing itself only to a certain few; of a discreet fountain that gave timely warnings, and abounded in knowing fish, that were generally able to tell precisely where were to be found the much needed key or sword of the lady in yellow satin and with long yellow hair (brunettes were below par); and the hundred maidens always embroidering satin, for whose relief no aid society existed. Or else the tale was of Rhitta Gawr, whose scarlet mantle was trimmed

with eleven royal beards, and who indiscreetly fancied that King Arthur's was needed by way of finish; or they told how Tristan went in state to bring home the bride of his uncle, King Mark, Ysolte the Fair; how the bride's mother gave the magic draught that was to insure the happiness of the newly-married pair into the hands of Brengwain, and by what sad hap, amidst the hurry and confusion of a storm, Brengwain administered it to Tristan and Ysolte instead, whence the love guilty and famed as that of Launcelot and Guenever. And tales such as these made interest with whatever of poetry or tenderness existed in these uncultured natures, and by virtue of such appeal took deep hold on the popular mind, and found remembrance in many a Tristan, Lillias, and Launcelot.

Quaint old ballads brought Barbara, Cecily, and Agnes into familiar and constant use; and national agitations were not without their influence; for as the sea leaves stranded shells and worn skeletons to tell of its past doings, so waves of invasion have always their name-traces among the nations over which they have swept. The Latin inundation which engulfed entire races wore even upon the rock of Kymric pride, and left there the vestiges of its overflow. *March*, *Tristrem*, *Geraint*, are only so much debatable ground between the Classic and the Kymric; the knights of the Round Table were semi-Roman Kelts, Arthur's own name is claimed by Greece, and Lancelot is doubtless a French version of the Latin translation of *Maelgwyn*. Close on these lie the formations that tell us of the low German influx. Cuthbert, Osmund, Æthelred, Ermengarde, Mildred, Ethel, and hundreds of similar names stranded among us, always with their uncouth prefixes of *Sige*, *Æthel*, *Hilde*, *Cuth*, and the various terminations *red*, *volo*, *frith*, *thrythe*, *gifn*, and drifted away in Scotland and Ireland, Torquil, Ivor, Ronald, Ulick, tell of the Danish wave, while thick strewn on the surface are the Henry, Robert, Walter, William, Hugh, Gilbert, forced upon us by that mighty Norman flood against which Anglo-Saxon wrath and despair made such splendid but useless resistance. Matilda and Adelheid came in then, and the two languages amalgamating as best they might, made but wild work with the names in vogue. *Alberic* became *Aubrey*, *Randolf*, *Ralph*, *Adelheid*, *Alice*, *Matilda*, *Maude*, *Eavgifn*, *Edith*. The Provençal princesses, who seemed to possess indefinite facilities of marrying into all parts of Europe, brought their *Alienor*—which was made into *Eleanor*—*Isabel*, *Blanche*, *Beatrix*, *Constance*, *Marguérite*; and *Elizabeth* was borrowed from the German connections of *Elizabeth Woodville's* mother *Gertrude* from Germany.

The Stuarts brought in *Charles* and *James*, also *Henrietta*, *Frances*, *Lucy*, *Mary*, *Anne*, *Catherine*, but all contracted as *Harriet*, *Fanny*, *Molly*, *Nanny*, *Kitty*; and presently *Christian* names came on their days of darkness, and had to struggle for their existence. They were given of course, but swamped amidst half a dozen

others, bestowed with the view of conciliating as many saints and sponsors as possible. In France married ladies wrote themselves by their maiden, joined to their married titles, and the son of *Madame De Longueville* was baptized after the city of Paris. Knights were not even known by their surnames, but called after some estate, and the fidelity of England was very considerably affected by all this furious persecution of the poor Christian names. Surnames like *Guilford*, *Douglas*, *Ratcliffe*, and so on, had commenced the work of usurpation, even at the time of the Reformation, and now noblemen dropped it from their signatures, knights' wives discarded it and *Dame* together, and young spinsters adopted *Miss* with the surname, in place of *Mistress* with the Christian name.

Hardly was this over when there raged an Italian epidemic called *ia*, and while it lasted *Alice* was *Alicia*, *Lucy*, *Lucinda*, *Lettie*, *Letitia*, *Cecily*, *Cecilia*, *Elizabeth*, *Eliza*, *Anne*, *Anna*; and in sooth the fortunes of names bear a curious similarity to those of their wearers. Some, of good wearing stuff, have stood up stoutly against time and change, and come down to us, hoary indeed, and curiously tricked out with a patch of every century, but having still the promise of life and vigor; while other some that sat in high places are known only in hovels, or dropped wholly out of memory; and the parallel extends likewise to their signification. In the thistle you find the down, in the tulip no fragrance. The truth has no pity on our preconceived opinions.

The Hebrew names held most in love and reverence among us are at the best corrupt and mangled Hebraisms, marred by Aramaic or Syriac (as it is now termed) pronunciation and Greek writing; for though Hebrew lives, indeed, since the Captivity it is only among the learned of the Jews and in the Scriptures, which have been carefully preserved in their original form, and without the slightest variation. The Aramaic became the Jewish vernacular, and prevails now under its name of Syriac; and so far does it differ from the Hebrew that in the synagogues, after the reading of the lessons from the Scriptures in their ancient tongue, a paraphrase was also given, that the people might understand what they had heard; and this is the explanation of the discrepancies occurring in the Old and New Testaments in the rendering of such names as *Noah* and *Noe*, *Korah* or *Core*, *Uzziah* or *Ozias*; for King James the First caused his translators to use the original Hebrew and Greek, regarding the Septuagint and Vulgate as helps, not authorities; and as far as it was in the power of English letters, many of the Old Testament names were restored to their original form, while those at work on the New Testament left the names as they occurred in the Greek. Equally relentless is philology to some of our tenderest fancies. Our golden-haired *Portia*, in her judge's robes, is neither bright, nor fair, nor honey-lipped, as we would have her, but "of the pigs," or of the *Porcii*,

the breeders of *porcus* ("porkers"). Gertrude is "Battle Maid"—an ominous name for marriageable damsels. Rhoda, whom we associate with an elderly and sharp-nosed spinster, is in truth the Greek "Rose," while our golden-haired, blushing May-Queen Roses are so many mistakes for a "Horse," given doubtless in the best possible faith: but *hrôs* among the Teutons meant sometimes "fame," sometimes a "horse," but not the flower; while Rosamund must entirely renounce all gentler thoughts, and date back to that fierce Hrosamund, "Famous Protection," who, being compelled by her Lombard husband to drink his health in her father's skull, avenged herself by a midnight murder. Rosalind is "Fame Serpent," *lind* being a serpent, and used to convey the idea of suppleness, gliding grace. Norse poetry delighted to compare a gayly-dressed lady to a glistening serpent, but modern taste will scarcely recognize the compliment. Hepzibah, whom by force of Hawthorne we must always picture as near-sighted, gaunt, scowling, skimped, and faded, signifies "My Delight is in Her;" and Harriet is "Home Ruler," a gracious name for a fair wife. Helen and Lucy are "Light," Nancy, "Grace," Jenny, "Grace of the Lord." Paddy is noble, for Patricius the "noble" was the title given half in jest to the young Calpurnius, who, stolen by Irish pirates in his youth, returned, when ransomed, to be the apostle of Christianity among his captors, and to bequeath his name to that warm-hearted land whose every other son is a Patrick. Phœbe is "Shining Light," and though lowly enough now, her ancestors certainly kept their carriage and held a high position, since Phœbus drove the frisky horses of the Sun, and the first Phœbe was the moon herself. Thady is "a Poet." Taffy (short for David), "Beloved." Paul, "Little;" Deborah, "a Bee;" George, "a Husbandman;" Richard, "Firm Ruler;" Geoffrey, "God's Peace."

And while we are in the strain of the dictionary, it is worth noting three names, well known if not Christian names. Garibaldi, "War Prince;" Gottschalk, "God's Servant;" and Napoleon, "New City," from *Neapolis*, signifying "new city," and applied very much as our Newtown and Newburg. From some of these new cities was named an Alexandrian martyr, who was canonized, and in the twelfth century adopted as patron by one of the noble house of Orsini. From them it spread to other parts of Italy, as Neapolion or Napoleone, and to Corsica, where it was made famous by the Little Corporal.

MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE AGAIN.

CIRCUMSTANCES as extraordinary and unexpected as they were unwelcome and disagreeable render it proper that I should make a second statement with reference to that person whom I have called "MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE."

Thank Heaven! I can write freely and fear-

lessly now, as I feel a blessed security from any third visitation of that strange lunatic. He is, at last, fairly— But my narrative will put you in possession of his present case, and the events that preceded it.

Just one week ago that man suddenly reappeared, like a baleful comet, upon my horizon. It was a bleak, windy day, and business was slack. Indeed I had been seated in my store (No. 1990 Whortleberry Street, as you may remember), alone with Mr. Pitkins, my clerk, for several hours, uncheered by the entrance of a single customer. We had exhausted the ordinary topics of conversation, and had relapsed into silence. I was thinking, with emotions of pardonable pride, of the favorable reception my little narrative had met with at the hands of the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and how neat and literary it looked in the clear pages of the Monthly. Mr. Pitkins was, I believe, asleep. All at once the doorway was darkened by a human form, and we were startled by a voice, which, if associated with different memories, I should have called jovial, exclaiming:

"Ha! Weeks, my boy, I've found you again! Delighted to see you looking so well! Give us your hand, old chum, give us your hand!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Crackthorpe (for I need not tell you it was he) strode rapidly up the store, and grasped my hand like a vice. It is perfectly impossible to describe the conflicting emotions with which I gazed upon my former persecutor, as he continued to wring my tingling hand, and to utter familiar expressions of pleasure at having successfully "hunted me up." I looked appealingly at Mr. Pitkins, and groaned. "Oh," I thought, "if Pitkins would only conceive the blessed idea of going for a policeman!" But Mr. P.'s ideas were evidently of a far different character; for he only smiled, and, taking out his pocket-comb, proceeded to comb his whiskers.

"Why, Weeks!" cried the madman (I shall call him the *madman* often in future—it does me a sort of good), "you don't seem glad to see me. You look as if I had done you an injury, while, on the contrary, it is I upon whom you— But, *apropos*, I want to have a private chat with you, my friend. You've a snug room back, of course. We'll adjourn to your den. That's your clerk? What's his name? Tom? Here, Tom—"

I did not know what else to do, upon my soul! so I said, with a gulp, "My—my salesman, Mr. Pitkins; this is my—friend Mr. Crackthorpe, Mr. Pitkins." And as I looked at the young man I made a horrible grimace and winked, in the faint hope that he would take the hint, and, at least, not leave us. But he only smirked, and shook hands with the madman, who continued:

"Happy to know you, Mr. Pipkin. You look pale. If I had you under my wing for a fortnight I'd change all that; make a new man of you, Sir, in two weeks. By-the-way, Mr. Pip-

kin, Mr. Weeks and I have some little private matters to chat over. We'll adjourn to his domestic hearth, and you'll be good enough not to let us be interrupted—eh, Mr. Pipkin?"

"Pitkins, Sir—excuse me," said my clerk, with dignity; but, wholly blind to my signals, he added: "There's no fear of interruption, Sir. It's a bad day for custom: sales very slack, Sir, I regret to say."

"Come on, Weeks! Show us the way to your quarters!" cried the madman, pinning my arm within his, in the old fashion.

There was no help for it, and, with the feeble consolation that Mr. Pitkins would at least be within call in case of need, I ushered Mr. Crackthorpe into my sitting-room. When we were seated, and my tormentor had made a running commentary upon my furniture, etc., he began as follows:

"Well, Weeks, a pretty trick you've served me! How could you, in return for my unselfish kindness and care of your welfare—how could you, for the gratification of a small literary pride, publicly brand me as a lunatic? And, worse than all, get up that moving tale of your sufferings and my insanity upon the mere foundation of your own morbid fancy, without a shadow of real evidence! How could you do it? Answer me that!"

"Why, Mr. Crackthorpe, you must admit that your—your singular conduct, and the—the paragraph in the newspaper, together with your hurried departure, and the—impression you gave of me to Mr. North and others—in fact, I—thought—I could not help thinking that you were—"

"Mad, eh?—ha! ha! ha! Well, perhaps it was a little queer; and in your nervous state of mind and body, which, by-the-by, I should have radically cured for you in another week, if—However, it is all easily explained, though the pain you have inflicted by your injudicious narrative upon the members of my family will not be so easily eradicated."

"I am sure, Sir, I never supposed—I never intended—"

"Oh! of course not! Besides, I have forgiven you; and so will they. Lord! how I laughed when I read that statement of yours in *Harper*!"

"But why did you lead Mr. North and others to believe that I was a—?"

"Pooh! an innocent ruse, Weeks, and solely for your own good. I saw that if I left you to yourself you'd crawl, and sit, and mope about, and not benefit yourself in the least at the Cape. You hadn't the energy to do yourself good, Sir. And I liked you, and determined to do you good in spite of yourself. So, as the best means of accomplishing my benevolent purpose, I just hinted to our host and a few others that your feeble health had rendered you unfit to take care of yourself—that was all, upon my word. I didn't say you were mad, only weak and vacillating. And so you were, my boy!"

I repressed an indignant protest against his

self-constituted mentorship that rose to my lips, feeling it to be utterly useless, if not dangerous, then, and replied,

"Yes, but then your—the newspaper advertisement. *That* was real, and the name and description—"

"Were mine. Very true. Yet I was not the man it was intended to reclaim. You stare. It's very simple. The subject of that notice was my uncle." (He looked right at me as he said this, with the old brightness in his eyes.) "Yes, Weeks, strange as it may seem, my father's youngest brother, Anthony Crackthorpe by name (with a middle name, which I have not), only five years my elder, bears a wonderful likeness to your friend now present. The poor gentleman has been slightly deranged for some years, and it is not strange that his malady should take the form of that philanthropic eccentricity, if you choose to call it so, which has always been a family trait, and which caused my interest in your restoration to health. He it was who had wandered from home. He it was for whom my uncle Peter, forgetting in his anxiety the identity of our names and personal appearance, published the advertisement that misled you. What have you to say now, my boy?"

"I—it is very odd, certainly; though, of course—but why did you leave in such a hurried manner?"

"Hang it, man! Do you think I have no family affections? The newspaper paragraph gave me a shock. I was horribly anxious about my poor uncle. I left on the instant to hunt him up and get him home again. If you had waited for me on the hotel porch, I should have explained it all in six words before I departed."

I confess that his cool plausibility deceived me, and I began to be convinced. I still had lingering doubts, however, and to enable him to dispel them if possible, I asked:

"But the—directions you left with Mr. North, to—to have me sent, like a bale of goods, to your—to Dr. Peter Crackthorpe? Do you deny that?"

"Certainly not! That was my only revenge upon you for the suspicious and unkind way in which you sneaked off and hid yourself from me. It was mean and ungentlemanly treatment, Weeks. I don't say it bitterly, now, for I have forgiven you; but it *was* a scurvy trick, and it irritated me at the time into playing a practical joke upon you, which, I must say, you richly deserved!"

It is humiliating to acknowledge, but the madman's cunningly put-on *bonhomie* actually deluded me into feeling as if I *had*, in fact, done a shabby thing; and I attempted an awkward apology, which he blandly but firmly arrested in its outset. Suddenly another doubt recurred to me.

"But, Mr. Crackthorpe, you were going to carry me with you. You ordered a carriage to take *two* gentlemen to the railway, and you had even begun to pack my valise."

"That was my first impulse, I confess, when

I found you gone. I was hurt at your conduct, and thought on your return—for I supposed you would return, probably, before I left—to persuade you to accompany me, part of the way at least, if only to satisfy you of the sincerity of my kind feelings toward you. But when time pressed and you did not return, I suspected a deliberate intention to shun me; and, in my indignation, substituted the practical joke you wot of. After all, Weeks, it was a very innocent revenge!”

Will it be believed that I echoed—yes, actually echoed—his laugh; the madman’s laugh at his own cunning device, of which I was the intended victim? I did! I did more! I told him I was convinced I had been misled by appearances and coincidences; that I was sorry that I had written an erroneous statement of the circumstances, and that if he thought it advisable I would correct that statement as publicly as I had made it.

“No,” he said; “it is of no consequence now. People who know me know it was a mistake, and could guess how it might have occurred. For the world generally I don’t care a rush! Besides, in three months it will be forgotten. Yes, or even in less! But one thing you shall do, my dear fellow!” he exclaimed, suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him. “Since you, or rather chance, would not let me restore your physical stamina, you shall, at least, permit me to assist your judgment and improve your observation. Your ideas on the subject of mania are vague. You lack experience in forming opinions of men’s sanity. I will give you a leaf of this living book to study. In the suburbs of this city there is a somewhat celebrated Asylum for the treatment of this class of patients. We will visit it. This very day—this very hour you shall go with me and see, and hear, and compare these unfortunate people, and take my word for it, Weeks, you will return, if a sadder, also a wiser man. So get your coat and hat and come along!”

“But, my dear Sir, really I—I have no fancy—in fact it is quite repugnant to my feelings to visit such scenes. I have no desire to become more intimately acquainted with—”

“Nonsense! It will do you good. It will, in one sense, make a new man of you. Come!”

“But I—I—I can’t leave my business, Mr. Crackthorpe. The store—”

“Nonsense, I tell you. The store will take care of itself. If it won’t, there’s your Mr. Popkins to take care of it. So there’s no use in your starting objections, for go you shall. I’m resolved. And, moreover”—he fixed his eyes with uncomfortable directness upon mine—“you owe me some reparation, you know, and I’ll take this little excursion in payment. It will be showing me one of the ‘lions’ of your city. There’s your hat. Where’s your coat? Oh, here it is, eh? All right, my dear fellow; come ahead; we’ll have a right jolly time, I assure you.”

And the madman fairly pushed me into and

through the store, barely giving me time to whisper a hurried word of explanation to Mr. Pitkins (who was serving two ladies, with a business smile on his face, and his whiskers combed out to a wonderful degree of latitude), and so into the street, where, tucking me in a manner under his arm, he walked rapidly to the nearest cab-stand.

In a few moments we were riding, at the usual pace of public vehicles, toward the Asylum. The fittest word, I think, to express my condition during our progress is the word resignation. I was resigned. Though I still regarded Mr. Crackthorpe as a decidedly eccentric person, I no longer believed him to be absolutely deranged.

It certainly was rather repugnant to my tastes to visit an insane asylum. How on earth Mr. Crackthorpe proposed to have “a jolly time” on such an occasion I could not conceive. It would be a disagreeable and even melancholy time to me; but it would be short. It should be as brief as I could make it. A momentary doubt as to how my companion’s eccentricity might display itself in such a scene flashed across me. But, I thought, at least he will not be able to make *me* its victim there. There are no breakers to pitch me into; no hot sands to race me over; no “big balls” to be rolled “for an hour or so;” no opportunity to practice his strange hygienic fancies upon me *there*. Therefore I was resigned, and felt no misgivings. Imbecile that I was! As to him, he was very affable and very gay. Looking at it as I look at it now, I should say that he was preternaturally, affectedly affable and gay. Affable and gay with a purpose. The hypocrite!

We reached the Asylum, drove through the gates, and were admitted, with the usual formalities, to an inspection of the establishment. Almost every body has visited such places, and, besides, a description of this one or of its inmates has no direct bearing upon my narrative, which is strictly personal.

Mr. Crackthorpe, with his usual easy manner, introduced me to the Director (with whom he was entirely unacquainted himself) as “my particular friend, Mr. Weeks, Sir—a gentleman to whom I wish to impart a lesson by personal observation of your admirable establishment.”

The Director made some courteous rejoinder, and excused himself on the plea of business, but hoped to see us before we left. We spent an hour or two in going over the grounds and through the wards, all of which were in excellent order, without meeting with any unpleasant adventure. Once, indeed, I felt a momentary fear. This was when we entered the ten-pin alley (for there was a ten-pin alley for the use of the patients), and my companion said, laughing, “Ha, Weeks! do you remember the ‘big balls’ at the Cape? Suppose we try half a dozen rolls; eh, my boy?”

But my anxiety was dispelled by the guide saying, politely but firmly, “It’s against the rules, Sir, for visitors to play, unless they have

a friend who is a patient, and who wants them to play with him." Mr. Crackthorpe said "Hum!" and looked at the man rather oddly, as if he were about to add something more, but checked himself, and we passed on.

Our tour of inspection being ended the guide conducted us to the Director's quarters, where he left us in a parlor to await that gentleman's appearance. He soon came, and listened and replied modestly to Mr. Crackthorpe's eloquent eulogium of the establishment, as well as to my more briefly and awkwardly expressed thanks and praises. During a momentary pause in the conversation my companion suddenly asked:

"Doctor, have you any cases of peculiar aggravation just now? Any raving, tragical, unmanageable maniacs, I mean; any thing particularly appalling, you know?"

"Yes, Sir, we have two such miserable beings here at present, who are confined in a distant and lonely ward; but we never show them to visitors unless by special request, and even then—"

"Ah! my dear Doctor, do, I beg of you, let Mr. Weeks and myself see these terrible cases. I shall take it as a special favor, and my friend here will—"

But *this* ordeal I was resolved I would *not* undergo. Up to this moment I had been resigned, and had followed my companion unmurmuringly. But I could not, would not endure the horrid sights and sounds of raging frenzy to gratify him. I had done enough to atone for my past involuntary injury to his character, surely. So, even at the risk of rousing his ire, I said, as gently but at the same time as firmly as I could,

"I am much obliged, but really I—I would very much rather not—a—extend my visit any further. If Mr. Crackthorpe wishes to see these—cases, I beg he will excuse me from accompanying him. I assure you I would much prefer remaining here till you return."

I expected an outbreak, and gathered myself up, as it were, to brave it. But to my infinite surprise and relief Mr. Crackthorpe only laughed, and said:

"Morbid feeling, Weeks; mere morbid feeling! But I won't urge you, my poor friend. Come, Doctor, give me, at least, the privilege of this interesting study."

The Director, after a moment's hesitation, consented, and they left the room together. My feelings during the first twenty minutes or so of solitude were decidedly agreeable. I had gotten off cheaply, after all, I thought. Nothing very disagreeable had happened to me. And I didn't foresee any prospect of any thing very disagreeable occurring in the future—the immediate future, I mean, and as connected with Mr. Crackthorpe. He bore me no malice. He had forgiven me. I had humored his whim in this visit. He was in capital spirits. He had given no hint of recommencing his despotic system of hygiene upon me. Indeed, how could he? We were no longer at the Cape. We

were in the city (or would be in an hour) where I resided; where I had friends and acquaintances, and protection of person and property; where, in short, if he attempted to renew his eccentric persecution (which he meant kindly enough, no doubt), I could safely defy him. So my cogitations thus far were calm and pleasant.

But when the twenty minutes became thirty I begun to be a little impatient. It was getting dusk, and I ought to be at home. What would Mr. Pitkins do or think? During the next ten minutes I was fidgety. When the third quarter of an hour was fairly past without bringing back Mr. Crackthorpe I grew indignant. What right had he to waste my time in this manner? It was ungentlemanly. It was unkind, unjust, un— Ha! a footstep! there he comes at last! No! some one passing. A servant, probably. I rose, and walked angrily up and down the room. Another quarter of an hour passed. It was nearly dark. I became really alarmed, though without a distinct perception of cause. But something must have happened. I— At this moment I discovered the bell-rope, and striding up to it I gave it a violent jerk. Almost at the instant of its vibration the door opened, and the Director entered, followed by a servant with a light, with which he lit the gas-drop, and withdrew. Where on earth was Crackthorpe?

"Well, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, smiling, "I hope you are not quite out of patience."

"But where is Mr. Crackthorpe, Doctor? I must say it's very unkind of him to delay in this manner when he ought to know—"

"Oh, don't abuse your friend, my dear Mr. Weeks!" said the Doctor, in a strange, soothing tone. "He is very considerate, very careful of you, I assure you. His very absence is a proof of it; it is indeed."

"I don't see; but where is he, Sir? and why don't he come, so that we may get home before night?—though it's night already for that matter," I added, gloomily.

"Exactly, my dear Sir," continued the Doctor, in the same tone. "It is night, and Mr. Crackthorpe, knowing your delicate health, would not positively expose you to the night air, though he was forced to return to the city himself."

"What, Sir!" I cried, now really alarmed. "Do you mean to say that he is—that he has gone?"

"Pray don't excite yourself, my dear Sir. There's not the slightest cause for anxiety, upon my word. It would really be running a great risk for you to have ridden back in this damp, raw night air; and though my poor accommodations may not compare with those of your own home, yet I will do what I can to make you comfortable to-night, and I hope you will not regret having been my guest. I do indeed, Sir."

I fell back in my seat and groaned; but, recovering myself, "I am much obliged to you, Doctor," said I, courteously, but firmly, "for

your kind offer of hospitality; but it is imperatively necessary that I should be at home to-night, and I must beg to decline it. As Mr. Crackthorpe has seen fit to desert me, and has doubtless taken the cab with him, you will increase my obligations essentially if you can loan or procure me a conveyance to take me into the city as speedily as possible. I will cheerfully pay any price," I added, seeing him apparently hesitate, and even frown slightly at my request.

"My dear Mr. Weeks," replied the Director, after a short interval of silence, with even an oilier accent than before, "I am not at all offended at your refusal of my hospitality, as you are pleased to call it, and I would oblige you with all my heart, but it is absolutely impossible. I have no equipage myself, and the laws of this institution forbid the unclosing of the gates after sundown for any other purpose than the necessary exit or entrance of an official connected with it. Come, come, my dear Sir, be content to be my guest to-night, since you can not—nor, indeed, can I—help it now; and to-morrow morning you will feel more cheerful about it, believe me!"

"I can not positively go? I am actually a prisoner, then, by the whim of that accursed Crackthorpe!" I exclaimed, in despair, and actually grinding my teeth with rage at the situation into which that villain and my own weak folly had plunged me.

"A prisoner, if you will use such a harsh term," said the blandly-smiling Director; "but only a prisoner for your own benefit, and by your friend's kind solicitude in your behalf. Come, my dear Mr. Weeks, let me show you your dungeon, since you will be a prisoner. You won't find it very dreadful, I assure you!" And stepping softly up to me he offered his arm.

At this moment a horrible suspicion seized upon me. My knees knocked together, and a cold sweat broke out all over me, and trickled like drops of ice-water down my spine. I sprang up and grasped the Doctor's hand. "Doctor," I cried, wildly, "you are deceiving me! I am not your guest for a night! I am not your prisoner in the sportive sense in which you used the word! I am—great Heaven! to think that that man should be such a monster of duplicity! —I AM YOUR PATIENT!"

The mere utterance of those four words so overcame me that I sank back into the chair again, and fell into a convulsive spasm of weeping, in an extremity of rage and terror!

The Doctor soothed, or attempted to soothe me, as one soothes a fretful child, but I quickly stopped him, and mastering my emotion by a strong effort (a wonderful one for me), I proceeded, in as calm a manner as I could command, to convince him of his error and that fiend Crackthorpe's infamous stratagem, by relating the history of my former experience with him.

The Director, with the caution and skepticism peculiar to his specialty, listened without comment

to the beginning of my narrative, but as it proceeded he gave an occasional "Ha!" or "Yes!" that told how his own experience of monomania found points of resemblance in my story of Mr. Crackthorpe's vagaries. When I had finished he remained looking keenly at me in silence for full five minutes, after which, still continuing to eye me narrowly, he said,

"A very queer story, Mr. Weeks, and yet a very likely one, I am bound to say. I can not, however, assure you that I am entirely convinced; for, to tell you the truth, Mr. Crackthorpe, when he placed you temporarily under my care, gave me a hint to expect a cunningly-devised tale from you, in which, of course, you would make *him* out the deranged person, as it is quite common for patients to do in similar cases."

Here he paused an instant, with his eyes still fixed upon me, evidently expecting an angry or indignant protest. But I was too dejected and preoccupied by my strange situation to answer. And had I done so my violence would, no doubt, have renewed and confirmed his wavering suspicions of my sanity. For, finding that I remained silent, he went on, in a more natural, and evidently less suspicious manner:

"We are obliged to be on our guard against far more adroit deceptions than this—if this *be* a deception, which I assure you I am not inclined to believe it is, Mr. Weeks. But I am in a position of peculiar responsibility here, my dear Sir, and I must take time to reflect and to inquire also. Under any circumstances you can not leave here to-night; but to prove my inclination to believe your statement, you shall, if you like, occupy the adjoining chamber to mine, and I promise you you may, if you choose, rest as undisturbed by any indications of the sort of place you are in as in your own room in the city. You shall also write to your friends, and the first thing in the morning we will have both them and Mr. Crackthorpe, if we can find him, over here, and all will be right in a very short space of time."

There was no help for it. Stay I must. I felt very miserable; very full of wrath against Crackthorpe; sullenly indignant at the Doctor's excessive caution; somewhat frightened still at the idea of passing a night in an insane asylum; and exceedingly worried and anxious about the store and Mr. Pitkins.

From these indications you may judge what sort of a night I passed. It was, to put it mildly, the opposite of refreshing. Every creak of a window-shutter I took for the yell of a maniac. Every scamper of a mouse along the corridor I fancied the shuffling footstep of some mad man or woman escaped from his or her cell. Once in my life, when I was a very young man, I was inveigled into doing what is called "making a night of it." My sensations, physically, on arising late the subsequent morning were manifold, but not one of them bore the faintest resemblance to pleasure or even mere comfort. When I rose, the morning after my night in the

asylum, my sensations reminded me strongly of the former ones I have just alluded to.

But comfort awaited me. Nay, even my revengeful feelings against my tormentor were unexpectedly gratified. First, the Director gave me an excellent breakfast. Secondly, ere it was over, appeared Mr. Pitkins very pale, very agitated, his whiskers miserably drooping (I had written to him, according to the Doctor's direction), accompanied by three neighbors also in the retail line of business. Their united explanations, depositions, and exclamations were somewhat confused; but they were perfectly corroborative of my sanity, and the Doctor made a very handsome and even flattering apology.

My triumph, however, was destined to be still more complete. For while my three neighbors and I were being pleasantly discoursed to by the head of the establishment Mr. Pitkins, who had rashly ventured forth to "have a look at the lunatics," as he called them, suddenly rushed into the parlor in a more decided state of wilt than ever with the hoarse announcement that "*He* is comin'! I just saw *him* drive through the gate with three other gents in a cab."

Before he could explain himself further some one called the Doctor out, and he went requesting us to await his return. In less than half an hour he came back, and cried:

"Well, Mr. Weeks, we've caged the right bird this time, you will think, I'm sure! Your FRIEND, MR. CRACKTHORPE, has just been brought here by his brother and two assistants as a PATIENT! And such a refractory one they found him that they were actually forced to handcuff him on the way. Would you like to see him?"

This intelligence pervaded my being with an ineffable feeling of relief, not wholly unmixed with a sense of stern delight at the pitiable position of my enemy. Yes! I would gaze upon him! I would taunt him boldly—that is, if he were still handcuffed, and from the outside of his cell, with his infernal perfidy! I would—But here Mr. Pitkins awoke me to a sense of higher duty by saying:

"I think we'd better get to the store, Mr. Weeks. I had no time to find any one to 'tend for me, and so I had to shut up. And it's a very brisk custom-day, Sir. I was doing quite a business before I came away! Quite a run upon hosiery and ribbons, I assure you, Sir!"

"You are right, Mr. Pitkins!" said I, with dignity. "Business before pleasure. I will not visit that unhappy man now, Doctor, but bid you a very good-morning, with many thanks for your kind hospitality!"

"Happy to see you at any time!" replied the polite Doctor, bowing us out.

And so I left the asylum and MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE to their fate without a single regret! Cunning as he is, I understand him now. It will be a long time before he has an opportunity to try any more tricks upon me; and if he does so, he will find his match in ANDREW JACKSON WEEKS.

THE ETHICS OF LOVE.

EVERY BODY will allow that it is well to talk of the Romance of Love, the Sentiment, the Poetry, the Enthusiasm, or even of the Tragedy of Love; but who ever heard of such a matter as is implied in the words, "The Ethics of Love?" Yet there they stand, good reader, and there they will stand until you see and like their meaning. No thought is more vital to our own well-being and to the very salvation of society than that which they indicate. The world will continue to be a sink of iniquity until wisdom and virtue rule the springs of feeling and action, and the relation which is first of all others as cause and consequence is regarded in its just dignity, and comes within the jurisdiction of morals and religion.

I know very well what the whole host of Sentimentalists will say, whatever may be their differences of temperament or character, whether moonlight dreamers or wide-awake enthusiasts. "What would you make of this life of ours, thus to rob it of its enchantment, and put prudence in the place of passion, enslave emotion to duty, and insist on boring us to death with your moral lectures, instead of leaving the heart to the freedom and sacredness of its own inspirations? We believe in being good and doing good as much as you do, but there is a time for all things; and we insist that the affections are their own highest law, and you take the very life out of them the moment you begin to prate of an authority above them. Let us alone, and you will find that all will come out right at last, and Nature takes good care of her own children who follow her imperious law." We have heard a good deal of such stuff as this, and have lived long enough to see its utter folly and its wretched fruits.

I confess, indeed, to having attained somewhat grave years, and long since to have passed the heyday of young romance. Yet I would not write to disparage youthful enthusiasm, but rather to honor and to perpetuate it. Those of us who have passed the meridian, and kept constant company with our own children and their young friends, think as much of the heart as we ever did, and probably more. In the best sense of the word we are willing to be thought younger than ever—as ready surely as ever to enter into the glee of childhood, to play and prattle with merry girls and boys, to go among the wedding guests without carrying a funeral visage thither, and to take our share of the wedding cup and the bridal kiss. It is precisely because we believe in the heart that we are to see and vindicate its sacred law, and show forth the solemn fact that it denies itself, and strikes at the seat of its own best life, the very moment it rejects authority, and sets up its own sentiments and impulses as the supreme standard. The best natures apparently feel this truth before they have philosophized upon its principles and sources; and whenever they are moved by an engrossing affection, they almost instinctively seek the protec-

tion and sanction of the highest law, the Supreme truth and love. It would be a paradox were it not sober reality, that the deepest of passions rises gladly into the highest of loyalties; and not prudential foresight only, but devoted love, asks that solemn vows may be spoken that invoke the majestic rule of God over the uncertain sway of human feelings.

A great deal of mischief is done, and in high life as well as low life, by ignoring this fact, and taking it for granted that love is to be regarded wholly as a private experience, and that the world and the church, and perhaps even parents and friends, have nothing to do with it, or at least no right to interfere with it. We are not speaking now of persons so utterly unprincipled as to set human laws at defiance, and offend the first principles of social decency. Yet of those who conform to public opinion—at least to its external laws—not a few hold very false views upon the subject, and miserably mistake the essential truths of social and religious order. Misery beyond account comes from making a god of a very equivocal impulse, and holding every relation and duty second to its movings. Thus a girl of fair character and education sometimes imbibes from trashy novels, or as trashy associates, the preposterous notion that the first man who wins her fancy and haunts her dreams is her predestined husband; and that if thoughtful parents, who have watched over her for years, present objections or ask any hard questions, it is perfectly justifiable for her to turn her back upon them and the old homestead, and run away with her lover, who may be a knave or a fool, or may possibly settle down into a decent and commonplace man, with nothing of the hero except what he had in the imagination of his silly bride. Sometimes worse results follow, and the deification of passion brings forth its bitter fruits of shame.

Allow that love is an emotion, and one quite private and personal, and in itself alone concerned only with two parties, the lover and the loved. Are not all the feelings in themselves private and individual, and do we not cease to be rational and moral beings the moment we rest in mere emotions, and fail to rise into the region of thought, where universal ideas dwell and universal ties are recognized? What would be the consequence of treating other impulses as romancers and sentimentalists treat love? Suppose that our sons and daughters should swear eternal *friendship* to every acquaintance who happened to take their fancy, and form fixed associations with them, instead of waiting for time and reflection to pass judgment upon the fitness of such an intimacy? Certain mischief, and often utter ruin would follow; and our sons surely are likely to find in some of the school and college friends who most fascinate them at first the most dangerous temptations and vices. If it will not do to base relations of friendship upon impulse or passion, why rest the relations of love upon such a sandy foundation? These relations, from their very nature, need more

caution, as the consequences of error are more enduring and fatal, and lovers, husbands, or wives can not be thrown off or set aside like false friends.

Instead of according to the impulsive or passion school of love the supreme honor, on account of its fervor and its unselfish devotion, we rate it very low, and deny to it the true human worth. Impulse, mere passion, is in a low plane, the plane of mere nature, and allies us with the animals, and with the *idiots* or *naturals* to whom irrational desire is the imperative law. Animal impulse runs its own course without being troubled by any thought of what reason and conscience dictate, or social and religious order demand. The *idiot*, as the word denotes, follows merely his private or individual desire, as if he were his own man, instead of belonging to duty, society, and to God. He eats, drinks, sleeps, vegetates, and animalizes himself as the mood takes him. He becomes truly human only when he rises from impulse to reason, and learns to connect his individual feelings and desires with the laws of society and religion, so that he becomes a social being, integrated or made whole by living in the family, the nation, and the church. He does not escape his *idiotic* condition by carrying his impulses merely into a higher plane, and exchanging animal passion for impulsive sentiment, however refined or mystical. He is not a rational and moral creature, a true man, until he completes himself by ruling his impulses and passions in reason and conscience, and living not for himself alone, but for his neighbor, humanity, and God. He is essentially idiotic so long as he cuts himself off from the higher fellowship of his race, whether he grovels like a brute in the sty, or dreams himself into a phantom in the cloister, or heats himself into a furnace in his chamber. No matter what the impulse may be, whether it is horror of water, or longing to jump into the river, to eat dirt, or to drink poison, or to run crazy with love, so long as the impulse of itself rules him, he is not a whole man, not truly human.

We do not quarrel with impulse as such, but we deny it the supreme honor, and allow it no worth apart from the rule of reason and conscience. These benign and majestic guides do not crush the impulses, but accept, purify, and guide them; so that a rational and just man, instead of being a calculating machine, is the most affectionate, genial, and earnest of beings, holding all his senses and susceptibilities open to the best influences and under the best control. He does not deny the emotional or mystical element, either in love or religion, any more than he denies that element in the charm of eloquence or music. He does not shut out the mystery of art or nature, or of social fascination, but accepts it in a more open eye and ear and well-trained mind and temper. He does not pretend to explain the mysterious power of a landscape, or symphony, or beautiful face and form, but is able and willing to appreciate it truly without mistake or hallucination. In

fact, reason and conscience are the conditions of the purest and highest mysticism, for they make a man alive to what is loveliest and best in nature, art, and religion, and enable him to hear the blessed word and see the blessed vision that are hidden from the vulgar sense. We will not say that a man must be a poet, saint, or philosopher to be in love; but sure it is that the highest qualities, instead of preventing, deepen the experience; and he who is the most of a man can most appreciate the best gifts of God, human and divine, and of course therefore can best appreciate that good gift of God, that gift both human and divine, true womanhood. A great deal of nonsense has been said and sung and written upon this subject; but the nonsense does not lie in the mere fact of mystical emotion; and all thoughtful people are ready to own that in love and religion true experience passes understanding, and does not come of calculation, but of the spirit that moves as it lists. The spirit, however, moves each soul according to its affinities and aptitudes, and a man of sense and principle, whether before bright eyes in social fellowship or under ghostlier influence in the sanctuary, discriminates between truth and falsehood, and is not likely to be bewitched by a fool or harlot, or converted by a knave or an ass. True susceptibility is not insanity; and while it is open to whatever is true and lovely, it opens the gates of reason, conscience, and affection, not the doors of Bedlam, with its madness and folly. "Why is it," said a fine young man, who had wooed and won a noble girl not long ago—"why is it that love is so much like religion, and that it comes upon a man very much like the new birth that the Gospel speaks of, and does not seem to be our own work?" The reply of a Broad Church minister was somewhat thus: "For the best of all reasons, my dear fellow: it is because they are very much the same thing in different planes; it is love in the divine sphere that makes religion, and love in the human sphere that makes what is truly worthy the name, and calls for marriage as its just and sacred consummation."

Dismissing, therefore, the preposterous notion that impulse or passion of itself is love, and maintaining that this experience, instead of being shut out of the higher relations of reason, conscience, and religion, comes within them all, and needs their guidance and comfort in full communion, we are ready to take more positive ground, and perhaps astonish the most romantic as well as the most utilitarian of our readers with our extravagance. Do not be alarmed as to our sanity when we deliberately affirm that true love is a virtue, and high among the list of virtues when true to its highest standard. How can we stop short of this position without throwing the most vital of earthly relations wholly out of the court of conscience and the shrine of religion? If we merely say that true love is innocent, or does no wrong, we still deny its moral character; for so are the mountains and trees, the doves and the lambs inno-

cent, yet they have no soul, and aspire to no virtue. We are not, indeed, turning ascetic, and bent on carrying the monkish spirit into the marriage market, or affirming that a man loves worthily only when he sacrifices his tastes and feelings to the stern law of duty. We are not in favor of his marrying his grandmother, or any woman of her venerable years and mien, under the stolen name of duty; nor do we think that loveliness, either of person or disposition, is to be put under the ban of church or conscience. But leave the heart free to its own sacred affinities and its true choice, and persistent fidelity can not stop short of virtue.

All virtue, according to our thinking and the best masters of ethics and the Word Divine, comes from the Supreme Good, and partakes something of its mind and purpose. Whatever blessing we have we have virtuously only when we take it from the Supreme Goodness, the All-perfect Giver, and make use of it under His providence and grace. Love is virtue when it is from God as its source and to Him as its object; and all our affections are virtues as they partake of this affection, and proceed from the Eternal Source toward the Eternal End, or blessedness. Now what decent man, who that is fit to ask any woman to be his wife, can deny that he lives under a moral and spiritual kingdom, and that the marriage bond has the sanction of God in its beginning, and should lead the family nearer to him as its aim? Every true woman understands our position at once, and can not put on the wedding-ring without a profound sense of the sacredness of the tie as a religious obligation, as well as a social compact. The sweetest home virtues nestle within that bridal blossom, although often as unconscious of their worth and power as the apple-blossoms in spring are unconscious of the precious hopes they bear to cheer and enrich the harvest.

Love surely should be a virtue by partaking of the supreme good, the infinite wisdom and goodness; and it should partake of this both passively and actively, or as a motive as well as an affection, and be earnest and strong as well as susceptible and judicious. It becomes all the more genial as well as devoted by taking this stand; and they who believe that the Supreme calls them to each other will be more open to the highest satisfactions, because they mean to be true to the highest duties. They will take more and more of what is best, because they are to make the best of all things to each other, giving as they receive, and receiving that they may give. We do not promise them unbroken happiness; and a marriage that ignores the necessity of sacrifice belongs to the Paradise of Fools, and treasures up ashes in its mirth. We are told that there are seven lamps of architecture that should shine upon every master builder's work. He who builds a house or founds a home needs them all—the whole seven—the lamps of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, Obedience. The lamp of Sacrifice heads the list; and what is the love good for

that is not lighted by its ray? Certainly they can not love each other who are not willing to make sacrifices for each other, and to make them cheerfully, both by suffering pain and privation and doing hard service together. The good old Prayer-Book makes this idea plain enough, it would seem, yet it is too often forgotten in the sweetness of the orange-blossoms, the charm of the music, and the revelry of the marriage-feast. Why forget it, or think it a ghost or skeleton that belongs to the grave and not to the bridal? There would be more joy, not less, if the solemn lesson were made more of, and our young people were trained to regard love as having the majesty of sacrifice to grace its consecration, and the "promise for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health" were made the measure of the affection, and not merely the warning of prudence or the caution of fear. More marriages would take place if this truth were recognized, and the world would not as now keep asunder those whom God would unite, by interposing its pride and vanity and forbidding the bans until it is quite sure that the two will not be obliged to make sacrifices for each other, but will be easier and perhaps richer by marrying.

We all know that there are young people enough who make fools of themselves by rash marriages; but their folly comes not from expecting sacrifice, but the reverse. They marry selfishly, and are disappointed, and often quarrel and part, or else live out a miserable existence of repining and reproach. If they started with a deep-seated and reasonable attachment, taking it for granted that they are to make sacrifices for each other, they would be content to begin life together in a modest and frugal way, without waiting for luxury and without ending in petulance and despair. They would marry for love reasonably and conscientiously, as they enter into other social, civil, and religious relations—not for the sake of amusing themselves, but because it is right, and virtue takes precedence of pleasure, and in fact commands the only enjoyment that is worthy the name. I know well what a revolution this principle would make in society; how many false and ungodly connections it would stop, by putting a test that mere wealth and fashion of themselves can not abide, and giving a warning that indolence, thriftlessness, and sentimentalism miserably neglect. But there would be more marriages on the whole by far, and all of the right-minded sort of young people would be ready to marry as soon as they can be congenially mated, and begin to live in a comfort that answers the claims of reason and the heart, without waiting for luxuries that come only with affluence, and depend upon its uncertain stay. We should soon see a new style of house-building and furnishing, of living, dressing, and entertaining, such as moderate earnings can provide and modest tastes can enjoy. Thousands of young women who now "waste their sweetness on the desert air," or find gay ball-rooms a desert place to them, would find good husbands, and be what God

meant them to be, sensible and healthy mothers; and the legion of young men who haunt our hotels, clubs, and theatres, or worse places, would begin to live the life that is truly human.

The mischief now is that self-indulgence is too much the arbiter of marriage, instead of virtue; and in the scale of self-indulgence celibacy seems to win the preference with vast numbers, especially of men. No deep vision is needed to see what is going on in our towns and cities; to show how temptations and vices abound; and how little it seems to cost to open every pleasure to the reckless and impassioned. The mischief may begin with one sex, but is not confined to one; and there is nothing in American life so alarming as the precocity of those vices among us that prevent or destroy the home virtues, and ruin soul and body by their abominations. Paris is perhaps bad as it can be, so far as the vices of its adult population are concerned; but neither in Paris nor elsewhere in Christendom, have we reason to believe, do the precocious vices of youth, and even childhood, so abound as in this empire city of America and its great rivals East and West. Here, as nowhere else, are the young left to their own wills and ways. Nor does the mischief of measuring the worth of love in the scale of low gratification bear its fruits only in the nominally degraded walks of life. Men of culture and position abound who are by no means models of rectitude, and who make their plans and habits of living according to principles very different from those that are sanctioned by true morality and the higher laws of the affections. They shrink from the yoke of a loyal union to enter into unhallowed intrigues—blind, apparently, to the fact that a certain sacrifice of selfishness to the welfare of others is the essential mark of nobleness and the condition of the most enduring peace and prosperity. The certainty that loyal love demands sacrifice, and calls not only for the frequent surrender of time and luxury, but of personal ease and self-will to another's good, gives the loyalty its dignity, and in the end secures its happiness. Nothing is worth having that is not worth sacrificing for; and nothing is held worthily that is not held at some cost of means, or time, or thought, or labor.

Virtue in love is a topic that may make prosy preachers draw down the corners of their mouths in sanctimonious severity, and may set wide-awake, hearty young people into a titter, as if an intolerable bore were at hand. The mistake lies in regarding such virtue as a poor negation of vice instead of a generous affirmation of the true goodness. Very little is proved toward a man's virtue when he tells us, and tells us truly, what he does not do. Goodness is in being and doing something, not in being and doing nothing. He is a shabby sort of a temperance man who measures his quality by mere abstinence from this or that, and he may pinch or dry himself into a mummy or skeleton yet never come near that just self-control, or right tempering of himself against all excess, which constitutes that car-

dinal virtue temperance. So in the relations of love, abstinence from vice is not virtue, and may be the easier to some people because they fall below the true manhood, instead of rising above it or even coming up to it. Virtuous love is not a pitiful asceticism, but it is human excellence in the relations which love originates—in short, it is the pure and rational and earnest humanity that should prevail between man and woman. It is no beggarly specialty that prescribes a single duty or condemns a single vice, but it is the whole life of true souls in their relation to each other, under God.

Like all virtues it has two sides according as it is more receptive or communicative, passive or active. On the one side it is susceptible, or open to affection; judicious, or mindful of the guiding principle; comprehensive, or careful of the whole range of fellowship. On the other, or more active side, it is earnest, enterprising, faithful, determined to carry out its loyalty heartily, effectively, and thoroughly. The first part may present more of the feminine side, and the second part more of the masculine side of the virtue, as the Psyche of the old myth represents the sensible, tender, discreet woman, and Amor represents the more determined and daring man. The two traits tend, however, more and more to blend with each other; and man becomes somewhat womanly, and woman somewhat manly when true love unites them, and Amor and Psyche mingle their blood and their life together.

With all good or philosophical moralists we distinguish between virtues and duties, and regard virtue as the force that gives duty its motive, while duty is the path in which virtue is to move. It would be a fine thing for our literature if we had a really good book on the whole subject—a wise and edifying treatise, that should handle broadly, deeply, and generously the relations of the sexes, setting forth the true laws of their life, with due notice of their perils and derangements. The materials abound in various quarters, but they have not yet been brought together. The old books of fatherly and motherly epistles to sons and daughters are obsolete, and are written as if young people did not know much of any thing about themselves or the world, and they have probably less wisdom in matters of the heart than a considerable portion of what is generally stigmatized as light reading. A few pages on the subject may be found in our current manuals of ethics, but we believe that the German moralists are the only ones who have treated it with any thing like its proper fullness and earnestness. The French have handled it well in their way, and their gifted women of the best character have given us excellent hints and helps toward a better understanding of the human heart and its home relations. The majority of Frenchmen, however, whose works on the topic suggest themselves to us, are any thing but edifying or comforting. What can be more corrupting than Balzac on Marriage? and what more frightful than Debreyne, for twenty-

five years both priest and physician, in his revelations of the abuses of the love passion? Perhaps the best thoughts may be found scattered through the poetry, essays, and fictions of our time; for literature now has become the great school of the heart, and the novel often takes the place of the confessional, asking questions and telling secrets that of old were not spoken to the general air, but whispered in ghostly presence. Women themselves, to whom love is no small part of religion as well as of life, are now writing some of the best poems and stories, and are giving us, thank God! their side of the truth and often their side of the tragedy. Better days are coming, we believe; and never since time was has so high an ideal of the true relation between man and woman been set forth as by our best authors. Both parties are understanding each other, and being just and generous to each other; and we are no longer in danger of looking upon woman as wishing to be the weak toy of man's pleasure or the strapping rival of his hardihood. They are confessing their need of each other in every plane of life, from the natural to the spiritual; and the chart and compass are before us for a safe and pleasant voyage over the great sea together, if we will use them wisely.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that woman invariably gains whenever love is placed upon its true ground, and her relation to man is regarded in its highest plane. Upon the level of mere material existence or animal life she loses in comparison with man. He is generally stronger, and he can command her, enslave and beat her if he will, and his mere instinct is an insufficient protection for her when sick or infirm from the cares of maternity and other causes. When his interest in her depends upon his passions, his interest tends to cease precisely when her need of his interest deepens; and not only savage life, but what we call our civilized society abounds in atrocities on the part of man toward his victim. Most of the saddest misery that we see comes from the wrongs of women; and while busy with this essay I have had cases come before me professionally that are enough to make a man ask whether we are living in a Christian land or under the grossest paganism. A nice elderly woman, whose widow's weeds have for years won respect, did not appear, as usual, for her share of relief. I found her daughter, a simple, honest girl, with a baby in her arms. "Are you married?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, and the husband was supposed to be a competent accountant. "How long did he stay with you?" "He staid three months, and I have not seen him since." That tells the story of the tragedy that is going on in our cities and large towns from day to day. The decent American woman in humble life is more strict than her English compeer, and we do not seem to have many of the miserable class that Joseph Kay describes so graphically in his book on the social condition of England. But marriage in form is no security for its proper duties; and in

ranks where public opinion is feeble or hardly exists, and religious obligation is not cherished, marriage is the frequent pretext to cover the vilest treachery, and the wife is deserted, burdened and desolate as the harlot can not be. The law promises redress, but what does the redress amount to when obtained at such trouble and cost, and when it may only bring about a second act of the same tragedy whose first act almost took the sufferer's life away? Why women allow themselves to be so entangled is the constant wonder, and the solution probably is that they see out of their own eyes, and judge men by themselves, and think a man's promises answer to a woman's heart as truly as to her ear. This very week I have been led to hear the story of three who declared themselves victims of such falsity, and who bore the look of respectability and had its surroundings. The most estimable and cheering of them all, an exemplary and apparently religious woman, with an excellent reputation in high quarters, ascribed no small share of her present cheerfulness to being rid of a miserable man who had married her while two other wives of his were alive. This may have been a dark week as to matrimonial matters, but even this dark week has had other aspects of the subject quite sufficient to keep one from desponding.

As to the question of the equality of man and woman in their relation to each other and before the court of public opinion, we need not say how much we abominate the old heathen notion that woman is born to be man's slave or toy. It is not so easy to meet another wrong done to her on the ground of her alleged purity, and the consequent enormity of her offense when she falls from that purity. Whatever may be the justice of the verdict, it is almost universal and inexorable; and an erring woman when detected is ruined and an utter outcast from society, while her betrayer may keep a certain position of nominal respectability. Strange to say, many women of society called respectable will notice him, while almost all women turn their backs upon their erring sister. There is undoubtedly some cause for this distinction in mere taste and prudence, since a fallen woman falls more deeply than a man is likely to fall, and more of her nature is polluted than his by the sin. More of her constitution, her sensibilities, her affections, is acted upon and degraded. Her loveliness in the highest sense is gone, and the temple of her purity is foully desecrated, whereas the world readily regards laxity of like kind as but an incident in the life of a man, and one that may be atoned for by a life of sobriety after his wild oats are sown.

The higher ethics, however, puts a stop to this partiality, and holds man and woman accountable to the same exalted law. The great principle is the same for both—a life for a life, a heart for a heart. The true love is as exclusive as it is strong, and demands that each shall keep solely to the other till death do them part.

Man's nature may make this exclusiveness more a sacrifice from the heat and endurance of his passions; but he is bound by the same principle as woman, and he gains by it in his way as she gains in her way. His fidelity gives him a sincerity, gentleness, chivalry, and spirituality that loose habits are sure to destroy, while her fidelity rewards him with a magnificence of conjugal and maternal affection and devotion that give home its sacredness and bring both nearer heaven. We know something of the world and its ways, but the more we see of its sins the more we love the good old loyalties of the hearthstone and the altar.

If more humane and effective laws are needed, in combination with more effective Christian influence, to protect the poorer and less educated classes, a purer and higher social code ought to prevail among the cultivated and refined. There is certainly an approach to such a code in the best society, and conduct which might pass with impunity elsewhere is there visited with the general ban. High society may neglect sadly its inferiors, and leave them to the mercy or the arts of its sons; but it guards its own daughters somewhat sternly from insult and wrong. Excommunication is the penalty to be paid by the offender who assails their honor, and even in our peaceful and anti-dueling community death is thought to be the seducer's just doom; and public opinion may blame, but does not denounce, the father or brother who takes the law into his own hands. Yet there are many wrongs that are not guarded against, and many sources of suffering that are left open. We can not say that man is always the aggressor, for we are sure that he is sometimes the aggrieved party; but it is clear that the social code is in many respects wrong or deficient, and it fails to adjust rightly affairs and relations that are vital to social welfare. We have been tempted to laugh at the Courts of Love which were held in the age of Chivalry to settle delicate questions of gallantry, and have been amused to note that the last of them was convened at the call of the great Richelieu, who found some matters too subtle even for his diplomacy, and who called in gentler fingers and brighter eyes than his to see into and unravel the web. Such a court would not be amiss now, and it is certain that the old code of thirty-one articles would be wholly inadequate to the present demands of society. But we need not fear that we shall long be without such jurisdiction, for woman rules society as man rules politics, and sessions formal and informal are constantly held, that tend to adjudicate the rights and duties of love, and to define the just relations between man and woman, whether married or single. It is to be hoped that some day the social law may be digested and the common law of the heart be so codified that he who runs may read. It is to be hoped, too, that, while strictness prevails in duties essential, liberty will be allowed in things indifferent, and the result will be a more free and varied, genial and intellectual fellow-

ship between men and women, that shall give the charm of the higher and universal love to general society, and help all worthy seekers to find their predestined mates in that form of the affection which is more private and exclusive.

Of all striplings who have been called scapegraces Cupid is the most hopeful, and he has the whole future to mend his manners and his morals. It is not impossible that he may grow up into a first-class angel, and his wings may be the means of his aspiration instead of the signs of his fickleness, while his bow and arrows may be turned to good account as part of the armament of the embattled cherubim that contends for God and humanity against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

So ends our essay on the Ethics of Love. Call it too gay or too grave, as you choose, but do not let the poor handling harm the good text.

THE REV. MR. ALLONBY.

I.

IN the dark, ungracious days of early April the Rev. Wentworth Allonby took possession of his new charge at Hillsboro. It was a gloomy time for moving, and the parsonage was not a cheerful house; its walls were low, the paint discolored, the paper soiled and worn. When to these defects were added the confusion of unpacking furniture—straw and old newspapers on the floor, chairs and tables and kitchen utensils standing promiscuously about—the *tout ensemble* was little calculated to elevate the spirits. Rev. Mr. Allonby and his wife looked at it cheerfully, however. It was six months since he left his last parish, from which he had been dismissed, after the amiable fashion of country congregations, with less ceremony than is commonly used in discharging a "hired man." After a weary tour of "candidating"—filling every vacant pulpit he could hear of from Sunday to Sunday—he had gladly accepted the call of Hillsboro church. The place was small, the salary barely sufficient for the necessities of life, but it was something secure. It offered him rest and the society of his family.

In a few days things had brightened; the house was settled, its plenishing neatly disposed about the various rooms. Some thoughtful parishioners had sent in little gifts of cake and pies, poultry and vegetables—and one Wednesday afternoon the pastor set out for his weekly meeting with a feeling that the place was beginning to seem like home to him.

After meeting the parsonage was quite besieged by visitors. The deacons' wives came, of course, and Mrs. Lawson, the best of all good hearts looking out of her immense blue eyes. She was a woman whose price was far above rubies; ministers she loved as such, and in her view they could do no wrong. Mrs. Allonby's heart warmed to her at once.

The several parties being unacquainted conversation naturally turned on general topics, such as the state of the weather, the roads, and

of religion in Hillsboro. These exhausted, Mrs. Lawson addressed her neighbor, Mrs. Keene; "Did you know," said she, "that Sam Forbes's folks had got a daughter?"

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the other.

"Yes, they have—born last night. A pretty little teenty-taunty babe as ever you see. Sam's real set up about it; it's his very pictur'."

"It would have done better to look like her," said Mrs. Keene. "That was a queer match as ever I heerd tell of."

"Well, poor thing," said Mrs. Lawson, kindly; "she was very much in want of a home. Her folks was all dead, and she couldn't sew nor do nothing else stiddy enough to support herself on account of enjoying such poor health. And Sam's real forehanded, you know. It ain't in natur' that she could have been *in love* with him."

"Then," replied Mrs. Keene, "she'd no business to marry him."

Just as she delivered herself of this confession of faith a young lady entered and was introduced as Miss Davenport. Anna Davenport was a handsome, distinguished girl in any place, but she became doubly so by contrast with this humble dwelling and these plainly-dressed women. Her tall, elegant form and spirited face were set off to advantage by a garb of rich material and prevailing mode. Her manner cordial, with that graceful ease which long acquaintance with society bestows, captivated little Mrs. Allonby, who had a mind open to influences of that sort. Nor did the Rev. pastor himself escape its charm. Miss Davenport managed to imply, without the suspicion of flattery, her admiration of his talents, and her sense of the good fortune of Hillsboro in obtaining them. When she rose to take leave both husband and wife were sorry she must go; and if she were skilled in reading faces, she must have seen in the two before her unequivocal tribute to her powers of pleasing.

"Oh, Wentworth," said Mrs. Allonby, as she watched their visitor pass down the walk, "what a beautiful, elegant girl she is!"

Mr. Allonby did not quite second his wife's enthusiasm. "Not beautiful, my dear," he answered, "her features are not correct enough for that—but very attractive, certainly."

"What difference does it make?" inquired Mrs. Allonby. "I don't care in the least about every feature being just according to rule. I never saw any one that it was more delightful to look at; such rich tones in her complexion, such deep bright eyes, and her expression changing every minute. Then she seems so very kind and unassuming."

"Yes, her manner is agreeable."

"I think you'll have one appreciating listener," continued the fond wife. "She was too delicate to compliment you openly, but I could see she was very much interested in your sermons."

Poor Mr. Allonby! He had not had many appreciative listeners during his career, else he would not now have been "settled over" Hills-

boro church. His talents were unusual, but two or three things had stood in the way of his advancement. In the first place, he had a religious conscience; in the second, a literary one. The former taught him that in a place devoted to the contemplation of awful and eternal interests, any species of quip or jest was nothing less than sacrilege. The latter obliged him to conform his every sermon, so far as might be, to a severe and lofty ideal of excellence; it entirely forbade indulgence in flowery description or sentimental flights. In consequence he was often considered dull and dry, while very commonplace men, by dint of sounding adjectives and vigorous gesture, gained for themselves the repute of wondrous eloquence; or while others, by the piquant levity with which they treated sacred things, attracted crowds of those to whom serious reflection is unwelcome. His manner, too, was against him; a shy, reserved man, it took an acquaintance of some length to show you his most valuable qualities; you had to know him before you liked him, in which respect he differed from many of his brethren whom you like only before you know them.

It would be interesting, had we leisure, to pause here a little space and study the causes which go to make up clerical success. As it is, I should like to epitomize for your benefit, my dear young friend just entering the ministry, the results with which a long course of observation has furnished me. Your most powerful auxiliary is a pleasing person; failing that, or added to it, as the case may be, an elaborate style of dress. Stylish connections, too, are exceedingly desirable; indeed, their importance to the Christian minister can hardly be overrated; but these, like the first-named item, are not within every body's reach. Study your attitudes, be fastidious as to your laundress, cultivate a pathetic intonation in your prayers, and lay in a bountiful supply of adjectives. (If there is time to spare from these weightier matters of the law you can devote it to any form of spiritual improvement you prefer.) Follow this receipt faithfully and your fame will spread; tempting proposals will flow in to you from other churches; and you can stay in your own as long as you like. The best qualification that I know of for attaching a congregation to their pastor is the conviction that he can leave them whenever he pleases for a superior place.

Anna Davenport soon became intimate at the parsonage. It was rather a dull season for her; her friends in various regions gave no hint that her presence was especially desirable; and she was confined to Hillsboro and such amusement as it afforded. Some people would have thought her well enough supplied: her parents were rich; their house full of luxuries and conveniences; she had new books, new music, new gowns and bonnets, plenty of company, and beaux à discretion.

These last were to Anna a necessary of life; but she was somewhat fastidious as to their quality. Unhappily none of those at hand quite sat-

isfied her taste; nor was any of them rich enough to enable her to overlook his deficiencies. Under these circumstances the advent of a studious, well-read, gentlemanly man was a real blessing. She admired him from the first, but her attention was more particularly directed to him one Sunday morning during service. She wore a new shawl that day, and a pair of gloves of her favorite tint, fitting to perfection; in the intervals of enjoying their effect she listened to the sermon. Its vigor and originality took her by surprise. She decided that this was a conquest worth making, and she should set about it with the least possible delay. I do not mean that she intended to interfere with Mrs. Allonby's claims. She only wished to convince an interesting man that she was the most beautiful, intellectual, and charming woman he had ever met. If, after that, his heart still remained faithful to that poor little wife of his, I do not think she would have had any serious objections. On the other hand, I dare not aver that she would have been displeased to overcome his affection as well as his taste, and to know that he waged a constant struggle with forbidden passion. People may set up the shark as a type of voraciousness, but his appetite can not compare with that of the coquette for admiration. And if we are to be called upon to pity the unhappy creature as it roams the deep in quest of prey, let us not refuse our sympathy to the woman as she goes on her path, her hungry vanity still insatiate, though it stoops to gather food from the meanest it encounters.

Good little Mrs. Allonby found her life exceedingly warmed and brightened by this new friendship. Anna came often. She petted and praised the children; she brought pretty little presents of fancy-work, a mould of ice-cream, a basket of choice fruit, occasionally. She sat with her friend of an afternoon, and lent the aid of her deft fingers to diminish the piles of sewing in the work-basket. She told her about books which the busy wife had not time to read, but liked to hear of; she described celebrated scenes and people; narrated amusing stories with the greatest life and spirit. And in the frequent visits at her own house, which she insisted upon claiming, Mrs. Allonby enjoyed a rare treat in the fine piano and finer voice which the young lady knew how to handle so skillfully. How do these people manage to pour that indescribable *soul* into their singing? I have felt myself soaring with the exultation of a seraph, and anon sunk in a despairing sadness that no words could utter, as I listened to a woman who, I was perfectly conscious all the time, had no more heart in her than a tin whistle.

Mr. Allonby, meanwhile, had not the same comfort in the acquaintance. It is pleasant to be appreciated, and there could be no doubt, as the wife sometimes said, that "Anna appreciated Wentworth." She was able, too, to make him consider her opinion worth about ten times as much as it really was. We have all of us met her sort of woman—clever, fluent, with a

ready faculty of adaptation; we have seen her absorb the attention of the best man in the room, while some really gifted person, who could stow her away in a small corner of her brain, sat by entirely eclipsed, lost in admiration of the brilliancy before her. Anna succeeded in placing herself in the pastor's mind as an ideal of beauty, intellect, and refinement. He enjoyed her society and was proud of her friendship; yet he never left her without a vague pain. She always awoke the least noble qualities of his character.

Remain tranquil. I am not going to picture for you a brute who neglected a fond wife for a brilliant beauty, or a hypocrite who forgot his sacred office in a lawless passion. His troubles were of quite another sort.

We have had such a plethora of Shadysides and Sunnysides that the subject is entirely written out; still it is by no means lived out or lived down in the experience of ministers. The fact still remains, that a class of men among us, with tastes that crave, that demand, at least a sprinkling of the beautiful in life, are condemned to a scanty measure of its necessities. I am not always sorry for such. When I have listened to a good, dull man, who might have hammered out a living in some decent trade that called for hand-work, not for head—when I have watched him painfully plodding through laborious commonplace, stopping to refresh himself now and then with a quiet yawn, my soul has ached for compassion. But to others I have seen doled out a miserable pittance; I have heard their abilities contemptuously rated by people not worthy to wipe the dust from their feet; I have known them undergo treatment which, to speak in moderation, I had rather be cut into inch-pieces than receive. I have felt it hard that they were not able to resent such insults, but *must* love and pray for even such despicable enemies; and yet I have not pitied them, but envied. The eternal verities outweigh a few silver forks and velvet carpets; the soul that God's own love inhabits may disregard the vulgar din of worldly scorn. But how if one has all the outward trials and knows not of the inner blessedness?

Such was the case with Rev. Mr. Allonby. He had made a great mistake in life. In a period of mental storm and anguish he had, obedient to fancied duty, renounced a profession he delighted in, and entered the ministry. His was a nature—weak I own—that felt a sordidness in narrow means and their attendants; the ugliness of poverty pained his spirit. I do not defend him. But this was comparatively little. Ambition, which should have been dead within him, still retained a strong hold upon life. He put it down with prayers, and fastings, and many forms of exorcism; but it *would* return—*would* whisper of the horrible injustice of Fate in condemning his talents to this burial of obscurity, in putting out of his reach all the prizes and pleasures of the world. How he suffered in these seasons! With what an agony of earn-

estness he endeavored to put away temptation, and fix his hopes upon the heavenly crown! These suggestions he regarded as coming from the great enemy of souls, known in the familiarity of religious parlance as the "adversary." That poor old "adversary!" he has had a great deal laid off on him for which we ourselves were properly accountable. Do not let us be shabby with him, but bear our own burdens. When a voice said to Mr. Allonby that he was unfit for his office; in the wrong place; that he would do better and be better somewhere else—it was no Satanic whisper, but only the speech of his own consciousness. He had never passed through that mysterious change, which, however we regard or name it, gives a new direction to the human will. He was "preaching Christ" without having "known" Him. Miserable condition!—a soul alien from God demanding of itself the holiness and the joys of the believer!

So it was that every time he encountered Anna he was troubled. "The world," which took in her a form so graceful and alluring, appealed anew to him. Her evident admiration, her half-expressed feeling that he was thrown away in a position beneath his talent and desert, stirred the latent ambition, and "the adversary's" suggestions became painfully frequent.

While matters were in this state a sudden calamity scattered all lighter troubles to the winds. His wife died. She took her place among the angels, and he was left to follow on as best he might.

I have often thought upon that wondrous change which death produces. An angel! Perhaps some perfect summer day we have imagined what it might be to behold such a heavenly visitant descending; we have fancied the shimmer of white wings adown the blue infinity, the presence near us of a radiance caught from the Divine. But we never clothed the vision in familiar form. Indeed it is quite surprising to me when I reflect that Jane Barker, whom I used to know so well—a stiff, angular creature, and the fit of her clothes a sight to behold—does really belong to that celestial host. And old Mr. Crane, who used to saw our wood in days gone by: when I looked out of the kitchen-window, and saw him bending over his saw-buck, I was never reminded of Michael or any other stately cherub; yet there can be no doubt about him either. My dull eyes could not behold the stirring of angelic pinions under that coarse garb of every day; but to a purer vision it was plain enough.

The poor pastor had lost in his wife the dearest treasure of existence, for which, he thought, there could never be substitute or compensation. Oh, that is of course, you say; every body feels so. Begging your pardon, my dear ma'am—they don't. No doubt every man who has lived in tolerable peace with his wife does feel a great shock, a certain amount of gloom and loneliness, when she is taken from him; but he gets over it, and that before long. If I were not a great deal too honorable to entice you into a wager

that you are sure to lose, I would venture almost any sum that nineteen widowers out of every twenty experience before six months are over a pleasing consciousness of being again in market. And are widows more faithful? At the first blush one would answer yes, seeing that so many more remain unmated. But it may be only that they have not so much as men the power of choice. And, after all, what is this much-praised constancy? What is any emotion or quality on which we plume ourselves, if you come to analyze it? Let us not inquire too closely. Under the most delicious curves and swells of beauty exists an ugly osseous structure—in plain words, a skeleton; but I don't know that we need hack away with an unskillful scalpel till this is laid bare. Mrs. Allonby had deserved that her husband should mourn her with more than common grief. She had left a luxurious home to share the privations of his; she had cheered his dark hours, brightened his bright ones, by her unfailing sweetness and sympathy. She had borne all trials uncomplainingly; had loved him till the last moment of her conscious existence with a fond affection that held him first and best of all the world. No wonder he thought the loss irreparable.

Other people, however, did not so regard it. Plenty of maids and widows were ready to strew his desolate pathway with the flowers of consolation. He turned from them all; the depth of his sorrow was sacred from their intrusion. But it was only natural that the dearest friend of her he had lost should be his friend also. They talked of her—of her virtues, her piety, her gentleness. They agreed together that the man who had known a love so perfect, so unselfish, could never descend to value any meaner affection. And so time went on—and on—and on; and a year or so from the date of his wife's death Rev. Mr. Allonby was startled to find himself exceedingly in love with Anna Davenport.

Summer is over; the grass withers, the birds depart, the leaves fall; it is November. Raw winds and leaden sky and frosty earth are our portion, and we see beyond them only the intenser cold and storm of winter. But lo! we wake one morning, and instead of a pale slant of sunshine on the wall there are broad bars of ruddy gold; without, the air is soft as May; a dreamy haze hangs over hill and forest, and the wind—oh! rarest, delicatest, most poetic wind of Indian Summer!—wanders fitfully across the world. You know the charm of the season? With such charm came the new love to Mr. Allonby. Romance had long passed out of his account; life had lain before him chill, prosaic; much work and small reward. And now shone this late, transfiguring glory, and raised it into beauty tenderer, dearer than any promise of the spring.

Anna, admired so long without one appropriating thought, might possibly become his own! With a thrill in his blood never felt before, he set himself to count his chances. For her pref-

erence he dared to hope; little things too slight to name but delightful to recall gave him confidence. But she was proud, she was ambitious; would she ever consent to marry a poor and unknown minister? And that great point once gained, *could* he marry her? Was she the woman to aid his life's work? The fitting companion for one who sought to win souls to Christ?

Hard problem! Ah, my reader, were you ever brought to that crisis in your inward life where, finding it impossible to reconcile duty and inclination, you had to make your choice between the two? You remember, don't you, that it was a fearful struggle whichever way it ended? In novels, we know, the decision is always final. The man elects to obey virtue, and is peaceful and happy ever after; or he declares for the other side, and thenceforth his course is steadily downward. But in real life it is quite otherwise. Many a one has gone through all the suffering, all the conflict; has renounced self and its delights though at the cost of untold agonies; yet after a little has forgotten the strife, the resolve, and turned back to the "beggarly elements." And some, blessed be a gracious Heaven! having wandered far in forbidden paths have listened to the voice that called after them; have found courage to retrace their steps and walk once more the strait and narrow way. But the number of these last is fearfully few.

To such a point the pastor had now come; on one side were the prepossessions and the principles of years; on the other a single form, alluring as the Sirens of old. Desire and duty tugged at his heart; conscience restrained and passion drew him. Of course he lay awake all night. When morning came he had decided—to put off his decision. This was cowardly, and he was rightly served.

When an important move is to be made one should have all possible light upon it. The choice lying between duty and Anna, he ought to see as much as practicable of this latter alternative that the decision might be given with open eyes. You may be sure she left no fascination untried to influence him. If while his wife yet lived there were bounds to her vanity, no such painful limit restrained her now. She was free to charm to the uttermost. She wiled his soul away by the veiled splendor of her eyes, the music of her voice. She came between him and the sermon-paper; flitted up the pulpit stairs, and warned him from "the desk." He was fast coming to a decision when circumstances precipitated it.

Miss Davenport spent a month in the city and came home again. Reports came after her, and a tangible presence soon followed the reports. He was one of the eligible matches, and his name was Frederic Lansing. A young man with no long-lived father to wait for, no super-numerary brothers and sisters to divide his inheritance. His fortune was in full possession, and a very handsome one; just how much I decline to state, for your ideas may be in advance of mine, and you would despise me in exact

ratio. To be sure, I might make all safe, as the story-writers do, by naming off-hand a sum that is well enough up to be respected by any body; it is just as easy to write two millions as two thousand; but then it wouldn't be true. He had not as much as that, but only a fine unincumbered property, and was looking about for a suitable person to share it. When a man is young, rich, and disposed to marry, any further commendation may seem like painting the lily; still I will pause long enough to say that Mr. Lansing was not altogether indebted to his money for his powers of pleasing. He was fairly good-looking and exceedingly well-dressed, did not lack sense, and had received that sort of polish which a man can not be year after year in society without acquiring, unless Nature has endowed him with unusual boorishness.

A formidable rival this for a poor minister with his little stipend, his well-worn suit of black, and the few shelves of books he called his library! Yet for a time he felt no uneasiness. If conceit be the sign of a weak mind, undue self-depreciation is not less so; Mr. Allonby, conscious of his own powers, did not think of comparing himself with this gay and fashionable but quite commonplace young man. Moreover, he regarded him as only a "boy;" sad mistake, into which we fall so often! How many a woman has looked on her most dangerous rival as nothing but a child till some woeful hour has showed her that she herself has passed beyond the charms of youth, while that other was in the very flush of their inheritance. But when, after a time, Mr. Lansing became almost ubiquitous; when he was to be encountered daily walking, riding, or driving with Miss Davenport; when the old evenings, for so they seemed, though not three months ago, were completely broken in upon, then our friend began to look more closely at the interloper. The result was not encouraging. Probably every person who has led a retired, especially a rural, life will remember times when he was brought in contact with some citizen of the brilliant world without. What a charm there was in that ease of manner! what *savoir vivre* in that familiarity with the realms of art and fashion! what means of culture do wealth and society afford! And one asks, "Is not this the *real* life, and mine among my books a pitiable rusting of the faculties?" No undue humility oppressed the pastor; he was aware that in original gifts and after cultivation he was incontestably superior. But he doubted whether these were, after all, the things most valuable or most to be desired; especially he doubted whether Anna would so regard them.

It was hard to sit down to sermon-writing in that dingy study when through the open window he saw his love and her adorer canter by. Frederic rode well, and Mr. Allonby was conscious that he should make a poor figure upon horseback. He acknowledged, too, that the young man was well-bred, graceful, pleasing. "What thanks to him for it?" he asked.

"Means, opportunity, he has had them all; not tied down like me to starving drudgery. I should never have run through Europe, and brought home only a few trashy reminiscences and second-hand opinions upon art."

You will see from this fragment of soliloquy that our friend was getting jealous. Horrible torture!—just as bad under the threadbare coat of a poor country parson as beneath the most exquisitely-cut garment that Weidenfeldt can furnish.

"And I"—he said—"I might have been something too! Friends prophesied success for me, and I had youth, and industry, and some talent, I can not but believe. But I threw them all away, abandoned all hope of ever being any thing or doing any thing in this world when I gave up my profession. False, false step! Oh, if I were there again, and had the choice to make, how different it would be!"

It was not the first time nor the second that he had thus spoken. In the beginning conscience used loudly to remind him what high calling he had taken up in lieu of that which promised so well, but latterly her voice had not been heeded. Another sounded in his ears, so sweet, so irresistible; and he sat in his study-chair, the fountain-pen suspended from his idle hand, listening to it and forgetting every thing besides.

II.

It was evening. An irresistible attraction drew Mr. Allonby to Anna's dwelling, though he was well aware how little enjoyment was likely to be gathered from the visit. His prognostications were more than fulfilled. Mr. Lansing made his appearance at an early hour, and proceeded to engross Miss Davenport's attention in the coolest manner possible. To do the young man justice, the idea that he had a rival in the minister never once occurred to him. He regarded Mr. Allonby as making a neighborly call—a sort of official visit—and turned him over to the heads of the family without a moment's hesitation. Very pleasant this! To be set aside among the elders while the young people chatted away in the most friendly fashion! Anna now and then addressed a word to him, but her father effectually prevented any general conversation. The good old gentleman was deeply interested in "the prosperity of Zion," as represented by the Congregational Church in Hillsboro, and to-night it seemed as if he would never exhaust the subject. Beginning with the material aspects of the case—the sale of the pews, monthly collections, etc., etc.—he gradually came around to the spiritual: spoke of the desirableness of a revival, the necessity of Christians being instant in prayer for such a result, and discussed the means of awakening religious interest. Would it not be well to commence a series of meetings early in the coming winter? and what did the pastor think of having some of the older office-bearers—Deacons Mark and Park, for instance—go about the various neighborhoods for serious conversation, offering prayer

in cases where there was a favorable state of feeling? And the pastor tried to listen, but found himself paying far better attention to the pair across the room, and catching snatches of gay nonsense now and then.

Why was this gulf fixed between them? Had he grown so old? Was he to be forever put aside from all part in youth and its cheerfulness? Condemned to perpetual discourse of such topics as the pews and meetings? When the old man spoke of deaconly visitations he recalled with sudden clearness the days of his own "unregeneracy." How he used to hate those calls! And not only he, but all the "unconverted;" the boys hid in some corner of the ample barns; the girls made hasty errands to a neighbor's to escape the infliction. Something of the early dislike revived in him, and he turned wearily from a future inextricably blent with such themes and such pursuits.

And Mr. Lansing stood at the piano turning the music as Anna sang a barcarolle—

"So upon pleasure's soft, glimmering waters
Glideth a soul away, swift as the boat!"

It was time to go. Quite useless any attempt at outstaying his rival; it was already past the hour at which a sober country parson should be in his own house. It had been a dreary evening, nor could he help blaming Anna a little. Surely she need not have been so entirely occupied with the stranger! and the bitterness which jealousy inspires extended for the first time to her also. She came forward to bid him good-night, with some jesting accusation that he had neglected her and given all his attention to "papa."

"You were too well entertained to miss me," he replied, with a gravity not at all in keeping with her tone, however consonant with his own emotions.

She looked up at him a moment with a reproachful gaze. "I shall not defend myself from such a charge," she said, letting the long lashes droop over her dangerous eyes. "For you must know," she added, in a low voice, "how unjust it is."

She turned away, leaving the minister in a twofold state of feeling; dread that he had offended her, delight at the admission her words contained. In the homeward walk delight soon grew to predominate over all else. Yes, she cared for him! She was displeased that he could imagine any other society compensation for his own! Oh rapture!—but we have no need to go into that.

A resolution long forming in his mind sprang now to sudden life. There should be no more of this conflict between the inner and the outward being. He would renounce a calling so burdensome, so unsuited to him. He did not disparage it, it was a great work—for those who were truly called to it the greatest and the best; but it was not *his* work, and he would lay it down at once and forever. The decision made, a new existence seemed to open before him. He would take up again the old profession so long regret-

ted; he would give to it all his talents, all the energies which years had chilled and repressed, but which he felt were still latent within him. And in a future not so very distant he should win together success and Anna! Poor man! I don't know any object more pitiable than he, walking briskly along beneath the harvest-moon and dreaming all a boy's ardent, useless dreams!

A little later Miss Davenport sat by her window thinking of him. It stirred her heart with a cruel delight to recall that evening; never had she felt a sweeter sense of power than in making this pale, reserved man undergo the follies and pangs of jealousy. A pity such pleasant pastime must so soon come to an end—and she glanced at a brilliant ring on her finger; a ring which till to-night had sparkled on Mr. Lansing's well-shaped hand.

"One more scene will finish the play," she thought, and went to rest; to dream of the gayeties and splendors which this winter would await "the bride."

III.

Who does not know how prosaic daylight seems when we first open our eyes upon it? How the dear, delicious impossibilities that looked so easy and attainable the night before regain their true aspect in the remorseless morning, and we feel that there is nothing for us to do but to get up, put on the familiar clothes, and take up the familiar burdens.

Something of this Mr. Allonby experienced. He was almost aghast at the resolution which was to tear him so suddenly from his habitual life. What would people say? he asked himself. Cowardly question, perhaps, but natural for a minister who is obliged to spend a good portion of his time in considering it. Grave doubts as to the feasibility of his plans oppressed him; success looked problematical and distant; the sad years, he felt, had left their mark on him; the impetuous ardor of youth was gone forever. Conscience, too, muttered a few words, but in so very low a tone that they were scarcely audible. She had received a knock-down blow the previous evening in the assertion that he was not morally fitted for his work, and had not yet recovered sufficiently to suggest that it was perhaps his business to set about attaining that fitness. Over and beyond all misgiving rose the thought of the reward—Anna! As her image came before him fresh courage nerved the minister's failing heart, and a brighter glow than morning's overspread the sky.

The day passed in active preparations, all referring to the change, and as they progressed he grew to regard it more and more as a settled thing. Night found him again at Anna's door; a very respectable, solid door it was, grained in some dark color, and garnished with a silver-plated knob and keyhole. To ordinary vision it opened on a broad hall and staircase with parlors to the right; for him it "gave" direct upon paradise. He was fortunate in finding his love alone; she conjectured his coming and had put off her *fiancé* till to-morrow. Never was she

so beautiful. The matrimonial success achieved last night was great in its way to her, as Napoleon's victories were to him; a proud consciousness of triumph lit her eyes, while the hope of further conquest softened her manner, lent sweetness to her voice. The lover's gaze drank in delightedly the wealth of brightness, the ravishing effects of color which her aspect offered, while his heart thrilled at the speaking gentleness of her mien. He did not linger long over introductory commonplaces; he was anxious to tell her all; first she should know his decision—and then—

"Anna," said he, calling her thus for the first time, "I have resolved to-day on a very important step; and I wish that you, as my dearest friend, should learn it before any other."

She colored a little at this, but assured him of her sympathy; encouraged by the blush he went on. He related his struggles, his conscious lack of interest in his work, his conviction of unfitness for it—finally, his determination to abandon it for the law, his early profession. She listened with earnestness, every word delightful incense to her vanity. Why, she had not dreamed of this! She had thought to poison his rest, to fill his days and nights with unsatisfied longing, and crush his hopes at the end; but she never imagined that for her sake he would throw duty aside, trample conscience under foot. How he must love her! For a moment the strength of this passion woke in her a half response. She looked at him, pale, grave as he was, but with a certain intellectual nobleness in his broad brow and deep-set eyes; she recalled with most disfavoring contrast the more physical good looks of her accepted. Curious! the lover in whose veins ran the hot blood of youth, who should have glowed and trembled before her, offered but slight and careless homage; he knew that she would grace his fortunes, and was willing to allow her the privilege. While this studious man, drawing toward the soberness of middle life, hid under his quiet a heart of fire; for her he would dare all, sacrifice all. She understood him better than he understood himself; she knew, if he did not, what underlying motive prompted this new action. As these things flashed across her mind she almost wished that Frederic had not spoken. But no, this was folly. She put it away, and replied warmly to her reverend friend's communication. She congratulated him on his resolve, acknowledged that she had felt his talents wasted in their present sphere, and hoped great things for him. She was prettily grateful, too, for the regard that led him to confide his project first to her.

He was about to speak—the long-repressed devotion trembled at his lips—but her closing words drove it back forever.

"I must repay your confidence in kind," she said. "I, too, have a secret to communicate. I do not care that the rest of the world should know—but you—so near a friend—my minister, too. You must have noticed Mr. Lansing," with maiden bashfulness and down-dropped eyes that

watched him furtively; "we are to be married at Christmas!"

The blow struck home; she saw it; saw too in the next minute that he understood her; that he looked full into that heart of the coquette, hungry, cruel as the grave.

He rose to go. Weak as you have seen him, he was not weak enough for reproaches or complaint. "I do not doubt," he said, "that you understand perfectly what you wish from life; and I feel safe, therefore, in congratulating you."

She did not like this. So fine a *coup de théâtre* received with so little demonstration! She could not lose sight of him yet. "Do not go," she urged; "papa or mamma will be in soon: they will be sorry to have missed you."

"Thank you; I can not stay to-night," he answered, and the door closed after him. Anna watched him down the walk with unmeasured vexation. What a climax to so many schemes and plottings! She had expected, she knew not what exactly, but a scene of some kind—stormy, despairing, or tender—something that would assert her charms, give her the excitement of a strong emotion, dramatize this night forever to her memory. Now he was gone! Should she see him again? And then the marriage ceremony which she had counted on having him perform—oh! it was too, too provoking!

Perhaps she would have been better satisfied could she have read his feelings as he strode homeward; have seen his misery of self-contempt, the bitterness of his disappointment; have seen, too, that he was still obliged to love her with a hot, angry passion. She had fallen in a moment before his eyes from the angel to the deceitful woman; he despised her; but as he was compelled to despise himself a great deal more, this brought no cooling solace to his fever. The acrid poison of such love could wear out only with the slow years.

He passed the church-yard, its white slabs showing peaceful in the moonlight. Under that pine in the far corner lay she who had blessed his life, and whom he, unfaithful, had forgotten. He would not think of her now, nor seek in the memory of her love a selfish consolation. Would it not be an insult, since her image had been these many weeks obscured by that brilliant one, to turn to her now? He resisted the impulse that drew him to her grave, and hurried on.

It seems to me that Anna had, on the whole, no great cause to be dissatisfied. If you can divide a man from heavenly love, and then from earthly, I think your power is tolerably well attested.

IV.

Mr. Allonby would have been glad enough now to sink back into the old routine. The prize of his contemplated struggle withdrawn, his courage failed. The familiar monotony tempted him, but he felt it would be too base to yield. I will do him the justice to say that he made no specious excuses for his conduct. Not a word was said of sore throat, failure of voice, delicate health, or a prospect of

greater usefulness in the secular field. He stated the naked fact: his heart was no longer in his work, and therefore the work must cease. This provoked plenty of expostulation, some tender, some severe; but he was firm. He opened an office in a distant city, and Hillsboro pulpit became vacant again, without even the form of a farewell sermon.

Of course there was a nine-days' wonder; then Miss Davenport's marriage gave the public a new theme. Hillsboro was kept in a ferment of excitement for weeks by such bits of wedding preparations as leaked out through the gossip of milliners and house-maids. At last they culminated in undreamed-of splendors, and the happy pair took possession of their elegant home. Anna's life was much in accordance with her vaticinations. There was plenty of opera, balls, jewels, admiration; only one ingredient that she had not reckoned on—*ennui*. Occasionally she recalled her clerical adorer. "If he had not been so very unsophisticated," she sometimes thought; "if he had known how to push his suit with boldness and ardor, he might have had me in spite of every thing. Well, to be bored is bad enough, but to be poor is worse. I'm very glad it ended so!"

Ten years later she said this with less assurance. I am conscious that Mr. Allonby has hardly had fair treatment at my hands. I have shown you his moral weakness, not his intellectual strength; he had it, nevertheless, as the world presently acknowledged. Fortune was all the more propitious, perhaps, that he cared little for her favors. His practice soon became extensive, his reputation high. He went into political life; he represented his district in Congress. People talked about him—abused him, praised him; he was regarded as one of the leaders of the House. Anna watched his career with personal triumph. She sat in the gallery of the House and listened to his speeches, vain of the admiration they excited; she saw him in society, sought by its leaders, youth and beauty flattered by his notice—and she lamented her mistake.

Mr. Lansing had not improved with time; self-indulgent young men do not invariably develop into excellent husbands. He was sometimes tyrannical, often cross; there was little in his intellect that she could respect if she had tried, which she never did. Nor was he quite insensible to all charms but hers; she had mortifications. Often, in moments of *ennui* or of wounded pride, she dreamed of what it might have been to aid the career and share the triumphs of a gifted man who was devoted to her.

But there came a period to all this. Mr. Allonby abandoned success at its very height; turned his back on brilliant achievements and yet more brilliant prospects. There was nothing in the gift of the Republic, his admirers said, to which he might not reasonably aspire. Predictions are cheap, I know, and our friends are lavish of them, particularly when they hope to rise along with us; still his past career would

justify some flights of prophecy. Be that as it may he left it all, and, the necessary forms gone through, sailed for India as a missionary. You remember poor Stirling in his last days asking for the Bible which he used at Hertsmenceux in the cottages? What association had he with it? Did he recall times when near some dying bed, soothed by his ministrations, gleams of the Divine Peace had visited him—or he had fancied so? Did he long to pierce through all the mists of intellectual pride and doubt back to a simple Faith—did he feel that there alone was food for the hunger of the soul?

Our friend waited not quite so late. Worldly labor with its lavish reward had failed to satisfy him; he took up again his rejected work as the only worthy one. I know not how much he accomplished, or if the Lord of the Vineyard owned this laborer at the eleventh hour and gave him to see of the fruit of his toil. After a few years his health failed and he came back to his native land—to Hillsboro. No need to shun the churchyard now; the dear memory had resumed its sway, the grave under the pine-tree was often visited. One summer afternoon there was an open one beside it, and they laid him there to await the resurrection.

I went to the spot not long ago. It was April, too early for beauty. The snow had melted, but no verdure showed as yet. Long tangles of withered grass stretched across the low mounds; a thistle or two, dry and dead, had outlasted winter. I knew something of him who lay beneath; I had heard him censured, not without cause. His political allies never could forgive him. "Oscillated like a pendulum," said one of them the other day—a shrewd old gentleman, never known to mistake the dry side of his slice for the buttered. "Too much of a saint to be a lawyer—too fond of the law to be a saint, changed three or four times over; life all made up of beginning and breaking off. What a career he might have had if he had only held to it! Why that man, Madam, might this day have been the President of the United States."

I smile. It does not strike me as a shining destiny. And standing to-day by the grave, I rejoice that God took care of this career and set on it the seal of His completeness.

JOB WARNER'S CHRISTMAS.

THE day before Christmas was drawing to a close. Cold gray clouds drifted off to the eastward, and a snow-storm seemed imminent. But in spite of threatening clouds gay throngs crowded the thoroughfares. The shop windows were brilliant with articles of every conceivable variety adapted for Christmas-gifts. So the human tide ebbed and flowed, surging into shops, taxing to the utmost the attention of over-worked clerks, and receded with pleasant surprises destined on the following morning to make many households happy.

In front of a large window, brilliantly illu-

minated, stood an elderly man, somewhat under the middle stature. Job Warner was scarcely fifty; but sedentary habits and long stooping over a desk had bowed his form, and given him the appearance of being several years older than he actually was. For twenty-five years he had been assistant book-keeper in the counting-room of Bentley and Co., importers of dry-goods and wholesale jobbers. His excellent business capacity would have secured him promotion to the post of chief book-keeper, but his own humility and absence of pretension had unconsciously influenced his employers to accept him at his own valuation. So, while the firm had prospered, and made money by hundreds of thousands, Job Warner still continued to be assistant book-keeper on a modest salary of seven hundred dollars. With a family becoming daily more expensive, the little book-keeper had found it hard work to make both ends meet. He was compelled to live in very poor and incommensurate lodgings, and practice humble acts of self-denial, all which he bore with a meek and uncomplaining spirit, with which he was doubtless credited in that better world, where, we trust, all the inequalities of this life will be made up.

The last year had been rather a trying one to Job Warner. The enhanced price of nearly every article which is included under the head of Necessaries had made a rigid economy needful. Months ago the family had given up using sugar, and butter was only used on Sundays. Frugality had become a rule, and was meekly submitted to as a necessary condition of life. But, in spite of his habitual self-denial, the worthy book-keeper was stirred with an impulse to extravagance on this day. In the window before him bloomed a large doll—quite a queen she must have been in the realm of dolls—royally attired in a purple silk dress and a bonnet of the latest style. The eyes of the good book-keeper were fixed in admiration upon this beautiful doll-vision. There was a household pet at home—little Effie—whom the possession of that doll would exalt to the seventh heaven of happiness. True, such a royal lady might spurn the idea of entering so humble a home, and her silks might seem out of place in contrast with the calicoes and ginghams with which Effie and her mother were contented. But when these considerations suggested themselves to Job Warner he triumphantly answered, "Is there any thing too good for Effie?"

Yes, we have found out the little book-keeper's weakness. He no sooner thought of little Effie's bright eyes dancing with delight than his habitual prudence forsook him. With an air of desperate resolution he entered the brilliant shop, and, timidly pushing his way among the well-dressed crowds surrounding the counter, asked with an apologetic cough the price of her Royal Highness in the window.

The clerk looked a little surprised at such a question from a man of so humble appearance, and answered, in a short, quick tone, "Five dollars, Sir. Will you take it?"

Five dollars! Job was startled at the price, and answered in an abashed tone that he would not decide just yet.

Outside, he again looked longingly at the doll. Effie would be so delighted with it—but then five dollars! He reckoned up what a number of articles might be purchased for five dollars, and shook his head reluctantly. Mrs. Warner would think he had quite taken leave of his senses. Of course, he must give up all thoughts of it. But no! A daring suggestion occurred to him. Might he not apply to Mr. Bentley for an increase of salary? There had been a general raising of salaries elsewhere. That he knew. His old friend Timothy Fogg had his raised six months ago; but somehow Job had never succeeded in summoning up courage to make such a request of his employer. He was not sure, in his humility, whether he was worth any more than seven hundred dollars a year. But his love for little Effie gave him unwonted boldness. With an increase of salary he could buy this magnificent doll for her, and afford his oldest boy a course of lessons in drawing, for which he had a strong taste. Yes, he would ask to have his salary raised that very night. A little matter of business had detained Mr. John Bentley, the head of the firm, in his office, so that he would be sure to find him on returning thither.

Mr. Bentley was seated in his office glancing over some papers. He was a large, portly man, a little pompous in manner; and a glance from his gray eyes always confused the worthy book-keeper, who, long as he had known him, had never got to feel quite at ease in his company. Job had an indistinct idea that his employer was immensely superior to him in every way, and looked up to him with distant reverence.

John Bentley lifted his eyebrows in surprise as Job shuffled in at the door, his hat under his arm, with an air of nervous trepidation which the consciousness of his errand inspired.

"Have you forgotten any thing, Warner?" demanded Mr. Bentley, in a clear, commanding tone.

"No, Sir, Mr. Bentley; or rather, I should say, yes," stammered the book-keeper. "There was a little matter which I wished to speak to you about. But I should not wish to take up your time, if you are busy, Sir, and I will wait till some other occasion."

"If you can say what you have to say in five minutes, Warner, go on," returned his employer.

"It was about an increase of salary, Mr. Bentley," said he, plunging into his subject and talking fast to keep his courage up. "Prices have been rising of late so much that I find it very difficult to maintain a wife and four children on seven hundred dollars a year. I do, indeed, Sir. If you would be kind enough to add a hundred, or even fifty, I would thank you gratefully, Sir."

"An increase of salary, eh, Warner? Seven hundred dollars used to be considered a very

fair salary. Of course some get much more. But you know, Warner, that you are not a first-class man of business. You do your work very satisfactorily, but—"

"I know what you would say, Mr. Bentley," interrupted Job, humbly. "I know my abilities are small, but I try to be faithful. I hope I have always been faithful to the best of my poor abilities."

"Yes, Warner, you have. Don't think I have any complaint to make; but as to an increase of salary, that requires consideration. Probably the high prices will not always last, and in the mean time you can be more economical."

More economical! And this to Job who had been a close economist all his life. However, he did not venture to reply, but, bowing humbly, withdrew. A minute later his employer, who had got through with the business which detained him, put on his overcoat and followed. On his way back Job paused again before the window which had so great an attraction for him. Again he thought how much little Effie would like it. But he felt satisfied, from Mr. Bentley's manner, that there was little hope of an increase of income, and without that such an outlay would be unpardonable extravagance.

"No," he half sighed, "I must give up the idea of buying it, and little Effie must be content with something less expensive."

Mr. John Bentley was close behind and heard this speech. "So he wanted to buy that piece of finery," thought he. "No wonder he demanded an increase of salary."

The two men continued to walk in the same direction, Job, of course, unconscious of Mr. Bentley's proximity. Suddenly from the darkness of a side-street emerged a little girl, a very picture of wretchedness, with ragged dress, pinched and famished-looking features, and feet bare, notwithstanding the inclement season. She looked up piteously in the face of Job Warner.

"I am very cold and hungry," she murmured.

"Poor child! poor child!" ejaculated Job, compassionately. "Have you no home?"

"No; mother died last week, and since then I have lived in the streets."

"Have you had any thing to eat to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, a cracker."

"Only a cracker," repeated Job, pitifully. "And your poor feet are bare. How cold you must be!"

"Yes, Sir, I am *very* cold," said the little girl, shivering.

"And where do you expect to pass the night?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In a doorway; but they drove me off this morning. I wish mother were alive again." The poor child burst into tears, sobbing convulsively.

"Don't cry, my dear!" said Job, soothingly.

"Don't cry. You shall come home with me, and I will let you sleep in a warm bed and give you something to eat. I am poor, my child, but not so poor as you, thank God! I had intended to buy some little presents for my children, but they will be better pleased if I spend the money in making you comfortable. Take my hand, and we shall soon be at home."

During this colloquy John Bentley withdrew into a doorway. He had felt some curiosity to learn how his book-keeper would deal with this claim upon his bounty. There was something in the straightforward simplicity and kind heart of Job that touched him, and made him feel not a little compunction for his own bearing in the interview which had just taken place between them.

"He is about to deprive his children of their Christmas presents for the sake of succoring that poor little outcast," said John Bentley to himself. "He has a noble heart, poor fellow! and he shall be no loser by it. After all, seven hundred dollars must be quite insufficient in these times. I will see what I can do for him."

It was the merchant's better nature that spoke. He was not naturally a selfish man, only inconsiderate. Now that his benevolent impulses were excited, he would not rest till they were embodied in action. Honest Job! never hast thou done a better night's work than this. Thy kindness to the little outcast shall be richly recompensed.

With the little girl's hand firmly clasped in his Job paused before the door of a small wooden tenement, and turning the knob softly entered.

"Why, Job, how late you are!" said a kind motherly woman, advancing to meet him, "and —merciful goodness! who have you there?"

"A poor child, Mary, without father or mother, who was wandering barefoot and hungry through the streets. I couldn't help bringing her home, could I? Think if it had been little Effie!"

"You did quite right, Job. Poor little thing! How thin she is! Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Oh, *so* hungry and cold. May I warm myself by your fire, ma'am?"

"Bless me, child, I ought to have thought of it before. Yes, go and sit down on the cricket, and I will bring you some bread and milk."

While the little girl's wants were being satisfied, Mrs. Warner said, "Well, Job, what have you got for the children?"

"I didn't get any thing, Mary. I was just going to get some little things when this poor child came up. I thought maybe we might be willing to keep her a week or so and fit her out with some better clothes, and I am afraid we can't afford to do that and buy presents for the children too. Do you think they would be willing to do without them for this year?"

"I am sure they will; but as all have hung up their stockings, I must tell them to-night so that they need not be disappointed in the morning."

The considerate mother went up stairs and acquainted the children that their father had

brought home a poor little girl who had no father nor mother, and asked if for her sake they would be willing to give up their Christmas presents. This appeal went to the children's hearts. They were also delighted with the idea of a new play-fellow, and in bright anticipations of the morrow lost sight entirely of the stockings that were destined to remain unfilled.

"What did the children say?" asked Job, a little uneasily.

"Dear children!" said Mrs. Warner, wiping her eyes with motherly affection and pride. "They took it like little angels. They are very anxious to see the little girl. I do believe they will regard her as the best Christmas' present they could have."

"I wish we could do something more than keep her for a few days," said Job, thoughtfully.

"So do I. If you only had a little larger salary, Job, it might be done. Why don't you ask for more?"

"I did to-night, Mary."

"And what did Mr. Bentley say?" inquired Mrs. Warner, eagerly.

"He advised me to economize."

"As if you hadn't been doing it all your life," exclaimed his wife, indignantly. "Little he knows what economy is!"

"Hush, Mary," said Job, half frightened. "Of course he can't understand how hard a time we have to get along."

"No, but he ought to inquire. What harm would it do him to give you an extra hundred dollars?"

"I suppose he could afford it," said Job; "but perhaps he doesn't think I am worth any more. As he said, seven hundred dollars used to be considered a fair salary."

"So he refused your application."

"Well no, not exactly. He said he would take it into consideration. But I am sure from his tone that I have nothing to expect. We must get along as well as we can through the hard times, and perhaps things will improve by-and-by."

"What a thoroughly good man you are, Job!" said Mrs. Warner, looking affectionately at her husband, who was dear to her in spite of his shabby coat.

"Of course I hav'n't got a good wife," he answered, cheerfully; "I won't call myself poor as long as I have you, Mary."

There were few happier or more thankful hearts than those of the shabby book-keeper and his good wife, despite their enforced self-denial and numerous privations. Their souls were filled with a calm and serene trust that the same kind Providence which had guarded and guided them hitherto would continue its beneficent care and protection. Mrs. Warner took up her knitting, and Job, opening the well-used Bible, proceeded to adjust his spectacles, preparatory to reading a chapter, when he was interrupted by a quick, sharp, decisive knock on the outer door.

Taking a tallow-candle from the table Job

went to the door and opened it. The wind caused his candle to flicker, so that he did not at first recognize the visitor. When he did his heart gave a sudden bound, and in his surprise he nearly let fall the light.

It was his employer—Mr. John Bentley—who stood before him.

"Well, Warner, may I come in?" inquired the merchant, with an unwonted kindness in his tone.

"To be sure, Mr. Bentley, Sir; I shall be most happy if you will condescend to enter my poor dwelling. It isn't suitable for such a visitor. But you are heartily welcome, Sir. This way, if you please."

Mrs. Warner looked up as her husband re-entered the room. Her surprise was little less than his when Mr. Bentley was introduced.

"Mary, this is Mr. Bentley, my respected employer, who has condescended to honor us with a visit. I am sorry we have no better place to receive him in."

"No apologies, Warner," said Mr. Bentley, pleasantly, throwing aside his usual pompous manner. "I didn't expect you could live like a prince on seven hundred dollars. Mrs. Warner, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Your husband has served our house long and faithfully, and I trust will continue long in our employ. I am glad he has so much to make his home pleasant."

No one knew better how to pay a compliment gracefully than John Bentley, and Mrs. Warner bowed in gratification, reiterating the assurance of their pleasure in receiving him. The allusion to her husband's continued services dissipated an apprehension to which Mr. Bentley's unexpected visit had given rise, that he might be about to lose his situation.

"I have called, Warner, on a little business," proceeded Mr. Bentley. "You spoke to me to-night about having your salary raised."

"Yes, Sir," said Job, humbly; "I thought afterward that I might be a little presumptuous in supposing my services to be worth more than seven hundred dollars; but indeed, Sir, it requires a great deal of economy to make both ends meet. I was thinking more of that than of my own qualifications, I suppose. As you said, Sir—"

"Never mind what I said, Warner," interrupted the merchant, smiling. "Your application was made unexpectedly, and I spoke without consideration. I have thought over what you said, and decided that your application was just and proper. Prices have advanced considerably, as a little investigation has satisfied me. Therefore I have concluded to grant your request. What increase of salary do you ask?"

"I thought of asking for a hundred dollars more," said Job, timidly; "but if you think that is too much, I should be satisfied and grateful if you could let me have fifty."

"Do you think you could get along on fifty?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Yes, Sir—with economy, of course. I al-

ways expect to practice economy; and I have a good wife, who knows how to make the most of a little."

"That I can readily believe," said the merchant, politely. "You may consider your salary raised, then, Warner," he proceeded; "and as you have been able to get along on seven hundred dollars, I hope you will be able to afford yourself some additional comforts on a thousand."

"A thousand!" repeated Job and his wife, simultaneously.

"Yes, my good friends," said Mr. Bentley; "I have decided that my assistant book-keeper is fully worth that sum to the firm, and it is my wish to pay those whom I employ what they are justly entitled to."

"How can I ever thank you, Sir?" exclaimed Job, rising and seizing his employer's hand. "I shall consider myself rich with such an income. Mary, did you understand? I am to have a thousand dollars."

"Sir, you are very kind," said Mary, simply. "I need not thank you. Your own heart will tell you how much happiness you have conferred upon us."

"I understand and appreciate what you say," said Mr. Bentley, kindly. "But, Warner," he continued, "there is another matter about which I wish to speak to you. There is a young girl in whom I feel an interest, who is unfortunate enough to stand alone in the world, without father or mother. I have thought that if you and Mrs. Warner would be willing to receive her as one of your family, and bring her up in the same careful manner as your own children, it would be an excellent arrangement for her, while I would take care that you lost nothing by your kindness."

"We shall be most happy to oblige you, Sir," said Mrs. Warner; "but would our plain style of living suit the young lady? We shall, to be sure, be able now to afford a better house."

"I don't think the young lady will find any fault with your housekeeping, Mrs. Warner," said the merchant, "especially as she has probably never been accustomed to living as well as she would with you."

Mrs. Warner looked mystified.

Mr. Bentley smiled.

"The young lady is already in your house," he explained. "In fact, it is the friendless little orphan whom your husband encountered to-night and brought home."

Mrs. Warner's face lighted up with pleasure.

"We will undertake the charge gladly," she answered, "and should have done so if you had not spoken of it. Is it not so, Job?"

"Yes, Mary, it occurred to me as soon as Mr. Bentley spoke of raising my salary."

"And you would really have undertaken such a charge at your own expense?" said Mr. Bentley, wonderingly. "Would it have been just to your own children to diminish their comforts for the sake of doing a charitable action?"

"We shall not be able to leave our children

money," said Mrs. Warner, simply, "but we hope to train them up to deeds of kindness. There's a great deal of suffering in the world, Sir. We ought to do our part toward relieving it."

"I honor you, Mrs. Warner, for your unselfish benevolence," returned Mr. Bentley, warmly; "but in this case I shall claim to do my part. I shall allow you two hundred dollars a year for taking charge of this child. You will of course require a larger and more commodious house, and will, I hope, be enabled to afford your children such advantages as they may require to prepare them to act their parts in the world."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Job, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears. "Why, that will make twelve hundred! Mr. Bentley, Sir, I hope you will believe me to be grateful. You have so loaded me with benefits that I don't know how to thank you."

"And I am under obligations to you, Warner, also," said Mr. Bentley. "Prosperity had begun to harden my heart. At any rate, it had made me thoughtless of the multitudes who are struggling with ills which my wealth could alleviate. To-night I was an unseen witness of your kindness to the poor girl who crossed your path. I felt rebuked by the contrast between your conduct and mine, and I resolved, God helping me, to become hereafter a better steward of His bounty."

"Indeed, Mr. Bentley, you think too much of the little I did," said Job, modestly.

"Let me keep my own opinion as to that, Warner. By-the-way, it may be well for me to pay the first quarter of our little charge in advance. Here are fifty dollars. At the expiration of six months you may draw upon me for a similar amount. Before I leave you let me take the liberty to suggest that the shops are not yet closed, and you will still have an opportunity of providing Christmas gifts for your children."

"So I shall. Thank you, Mr. Bentley, for kindly reminding me. Effie shall have her doll, after all. Such a doll!" he explained, eagerly, turning toward his wife. "She is as fine as a royal princess!—but not too good for Effie."

"By all means let Effie have her doll," said Mr. Bentley, smiling. "I must bid you good-night, Mrs. Warner, but when you have moved I will look in upon you again, and shall hope to make the acquaintance of Effie and her doll."

Job Warner was absent an hour. When he returned he was fairly loaded down with gifts. I can not undertake to enumerate them. Enough that prominent among them was Effie's stately present. Can the friendly reader imagine the delight of the children the next morning? Seldom has Christmas dawned on a happier household. Effie was in a perfect ecstasy of delight! Nor was the little outcast forgotten. When her rags were stripped off and she was attired in thick, warm clothing, she seemed suddenly to have been lifted into Paradise. When the transports of the children had partially subsided, Job

drew toward him the old Bible, and opening it at the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, read reverently the account there given of the first Christmas-day. Just as he concluded the bells rang out a merry peal, and to the little household seemed with vibrant voices to proclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I SAW myself in the glass to-day,
And I said, as I loosened my hair,
"Oh, that my face were a talisman,
And *he* could have it to wear!"
For there is nothing that I would not give
To fetter his restless heart;
For if his tenderness ever should fail
The glory from life would part.

I should not suffer so if I knew
That he missed me any to-night;
I wonder if ever he wants me now—
I know that it isn't right.
I know I am selfish to murmur and doubt:
Is he careless or cold? Oh! never!
But they tell me that *man* forgets in an hour,
While *woman* remembers forever.

I love him! I love him with all my life!
And I give him its choicest things;
But he puts me into a gilded cage,
And cripples my budding wings!
I want to be all that a woman should be;
But *he* has the narrowest views:
I want to work; and *he* wants me to play;
And he tells me to do as I choose!

To do as I choose! I would choose to be
Not a child, to be petted and dressed,
But his friend; on the terms of an equal trust;
Respected, as well as caressed.
He gives me a kiss; and he goes away;
And that horrible office door
Shuts out the face and the voice and the hand
That charmed him a moment before!

And if he's troubled, or sad, or wronged,
He tells me never a word:
He likens me unto a summer flower,
Or a beautiful singing bird!
If he'd teach me, I know I could learn
To work with him, side by side;
And then I could hold my head up, high,
With a sterling womanly pride!

And so I am jealous of him I love;
Oh! jealous as jealous can be:
For his lordly aims and his growing plans
Keep him away from me.
And I sit away by myself to-night,
Dropping the bitterest tears,
That have moistened the cheeks that he left un-kissed,
To whiten with cruel fears!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

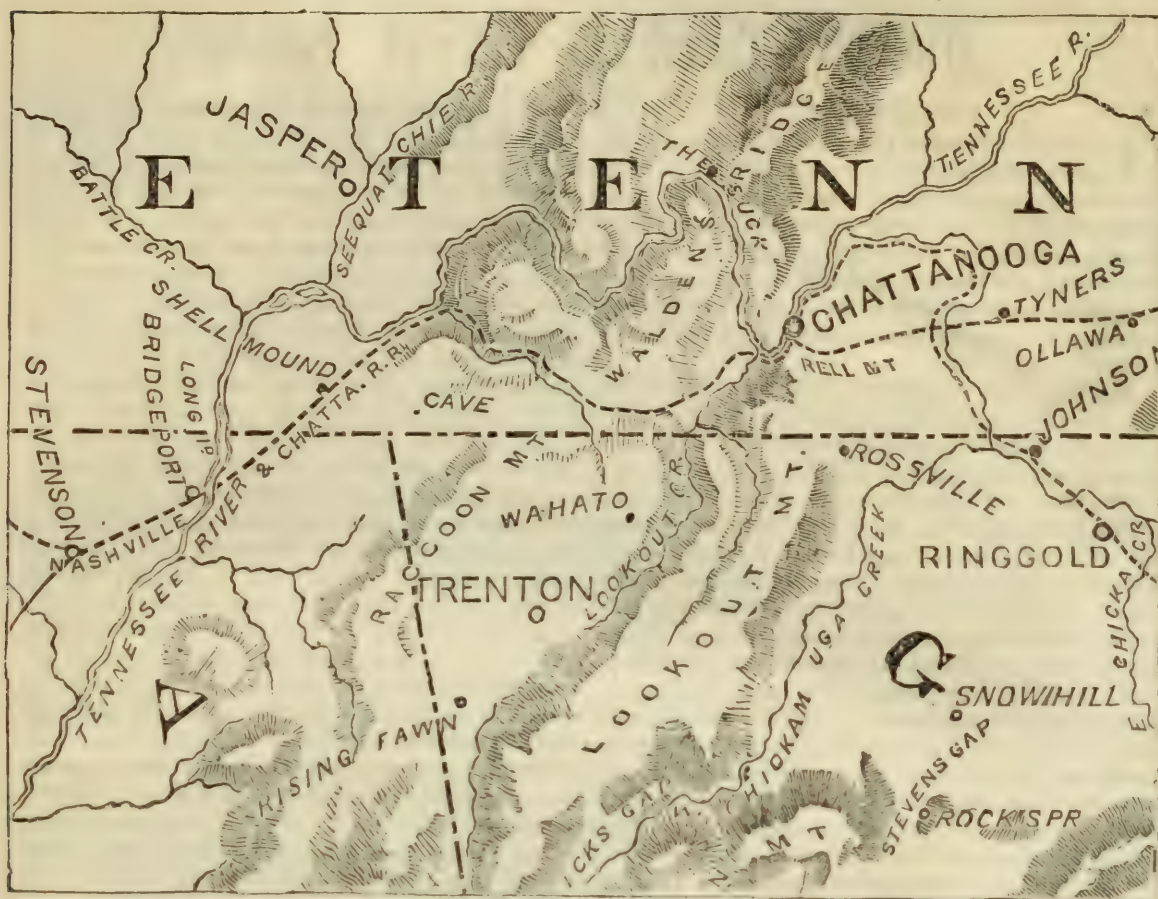
UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of November. The leading events of the month are connected with the strategic movements of the Union and Confederate armies of the Potomac; the situation at Chattanooga; the siege of Charleston; the elections at the North; the decision of the British Government in respect to the vessels built in England for the Confederates; the Mexican question, and the war in Japan.

The first week of October our Army of the Potomac occupied the northern bank of the Rappahannock, the head-quarters being in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House, the enemy under Lee being on the other side of the river, around Gordonsville, a space of about twenty miles separating the main bodies, the outposts of both being pushed forward toward the other. About the 8th of October General Meade became aware that the enemy were making an advance, either feigned or real, though the high ridges which border the Rappahannock prevented the exact force and object of the movement from being discovered. Reconnoissances were made during the ensuing two days, which showed that strong columns were pressing almost due north, which would in a short time turn the right wing of Meade. This was accordingly withdrawn northeastward, our army crossing the north fork of the Rappahannock, between which and the Rappahannock they had been posted. On the 12th Meade sent a strong party back across the Rappahannock, for the purpose of ascertaining whether this flank movement of the enemy was real or feigned. It was found to be an advance in force, and the reconnoitring corps were withdrawn. We had fallen back ten or fifteen miles to the northeast, while the columns of the enemy pressed steadily on for thirty miles due north. They then turned slightly eastward, with the apparent design of interposing their forces between ours and Washington, and attacking the capital. If that had been their object it had been in a measure attained. Their advance, under Ewell, was on the 13th at Warrenton, a whole day's march nearer Washington than was the army of Meade. A sharp race now ensued, on the 13th and 14th, the question being who should first reach and occupy in force the twice-fought battle-field around Manassas, Bull Run, and Centreville. The lines of march gradually approximated. They intersected at Britton, close by Manassas Junction, and a dozen miles south of Bull Run. We reached this point before the enemy, and were pressing on toward Centreville, when our rear, under General Warren, was attacked by the advance of the enemy, under A. P. Hill; a sharp action ensued, the result of which is announced in the order of General Meade. He says: "The rear-guard, consisting of the Second Corps, was attacked while marching by the flank. The enemy, after a spirited contest, was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and 450 prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second Corps, are entitled to high commendation." The fight occurred late in the afternoon; the attack upon our rear had been repulsed; but it was known that a corps of the enemy under Ewell were close at hand; if they came up in time the fortunes of the day might be changed. But they did not arrive in time to renew the assault upon

Warren, and our rear withdrew in the night and effected its junction with the main army, which by this time was fairly established hard by the old battle-field of Bull Run. Here they awaited an attack from the enemy, which was not made. For two or three days the Confederate forces made demonstrations on our front and flanks. If their object had been to assault Washington it had been foiled, for Meade lay in force directly in their way; if it had been to cut off our trains it had failed, for these had been sent on in front. They contented themselves with destroying the track of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which would have given Meade great assistance in an advance upon Richmond. Having done this, they began to fall back on the 18th, but covering their retreat so skillfully that the movement was not discovered until the next day. Our army then set out in pursuit; but the enemy had got the start; they found only bodies of cavalry covering the rear of the infantry, which were already out of reach; and on the 21st our reconnoitring parties ascertained that the enemy had recrossed the Rappahannock, and were in their old position. The result of this twelve days' series of operations is that the two armies of the Potomac occupy essentially the same positions as before. It was a pure trial of strategy. Lee, the ablest commander in the Confederate army, undertook to outgeneral Meade. He not only failed in his attempt, but suffered far more severe loss than he inflicted.

The close of the first week of November finds our army in Tennessee in nearly the same situation which it occupied a month before. It still holds its main position at Chattanooga, menaced by the Confederates, whose efforts have been mainly directed toward cutting off its communications and interrupting its supplies. An entire change has been made in the command of this army. General Grant has been placed at the head of the entire Military Division of the Mississippi. Rosecrans has been removed from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and Thomas, whose splendid fighting alone prevented the reverse at Chickamauga from becoming an utter rout, takes the immediate command vacated by Rosecrans. General Grant's order announcing his accession to the command is dated at Louisville, Kentucky, October 18. He says that in compliance with orders he assumes the command of "the Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee," and that his headquarters will be in the field. General Rosecrans on the 19th issued his farewell order, taking leave of the Army of the Cumberland. In this he congratulates the army that his successor, General Thomas, is no stranger to his troops; that he has been identified with them from the first, and has often led them in battles; and he assures them that to the renown, precedents, dauntless courage, and true patriotism of their new commander they may look for victory. General Thomas, in formally assuming the command of the Department, takes occasion to speak in warm terms of the ability of his predecessor. The reasons which have caused the removal of General Rosecrans from a command where he had been on the whole so successful have not been made public. He himself referred to reports in regard to them in a speech on the 26th of



October at Cincinnati, where he was greeted by a public reception. Alluding to a remark that the people would require the records upon which his removal was based, he said: "Some are very anxious about my health. The Army of the Cumberland think I am well enough; and so do I. As for the quantity of opium I have taken, consult my druggist." He declared that his course while in command had been fully approved by the President. Generals McCook and Crittenden, whose divisions were defeated at Chickamauga, have been removed from their posts in this Department, and their corps have been consolidated under the command of General Granger.—There can be no doubt that our army at Chattanooga has been exposed to serious peril, not so much from actual attack as from the possibility of cutting off its supplies. They were in the midst of a mountainous region, incapable at any time of feeding an army, and which, moreover, had been exhausted by the long occupation of the enemy. The Tennessee River was the main channel for the transmission of supplies, and the enemy had seized a strong position on Lookout Mountain which effectually commanded the river below Chattanooga, and from which it was supposed that their heavy guns could penetrate our entrenchments. From this position they were dislodged on the 27th of October. The accompanying map shows the position of the localities in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, and gives an idea of the topography of the region. The operation by which the enemy were dislodged from Lookout Mountain appears to have been under the direction of General Hooker, who was posted at Bridgeport. The details which have been received are too vague to warrant us in attempting to describe the action, or rather series of actions, by which the end was attained.

A daring attempt was made upon the 5th of Oc-

tober to destroy the *Ironsides* in Charleston Harbor by means of a torpedo. A small cigar-shaped steamer, capable of carrying only four or five men, was constructed. It lay so low in the water and was painted of such a color as to be invisible in the night at the distance of a few rods. To the bows was attached a torpedo, projecting thirty or forty feet, charged with fifty pounds of powder, to be exploded by the percussion of striking. Lieutenant Glassell, with only three companions, embarked on this craft, which was towed down opposite Fort Sumter, and then made its way, under cover of darkness, directly for the *Ironsides*. The torpedo exploded upon striking the vessel, but without doing any essential damage. The shock threw the little steamer so deeply into the water as to put out her fires, and she could not escape. Lieutenant Glassell sprang overboard, swam to a schooner, was picked up, and made prisoner. One of his companions was also rescued in a similar manner. The little steamer went down, carrying with her, as was supposed, the other two of her crew.—Fort Sumter, notwithstanding its ruined condition, is still occupied by the enemy, who appear to have been busy in erecting a sand-battery upon the ruins. To prevent this a heavy fire was opened on the 26th of October, and kept up for several days. On the 28th and 29th, according to reports from Southern sources, 1200 shot were fired into the fort, wounding seven men. On the 31st a portion of the wall fell in, burying under its ruins thirteen men. On the 1st of November two more were killed and three wounded, and the bombardment was still going on. A few shots were also fired at Charleston, but with what result is not known. The enemy kept up a heavy fire upon our batteries on Morris Island, without doing any damage.

From various other portions of the Southwest we

have reports of isolated conflicts; but the details are so confused that we prefer to await official accounts, when we shall be able to present a connected view of the whole series of conflicts.—From Louisiana we have news of the fitting out of an expedition the destination of which is supposed to be Texas.—General Butler has been appointed to the command of our forces in North Carolina, and has gone to that region.—The latest intelligence from the *Alabama* represents that vessel to be in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern extremity of Africa. The United States steamer *Vanderbilt* was in the same region, in search of the *Alabama*.

President Lincoln has formally replied to the representation and demands of the Missouri Committee, mentioned in our last Record. The substance is that the condition of Missouri and the wrongs suffered by Union men are not owing to any fault on the part of the Union generals, but grow out of the civil war. He approves of the general line of conduct adopted by General Schofield, and declines to remove him. Appended to this reply is a copy of the instructions given to General Schofield. His duty is to advance the efficiency of the military establishment, and to so use it as to compel, as far as practicable, the excited people to let each other alone. He is to arrest individuals and suppress assemblies and newspapers only when they are working palpable injury to the military. In no other case will he interfere with the expression of opinion. He is not to allow the military to be employed either in returning fugitive slaves or in enticing them from their masters. No one is to be allowed to enlist colored troops except under direct orders from the Commanding General or from the Government at Washington. He is to allow those only to vote who by the laws of Missouri have the right, including in those laws the restrictions laid by the State Convention upon those who have participated in the rebellion. He is to expel guerrillas and marauders, and those who harbor and abet them; but to repress the assumption by unauthorized persons to perform this same service, because under pretense of doing this they become marauders themselves. In a word, he is to use all the power in his hands to restore and preserve peace.

Under date of October 17, the President has issued a call for 300,000 volunteers, to serve for three years or during the war, not exceeding three years. The Governors of the several States are called upon to raise and to have enlisted their part of this number. All volunteers under this call will receive the advance pay, premium, and bounties prescribed by law. All troops raised under this call will be credited to and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft. If any State fails to raise its proportion, the deficiency in each district will be made up by a new draft to commence on the 5th of January, 1864.

Within a few weeks elections for State officers have been held in nearly all the States of the Union. The result has been decidedly in favor of the Administration, except in the State of New Jersey, where the Opposition have succeeded by a reduced majority. In Pennsylvania Governor Curtin received a majority of about 15,000, although his Democratic opponent was in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. In Ohio, Mr. Vallandigham was defeated by a majority, including the vote of the soldiers, of nearly 100,000. In New York, where last year Governor Seymour, the Democratic candidate, was elected by 10,000 majority, the Union

majority was nearly 30,000; in the State Assembly, which was tied last year, the Union party has elected nearly 90 out of 128 members. In nearly every other State the Union party have succeeded by majorities greatly increased over those of the previous election.

The Confederate finances have fallen into great confusion. The currency is so depreciated that it takes from ten to twelve dollars to buy one dollar in gold, two dollars to buy a pound of pork, and in similar proportion for all articles of necessity produced in the country. Articles of use and luxury produced abroad command fabulous prices. The *Richmond Enquirer* of October 27 sums up the present financial condition of the Confederacy as follows:

"The condition of the currency has become so alarming that its importance has risen even above the excitement of military movements. From every quarter of the Confederacy essays, schemes, expedients, and remedies are daily scattered broadcast over the country, and suggestions of every character and description are urged. One thing is certain and indisputable, that the present financial management is an utter and absolute failure, rendered so not by Mr. Memminger, but by the people themselves. The funding scheme of Mr. M. could succeed only by the prompt and persisting co-operation of the people, by coming forward and continuing to convert the currency into bonds. It is not necessary to inquire into the reasons why the people have failed. The fact that they have not and will not voluntarily fund the currency is an important matter for legislative consideration."

Not less unfavorable is the present and prospective condition of supplies. In spite of Confederate assertions to the contrary, there can be no doubt that there is a great deficiency in the supply of even the commonest and most indispensable articles of food. Almost every Southern paper is full of statements to this effect. Complaints against extortioners, speculators, and hoarders abound, and the most severe measures are recommended to be employed against them. These complaints are not confined to places like Richmond, where military necessities have brought together an unusual number of people to be fed, but they are universal. A private letter from Commissary Northrop to the Confederate Secretary of War, written at Athens, Georgia, on the 25th of April, has found its way to the press. We give the most important portions of this. Speaking of a meeting of the Governors of several of the Southern States held at Milledgeville, he says:

"All agree that the planters of their States evince no disposition to seed for more than the usual quantity of grain and other articles necessary for the subsistence of the people and the army. Neither the resolutions of Congress, requesting the President to appeal to the people, nor the appeal itself, have produced any visible effect. In riding from Milledgeville to this point I passed through one of the best corn districts in Georgia, and not one acre in fifty, as I am assured by my own observations and the reports of travelers on the road, is being prepared for raising that indispensable article, or other products requisite for the subsistence of man and beast. It is obvious that something must be done immediately, or both the people and army must starve next winter.

"The Governors finally decided to send an address—not to be published by the press, exposing our wants to the enemy—to all the leading planters in their respective States, urging upon them the imperative necessity of producing all the grain, live-stock, etc., possible. But since the appeal of the President is disregarded by this class of citizens, what response can we expect them to make to a similar appeal of the Governors? In my judgment none.

"It is only by more rigorous, and indeed arbitrary, measures, that we can prevent distress in our towns, and subsist the armies in the field through next winter and spring. The appeal put forth by the President, and the one proposed by the Governors, will be entirely useless. This is the opinion also of General Bragg, with whom I yesterday conferred two hours at Dalton. The General suggests three plans for preventing the threatened famine. The first is that the President, by proclamation, prohibit the raising of any more cotton and tobacco or clearing of

new lands until further notice. The second is that, by proclamation, he order all planters to seed a certain number of acres of grain or other articles of necessary consumption, in proportion to the quantity of cleared land and negroes belonging to them. The third is for the Government to take possession of the plantations, or such portion of them as the owners do not intend to seed with grain, etc., and employ the negroes belonging thereto in raising such agricultural products as may be deemed necessary. Officers and soldiers who have been rendered by wounds and disease unfit for further service in the field could be employed as superintendents and overseers. The last-mentioned plan appears to me to be feasible, and entirely the best that can now be adopted.

"The wheat harvests, it is easy to see and learn from a trip through the country, will not be half as bountiful as we have anticipated; and the belief into which the Government has been led, that there are large quantities of bacon in many parts of the country, is erroneous. The inventory ordered by Governor Brown of the bacon and live-stock in Georgia shows the well-nigh exhausted condition of that State; and yet, beyond peradventure, it is less nearly exhausted than any other State in the Confederacy.

"It will, therefore, be no easy matter to keep our armies in the field without causing suffering among the people till the harvests are gathered next autumn. From that time we shall be entirely dependent on those harvests.

"Let the emergency be urged upon the President while there is yet time to save ourselves."

EUROPE.

The British Government has at last become aware of the impolicy of allowing Confederate vessels of war to be fitted out in English ports, and they have prevented the sailing of the iron-clad rams, of which mention has been made in the last two numbers of this Record. The position now assumed by the British Government with respect to aid to belligerents was defined by Earl Russell in a speech delivered September 26. He says:

"There came a complaint on the part of the Federals that we allowed a ship to leave the port of Liverpool, which afterward committed depredations on their commerce. In order to prove an offense you require such evidence as can be sifted in a court of justice, and it was not till the very day the *Alabama* left Liverpool that in the opinion of lawyers we had evidence sufficient to keep the vessel and crew; then I doubt whether, if we had brought the evidence before a court of law, it would have been found that we had sufficient evidence to condemn her, because, by an evasion of the law, the ship was fitted up without the arms necessary for her equipment, and these arms were conveyed to her in the waters of a foreign country, very far from the jurisdiction of England. These questions must be weighed, and I think they will be weighed, as they frequently have been weighed, by the Government of the United States of America, in the balance of equity. We know that the Foreign Enlistment Act and the whole law respecting the subject is very difficult of application. The principle is clear enough. If you are asked to sell muskets, you may sell muskets to one party or the other, and so with gunpowder, shells, or cannon; and you may sell a ship in the same manner. But if you, on the other hand, train and drill a regiment with arms in their hands, or allow a regiment to go out with arms in their hands to take part with one of two belligerents, you violate your neutrality and commit an offense against the other belligerent. So in the same way in regard to ships, if you allow a ship to be armed and go at once to make an attack on a foreign belligerent, you are yourself, according to your own law, taking part in the war, and it is an offense which is punished by the law. There are other questions with regard to ships that have lately been prepared in this country, because these ships are not like ships which receive the usual equipment known in wars in times past, but they are themselves, without any further armament, formed for acts of offense and war. They are steam rams, which might be used for the purposes of war without ever touching the shores of the Confederate ports. To permit ships of this description knowingly to depart from this country, not to enter into any Confederate port, not to enter into the port of a belligerent, would expose our good faith to great suspicion; and I feel certain that if, during our war with France, the Americans had sent line-of-battle ships to break our blockade at Brest, whatever reasons they might have urged in support of that, we should have considered it a violation of neutrality. Such is the spirit in which I am prepared to act. Every thing that the law of nations requires, every thing that our laws, that the Foreign Enlistment Act

requires, I am prepared to do, and even, if it should be proved to be necessary for the preservation of our neutrality, that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures. Her Majesty's Government are prepared to do every thing that the duty of neutrality requires—every thing that is just to a friendly nation, taking as a principle that we should do to others as we should wish to be done to ourselves. But this we will not do—we will not adopt any measure that we think to be wrong. We will not yield a jot of British law or British right in consequence of the menaces of any foreign Power."

The acceptance by the Archduke Maximilian of the imperial crown of Mexico seems yet to be somewhat uncertain. He was waited upon by the Mexican deputies on the 3d of October, and a formal offer was made to him. To this he replied:

"The wishes of the Mexican Assembly of Notables have touched me deeply. It can not but be exceedingly flattering for our house that they have turned their eyes to the descendants of Charles V. Although the mission of maintaining the independence and welfare of Mexico on a solid foundation, and with free institutions, is a most noble one, I must, nevertheless, in complete accordance with the views of the Emperor Napoleon, declare that the monarchy can not be re-established on a legitimate and firm basis without a spontaneous expression of the wishes of the whole nation. I must make my acceptance of the throne dependent upon a plebiscite of the whole country. On the other hand, it would be my duty to ask for guarantees which are indispensable to secure Mexico against the dangers which threaten her integrity and independence. Should these guarantees be obtained, and the universal vote of the nation be given in my favor, I am ready, with the assent of the Emperor my brother, to accept the crown. In case Providence should call me to this high mission, I must at once declare that it is my firm intention to open the path of progress by a Constitution, as was done by my brother; and, after the complete pacification of the country, to seal the fundamental law with an oath. By such means only can a new and really national policy be called into existence, by which all parties, forgetting old disputes, would co-operate with me in raising Mexico to a prominent rank among nations. Carry back with you these frank declarations to your fellow-citizens, and act in such a manner that it may become possible for the nation to declare what form of government it desires to have."

The war in Japan still continues. We know so little of the nature of the Japanese Government that it is impossible to judge with certainty of the character and origin of the hostilities which have been waged against foreigners. According to present appearances, they have been undertaken by some of the semi-independent Daimios in opposition to the wishes of the Government of the Tycoon. One account says that the Tycoon was summoned to Miako, the capital of the Mikado, and kept in imprisonment; that he escaped, returned to Yeddo, and disavowed all the hostile acts which had been committed, and sent to the foreign commanders the flag which was borne by all his vessels, authorizing them to fire upon any Japanese vessel which bore any other. Meanwhile the French Admiral, Juarez, with two vessels, proceeded to the neighborhood of Simosak, but could not get within shot of the shore-batteries; he landed two hundred men, burned two villages, beat off an attack from the Japanese, and retired. Aggressions having been commenced by the Prince of Satsuma, and all attempts at negotiation failing, the English Admiral, Kuper, with a fleet of eleven vessels, proceeded to Kagosima, the capital of the Prince, and prepared for action. Two of the Japanese shore-batteries opened fire upon the fleet, which was returned. By dusk the town was in flames in several places, and three forts were silenced. The fight was renewed the next day, and the whole city was made a mass of ruins. Three steamers belonging to the Prince were destroyed. The Japanese batteries were well served, and the English lost 11 men killed and 39 wounded.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"OUR Russian guests!" has been the toast of the town for several weeks past. The arrival of a Russian fleet was an event so unprecedented that, under any circumstances, we must all have been peculiarly interested; but just at this time it has a significance which becomes almost important. The ships themselves are very handsome vessels. The admiral's is a somewhat old-fashioned, conservative craft, but the screw steamers that accompany it are graceful, and look strong and swift and saucy. They are kept in excellent order, and have been thronged with visitors from the city; while upon special visits of dignitaries, and other state occasions, the sonorous thunder of the saluting fleet fills the air with a sound which has a sad meaning to us in these days of war.

The reception of the admiral and the officers by the city and the citizens, at private and public banquets and balls, has profoundly excited our excellent French and English fellow-citizens, who exhaust their powers of sarcasm in treating of the modern holy alliance between despotism and democracy. Their excitement has crossed the water too, and the *London Times*, with that highly moral toss of the horns with which it always precedes its unselfish espousal of the cause of humanity, declares that the festival of the Russian welcome in the United States fitly sympathizes the two powers which labor under "the rebukes of the civilized world." These being the words of a "neutral" anxious to promote good-feeling between this country and Great Britain are entitled to our respectful gratitude. But when the virtuous city fathers of New York, who seize every occasion—whether of the arrival of Japanese princes, or of a British prince, or of a Russian admiral—to entertain themselves at dinner, are called "the Yankee abolitionists" fraternizing with the Czar, the satirical powers of our foreign neutral friends appear in their most pleasing light.

The spectacle of the city reception was very pretty notwithstanding the "coarse" speeches of the orators and the absurdity of Yankees being polite to Russians. It was quite impromptu. The day was beautiful. The decorations were certainly not so splendid as those with which Paris adorns the triumphal coronation of an Emperor who is an honor to the species, or with which London celebrates the nuptials of the royal young Englishman, Albert Edward; but still they were the 'umble signs of a hearty welcome. The crowds were good-humored. Seven people were not crushed to death during the passage of the procession, nor were windows sold at great prices for the better seeing the show. Perhaps the cheers were as sincere as those which surrounded the young Wales at St. Paul's; or those which, under the auspices of an army and the gendarmery, hailed the Louis Cæsar of France as he went to Notre Dame. Yet for the gloomy significance which our excellent neutral friends detect in it, it should be frankly said that neither the spectacle nor the enthusiasm, highly respectable as they were, could compare with the crowd, the shouting, and the interest which in the same streets greeted the Japanese envoys and the Prince of Wales. Since, therefore, the Russian civic reception is held to prove the intimate sympathy between the two powers which are "disappointed" and rebuked by the civilized world, what shall the warmer and greater reception of Japan and Great Britain prove? At least the scowling and

venomous criticism of a very simple act of international hospitality, by no means unprecedented, proves an unnecessary and amusing spirit of hostility, which, for the sake of the English language, should choose some apter name than "neutrality."

The England which is neither spoken for nor to by the *London Times*—and that is a very noble England—will see in the Russian welcome in New York and by the country nothing but the very natural gratitude of a people engaged in civil war to a nation which has taken an attitude of friendship toward them. The England of which we speak will not find it very surprising that when the fleets of three great powers are simultaneously in the harbor of New York, the people of New York should feel most kindly toward that one of the three fleets which would pursue a rebel corsair, built and fitted and manned in England, which should appear off the harbor to bombard the city, as a pirate and not as a belligerent ship of war. It may be a very gross popular misunderstanding of the great doctrine of "neutrality," but it is very natural. When the luckless traveler going down to Jericho fell among thieves, and the neutral Priest and the neutral Levite passed by on the other side, but the Samaritan befriended him, is it remarkable that his heart should have gone out to the friend rather than to the excellent neutrals who prayed so zealously on the other side, saying in their hearts, "Since it is God's will that the fellow should have his bones broken and die there, what an impious rascal he is to expect sympathy! God's will be done!" That was very pious and extremely neutral; but surely some allowance should be made for the weak nerves of a poor traveler beaten by thieves, and if he failed to draw just distinctions was it also part of God's will that he should be uncharitably judged?

We have done no more for our Russian guests than we ought to have done. No more, certainly, than we did for young Guelph. We received him in Broadway paved and tapestried with human beings; we paraded the Fire Department by night with torches; the great and good Fernando Wood sat by the side of the good and great Duke of Newcastle, and pointed out to him, in the most statesmanlike manner, Barnum's Museum, the Stuyvesant Institute, and the New York Hotel; we gave the Prince a ball at the Academy, with all the Dons for managers and the belle Donne for partners; we rolled him through the land with popular interest and attention, dined him at the Globe Hotel in Syracuse, and showed him Niagara. What remained to do? Those "Yankee Abolitionists," the City Fathers, incessantly drove in carriages and ate lunches and dinners, all at the expense of the city; and—if the expression may be pardoned, in consideration that the Easy Chair is a most loyal subject of the Czar's "brother potentate at Washington," who is thought by the classic wits of Britain not to surpass Addison in elegance of style—the Prince's reception was "a big thing," much larger than that of the Russian Admiral. But it was, after all, only a proper politeness, and had no profound political significance. There is an England which understands that as well as we do.

The peace of the world is too costly a treasure to be lightly thrown away. In this day, and in England and America, the press may be called the guardians of that peace. Let it then acknowledge

its responsibility. Let it have some honor, some sense of shame, some reason, some moderation. It is high time that we should know in America that the *London Times* and its satellites are not England, and do not speak for England. They are the mouth-pieces and whippers-in of a party. It is a very powerful and very powerfully entrenched party, because it is the aristocracy and the mass of the commercial class. But it is to the England behind them and beyond them, the England which Lord Russell says is numerically superior, the England which has compelled the change in British policy toward us—this is the England to which all calm Americans will look. This is the England which will neither misunderstand nor misrepresent the conduct and feeling of America, whether in defending its own existence or in hospitably receiving its foreign friends.

It is already a wonder what we did for recreation before the Central Park was created. Formerly, when a rustic or foreign friend asked, "What shall I go to see in the city?" the answer was most difficult or most ludicrous. The lively attendant of Rachel, who wrote a rattling and ridiculous book about us, declared that the only pleasure excursion that was ever proposed to him was to Greenwood Cemetery. And the slow and dismal gait of the hack in which he probably drove might have persuaded him that he was attending his own funeral. The Astor Library was a most valuable addition to the metropolitan lions. Then there was the Dusseldorf Gallery—now no more; and the Bryan Gallery—now in the Cooper Institute; and the old Walton House, in Franklin Square—now a sailor boarding-house; and the hall of the Sons of Liberty, lately the Atlantic Gardens, and now destroyed; and the City Hall; and Fulton Market; and the Battery; and, as a last and fearful resort, "the Institutions"—the collected poverty, disease, and crime of the city and the world—well cared for, thank Heaven! and well worthy the close observation and study of interested men, but not a comely spectacle, nor fit to amuse a stranger.

As for buildings, there were none of any architectural merit, and but very few of the least historical interest. New York was a metropolis, but the metropolis of a country of the future. Pictures, books, buildings, statues, gardens, the external signs of ancient and lofty civilization were not to be found. Our triumph was in the general intelligence, the general well-being, and the universal opportunity for all talent and skill. It was our fortune to inherit the interests and tastes of older countries with the necessity of creating the objects in which they could delight themselves and be satisfied. The Astor Library, the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, and the Central Park, are thus far our three greatest achievements of this kind.

And how great that of the Park is can be measured at no time more fully than upon some still, bright, golden autumn day. Upon such a day the Easy Chair lately rolled up to the Park and along its noble avenues. From the most squalid city of mud and board cabins and pig-sties you enter directly upon the broadly undulating domain of lawn and shrubbery. The long slopes exquisitely shaven and trimmed, the beautiful bridges gleaming among the green, the spacious Mall leading up to the stately and picturesque Terrace, the variegated autumn splendor of the Ramble beyond the lake, and the curving shores of the lake, smoothly clipped along

the edge and gently ascending, with the swans "ruffling their pure cold plumes" and launching quietly away from the marge, the dainty boats skimming the unruffled surface, darting noiselessly from under the arching bridges, are the grand and obvious points of the spectacle of the Park slowly developed before you as you pass on.

Near the Mall, and just below the long and massive trellis for climbing and creeping and clustering plants, there is a paddock for deer, with a few rare birds and animals around it. Gorgeous macaws and paroquets hardly surpass in brilliancy the foliage beyond them: but the eye lingers longest upon the group of American eagles. They are forbidden to soar, and vanity should forbid them to walk, for nothing can be more ludicrous than the awkward stride of these most solemn birds, who look as if they were straddling clumsily about in feather breeches. But when they are silently sitting upon the perch, turning their eyes with cold disdain, and with a pride of bearing which becomes birds that can calmly face the sun, every American must feel a little secret satisfaction that it is the eagle which is the symbolical bird of his country and not a rooster, nor a pelican, nor a snake under a palmetto or a pine. And if he has such a feeling in seeing the prisoned eagles in the Park, how will he feel when he sees a huge eagle upon the shore of some noble lake, Winnipiseogee, for instance, with the great mountains piled behind, poised upon the top of the loftiest tree in the clear morning sky?

If you drive in the Park merely, you do not see it as it should be seen. Let the Easy Chair recommend that you take a carriage at the entrance, unless, a tried pedestrian, you scorn all conveyance but your own true feet, and driving up to the trellis alight and pass around the paddock by the birds to the eagles, and then return to your carriage. Once more on the way, you cross the Terrace and drive along the lake and up beyond the first reservoir, making the turn upon the little hill at the left. All this the driver will probably do for you in order. It is his regular beat. Descending the hill, instead of returning to the little bridge by which you enter the Ramble from the avenue on which you have been driving, push quite on around the upper reservoir, and through the newer part of the Park, returning upon the eastern side of the lower reservoir to the Ramble. Alighting there, send your carriage round to await you at the top of the steps on the Terrace. Then enter the Ramble and wind your way. It is every where beautiful and bewildering. The mingling of wild plants, ferns, vines, golden-rods, and asters, with the perfect garden cultivation and exotic shrubs, is most skillful and charming. You feel that every point has been considered: that there is not a foot of ground whose proper adaptation has not been studied, and that there are no careless plantings and trainings any more than there are careless touches in the picture of a master. On the other hand, nothing is niggled and coxcombical. As you pace along sinuous sylvan paths, marking the delicate vines clustering over the rocks, great tangles of roses scrambling up a slope, and burnished rhododendrons massed in the moister shade, there is a sensation of delight which is quite inexpressible, as your mind recurs to the squalid cabins at the gate, and you reflect that this is not a king's garden, but the pleasure park of the dwellers in those cabins.

A king's garden! Versailles is a king's garden. You remember it as you move along in the yellow day, seeing the sunlight flooding the ground through

the thinned and thinning boughs, so that you rejoice to think that the whole surface of the Park is warm to-day. You remember Versailles, the broad, straight, stiff avenues, walled with the smooth shaven trees, and ending in elaborate fountains. It is angular and architectural. It is a treatment of trees as if they were marble blocks. They are cut into walls, into columns, into pedestals, into vases. All is spacious, and stiff, and yet magnificent. It is a king's garden. You can not escape the royal spell. You do not think of nature; of dewy, rounding, leafy landscapes; of sweeps of soft hill-side and shining water; of tranquillity, and home, and love: but the perfumed, polished court fills all your fancy; courtiers in heavy robes of state; dames of degree, brocaded, painted, patched. The garden of Versailles is the palace reproduced in verdure. Its sentiment is all the same, and even its aspect seems trying to conform. This is, of itself, delightful. You enjoy it as you enjoy the palace—as you enjoy diamonded dowagers and high society.

But if you wish a king's garden in the Central Park—that is, if you wish the broad and magnificent effects of Versailles—you have them in the Mall and Terrace, and the plateau descending by steps to the water, and rising in broad arches, balustrades, and galleries behind. In no royal park is there a finer effect than this. It recalls the pictures painted from nature, as seen in a king's garden, such as Watteau loved. As you emerge from the Ramble upon the opposite shore you look to see the most gorgeous groups clustered upon the water-side, stepping into boats, and out of them, following the snowy swans, laughing, chatting, singing—the world a feast, and life a holiday. It is one of the proofs of the consummate skill which has created the Park that no suggestion, whether in history or romance, which belongs to such a work, is lost. Deep, ancient groves alone are wanting, and even when they are grown a certain charm of sunny openness will disappear from the noble domain. Let us hope that the Commissioners will protect it from poor sculptures; and, completing the work in the grand and beautiful manner of its inception and progress hitherto, build a monument to the New York and to the America of our time which our children will not admire only, but emulate.

If you read the following verses, and are told that they are written by a boy fifteen years old, who saved carefully to raise money enough to buy the paper and pay the postage, then wrote the lines upon the window-sill, and with modest hesitation and doubt sent them off, would you not augur well of him? But if you knew that he was of foreign blood, his parents dead; his mother, though very poor, yet gently educated, and careful, before dying, of his education; and that his verses are the remembrance of an old legend his mother used to sing—will you not feel that upon this page of the Easy Chair you have fallen upon one of those chapters of romance which are familiar to us in Miss Braddon's books, say—and in older and better books than hers—and in the best history of human life? It is remarkable to find the rhythm and the tone of the oldest English poetry in these verses of a half-American lad of to-day. There is a suggestion in the measure and phraseology of the pompous richness and stiff brocaded movement of old English verse. Imagine that the Easy Chair copies from some page of two or three centuries ago, and it will not seem strange:

THE SUN AND NIGHT.—AN ALLEGORY.

FROM THE SPANISH.

ALREADY Night, ambitious Empress, round
This earthly orb her leaden chains had spread;
And mortals, wrapt in slumber so profound,
Seemed less enslaved in Sleep's embrace than dead.

Sol early knew her proud, insidious aim,
And, mounting hastily his car sublime
(The while his breast fierce ire and rage inflame),
Grasps his keen rays and flies to the Eastern clime.

He gained the Horizon!—When poor Night beheld
Her more than equal foe intrenched secure,
Swiftly she fled, by hurrying fears impelled,
To escape the fury of her swift pursuer.

From side to side disconsolate she flies,
But finds, alas! no refuge, no repose;
When haply, lo! a shady grot she spies,
And creeps for shelter, trembling as she goes.

In close pursuit, the Sun the welkin rends,
Darting his fiery shafts on every side,
Climbs the steep vault, his piercing glare extends,
To find what den the fugitive might hide.

A while he gazed attentive: but in vain
His penetrating eye surveyed the world;—
Outbraved! his choler 'gainst the humble plain
The fury of his blazing weapons hurled.

Wistful, meanwhile, within the covert far,
'Mid the thick branches of the friendly grove,
Night heard, appalled! the rolling of his car,
Which headlong on her hot pursuer drove.

Soon as he passed, from coward terrors free
She felt new life her languid powers pervade;
And freedom now and calm tranquillity
Breathed their bland influence through the realms of shade.

First peeping through the copses of the wood,
She saw, far distant, Sol's declining flame—
Beheld him buried in the Western flood,
Then jocund forth from her asylum came.

Elate with pompous dignity she viewed
A shining troop of circling stars appear,
Then, vying in obsequious homage, strewed
Their gaudy spangles round the hemisphere.

The uncourteous Moon, deck'd in a borrowed robe,
Foremost along the dingy concave swims—
Thus Night, triumphant Mistress of the globe,
The King of Day's sublimest glory duns.

Night, Peerless! whom no rival shall assail,
What time thy foe his short career has run—
Say, who e'er fancied that thy flimsy veil
Might thus obscure the effulgence of the Sun?

So, Truth, irradiating, deigns to shine
Like the bright sun, and mists and clouds pervades;
But lo! we bow at our accustomed shrine,
And lose ourselves again in Error's shades.

We listen not when sage instruction speaks,
Or, listening, oft her precepts we disdain;
And wavering Folly back returns and seeks
To reign once more where it was wont to reign.

A RUSTIC friend came to town the other day, and at evening proposed that the Easy Chair should show him something. "Don't think to put me off with the Central Park," said he; "for not only is it night without a moon, but I live among trees, and grass, and bushes, and know all about them. Take me to the theatre."

We consulted the evening paper, by which it appeared that Mr. Forrest was playing at Niblo's, and

Mr. Booth at the Winter Garden. But we saw also that there was to be a great political assemblage—a Union ratification meeting—at the Cooper Institute. Which shall it be? asked the rustic friend. Why not all three? answered the Easy Chair. The friend evidently wondered how we were to do three things at once; but we sallied forth, and first, at the Cooper Institute, we squeezed into the mass of men who were packed into the great hall, which was hung with banners, and devices, and festoons, and was as hot and uncomfortable as a place could be. Upon the stage, toward which every face was eagerly turned, a gentleman with a heavy black beard was vehemently declaiming and gesticulating. His words were greeted with hearty cheers, and the intense interest of the meeting when you reflected upon its object was most pleasant to see. "Who is this orator?" asked the rustic friend. "That is General John Cochrane," replied the Cicerone Easy Chair. "And who is that sturdy, honest-looking man beside him?" "That is the Vice-President of the United States." The rustic friend looked with the most ardent curiosity; and certainly it was a noble spectacle. For while great public political meetings may be seen in one other country in the world—that is England—yet of the crowd of auditors there not more than a tenth are probably voters, while doubtless almost every man in this audience here was a voter. This before us was the government of the country. In public opinion, influenced by frank discussion, the true government of the nation lies. "I am sick of the eternal American talk," cried an orator whom I heard since the rustic friend and the Easy Chair stood together in the Cooper Institute. Then, my friend, I wanted to answer, you do not understand your country. It is by talk, by argument, by comparison, by enlightenment, by every means incessantly brought to bear upon public opinion, that we are governed. The talk of to-day is the policy of to-morrow. The whisper of one man, or of twenty, must be persistently continued until it becomes a murmur, the murmur a buzz, the buzz a shout, the shout a roar, which the authorities hear and follow. Statesmanship in modern nations consists in the sagacity with which the national desire is apprehended by official leaders. The British Government, for instance, detains the rams, because it knows that the nation does not wish to fight with us. Mr. Lincoln is the most successful and excellent of Presidents, because he has an instinctive perception, not of the whims and gusts of the rabble, but of the honest national desire. He saw from the beginning that the nation must save itself, if it were to be saved at all, and this has been the key-note of his policy.

These, in fact, were the views expressed to me by my rustic friend, in whose judgment I repose the most absolute reliance, as we strolled away from the hall, and, threading our way through the crowds around the platforms in the street, gained Broadway, and so to Niblo's.

This friend had never seen Forrest! He has been in New York I know not how often every autumn and winter when Edwin Forrest has been playing—and when, pray, was Edwin Forrest not playing?—and yet he had never seen him! If he had said that he had never seen Trinity Church, or the Astor House, or the Hospital, it would have been strange; but to aver that he had never seen Forrest was to tax credibility. The street was full. Upon a pleasant autumn evening how pleasant Broadway is! There is such a gay crowd swarming up and

down. The stress of the day's work is over. There is an air of festivity, not of business, in the groups that pass. The absence of almost all carriages but the omnibuses, decreases the loud roar of the daytime, so that you can hear the sound of conversation and light laughter. It is even tranquilizing to move slowly along the street. The shops are not yet very pretty, but they are very bright. Then people are going to and from the theatre, and eager, happy children are with them. Every warm, pleasant autumn evening in Broadway is a glimpse of Carnival.

We paid our money at the little hole, where the strange being within must have a marvelous opportunity for studying the human hand, and entered the theatre hall at Niblo's. It was crammed with people. All the seats were full, and the aisles, and the steps. And the people sat upon the stairs that ascend to the second tier, and they hung upon the balustrade, and they peeped over shoulders and between heads, and every thing wore the aspect of a first night, of a *début*. And yet it was the thirty or forty somethingth night of the engagement. And every year he plays how many hundred nights? And people are grandfathers now who used to see him play in their youth. Yet there he is—the neck, the immemorial legs—the *ah-h-h-h-h*, in the same hopeless depth of guttural gloom—if gloom could be guttural; which, indeed, any rustic friend may fairly doubt until he has heard Forrest. But the crowd is the perennial amazement. For it is not to be explained upon the theory of deadheads. The crowd comes every night to behold *Metamora*, and *Spartacus*, and *Damon*, and *Richelieu*, because it delights in the representation, and shouts at it, and cries for more, and hastens and squeezes the next night to enjoy it all over again. Certainly there was never a more genuine or permanent success than the acting of Forrest. We may crack our jokes at it. We may call it the muscular school; the brawny art; the biceps æsthetics; the tragic calves; the bovine drama; rant, roar, and rignarole; but what then? *Metamora* folds his mighty arms and plants his mighty legs, and with his mighty voice sneers at us "Look there!" until the very ground thrills and trembles beneath our feet. For there is the great, the eager, the delighted crowd. He has found his *pou sto*. And he moves his world nightly.

To criticise it as acting is as useless as to criticise the stories of Miss Braddon or of Mr. Ainsworth as literature. That human beings, under any conceivable circumstances, should ever talk or act as they are represented in the Forrest drama and the Braddon novel is beyond belief. The sum of criticism upon it seems to be that the acting is a boundless exaggeration of all the traditional conventions of the stage. After ten minutes' looking and listening the rustic friend turned and said, "Why, I seem to have seen him a hundred times." It was true to the impression; for there is nothing new. You have seen and heard exactly the same thing a hundred times, with more or less excellence. I say excellence, because it is certainly very complete in its way. The life of "the stage" was never more adequately depicted. It is the sock-and-buskin view of nature and emotion. And it has a palpable physical effect. There were a great many young women around us crying in the tender passages between *Damon* and his wife. They were not refined nor intellectual women. They were, perhaps, rather coarse. But they cried good hearty tears. And when, upon the

temptation to escape, Pythias slapped his breast, and, pushing open the prison-door with what may be termed "a theatrical air," roared out, "Never, never!—death before dishonor!" the audience broke out into a storm of applause.

The popular enjoyment arising from this acting is undeniable. "But now I have had as much as I can hold," whispered the rustic friend, after one act; and we went up the street a little way to the Winter Garden, where Edwin Booth was playing Iago. The difference of the spectacle was striking. The house was comfortably full, not crowded. The air of the audience was that of refined attention rather than of eager interest. Plainly it was a more cultivated and intellectual audience; and with Mr. Booth upon the stage you are not inclined to be witty about beef and calves. Pale, thin, intellectual, with long black hair and dark eyes, Shakespeare's Iago was perhaps never more adequately represented to the eye. Thomas Hicks has painted a masterly full-length portrait of Booth in this part—one of the finest Shakesperian illustrations that we have. We saw too little of the play to estimate correctly his rendering of the part. A rôle like Iago is so quiet, and delicate, and subtle, that few players probably have the heroism to play it properly. But all that we saw of Booth was admirable. Yet there was a certain chilliness in the audience, which must have affected the actor. It was the attitude of an audience appreciative and expectant of fine points, but not irresistibly swept away. And while we sat there occurred one of those incidents which infinitely amused the rustic friend, and are a real misfortune to a play.

When Othello comes to smother Desdemona—one of the most painful and repulsive scenes in all the dramas that keep the stage—there is a prolonged pause of silence. He stands over her, completing his fearful work, and the audience sit spell-bound with horror. There was not a sound in the theatre. Nobody whispered, nobody coughed, nobody talked behind the scenes, and there was no rumbling or knocking of scenery. The profound silence had lasted for a few minutes, when a voice proceeding from our immediate neighborhood made itself audible, as it seemed to me, to the uttermost extremity of the house, perfectly calm, and clear, and resonant: "What! is he a-slaughtering on her?" The spell of fearful silence was broken. The audience laughed and clapped. The actors resumed their parts. Iago came on to say that he would never speak word more. The curtain fell. But the play had been already ended by the ludicrous interpolation; and Rusticus and the Easy Chair will have to see Booth in Iago again before they can think of it without a smile.

Editor's Drawer.

REMEMBER the hint with which the Drawer opened in the October Magazine. The year of *Harper's Monthly* begins with December, and that is the month with which to commence taking it. If you subscribe for it send directly to the publishers, according to the terms on the last page of the cover. If you buy it from month to month, keep the numbers carefully and have them bound twice a year. Get up a club among your neighbors, and make a dozen homes cheerful during the long winter evenings that are coming. If a million of people read the Drawer monthly, as we believe they do, why may not five millions read it? If it make

half the world wiser and better, why may not all the world be merry and wise?

THE Navy is always welcome to the Drawer, and the following is from a friend who must come again. He writes from the Blockading Squadron:

Among the "intelligent contrabands" who have come on board this vessel is one named Jim. He was ordered not long since to make fast a wind-sail lanyard. Seeing that he did not know how to do it properly, I told him to pass it through an eye-bolt and take two half hitches. That was perfect Dutch to him. So I said, "Oh, pshaw! Jim, you are no sailor." "Nothir, nothir," said he; "I can't be a sailor and a man-of-war's-man too!" Quite complimentary that to our seamen.

TALKING with a friend, I said—referring to a person whom we both had known, whose name was John—"I do not like him; I am an anti-John man." My friend likes spirits as well as any one, and he instantly replied, "I was never more than a demi-john man any time!"

WHEN we came from the North we had a son of Erin on board. He soon became a perfect sea lawyer, and delighted in getting on the fore-castle and expounding to the men any subject, using large words, which he could not understand himself, in a manner to put many a professor to the blush.

On one occasion we were relieved at our station by a steamer, and ordered to another. We learned on the steamer that where we were going there were guerrillas, and if we lay too near shore they would try and pick men off with their rifles. This information caused much talk forward, when our friend Fitz, sitting on the fore-bits, thus elucidated the subject:

"Well, gentlemen, science and natural history demonstrate and inform us that the gorilla is a very wild, untamable, unmanageable, ferocious animal, which in many developments resembles a man!"

THE gentleman who contributes the next two has many more in store, and we shall be glad to have them:

The following was told me by the late Dr. Bethune. Of course I can not do justice to his inimitable style; but at the time he told it, which was just after one of those meetings held by the bar to commemorate the exceeding virtues of a departed member of the profession, whose death and indiscriminate eulogies of his friends had made him the model of all excellence and learning (a distinction unattained in his life), it seemed to me peculiarly happy.

After slavery had been abolished in this State (New York), the family slaves, especially those connected with the old Dutch families, remained for the most part as household servants with their old masters. Shiftless and dependent, they were not infrequently a burden rather than an assistance. Among the families thus situated was that of Mr. Elmendorf, of Rhinebeck. It so happened that among these his valuables was one Pete, a young fellow just grown, full of mischief, never useful, always troublesome, and a thorn in the flesh to all around him. But in spite of the poetical "Ah! Sir, the good die first!" Pete was taken away.

Of course a "funeral" must be had. The day came; all the neighbors of sable hue were present. One more venerable than the rest officiated. The

body was laid in the grave, and standing forward he delivered this simple eulogy:

"My friends, here lies the body of Pete Elmen-dorf. When he lib, he good for nothing; but now he's dead, I tell you Massa Elmendorf hab lost a berry fine nigger!"

OVER the fire-place in a quaint old mansion, erected nearly two hundred years ago in Mamaroneck, the following inscription is carved in stone:

If the B mt put :

If the B . putting :

The present occupant of the mansion, Hans Van Hamburg, was for a long time at a loss to decipher its meaning. The matter was brought before a number of antiquarians, and finally referred to the Tautog Club, when the following, and probably correct, solution was given by the *Œdipus* of that famous fraternity:

If the grate be empty put coal on [:]

If the grate be full stop [.] putting coal on [:]

THE following you may perhaps receive from some other quarter:

In a theological seminary in one of the Northern States it is the practice for one of the students to assist the colored brethren at their prayer-meetings, presiding and directing. On such occasions the brethren never forget their presiding officer in their prayers. One good brother, after exhausting in his supplications all the ordinary petitions for "the young brother who was leading them," culminated with, "And now, O Lord, for this our young brother who leads us, we pray thee that he may be filled with—with—all—all manner of concupiscence!"

THE following anecdote comes to the Drawer by the way of Rhode Island:

Pete Johnson was a tall, green, raw-boned country negro, and knew nothing of city life or polished society. Recently he became tired of tilling the soil "by the month," journeyed to the metropolis, and let himself as a waiter on board the steamer *City of New York*, which plies up and down the Sound on the New York, Norwich, and Boston line. As is customary with new waiters, in order to train them to ease and give them the necessary polish and experience, he was required at first to attend the officers' tables exclusively. But one evening, after only a few weeks' service, there came a great rush of passengers, and, of course, the supper-room was thronged. Pete was sent to the public tables for the first time. He got along very well until a guest called for an egg omelet. This was a new dish to the green waiter, but he thought he understood the order correctly, and with his usual gravity stepped up to the kitchen door and cried out, "A new almanac!"

ONE of our many friends in the capital of the Empire State, which rarely contributes to the Drawer, writes:

I have in my employ an Irishman, who, I fear, will be the means of killing me yet, for already he has caused me so many "stitches" in the side that a few more and I shall be served up.

A few days since, having some alterations and repairs made to my dwelling, I set Pat to "tend" the masons, who were engaged in carrying up a brick wall. As he was ascending the ladder, with a hod filled with brick on his shoulder, a carriage drove by. Pausing in his ascent, and eying the carriage, he exclaimed,

"The rich can ride in chaises,
But the poor may walk, *bejasies!*"

Instantly throwing his hod, with its load of brick, to the ground, he came down the ladder and hastened to where I was standing, an amused listener and observer of his words and movements. As he approached he doffed his hat, and, with a bow and scrape, said,

"Begging yer Honor's pardon, I would be much obleeged to ye fur me wages; I'm going to lave yees now."

"Why, Pat, what is the matter? Why do you wish to leave me?"

"Arrah! yer Honor, I've mishtaken me aveca-tion. It's a born poet I am; an' it's beneath me dignity to be carrying the hod and the likes."

"What! you a poet, Pat? Is it possible! Have you ever made any poetry?"

"Troth an' I have, Sur; and I'll be after astonishing the wurld yet. I jist now, on the ladder beyant, made as swate a bit of rhyme as was iver printed, intirely."

"You did, indeed? Well, just repeat it to me now, and then I can judge of your poetical abilities."

"Sure an' I will, yer Honor;" and he commenced:

"The rich can ride in chaises,

But the poor—but the poor—"

Here he stuck fast, but commenced again:

"The rich can ride in chaises,

But the poor—but the poor—"

He could get no farther; but, scratching his head, he exclaimed,

"Sure, Sur, I had it all right a bit since; an' I'll give it yees now;" and again he began:

"The rich can ride in chaises,

But the poor—but the poor—

Bejasies they can walk!"

AN eminent man, from whom we would be glad to hear again and often, writes:

In those early days in Concord, New Hampshire, when the old Congregational Church (now divided into four or five), under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. M——, embodied almost all the worshipers in the town, grievous scandal was raised by rumors, well sustained, that Squire H——, one of its most wealthy and hitherto reputable members, had so yielded to the cheer that a well-stocked cellar afforded as to be found, in the language of the accusing presentment, "a subject of the same fall with the patriarch Noah"—in other words, intoxicated.

Squire H——, from his wealth and social standing, was a "shining mark," and had to be approached on the subject by a committee of his peers, as far as possible. Accordingly a committee of two of the next most prominent members was appointed to labor with him upon the subject of his transgression. It was a most bitter cold day in January when the committee knocked at the door of the hospitable mansion of the transgressor, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Squire H—— was absent; it *may* have been from design. Mrs. H—— received the committee on their arrival. She *may* have had her cue given her in the warm welcome they received. She aided them off with their overcoats, and protested that she "had never seen persons so absolutely frozen to death before."

A blazing fire in the parlor threw on them its reviving influences, aided by the timely appearance of a waiter, with glasses, hot water, and sugar, forming an attractive circle around a tall cut-glass decanter, not to be resisted on such a day—"modera-

tion" in the use of the article not being then contrary to universal custom. Now the decanter contained the purest old Jamaica—most alluring to the palate—and the enticing mixture prepared by Mrs. H—— could not be resisted. By the end of the first libation Squire H—— himself appeared—extremely cold, of course—and a companion glass of the same was the consequence. Dinner was soon on the table, and another glass followed, and another, etc. At the conclusion of dinner the committee were unmistakably in the same state of transgression which they had come to reprove, and they left, as soon as they were able to travel, without coming to their errand. At the next church meeting the gratifying report was presented "that the committee had called on Squire H——, and he had given them *full satisfaction*."

ONE of our naval officers gives us the following illustration of the benefit of having one's picture in *Harper*:

A few days ago I was standing on the steps of one of the hotels of this city, when several boys applied to black my boots, with the well-known cry of "Black yer boots, Sir! Shine them up!" etc. One little fellow had a very dirty face, and I told him if he would wash it he should black my boots. "What will you give me to do it?" was the prompt reply. "Five cents," I said. He hesitated for a moment, and then asked, "Who will stand your security?" I applied to each boy, and all refused with the exception of one little ragged fellow, who, after steadily looking at me for some time, suddenly exclaimed, "I'll stand! I've seen that chap's pieter in *Harper*!" The boy's face was washed and my boots cleaned.

THE Drawer is indebted to Central Pennsylvania for these two veritable stories:

In the "Bald Eagle Ridges," in Clinton County, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Hers was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown, and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the "young divine" made his appearance, and after some remarks proceeded to read a portion of Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words, "Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words, "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following:

"I ain't agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher; clear out of the house now! I've had *two* chances for a husband, and will live to have another—see ef I don't!"

A scene followed. The preacher "changed his base," the neighbors chuckled, and the old dame "got well."

THE little village of Mill Hall, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, was some years since transformed into a borough, and right proudly did she wear her new honors. A chief burgess and town council were duly elected and sworn into office, and the wheels of gov-

ernment began to move. Now, for many years the village of Mill Hall was infested and pestered with dogs. All kinds of dogs, from the growling terrier to the noisy whiffet, could be seen at any time in the town. Dog-fights were "too numerous to mention." The owners of the dogs were remonstrated with by the *better class* of the community, but to no purpose. The matter was finally brought before the "town council." An "Act" imposing a heavy tax on dogs was soon on the statute-book—it read as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc.—That the owners of all dogs of the *canine race*, within the borough limits, shall be subject to a tax of one dollar, *current funds*, for each individual dog of the said *canine race* in their possession: And further, that all dogs of the *canine race* known to be *biter*s shall be muzzled," etc.

No dog of the canine race could *live* under that Act.

HERE—in Cayuga County, New York—we have a pettifogger who ekes out his income by pouring out his eloquence usually before unappreciative audiences. On one occasion, however, he had at least *one* listener on whom it was not lost. The following clear and happy effort was saved: "Gentlemen of the jury, we hold that, according to the evidence, you are bound to believe that which you consider to be true!"

THE truth of the four following is vouched for by a St. Louis correspondent:

The capture of the Confederate General Jeff Thompson has revived many anecdotes of his eccentricities of speech and manner. The General is a great talker, and is bound to tell a good thing, no matter whom it hits. On his arrival at Pilot Knob, Missouri, as a prisoner, recently, he had a long conversation with General Fisk, the commander at that post. Jeff swore on his honor that the Confederacy was a sure thing, bound to succeed, and all that. He continued:

"But confound these fellows in Southeast Missouri! When I was cavorting around Bird's Point two years ago they were all friendly enough; but as I came through the country here as a prisoner, and told a few of them that I supposed they were right yet, hang me if they didn't have to stop and think *which oatk of allegiance they took last*!"

THE soldiers at Helena, in Arkansas, used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample:

"Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and sea-board Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all were parceled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split; and the war has been going on ever since."

MANY months ago the post commander at Cairo was a certain West Point Colonel of a Northwestern regiment, noted for his soldierly qualities and rigid discipline. One day he passed by the barracks and

heard a group of soldiers singing the well-known street piece, "My Mary Ann." An angry shade crossed his brow, and he forthwith ordered the men placed in the guard-house, where they remained all night. The next morning he visited them, when one ventured to ask the cause of their confinement.

"Cause enough," said the rigid Colonel; "you were singing a song in derision of Mrs. Col. B——."

The men replied by roars of laughter, and it was some time before the choler of the Colonel could be sufficiently subdued to understand that the song was an old one, and sung by half the school-boys in the land, or the risibles of the men be calmed down to learn that the Colonel's wife rejoiced in the name of "Mary Ann."

That Colonel is now a Brigadier-General.

THE following occurred last summer: A well-known St. Louis physician, while on an Eastern visit, was about leaving Boston one afternoon for New York. A well-dressed lady and an elderly gentleman came up to him, when the stranger held out his hand and said,

"How do you do, Governor M——?"

Our friend replied that he was not the man—a case of mistaken identity.

The gentleman and lady passed through the car and shortly returned, the lady taking a vacant seat in front of our worthy Doctor, the gentleman retiring. The journey was ended, and the parties separated. A few nights after the Doctor was introduced to the same lady in New York, at the house of a mutual friend. The circumstance of the strange meeting in the car was mentioned, when the following conversation occurred:

"Do you know, Doctor," said the lady, "the name of the gentleman with whom you first saw me?"

The Doctor nodded his ignorance.

"Well," responded the lady, "that was ex-President P——. And now do you know why I took that seat in front of you during the trip to New York?"

The Doctor again confessed his ignorance.

"Because," said the lady, "Mr. P—— said he was certain you were a gentleman, and if any thing happened you would be sure to protect me from danger."

"Indeed!" said the Doctor; "and do you ever write to the ex-President?"

"Frequently," suggested the lady.

"Then tell him, if you please, in your next letter, that that is the only speech of his that I ever heard which I can, as a whole, conscientiously indorse!"

FROM an officer of the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers, Army of the Cumberland, the Drawer has the following:

Joe Jones, of the Fifteenth Indiana, was a "dry customer." When we took Chattanooga Joe got a rebel paper and was reading it to some of his companions. Among the advertisements was one reading thus:

"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 9th inst., John, a slave, five feet ten inches high, black, and weighing 150 pounds. The above reward will be paid for his return to John Cooke, on the Ringold Road."

"Five hundred dollars," repeated Joe, "and 150 pounds." Pausing for a few moments, as if in deep thought, he then turned to the company, and, with

a face of imperturbable gravity, asked, "Gentlemen, how much a pound is that?"

At the battle of Stone River, Jack, a six-foot-two-inch son of the "sweet isle of Erin," was in the rear rank, loading, firing, and yelling. We were at close quarters with the rebels, and after a rapid ten minutes' firing the rebel line broke, and they commenced falling back. Then "Jack" broke out, "Thru for you, if you say it, Jack! Give it to 'em, boys! There's an ould hand behind you!"

THE State of Vermont prosecuted Mr. M——, an innkeeper, for selling spirits without a license, and sent an officer to summon as a witness a stiff-necked, independent Scotchman, who detested temperance societies. The officer found him and read the summons to him. Sawney listened respectfully, and then, in his slow, grave way, said, "The places where we can get a drap are scarce, and Mr. M—— is a very clever mon; I shall not go near your court!" And he did not.

WE are under great obligation to the learned gentleman who favors the Drawer with this and other legal anecdotes:

The following true anecdote of the late Mr. J——, one of the most learned and high-minded lawyers of Central New York, shows how necessary is the ability sometimes to *extemporize*, as well as to quote, the law pertinent to the case. About twenty years since he was engaged in trying an important case before a country justice of the peace, and had for his antagonist a dogged and determined pettifogger by the name of Briggs, who was considered "great" in justices' courts in general, and in that one in particular, as the justice was a neighbor of his, and had been the opposition candidate for the same office, and though Briggs was beaten by a very small majority, yet the court always seemed to regard him as a man *nearly* capable of holding the office, and one whose opinion, therefore, was entitled to more than ordinary weight. Briggs perceived this confidence, and sometimes endeavored to take advantage of it; and accordingly it was not unusual, when he had a desperate case on hand, to manufacture the law to sustain it, and to quote to the court what the decision of the Supreme Court had been in some case which he would cite, always giving the title of the hypothetical case, and the volume and page where it was reported, and the language used by the court in giving its opinion. This was of course all manufactured by Briggs from his fertile and never-failing resources. He tried the same game on the present occasion upon J——. Briggs summed up the case at great length and with considerable ability, and cited at length the case of *Frink v. Ferguson*, as decided in the Supreme Court, and giving the volume and page, as usual, where the case could be found reported. This was a stumper to J——, who knew that no such decision had ever been made, but who knew also that there was not a law library within twenty miles. The case cited covered the one before the court like a confession of judgment, and how to get rid of its effect was the next question.

The court adjourned for dinner immediately after the conclusion of Briggs's speech, and during the interim the witnesses and such neighbors as had been attracted to the tavern by a lawsuit were busily engaged discussing, as is usual on such occasions, and making bets upon, the probable result of the case.

Upon the reassembling of the court J—— commenced his argument for the plaintiff, and the courtroom was more completely packed, if possible, than before dinner. After talking some time about the facts of the case he approached the law involved in it, and said, while he admired the ability and ingenuity displayed by his opponent, he thought he had not treated the case or the court with that fairness or frankness which should characterize all legal discussions, whose end should always be to discover truth and apply justice. "With the case of *Frink v. Ferguson*," said he, "upon which my opponent seems to rest his case, and which is perfectly familiar to me, I have no fault to find, as I, too, rely chiefly upon the same case. I freely admit that the Supreme Court decided that case as stated by my learned opponent; but then my friend ought in honesty to have stated to your Honor that the case was afterward reversed by the Court for the Correction of Errors," naming the volume and page also where the decision could be found reported, and reading from his brief (which had been prepared during the adjournment) copious extracts from the opinions of the Chancellor and several Senators, showing the law to be such as fitted the plaintiff's case exactly.

The frank admission of J—— completely nonplused the court, and Briggs too, for that matter, and the result was that judgment was given for the plaintiff for the amount claimed; but a knowledge of the joke having got abroad, Briggs was so annoyed at being "hoist by his own petard" that he soon after removed to Arkansas, where he was afterward appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and was making law there on the breaking out of the rebellion.

JUDGE G——, late of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was as distinguished for his great legal learning as for impetuosity of temper and the celerity with which he discharged business; and being so remarkable for the latter quality that he frequently called through the circuit calendar the first day of term, taking the occasion to do so generally during the evening session, while few lawyers were present and nobody ready, when he would adjourn the court about 11 P.M., *sine die*, and return home, leaving suitors and counsel asleep at their hotels. The Judge was descending the long flight of stairs that led to his office in the city of U—— one day in December, and slipping near the top he tumbled along down the lengthy flight, recording his passage in a distinct bump upon every stair until he reached the bottom, where he had acquired such a degree of momentum that he rolled across the sidewalk. A neighboring merchant, seeing the predicament of the Judge, immediately ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said,

"I hope your Honor is not hurt?"

"No," said the Judge, sternly, "my honor is not hurt, but my head is."

AND this comes to the Drawer from Utah:

When the California volunteers were busily engaged in building quarters near Salt Lake City last fall, a lieutenant of infantry had charge of the working parties. One morning the sergeant of police failed to report the strength of his party by three men. The lieutenant demanded information, and was informed that they could not be found.

"Well," said the officer, "hunt them up, and when found send half of them to me and the other half to the stables."

"But, Sir," replied the sergeant, "there are only three missing."

"Never mind that, Sir; do as I tell you; and if you can not find them, send them all to the guard-house."

A BUFFALONIAN sends a capital budget to the Drawer, and will be gladly welcomed again.

After the taking of Winchester, the first time, by General Banks's army, we camped out about two miles on the Berryville Road. For a few days the Seventeenth Indiana regiment did picket duty, but it was soon ordered to proceed to Snicker's Gap and build a pontoon bridge across the Shenandoah. Toward evening of the day of its departure a native called on the captain of our battery (Cothran's New York Battery) and solicited a guard for his property in his house, barn, and mill, stating that he had been guarded by the Seventeenth Indiana, but they having departed he was constrained to apply elsewhere for a guard. The captain informed him that light artillerymen never furnish guards for citizens nor any body else but for their own property, and referred him to Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts. He applied to Gordon, who required him to take the oath of allegiance, and upon refusing which, fearing lest the rebels might return and destroy his property, Colonel Gordon politely showed him from his camp *sans* a guard. On his return he again called on the Captain and plead for a guard, which was promptly refused; but the Captain remarked that if half a dozen men chose to volunteer to go, and be on hand at reveille, they might go. The men were glad enough to go, for the sake of adventure and spoils.

The sentinels were in due time posted, and the old miller's family went to sleep. About 11 o'clock a "relief," or about a dozen more, went over as a foraging party, and made an onslaught on the miller's flock of turkeys with their revolvers. The guard ordered them off, and they not going, the guard began to fire; and both parties fired pretty rapidly, while the officer of the guard (a private) assured the old miller that it was not safe for him to come out, and that his guard was amply sufficient to resist the attack. Under this assurance the old miller remained tremblingly in his house, while between the guard and the relief they succeeded in "changing the base" of forty-two chickens, nineteen turkeys, and six hives of bees.

It is unnecessary to say that the old miller never applied to the Yankees for another guard. And I can assure you that this is a fair specimen of the manner rebel property used to be guarded in the early campaign in the Shenandoah Valley.

A SHORT time since an application was made to Judge C——, of the Superior Court of Buffalo, for the appointment of a receiver of a judgment debtor's property, in a proceeding supplementary to the execution.

"Who do you want for receiver?" asked the Judge, a little impatient, as he had other more important business to attend to.

"M'Master," answered the attorney for the moving party.

"I don't know him," said the attorney for the party opposing. "I would rather have Day, whom I know."

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, sharply, "has either of you got a piece of coin?"

The opposing attorney looked knowingly out of

the corner of his eye as he handed the Judge a "cop-perhead."

The Judge hastily glanced at it and said,

"Head, M'Master; tail, Day;" and up went the coin. As it came down he asked, "What's up?"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the attorney who had furnished the coin; "that cent has got a head on each side of it, and Day don't stand any show at all!"

"Serves you right; and I hope it will teach you for the future to not trifle with the Court. M'Master's receiver."

Amidst a general shout the vanquished attorney withdrew, fully satisfied that he had been beaten at his own game.

THE following anecdotes come from the Navy:

A few months ago one of the officers at present attached to our steamer had applied for the appointment he now holds. As usual, permission was granted by the Secretary of the Navy to him to be examined for the position to which he aspired. He presented himself in due form before the Examining Board, and was duly "put through" by the venerable members. At last the final question was put:

"Now, Sir, your vessel being anchored in New York Harbor, how would you proceed if ordered to take her to Key West?"

The aspirant proceeded, by aid of chart, rule, and compass, to show to the attentive Board the courses he would steer, etc.; and, at the end of a long (imaginary) voyage, brought his charge safely into Key West Harbor. The member who had asked the question astonished our would-be ensign by requesting him to recommence his voyage, as he would never get to Key West in the manner he had just tried. The long description was again gone through with, the same as before, and at its close Mr. — looked triumphantly at the querist, who shook his head, smiled, and said,

"Well, Sir, that is precisely your previous voyage; and again I must say that you could by no possibility arrive at Key West, in the way you describe, *until you had heaved up your anchor in the harbor of New York.*"

Suffice to say, the little omission was overlooked, and Mr. — is now in full enjoyment of his honors as an Ensign, and often relates the above as a good joke.

OUR fleet surgeon—a pompous, hasty old fellow, but good in his way—was one morning, attended by his assistant, examining the sick and prescribing for them. The "sick-bay" was filled with patients, whose hammocks were slung in rows. The Doctor, being a methodical man, would pass up one row and down the other, prescribing as he went, which prescriptions were noted by his attentive junior.

A man with his arms extended on each side of his hammock was caught by one wrist by the Doctor, who, with watch in hand, counted the pulse, and spoke as follows:

"Very sick, *very sick*; typhus icteroides" (yellow-fever) "in its first stages; must have a mustard bath, then twenty grains of calomel, with castor-oil the usual time afterward."

So saying, passed on. He finished that row, and started back on the other side. Getting along quite rapidly, he saw an arm thrust out of a hammock, and immediately seized it; as usual, counted the pulse, then took a look at the man's tongue, asked him a few questions, and broke out with,

"Oh, you lazy, good-for-nothing skulker! Get out of your hammock and go on deck to work! you're no more sick than I am. I'll have you reported for black-list duty immediately." And muttering about skulkers, etc., he was about proceeding, when his attendant horrified him by saying,

"Doctor, this is James Jones, for whom you have prescribed already, *on the other side of his hammock.* You said then he had yellow-fever, and told me to give him a mustard bath and calomel."

"Yes, yes; guess I was wrong the last time; did not examine closely enough. Let's see again; h'm! yes; *has* got yellow-fever indeed. Follow up the first prescription."

Dr. — tried to hush up the story; but the mistake had been witnessed by too many; and it soon became known throughout the squadron, and the old fellow has often been nettled since by sly allusions to it.

OUR regiment, says a correspondent, constitutes part of the defenses of Washington north of the Potomac, and garrisons four military posts. The regimental hospital is at these head-quarters, and all serious cases of sickness are brought from the several camps to the regimental hospital. In one of the detached companies is an old Swiss *militaire*—a faultless soldier, save that he will have his spree once in a while. His last jollification cost him rather severely, for while in a glorious state he fell upon some sharp rocks, as he was crossing a creek, and cut and contused his face very severely. The assistant surgeon, considering his case too bad to treat in camp, ordered him to the hospital, and an ambulance was accordingly sent to Fort De R— to remove him. I forgot to mention that the old fellow's name was Koppee, and the driver was directed to fetch Koppee back with him. Arrived at the fort, he applied to the lieutenant for Koppee. The lieutenant was ignorant of the accident that had befallen the man. Like Iago, he echoed his interlocutor. "Copy?" he queried—"a copy of what?" The man didn't know; he was sent for Koppee, and that was all he knew of his errand. We had just had inspection and muster, so the idea occurred to the driver that he had been sent for a copy of the muster-roll, and he ventured to ask for that. It was delivered to him. The surgeon had staid in the hospital waiting his patient, in order to dress his wounds, and when the ambulance drove up to the door the driver gravely approached the surgeon and, saluting him, placed the folded document in his hand. "The lieutenant didn't know what copy you wanted, Sir," he explained, "so I have brought you a copy of the muster-roll."

We have had two or three days' amusement out of this ludicrous mistake, and the fun is not all exhausted yet.

IN March, 1862, General Banks advanced upon Winchester in two columns—one by way of Martinsburg, and the other by way of Harper's Ferry and Berryville. In the latter column Brigadier-General Abercrombie commanded the first brigade, and Cothran's Battery was with him. Abercrombie was very strict, not allowing his men to forage, or to burn rails to cook with, but compelling them to burn green timber. The next morning after we camped near Berryville he rode around through the different camps to ascertain who had burned rails. When he rode through our battery the captain was in his tent. Approaching it, he discovered the quar-

ters of a fine young beef that the men had "foraged" the night previous, lying against a tree. The old General's brow contracted as he demanded of Sergeant Leander E. Davis,

"Where the d—l did you get that beef? I gave the commissary no orders to issue fresh beef here."

Davis, who was a very polite soldier, removed his cap and saluted the General, and said, in a tone evincing perfect coolness and sincerity,

"General, I was sergeant of the guard last night, and about 10 o'clock I heard a terrible commotion in the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts (Colonel Webster's regiment), across the road. I rushed out to see what was going on, and just as I passed the captain's tent I saw a fine steer coming through the camp of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with about a hundred men after it. The animal appeared very much frightened, General, and true as you live it jumped clear across the road [about two rods], over both stone fences, and as it alighted in this lot it struck its head against this tree, and, being so terribly scared, its head, hide, and legs kept right on running, while the quarters dropped down here, where they have remained ever since. It is very fine, tender beef, General, and I had just come here for the purpose of cutting off and sending you a fine surloin roast for dinner. Will you be so obliging as to accept it?"

"How long have you been a soldier?" demanded the old General.

"About six months, General."

"Well, Sir, I perceive that you thoroughly appreciate the Art of War, and have become a *veteran* in half a year. Were you a green soldier I should order you under arrest and have you court-martialed; but on account of your *veteran* proclivities I shall recommend you for *promotion*!" And putting spurs to his horse he rode away, shaking his sides with laughter.

After that Sergeant Davis foraged as much as he pleased without molestation.

A FRIEND in Medford, Massachusetts, says:

I am not aware that the following epitaph, written, I believe, by Hugh Maxwell, Esq., has of late been published. Many years since—I can not certainly say how many—it found its way into print, both in this country and in Great Britain.

"Cæsar, the Ethiopian," sleeps his last sleep at Attleborough, Massachusetts, in a rural and elm-shaded cemetery, not far from the "old Hatch Tavern," on the Old Road between Boston and Providence. In former years, and when the stages were run between these two places upon this road, and stopped to change horses at Hatch's, many were the passengers who availed themselves of the opportunity to run over and gaze upon the last resting-place of "the best of slaves," and ponder on his fitting and eloquent epitaph:

Here liest the best of slaves,
Now turning into dust:
Cæsar, the Ethiopian, craves
A place among the just.
His faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light;
And by the blood that Jesus shed
Is changed from black to white.
Jan^y 15th he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age.
1780.

THE following is from a correspondent in the Army:

Last winter, as C. S. Beath, quarter-master sergeant of my regiment (117th Illinois), was passing along one of the principal streets in Memphis, he saw a soldier coming toward him struggling with the spirit within him. Just in advance of Sergeant B. was a "freeman of African descent." The soldier saw him coming, and with some difficulty managed to ejaculate "Halt!" Darkey didn't heed his authority, and marched ahead. The soldier squared himself, and as the darkey was passing made a dive at him; but the darkey, aided by the soldier's inward foe, easily dodged the blow, and the soldier plunged over the curbing into the gutter, his head striking first. As soon as he could recover his speech he said, "There, now; lie there. I g-g-guess y-y-you'll h-h-halt the next time I tell you to!"

THE soldier boys are very wild sometimes, and one of them sends us the following specimen:

A year ago our regiment (the Sixty-seventh Ohio) was at Suffolk, Virginia; we had been on a reconnoissance out to the Blackwater. On our return some of the boys that had fallen in the rear thought they would improve the opportunity of getting a warm meal. Coming to a large and rather fine-looking farm-house they called and made inquiries if they could obtain dinner. The mistress of the house, an old lady of about fifty years, informed them she could accommodate them if they could wait fifteen or twenty minutes, which they readily consented to do. In a short time all was ready, and the boys were seated at the table appeasing an appetite made doubly ravenous by a forty-eight hours' march, during which time their rations had consisted of nothing but hard tack and coffee. During this time the old lady took it upon her to gain some information of the doings of our army. Among other things she inquired of the boys "if they knew a man in Suffolk by the name of Uncle Samuel?" They replied to her that they were very well acquainted with him. "Well," said the old lady, "I thought those cavalry fellows [referring to the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry] had cheated me; they came out here about a week ago and bought all my turkeys and chickens, and when they had them put up mounted their horses and told me if I would come to Suffolk Uncle Sam would pay me for them, and rode off." The old lady stated she had been in Suffolk quite a number of times, and had lived within ten miles of there all her life, and she had never heard of that man before. She very innocently inquired if he was not a Yankee. The boys replied that he was; that he was a very generous old gentleman, who supplied the Yankee army with clothing and subsistence, and if she would come to Suffolk he would not only pay her for her poultry, but would also settle with her for their dinners. They then shouldered their muskets and resumed the march, leaving the old lady in perfect amazement at the generosity of Uncle Sam.

THE Drawer gets this from Indiana:

Among the earliest and most noted settlers of Rush County, Indiana, was Conrad Sailors, a man more noted for his integrity of character and physical corporosity—which was about four hundred pounds—than for his book learning.

Coming to the new country with more than ordinary means, he was enabled to purchase a considerable tract of land, start a country store, and build a larger cabin than his neighbors, which made his house a central point for the post-office and Baptist

meetings, and acquired for him the respectful title of *Uncle Conrad*.

These facts culminated in his being elected a member of the first Constitutional Convention of his adopted State, from which he returned improved in flesh, and with such wisdom portrayed in his countenance that his less-favored brethren concluded what he didn't know it was no use to try to learn.

One meeting-day some of the more zealous brethren called into his cozy cabin before the regular hour to enjoy a pleasant chat, and as one of them sat by the window looking over an old book, he came to the word "vocabulary," which being beyond his comprehension, he passed the book to head-quarters, saying, "Uncle Conrad, what is that word called?"

Drawing down his spectacles with great dignity, in a low, deep, stertorous voice, he replied,

"That is voc-a-bul-a-ry."

"What does it mean, Uncle Conrad?"

"Sir, it is something pertaining to the treatment of horned cattle!"

OUR neighbor Talkinton was about six feet and a half long, and was familiarly known as *Tallkitten*. His pedal extremities were so well developed that No. 13 boots were too limited for his understanding. He was compelled to furnish a special pair of lasts, and pay an extra price to protect his foundation from inclement weather.

It took several liberal nips of long-range whisky to put "life and metal in his heels;" but one cold day, opportunities being favorable, he succeeded in getting aboard an extra supply, and came home in the night cold and very badly fuddled.

Mrs. T—— and son, a boy of five or six years, had retired for the night. She observed him enter the room, take a seat before the embers, and placing one heel on the other toe settle down to warm and take a quiet nap. After dozing some time he awoke chilly; the embers were completely hid from view, and seeing his feet mistook them for his little boy, when, with a majestic side-wave of the hand, he said, "Stand aside, my little son, and let your poor father warm himself!"

DOWN in old Eastern Massachusetts (town not mentioned), resides a certain Dr. —, whose loyalty is commonly reputed as rather "coppery," but who is wonderful in his success in transplanting trees and making them thrive—in fact, has raised a paradise around his fine old mansion. A clerical guest once making the rounds, said, "Doctor, the United States Marshal ought to have an eye to your proceedings."

"How so?" asked the Doctor, a trifle startled, and wondering whether he had spoken out a little too plainly any time.

"Because you have such a happy way of encouraging trees-on."

The Doctor laughed, and "owed him one."

FUNNY things very often occur in a Provost Marshal's business, but they are generally too personal to publish; yet these two little incidents, sent to the Drawer from Natchez, Miss., will hurt no one:

When Natchez was first occupied by the Feds, the business of daily passes was troublesomely great, so one of the officers of the Provost Marshal's office was sent out to ascertain who would do to trust with ten-day parole passes. Among others he found a very lady-like, pleasant mistress of a household, to whom he stated his business. The lady was very much obliged to him, but said she had that morning ob-

tained a pass that would last her as long as there was any need for one. The officer did not think it possible; so she brought the pass and pointed out the words, "Good until retreat." The officer explained to her that "retreat," in that sense, always meant sunset, as "reveille" means daybreak. "Dear me!" said she, folding up the short-lived pass, "I thought it meant until you *retreated* from Natchez!"

THERE were two men in Natchez at the breaking out of the rebellion—one named Fowler, who had more money than brains; and the other Cox, who was a hanger-on of Fowler's. Fowler was appointed aid to Governor Pettus, of this State. Their first consultation was in regard to the arms and ammunition stolen from the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge. "Mr. Fowler," said the Governor, "you will have the cannon removed to Vicksburg, and there carefully housed." "O Lord! Governor," broke in Cox, "the old cannon have been lying on the levee these twenty years; they won't spoil." "Silence!" thundered Pettus; "I am the Governor of Mississippi giving orders to my aid." He then proceeded to order that the powder should also be removed to Vicksburg, and there put away in magazines. When the conference was ended and the Governor gone, Fowler said to his henchman, "Cox, what an old fool our Governor is? Every body knows there isn't magazines enough in Vicksburg to wrap that powder in. Why didn't he say to do it up in old newspapers!"

IN New Hampshire we have a correspondent who says:

In Belknap is a customer of mine, for whose native good sense and keen judgment I have a great respect, but who, in the use of the English language, makes himself more ludicrous than ever could Mrs. Partington. He has an opinion of his own in religious matters, and a few months since left the Methodist to attend the Baptist church, "because," he said, "he never would go to meeting where the minister preached such *secretary* sermons."

The trial of a man for murder was going on in which he seemed to take a considerable interest, and he was asked whether he thought the accused would be convicted. He replied, "No; from the evidence, so far, I think the man will prove a *lullaby*!"

HERE is another of an eccentric old fellow in a neighboring town:

Squire C—— in his old age took to himself a young and enterprising wife, who immediately after being installed as mistress of the household set herself to accomplish the Herculean task of "putting things to rights." Old C—— was absent during the scouring process, and on his return judge of his dismay upon discovering that his lovely reformer had erased from the walls all his "book-accounts," where they had been ciphered in chalk for years past. Her pride at her great achievement was therefore somewhat dampened by his exclamation that she had ruined him, for those were his charges against his customers. She encouraged him, however, to attempt to recommit them to the walls from his memory. After his long and laborious task was completed, evidently with great satisfaction to himself, she ventured timidly to ask him if he thought he had got them all down. He replied, very slowly and deliberately: "No, I don't think I have quite all; but then I think I have got them against better folks!"

FROM Ohio we get the following Vermont anecdote:

Dr. Oldell, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is not only a man of great learning and skill as a physician, but is fond of a good joke, even though it be on himself.

As he relates it, he had occasion at one time to ride on horseback on a dark and stormy night, to visit a patient in the country. At one point on his way was a river of considerable magnitude, over the bank of which projected numerous trees. As he had frequently noticed on his daylight rides that the road here was quite narrow, and elevated many feet above the water, his mind had been much impressed with the danger that might attend a nocturnal misstep. While making his way slowly, as he supposed in this immediate vicinity, in the almost total darkness his horse had wandered somewhat from the path, and brought him up suddenly against the limb of a tree. Instinctively he seized the limb, and as instinctively his horse went on and left him dangling, but clinging for dear life. He heard the rush of waters apparently quite under him; and to let go would be to fall into the arms of Charon without his boat. With a death-grasp on the limb, he raised the cry of "Help! help! help!" Hanging and shouting till it seemed to him that he could hold on no longer, a man came rushing from a neighboring farm-house. Instantly comprehending the state of things, he cried, "Let go, you fool, you! there is no water under you." Let go he did; but to this day he likes to steer clear of a river-bank on a dark night.

IN Cuba we have an agreeable correspondent, who wrote from Havana in June last to the Drawer:

Out here in "*La siempre fiel*" Island we take a lively interest in the Drawer, and I have an inclination to add a little to the same. An acquaintance of mine, Don José G——, was agent for a Spanish life insurance company. Going to the town of Holquin, he presented his business to the principal man of the place, and, after eloquently describing, for over half an hour, the great benefits of the insurance principle, and supposing the señor's silence indicated the success of his cause, you can imagine

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FILIAL AFFECTION.

CLEMENTINA.—"Now, Frederick, if my Mamma is a little stout, you need not call her a 'Fat Old Hippopotamus.' I don't like it, and I won't have it in my house."
(Mamma is delighted, of course.)

his chop-fallen surprise at this reply: "I have just subscribed fifty cents to help bury Columbus, and I shall not give another cent"—meaning his subscription to the new monument to Columbus.

OUR correspondent in that beautiful part of the island which rejoices in the classic name of Tubby-Hook, just below Spuyten Duyvel Creek, writes to the Drawer:

The lower part of New York Island does not contain *all* the conceited children—even Tubby-Hook has *some*.

"Our Katy" (don't laugh) held this conversation with her "maternal parient" the other day:

"Oh, mother! do you know what Mr. Skimhorn has got to sharpen his knives with?"

"No, my dear."

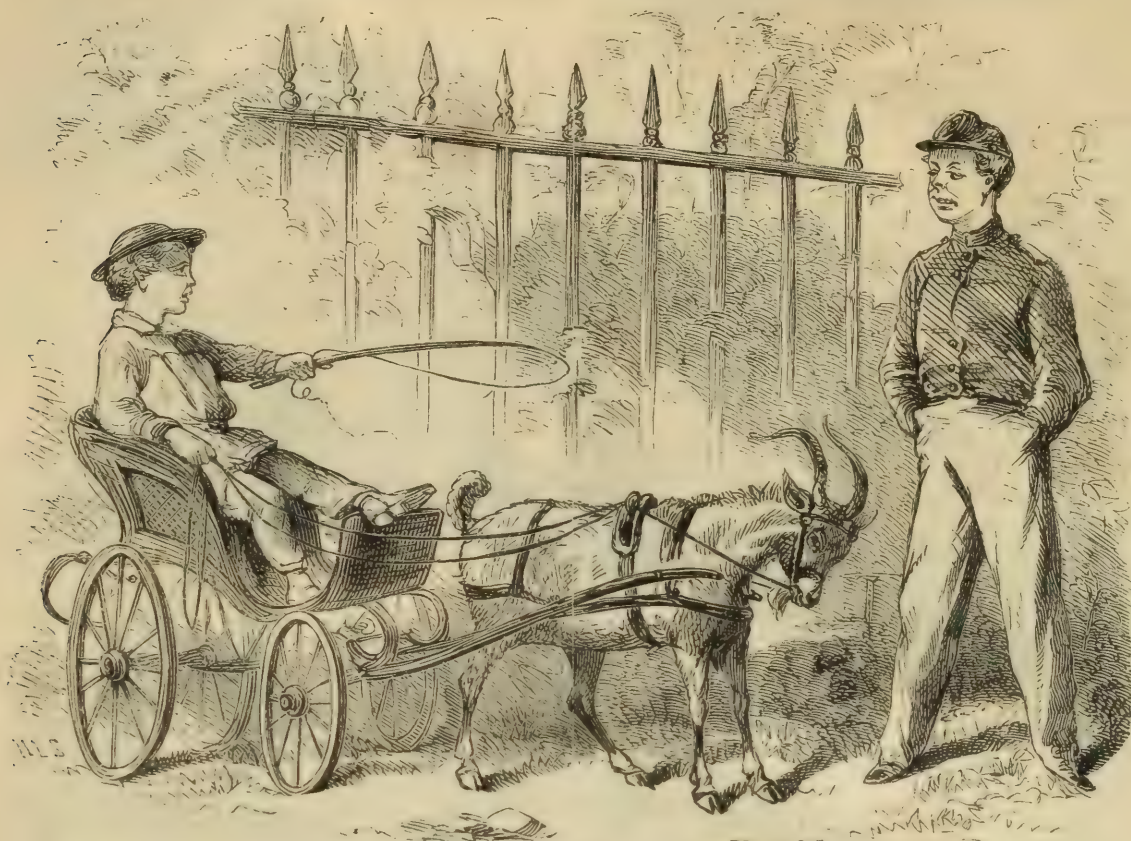
"Well, he's got a *brimstone*."

"A what?"

"A *brimstone*."

"You mean a *grindstone*."

"Well, it's some kind of a *stone*, between two sticks; and he pours water on it, and *winds it up* fifty-two minutes, and then the knife gets *just so sharp*!"



ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

MILITARY STUDENT.—“Why, Daisy, where's the other goat? You used to drive a span.”

PRIVATE CITIZEN.—“Oh, didn't you hear? My revolver went off by accident, and shot the poor fellow dead.”



“That's a nice little Lady! Won't Tommy kiss her, like a little Gentleman, as he is?”



“Shall Grandma call the naughty old Wolves, and let them eat Baby up?”

Fashions for December.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*

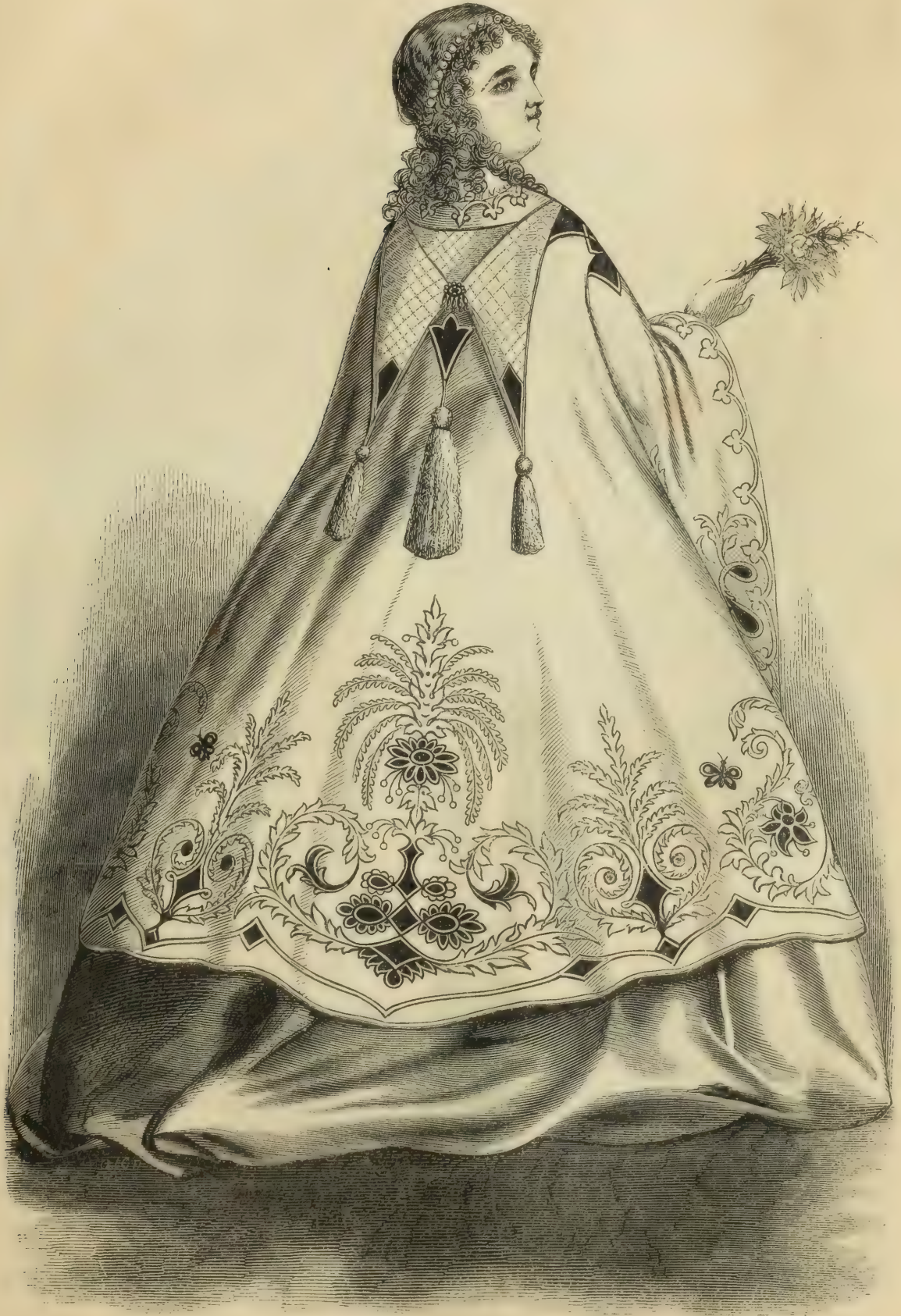


FIGURE 1.—OPERA CLOAK.

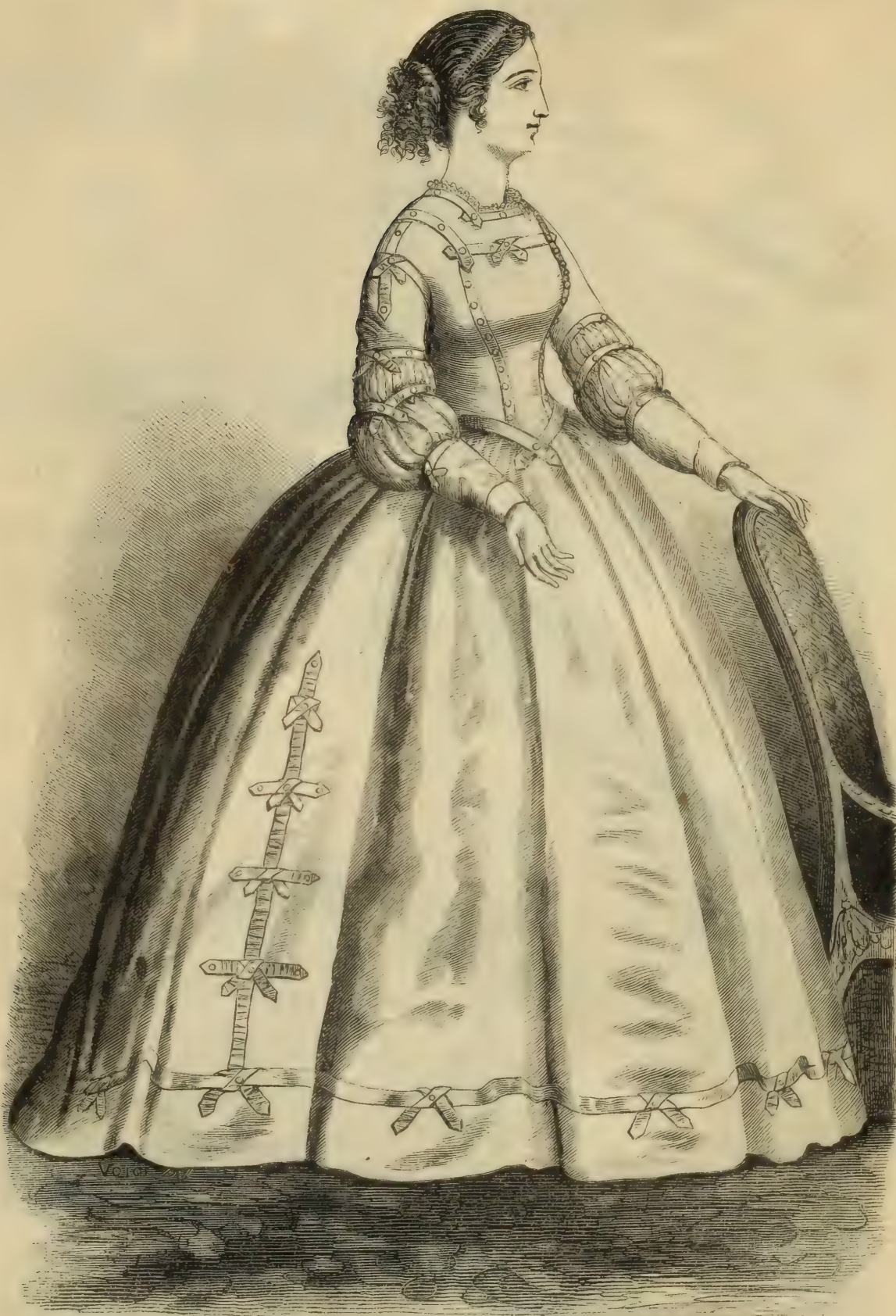


FIGURE 2.—MORNING RECEPTION TOILET.

THE OPERA CLOAK is in the form of a sacque, with braided ornaments, and velvet *appliqué*. Bright colors are the most appropriate. The one which we illustrate is of blue. For ordinary pur-

poses the same general design may be produced in black cloth.

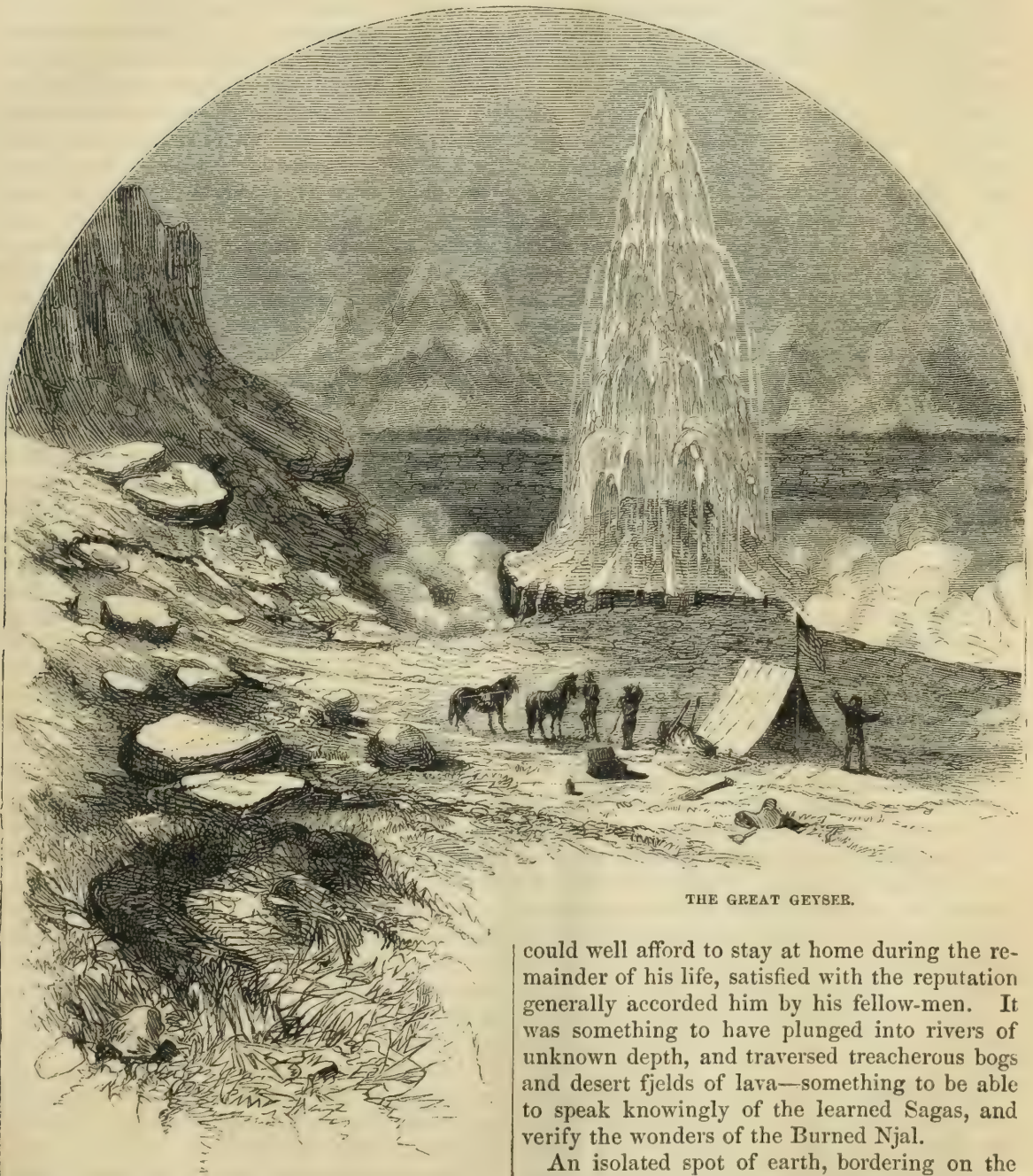
The MORNING TOILET is of taffeta, with ornaments of ribbon and buttons.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLII.—JANUARY, 1863.—VOL. XXVI.

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND.

[First Paper.]



THE GREAT GEYSER.

NOT many years have passed since it was considered something of an achievement to visit Iceland. The traveler who had the hardihood to penetrate the chilly fogs of the north, and journey by the compass through a region of everlasting snows and desolating fires,

could well afford to stay at home during the remainder of his life, satisfied with the reputation generally accorded him by his fellow-men. It was something to have plunged into rivers of unknown depth, and traversed treacherous bogs and desert fjelds of lava—something to be able to speak knowingly of the learned Sagas, and verify the wonders of the Burned Njal.

An isolated spot of earth, bordering on the Arctic Circle, and cut off by icebergs and frozen seas from all intercourse with the civilized world during half the year, once the seat of an enlightened republic, and still inhabited by the descendants of men who had worshiped Odin and Thor, must surely have presented rare attractions to the enterprising traveler before it

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became a beaten track for modern tourists. A simple narrative of facts was then sufficient to enlist attention. Even the unlearned adventurer could obtain a reputation by an unvarnished recital of what he saw and heard. He could describe the Lögberg upon which the republican Parliament held its sittings, and attest from personal observation that this was the exact spot where judgments were pronounced by the *Thing*. He could speak familiarly of heathen gods and Vikings after a brief intercourse with the inhabitants, who are still tinctured with the spirit of their early civilization. He could tell of frightful volcanoes that fill the air with clouds of ashes and desolate the earth with burning floods of lava, and of scalding hot water shot up out of subterranean boilers, and gaping fissures that emit sulphurous vapors, and strange sounds heard beneath the earth's surface, and all the marvelous experiences of Icelandic travel, including ghosts and hobgoblins that ramble over the icy wastes by night and hide themselves in gloomy caverns by day—these he could dwell upon in earnest and homely language with the pleasing certainty of an appreciative audience. But times have sadly changed within the past few years. A trip to Iceland nowadays is little more than a pleasant summer excursion, brought within the capacity of every tyro in travel through the leveling agency of steam. When a Parisian lady of rank visits Spitzbergen, and makes the overland journey from the North Cape to the Gulf of Bothnia, of what avail is it for any gentleman of elegant leisure to leave his comfortable fireside? We tourists who are ambitious to see the world in an easy way need but sit in our cushioned chair, cozily smoking our cigar, while some enterprising lady puts a girdle round about the earth; for we may depend upon it she will reappear ere leviathan can swim a league and present us with a bouquet of wonderful experiences, neatly pressed between the pages of an entertaining volume. The icebergs of the Arctic, the bananas of the tropics, the camels of the East, the buffaloes of the West, and the cannibals of the South are equally at our service. We can hold the mountains, rivers, seas, and human races between our finger and thumb; and thus, as we gently dally with care, we may see the wonders of the world as in a pleasant dream. Thus may we enjoy the perils and hardships of travel at a very small sacrifice of personal comfort.

It was somewhat in this style that I reasoned when the idea occurred to me of making a trip to Iceland. From all accounts it was a very uncomfortable country, deficient in roads, destitute of hotels, and subject to various eccentricities of climate. Neither fame nor money was to be gained by such a trip—unless, indeed, I succeeded in catching the Great Auk, for which, it is said, the Directors of the British Museum have offered a reward of a hundred pounds. This was a chance, to be sure. I might possibly be able to get hold of the Auk, and thereby secure money enough to pay expenses, and make

certain a niche in the temple of fame. It would be something to rank with the great men who had devoted their lives to the pursuit of the Dodo and the Roc. But there was a deplorable lack of information about the haunts and habits of the Auk. I was not even satisfied of its existence, by the fact that two Englishmen visited Iceland a few years ago for the purpose of securing a specimen of this wonderful bird, and, after six weeks of unavailing search, wrote a book to prove that there was still reason to hope for success.

Upon the whole, I thought it would not do to depend upon the Auk. There was but one opening left—to visit Iceland, sketch-book in hand, and faithfully do what others had left undone—make accurate sketches of the mountains, rivers, lava-fjelds, geysers, people, and costumes. In nothing is Iceland so deficient as in pictorial representation. It has been very minutely surveyed by the Danes, and Olsen has left nothing to wish for in the way of topographical delineation; but artists do not seem to have found it an attractive field for the exercise of their talent. At least I could obtain no good pictures of Iceland in Copenhagen. The few indifferent sketches published there, and in the journals of late English and German tourists, afford no adequate idea of the country. I have seen nothing of the kind any where that impressed my mind with the slightest notion of that land of fire, or the spirit and genius of Icelandic life. It would therefore be some gain to the cause of knowledge if I could present to five hundred thousand of my fellow-citizens, who do their traveling through these illuminated pages, a reasonably fair delineation of the country and the people, with such simple record of my own experiences as would render the sketches generally intelligible.

So one fine morning in May I shouldered my knapsack, and bade a temporary adieu to my friends in Frankfort. By night I was in Hamburg. The next day was agreeably spent in rambling about the gardens across the Alster Basin, and at 5 P.M. I left Altona for Kiel—a journey of three hours by rail across a flat and not very interesting tract of country within the limits of Schleswig-Holstein. From Kiel a steamer leaves for Korsör on the island of Zealand, the terminus of the Copenhagen Railway. This is the most direct route between Hamburg and Copenhagen; though the trip may be very pleasantly varied by taking a steamer to Taars, and passing by diligence through the islands of Lolland, Falster, and Møen.

A few days after my arrival in Copenhagen I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Professor Anderssen, of the Scandinavian Museum, a native Iclander, who very kindly showed me the chief objects of curiosity obtained from the Danish possessions in the north, consisting mostly of fish and geological specimens. The Minister of the Judiciary obligingly gave me a letter to the Governor and principal Amtmen of Iceland; and many other gentlemen of

influence manifested the most friendly interest in my proposed undertaking. I was especially indebted to Captain Södring, late owner of the *Fox*, of Arctic celebrity, for much valuable information respecting the northern seas, as well as for his cordial hospitality and indefatigable efforts to make my sojourn in Copenhagen both agreeable and profitable. Indeed, I was delighted with the place and the people. The Danes are exceedingly genial in their manners, distinguished alike for their simplicity and intelligence. There is no trouble to which they will not put themselves to oblige a stranger. In my rambles through the public libraries and museums I was always accompanied by some professor attached to the institution, who took the greatest pains to explain every thing, and impress me with a favorable idea of the value of the collection. This was not a mere formal matter of duty; many of them spent hours and even days in the performance of their friendly labors, omitting nothing that might contribute to my enjoyment as a stranger. The visitor who can not spend his time agreeably in such society, surrounded by such institutions as Thorwaldsen's Museum and the National Collection of Scandinavian Antiquities, must be difficult to please indeed. The Tivoli or the Dyrhave, an evening at Fredericksberg, or a trip to "Hamlet's Grave" at Elsinour, would surely fill the measure of his contentment. Whether in the way of beautiful gardens, public amusements, charming excursions, or agreeable and intelligent society, I know of no European capital that can surpass Copenhagen. Our excellent Minister, Mr. Wood, with whom I had the pleasure of spending an evening at Elsinour, speaks in the most complimentary terms of the Danes and their customs; and expresses some surprise, considering the general increase of European travel from our country, that so few American tourists visit Denmark.

I could not do myself the injustice to leave Copenhagen without forming the personal acquaintance of a man to whom a debt of gratitude is due by the young and the old in all countries—the rambles in fairy-land, the lovers of romance, and the friends of humanity—all who can feel the divine influence of genius, and learn, through the teachings of a kindly heart, that the inhabitants of earth are

"Kindred by one holy tie"—

the quaint, pathetic, genial Hans Christian Andersen. Not wishing to impose any obligation of courtesy on him by a letter of introduction or the obliging services of my Danish friends, I called at his house unattended and merely sent in my name and address. Unfortunately he was out taking his morning walk and would not be back till the afternoon. By calling at three o'clock, the servant said, I would be very likely to find him at home. I then added to my card the simple fact that I was an American traveler on my way to Iceland for the purpose of making some sketches of the country, and would take the liberty of calling at the appointed hour. It

may be a matter of interest to an American reader to have some idea of the peculiar neighborhood and style of house in which a great Danish author has chosen to take up his abode. The city of Copenhagen, it should be borne in mind, is intersected by canals which, during the summer months, are crowded with small trading vessels from Sweden and Jutland, and fishing smacks from the neighboring islands and coast of Norway. The wharves bordering on these canals present an exceedingly animated appearance. Peasants, sailors, traders, and fishermen in every variety of costume, are gathered in groups enjoying a social gossip or interchanging their various products and wares, and strawberries from Amak and fish from the Skager-Rack mingle their odors. In the second story of a dingy and dilapidated house, fronting one of these unsavory canals, a confused pile of dirty, shambling old tenements in the rear, and a curious medley of fish and fishermen, sloops and schooners, mud-scows and skiffs in front, lives the world-renowned author, Hans Christian Andersen. I say he lives there, but properly speaking he only lodges. It seems to be a peculiarity of his nature to move about from time to time into all the queer and uninviting places possible to be discovered within the limits of Copenhagen—not where

"The mantling vine
Lays forth her grape and gently creeps
Luxuriant,"

but where the roughest, noisiest, busiest, and fishiest of an amphibious population is to be found. Here it is, apparently amidst the most incongruous elements, that he draws from all around him the most delicate traits of human nature, and matures for the great outer world the most exquisite creations of his fancy. It is purely a labor of love in which he spends his life. The products of his pen have furnished him with ample means to live in elegant style, surrounded by all the allurements of rank and fashion, but he prefers the obscurity of a plain lodging amidst the haunts of those classes whose lives and pursuits he so well portrays. Here he cordially receives all who call upon him, and they are not few. Pilgrims of every condition in life and from all nations do homage to his genius; yet valuable as his time is, he finds enough to spare for the kindly reception of his visitors. His only household companions appear to be two old peasant women, whom he employs as domestics; weather-beaten and decrepit old creatures, with faces and forms very much like a pair of antiquated nut-crackers. He occupies only two or three rooms plainly furnished, and apparently lives in the simplest and most abstemious style.

When I called, according to directions, one of the ancient nut-crackers merely pointed to the door, and said she thought Herr Andersen was in, but didn't know. I could knock there and try; so I knocked. Presently I heard a rapid step, and the door was thrown open. Before me stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not

yet old, with a pair of dancing gray eyes and a hatchet-face, all alive with twists and wrinkles and muscles; a long, lean face upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side, and flanked by a tremendous pair of cheek-bones with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. Neither mustache nor beard obscured the strong individuality of this remarkable face, which for the most part was of a dull granite color, a little mixed with limestone and spotted with patches of porphyry. A dented gutta-percha forehead, very prominent about the brows, and somewhat resembling in its general topography a raised map of Switzerland, sloped upward and backward to the top of the head; not a very large head but wonderfully bumped and battered by the operations of the brain, and partially covered by a mop of dark wavy hair, a little thin in front and somewhat grizzled behind; a long bony pair of arms, with long hands on them; a long lank body with a long black coat on it; a long loose pair of legs, with long boots on the feet; all in motion at the same time; all shining and wriggling and working with an indescribable vitality; a voice bubbling up from the vast depths below with cheery, spasmodic, and unintelligible words of welcome—this was the wonderful man that stood before me, the great Danish improvisator, the lover of little children, the gentle Caliban who dwells among fairies and holds sweet converse with fishes and frogs and beetles! I would have picked him out from among a thousand men at the first glance as a candidate for Congress, or the proprietor of a tavern, if I had met him any where in the United States. But the resemblance was only momentary. In the quaint awkwardness of his gestures and the simplicity of his speech there was a certain refinement not usually found among men of that class. Something in the spontaneous and almost childlike cordiality of his greeting; the unworldly impulsiveness of his nature, as he grasped both my hands in his, patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and bade me welcome, convinced me in a moment that this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Andersen.

"Come in! Come in!" he said, in a gush of broken English. "Come in and sit down! You are very welcome! Thank you! thank you very much! I am very glad to see you! It is a rare thing to meet a traveler all the way from California—quite a surprise! Sit down! Thank you!"

And then followed a variety of friendly compliments and remarks about the Americans. He liked them; he was sorry they were so unfortunate as to be engaged in a civil war, but hoped it would soon be over. Did I speak French?

he asked, after a pause. Not very well. Or German? Still worse, was my answer. "What a pity!" he exclaimed, "it must trouble you to understand my English! I speak it so badly. It is only within a few years that I have learned to speak it at all." Of course I complimented him upon his English, which was really better than I had been led to expect. "Can you understand it?" he asked, looking earnestly in my face. "Certainly!" I answered, "almost every word." "Oh, thank you! thank you! You are very good!" he cried, grasping me by the hand. "I am very much obliged to you for understanding me!" I naturally thanked him for being obliged to me, and we shook hands cordially and mutually thanked one another over again for being so amiable. The conversation, if such it could be called, flew from subject to subject with a rapidity that almost took my breath away. The great improvisator dashed recklessly into every thing that he thought would be interesting to an American traveler, but with the difficulty of his utterance in English, and the absence of any knowledge on his part of my name or history, it was evident he was a little embarrassed in what way to oblige me most; and the trouble on my side was, that I was too busy listening to find time for talking.

"Dear! dear! And you are going to Iceland!" he continued. "A long way from California! I would like to visit America, but it is very dangerous to travel by sea. A vessel was burned up not long since, and many of my friends were lost. It was a dreadful affair."

From this he diverged to a trip he then had in contemplation through Switzerland and Spain. He was sitting for his statuette, which he desired to leave as a memento to his friends prior to his departure. A young Danish sculptor was making it. Would I like to see it? and forthwith I was introduced to the young Danish sculptor. The likeness was very good, and my comments upon it elicited many additional thanks and several squeezes of the hand—it was so kind of me to be pleased with it! "He is a young student," said Andersen, approvingly; "a very good young man. I want to encourage him. He will be a great artist some day or other."

Talking of likenesses reminded me of a photograph which I had purchased a few days before, and to which I now asked the addition of an autograph.

"Oh, you have a libel on me here!" cried the poet, laughing joyously—"a very bad likeness. Wait! I have several much better; here they are—" And he rushed into the next room, tumbled over a lot of papers and ransacked a number of drawers till he found the desired package—"here's a dozen of them; take your choice! help yourself—as many as you please!" While looking over the collection I said the likeness of one who had done so much to promote the happiness of some little friends I had at home would be valued beyond measure; that I knew at least half a dozen youngsters who were as well



H. C. Andersen.

acquainted with the "Little Match Girl," and the "Ugly Duck," and the "Poor Idiot Boy," as he was himself; and his name was as familiar in California as it was in Denmark. At this he grasped both my hands, and looking straight in my face with a kind of ecstatic expression, said: "Oh, is it possible! Do they really read my books in California! so far away! Oh! I thank you very much! Some of my stories, I am aware, have been published in New York, but I did not think they had found their way to the Pacific coast. Dear me! Thank you! thank you! Have you seen my last—the—what do you call it in English?—a little animal—"

"Mouse," I suggested.

"No—not a mouse; a little animal with wings."

"Oh, a bat!"

"Nay, nay! a little animal with wings and many legs. Dear me! I forget the name in English, but you certainly know it in America—a very small animal!"

In vain I tried to make a selection from all the little animals of my acquaintance with wings and many legs. The case was getting both embarrassing and vexatious. At length a light broke upon me.

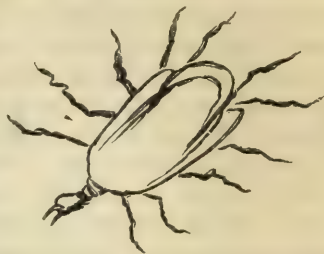
"A mosquito!" I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Nay, nay!" cried the bothered poet; "a little animal with a hard skin on its back. Dear me, I can't remember the name!"

"Oh, I have it now," said I, really desirous of relieving his mind—"A flea!"

At this the great improvisator scratched his head, looked at the ceiling and then at the floor, after which he took several rapid strides up and down the room, and struck himself repeatedly on the forehead.

Suddenly grasping up a pen he exclaimed somewhat energetically—"Here! I'll draw it for you!" and forthwith he drew on a scrap of paper a diagram,



of which the above engraving is a fac-simile:

"A tumble-bug!" I shouted, astonished at my former stupidity.

The poet looked puzzled and distressed. Evidently I had not yet succeeded. What could it be?

"A beetle!" I next ventured to suggest, rather disappointed at the result of my previous guess.

"A beetle! A beetle!—that's it; now I remember—a beetle!" and the delighted author of "The Beetle" patted me approvingly on the back, and chuckled gleefully at his own adroit method of explanation. "I'll give you 'The Beetle,'" he said; "you shall have the only copy in my possession. But you don't read Danish! What are we to do? There is a partial translation in French—a mere notice."

"No matter," I answered. "A specimen of the Danish language will be very acceptable, and the book will be a pleasant souvenir of my visit."

He then darted into the next room, tumbled over a dozen piles of books; then out again, ransacked the desks and drawers and heaps of old papers and rubbish—talking all the time in his joyous, cheery way about his books and his travels in Jutland, and his visit to Charles Dickens, and his intended journey through Spain, and his delight at meeting a traveler all the way from California, and whatever else came into his head; all in such mixed up broken English that the meaning must have been utterly lost but for the wonderful expressiveness of his face and the striking oddity of his motions. It came to me mesmerically. He seemed like one who glowed all over with bright and happy thoughts, which permeated all around him with a new intelligence. His presence shed a light upon others like the rays that beamed from the eyes of "Little Sunshine." The book was found at last, and when he had written his name in it, with a friendly inscription, and pressed both my hands on the gift, and patted me once more on the shoulder, and promised to call at Frankfort on his return from Switzerland to see his little friends who knew all about the "Ugly Duck" and the "Little Match Girl," I took my leave, more delighted, if possible, with the author than I had ever before been with his books. Such a man, the brightest, happiest, simplest, most genial of human beings, is Hans Christian Andersen.

The steamer *Arcturus* was advertised to sail for Reykjavik on the 4th of June, so it behooved me to be laying in some sort of an outfit for the voyage during the few days that intervened. A knapsack, containing a change of linen and my sketching materials, was all I possessed. This would have been sufficient, but for the probability of rain and cold weather. I wanted a sailor's monkey-jacket and an overall. My friend Captain Södring would not hear of my buying any thing in that way. He had enough on hand from his old whaling voyages, he said, to fit out a dozen men of my pattern. Just come up to the house and take a look at them, and if there wasn't too much oil on them, I was welcome to the whole lot; but the oil, he thought, would be an advantage—it would keep out the water. In vain I protested—it was no use—the Captain was an old whaler and so was I, and when two old whalers met, it was a pity if they couldn't act like shipmates on the voyage of life. There was no resisting this appeal, so I agreed to accept the old clothes. When we arrived at the Captain's house he disappeared in the garret, but presently returned bearing a terrific pile of rubbish on his shoulders, and accompanied by a stout servant-girl also heavily laden with marine curiosities. There were sou'westers, and tarpaulins, and skull-caps; frieze jackets, and overalls, and hickory shirts; tarpaulin coats, and heavy sea-boots, and duck blouses with old bunches of oakum sticking out of the pockets; there were coils of rope-yarn well tarred, and jack-knives in leather cases, still black with whale-gurry; and a few telescopes and log-glasses. "Take 'em all!" said the Captain. "They smell a little fishy; but no matter. It's all the better for a voyage to Iceland. You'll be used to the smell before you get to Reykjavik—and it's wholesome, very wholesome! Nothing makes a man so fat!" I made a small selection—a rough jacket and a few other essential articles. "Nonsense, man!" roared the Captain. "Take 'em all! You'll find them useful; and if you don't, you can heave them overboard or give them to the sailors!" And thus was I fitted out for the voyage.

The *Arcturus* is a small screw steamer owned by Messrs. Koch and Henderson, and now some six years on the route between Copenhagen and Reykjavik. The Danish Government pays them an annual sum for carrying the mails, and they control a considerable trade in fish and wool. This vessel makes six trips every year, touching at a port in Scotland both on the outer and return voyage. At first she made Leith her stopping-place; but owing to superior facilities for her business at Grangemouth, she now stops at that port. The cost of passage is extremely moderate—only 45 Danish dollars, about \$28 American, living on board 75 cents a day, and a small fee to the steward, making for the voyage out or back, which usually occupies about eleven days, inclusive of stoppages, something less than \$40. I mention this for the benefit of my friends at home, who may think proper to

make a very interesting trip at a very small expense; though, as will hereafter appear, the most considerable part of the expenditure occurs in Iceland. Captain Anderssen (they are all Anderssens, or Jonassens, or Hanssens, or Peterssens in Denmark), a very active and obliging little Dane, commands the *Arcturus*. He speaks English fluently, and is an experienced seaman; and if the tourist is not unusually fastidious about accommodations, there will be no difficulty in making an agreeable voyage. I found every thing on board excellent; the fare abundant and wholesome, and the sleeping-quarters not more like coffins than they usually are on board small steamers. A few inches cut off the passengers' legs or added to the length of the berths, and a few extra hand-spikes in the lee scuppers to steady the vessel, would be an improvement; but then one can't have every thing to suit him. Some grumbling took place, to be sure, after our departure from Scotland. A young Scotchman wanted a berth for a big dog in the same cabin with the rest of his friends, which the captain would not permit; an Englishman was disgusted with the "beastly fare;" and an old Danish merchant would persist in shaving himself at the public table every day—all of which caused an under-current of dissatisfaction during the early part of the voyage. Seasickness, however, put an end to it before long, and things went on all right after that.

But I must not anticipate my narrative. The scene upon leaving the wharf at Copenhagen was amusing and characteristic. For some hours before our departure the decks were crowded with the friends of the passengers. Every person had to kiss and hug every other person, and shake hands, and laugh and cry a little, and then hug and kiss again, without regard to age and not much distinction of sex. Some natural tears, of course, must always be shed on occasions of this kind. It was rather a melancholy reflection, as I stood aloof looking on at all these demonstrations of affection, that there was nobody present to grieve over my departure—not even a lap-dog to bestow upon me a parting kiss. Waving of handkerchiefs, messages to friends in Iceland, and parting benedictions, took place long before we left the wharf. At length the last bells were rung, the lingering loved ones were handed ashore, and the inexorable voice of the captain was heard ordering the sailors to cast loose the ropes. We were fairly off for Iceland!

In a few hours we passed, near Elsinour, the fine old Castle of Kronberg, built in the time of Tycho Brahe, once the prison of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, queen of Christian VII., and in the great vaults of which it is said the Danish Roland, Holger Dansk, still lives, his long white beard grown fast to a stone table. We were soon out of the Sound, plowing our way toward the famous Skager-Rack. The weather had been showery and threatening for some time. It now began to rain and blow in good earnest.

We had on board only thirteen passengers,

chiefly Danes and Icelanders. Among them was a newly-appointed Amtman for the District of Reykjaness, with a very accomplished young wife. He was going to spend the honey-moon amidst the glaciers and lava-fjelds of Iceland. It seemed a dreary prospect for so young and tender a bride, but she was cheerful and happy, except when the inevitable hour of sea-sickness came. Love, I suppose, can make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and shed a warmth over ice-covered mountains and a pleasant verdure over deserts of lava. A very agreeable and intelligent young man, Mr. Jonassen, son of the Governor, was also on board. I saw but little of him during the passage—only his head over the side of his berth; but I heard from him frequently after the weather became rough. If there was any inside left in that young man by the time we arrived at Reykjavik it must have been badly strained. As a son of Iona he completely reversed the Scriptural order of things; for instead of being swallowed by a great fish, and remaining in the belly thereof three days and nights, he swallowed numerous sprats and sardines himself, yet would never allow them internal accommodations for the space of three minutes. My room-mate was a young Icelandic student, who had been to the college at Copenhagen, and was now returning to his native land to die. There was something very sad in his case. He had left home a few years before with the brightest prospects of success. Ambitious and talented, he had devoted himself with unwearied assiduity to his studies, but the activity of his mind was too much for a naturally feeble constitution. Consumption set its seal upon him. Given up by the physicians in Copenhagen, he was returning to breathe his last in the arms of a loving mother.

On the second morning after leaving the Sound we passed close along the Downs of Jutland, a barren shore, singularly diversified by great mounds of sand. The wind sweeping in from the ocean casts up the loose sands that lie upon this low peninsula, and drifts them against some bush or other obstacle sufficiently firm to form a nucleus. In the course of a few years, by constant accumulations, this becomes a vast mound, sometimes over a hundred feet high. Nearly the whole of Northern Jutland is diversified with sand-plains, heaths, and ever-changing mounds, among which wandering bands of gypsies still roam. The shores along the Skagen are surrounded by dangerous reefs of quicksand, stretching for many miles out into the ocean. Navigation at this point is very difficult, especially during the winter, when terrific gales prevail from the northwest. The numerous stakes, buoys, and other water-marks by which the channel is designated, the frequency of light-houses and signal telegraphs, and the wrecks that lie strewn along the beach, over which the surging foam breaks like a perpetual dirge, afford striking indication of the dangers to which mariners are subject in this wild region. Hans Christian Anderssen, in one of his

most delightful works, has thrown a romantic interest over the scenery of Jutland, giving a charm to its very desolation, and investing with all the beauty of a genial humanity the rude lives of the gypsies and fishermen who inhabit this wild region of drifting sands and wintry tempests. Steen Blicher has also cast over it the spell of his poetic genius; and Von Buch, in his graphic narrative, has given a memorable interest to its sea-girt shores, where "masts and skeletons of vessels stand like a range of palisades."

During our passage through the Skager-Rack we passed innumerable fleets of fishing-smacks, and often encountered the diminutive skiffs of the fishermen, with two or three amphibious occupants, buffeting about among the waves many miles from the shore. The weather had been steadily growing worse ever since our departure from Copenhagen. As we entered the North Sea it began to blow fiercer than ever, and for two days we experienced all the discomforts of chopping seas that drenched our decks fore and aft, and chilling gales mingled with fogs and heavy rains. It was cold enough for mid-winter, yet here we were on the verge of mid-summer. Our little craft was rendered somewhat unmanageable by a deck-load of coal and a heavy cargo of freight; and there were periods when I would have thought myself fortunate in being once more off Cape Horn in the good ship *Pacific*. The Amtman and his young bride spent this portion of their honey-moon performing a kind of duet that reminded me of my friend Ross Wallace's lines in "Perdita:"

"Like two sweet tunes that wandering met,
And so harmoniously they run,
The hearer deems they are but one."

At least the harmony was perfect, whatever might be thought of the music in other respects. Young Jonassen swallowed a few more sardines about this period of the voyage, which he vainly attempted to secure by sudden and violent contractions of the diaphragm. In short, there were but two persons in the cabin besides Captain Anderssen and myself who had the temerity to appear at table—one an old Danish merchant, who generally received advices, midway through the meal, requiring his immediate presence on deck; and the other a gentleman from Holstein, who always lost his appetite after the soup, and had to jump up and run to his stateroom for exercise.

In due time we sighted the shores of Scotland. A pilot came on board inside the Frith of Forth, and as we steamed rapidly on our course all the passengers forgot their afflictions and gazed with delight on the sloping sward and woodland, the picturesque villages, and romantic old castles that decorate the shores of this magnificent sheet of water.

Our destination was Grangemouth, where we arrived early on Sunday morning. A few sailors belonging to some vessels in the docks, a custom-house inspector, and three small boys, comprised the entire visible population of the

place. Judging by the manner in which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland the Scotch must be a profoundly moral people. The towns are like grave-yards, and the inhabitants bear a striking resemblance to sextons, or men who spend much of their lives in burying the dead.

I was very anxious to get a newspaper containing the latest intelligence from America, but was informed that none could be had on Sunday. I wanted to go up to Edinburgh: it was not possible on Sunday. I asked a man where could I get some cigars? he didna ken; it was Sunday. The depressed expression of the few people I met began to prey like a nightmare on my spirits. Doubtless it is a very good thing to pay a decent regard to the Sabbath; but can any body tell me where we are commanded to look gloomy? The contrast was certainly very striking between the Scotch and the Danes. Of course there is no such thing as drunkenness in Scotland, no assaults and batteries, no robberies and murders, no divorces, no cheating among the merchants of Glasgow or the bankers of Edinburgh, no sympathizing with rebellion and the institution of slavery—for the Scotch are a sober and righteous people, much given to sackcloth and ashes, manufactures of iron, and societies for the insurance of property against fire.

The *Arcturus* was detained several days discharging and taking in freight. I availed myself of the first train to visit Edinburgh. A day there, and an excursion to Glasgow and Loch Lomond, agreeably occupied the time. I must confess the scenery—beautiful as it is, and fraught with all the interest that history and genius can throw over it—disappointed me. It was not what I expected. It was a damp, moist, uncomfortable reality, as Mantalini would say—not very grand or striking in any respect. A subsequent excursion to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Long, and the Clyde afforded me a better opportunity of judging; yet it all seemed tame and commonplace compared with the scenery of California and Norway. If I enjoyed a fair specimen of the climate—rain, wind, and fog, varied by sickly gleams of sunshine—it strikes me it would be a congenial country for snails and frogs to reside in. The Highlands are like all other wild places within the limits of Europe, very gentle in their wildness compared with the rugged slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The Lady of the Lake must have possessed an uncommonly strong constitution if she made her nocturnal excursions on Loch Katrine in a thin white robe without suffering any bad consequences; for I found a stout over-coat insufficient to keep the chilling mists of that region from seeking in my bones a suitable location for rheumatism.

I was quietly sitting in my state-room awaiting the departure of the steamer, when a tremendous racket on the cabin-steps, followed by a rush of feet up and down the saloon, startled me out of a pleasant home-dream.

"Hello! What the devil! I say! Where's every body! Stoord! Blast the fellow! Here,

Bowser! What'r ye abeaout! Ho there! Where the dooce are our berths? By Jove! Ha! ha! This is jolly!"

Other voices joined in, with a general chorus of complaints and exclamations—"Egad! it's a do! No berths, no state-rooms! Ho, Stoord! Where's my trunk? I say, Stoord, where's my fishing-rod? Hey! hey! did you 'appen to see my overalls? I've lost my gun! 'Pon my word, this is a pretty do! Let's go see the Agent?" "Come on! Certainly!" "Oh, hang it, no!" "Oh yes!" "Here, Bowser! What the devil! Where's Bowser? Gone ashore, by Jove! A pretty kettle of fish!" Here there was a sudden and general stampede, and amidst loud exclamations of "Beastly!" and "Disgusting!" the party left the cabin. I barely had time to see that it consisted of some four or five fashionable tourists—spirited young bloods of sporting proclivities, who had taken passage for Iceland. The prospect of having some company was pleasant enough, and from the specimen I had seen there could be no doubt it would be lively and entertaining.



A DANDY TOUT.

Once more during the night I was aroused by a repetition of the noises and exclamations already described. The steamer was moving off. The passengers were all on board. We were battering our way through the canal. Soon the heaving waters of the ocean began to subdue the enthusiasm of the sportsmen, and before morn-

ing my ears were saluted by sounds and observations of a very different character.

I shall only add at present, in reference to this lively party of young "Britishers," that I found them very good fellows in their way—a little boisterous and inexperienced, but well-educated and intelligent. The young chap with the dog was what we would call in America a "regular bird." He and his dog afforded us infinite diversion during the whole passage—racing up and down the decks, into and out of the cabin, and all over each other. There was something so fresh and sprightly about the fellow, something so good-natured, that I could readily excuse his roughness of manner. One of the others, a quiet, scholastic-looking person, who did not really belong to the party, having only met them on board, was a young collegian, well versed in Icelandic literature. He was going to Iceland to perfect himself in the language of the country, and make some translations of the learned Sagas.

A favorable wind enabled us to sight the Orkneys on the afternoon following our departure from the Frith of Forth. Next day we passed the Shetlands, of which we had a good view. The rocky shores of these islands, all rugged and surf-beaten, with myriads of wild-fowl darkening the air around them, presented a most tempting field of exploration. I longed to take a ramble in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson; but to see the Shetlands would be to lose Iceland, and of the two I preferred seeing the latter. After a pleasant passage of two days and a half from Grangemouth, we made the Faroe Islands, and had the good fortune to secure, without the usual loss of time occasioned by fogs, an anchorage in the harbor of Thorshavn.

The Faroe Islands lie about midway between Scotland and Iceland, and belong to Denmark. The whole group consists of thirty-five small islands, some of which are little more than naked

rocks jutting up out of the sea. About twenty are inhabited. The rest are too barren and precipitous to afford a suitable place of abode even for the hardy Faroese. The entire population is estimated at something over six thousand, of which the greater part are shepherds, fishermen, and bird-catchers. Owing to the situation of these islands, surrounded by the open sea and within the influence of the Gulf stream, the climate is very mild, although they lie in the sixty-second degree of north latitude. The winters are never severe, and frost and snow rarely last over two months. They are subject, however, at that season to frequent and terrible gales from the north; and during the summer are often inaccessible for days and even weeks owing to dense fogs. The humidity of the climate is favorable to the growth of grass, which covers the hills with a brilliant coating of green wherever there is the least approach to soil; and where there is no soil, as in many places along the shores, the rocks are beautifully draped with moss and lichens. The highest point in the group is 2800 feet above the level of the sea; and the general aspect of them all is wild and rugged in the extreme. Prodigious cliffs, a thousand feet high, stand like a wall out of the sea on the southern side of the Stromoe. The Mygenaes-holm, a solitary rock, guards, like a sentinel, one of the passages, and forms a terrific precipice of 1500 feet on one side, against which the waves break with an everlasting roar. Here the solan-goose, the eider-duck, and innumerable varieties of gulls and other sea-fowl build their nests and breed.

At certain seasons of the year the intrepid bird-hunters suspend themselves from the cliffs by means of ropes, and feather their own nests by robbing the nests of their neighbors. Enormous quantities of eggs are taken in this way. The eider-down, of which the nests of the eider-duck are composed, is one of the most profitable



THORSHAVN.



VIEW IN FAROE ISLANDS.

articles of Faroese traffic. The mode of life to which these men devote themselves, and their habitual contact with danger, render them reckless, and many perish every year by falling from the rocks. Widows and orphans are numerous throughout the islands.

The few scattering farms to be seen on the slopes of the hills and in the arable valleys are conducted on the most primitive principles. A small patch of potatoes and vegetables, and in certain exposures a few acres of grain, comprise the extent of their agricultural operations. Sheep-raising is the most profitable of their pursuits. The climate appears to be more congenial to the growth of wool than of cereal productions. The Faroese sheep are noted for the fineness and luxuriance of their fleece, and it always commands a high price in market. A considerable portion of it is manufactured by the inhabitants, who are quite skillful in weaving and knitting. They make a kind of thick woolen shirt, something like that known as the Guernsey, which, for durability and warmth, is unsurpassed. Sailors and fishermen all over the Northern seas consider themselves fortunate if they can get possession of a Faroese shirt. The costume of the men, which is chiefly home-made, consists of a rough, thick jacket of brown wool; a coarse woolen shirt; a knitted bag-shaped cap on the head; a pair of knee-breeches of the same material as the coat; a pair of thick woolen stockings, and sheep-skin shoes, generally covered with mud—all of the same brown or rather burnt-umber color. Exposure to the weather gives their skins, naturally of a leathery texture,

something of the same dull and dingy aspect; so that a genuine Faroese enjoys one advantage—he can never look much more dirty at one time than another.

The women wear dresses of the same material, without much attempt at shape or ornament. A colored handkerchief tied around the head, a silver breast-pin, and a pair of ear-rings of domestic manufacture, comprise their only personal decorations. As in all countries where the burden of heavy labor is thrown upon the women, they lose their comely looks at an early age, and become withered, ill-shaped, and hard-featured long before they reach the prime of life. The Faroese women doubtless make excellent wives for lazy men; they do all the labors of the house, and share largely in those of the field. I do not know that they are more prolific than good and loving wives in other parts of the world, but they certainly enjoy the possession of as many little cotton-heads with dirty faces, turned up noses, ragged elbows, and tattered frocks, as one usually meets in the course of his travels. Two fair specimens of the rising generation, a little boy and girl, made an excellent speculation on the occasion of my visit to Thorshavn. Knowing by instinct, if not by my dress, that I was a stranger, they followed me about wherever I rambled, looking curiously and cautiously into my face, and mutually commenting upon the oddity of my appearance—which, by-the-way, would have been slightly odd even in the streets of New York, wrapped, as I was, in the voluminous folds of Captain Södring's old whaling coat, with a sketch-book in my hand and a pair

is a small town of some five or six hundred inhabitants, situated on the south-eastern side of the island of Stromoe. In front lies a harbor, indifferently protected by a small island and two rocky points. The anchorage is insecure at all times, especially during the prevalence of southerly and easterly gales, when it often becomes necessary to heave up and put to sea; and the dense fogs by which the approach to land is generally obscured render navigation about these islands extremely perilous. Of the town of Thors-havn little need be said. Its chief interest lies in the almost primeval construction of the houses and the rustic simplicity of its inhabitants. The few streets that run between the straggling lines of sheds and sod-covered huts scattered over the rocks are narrow and tortuous, winding up steep, stony precipices, and into deep, boggy hollows;



FAROESE CHILDREN.

of spectacles on my nose. However, no man likes to be regarded as an object of curiosity even by two small ragamuffins belonging to a strange race; so I just held up suddenly, and requested these children of Faroe to state explicitly the grounds of their interest in my behalf. What they said in reply it would be impossible for me to translate, since the Faroese language is quite as impenetrable as the Icelandic. They looked so startled and alarmed withal that a gleam of pity must have manifested its appearance in the corner of my eyes. The next moment their faces broke into a broad grin, and each held out a hand audaciously, as much as to say, "My dear Sir, if you'll put a small copper in this small hand, we'll retract all injurious criticisms, and ever after regard you as a gentleman of extraordinary personal beauty!" Somehow my hand slipped unconsciously into my pocket, but before handing them the desired change it occurred to me to secure their likenesses for publication as a warning to the children of all nations not to undertake a similar experiment with any hope of success.

Thorshavn, so named after the old god Thor,

around rugged points and over scraggy mounds of gravel and grit. The public edifices, consisting of two or three small churches and the Amtman's residence, are little better than martin-boxes. For some reason best known to the people in these Northern climes, they paint their houses black, except where the roofs are covered with sod, which nature paints green. I think it must be from some notion that it gives them a cheerful aspect, though the darkness of the paint and the chilly luxuriance of the green did not strike me with joyous impressions. If Scotland can claim some advantages as a place of residence for snails, Thorshavn must surely be a paradise for toads accustomed to feed upon the vapors of a dungeon. The wharves—loose masses of rock at the boat-landing—are singularly luxuriant in the article of fish. Prodigious piles of fish lie about in every direction. The shambling old store-houses are crammed with fish, and the heads of fish and the back-bones of fish lie bleaching on the rocks. The gravelly patches of beach are slimy with the entrails of fresh fish, and the air is foul with the odor of decayed fish. The boatmen that lounge about

waiting for a job are saturated with fish inside and out—like their boats. The cats, crows, and ravens mingle in social harmony over the dreadful carnival of fish. In fine, the impression produced upon the stranger who lands for the first time is that he has accidentally turned up in some piscatorial hell, where the tortures of skinning, drying, and disemboweling are performed by the unrelenting hands of man.

In addition to the standing population of Thorshavn, the fortifications—an abandoned mud-bank, a flag-staff, and a board shanty—are subject, in times of great public peril, to be defended by a standing army and navy of twenty-four soldiers, one small boat, one corporal, and the Governor of the islands, who takes the field himself at the head of this bloody phalanx of Danes still reeking with the gore of slaughtered fish. Upon the occasion of the arrival of the *Arcturus*—the only steamer that ever touches here—principal Amtman, upon perceiving the vessel in the distance, immediately proceeds to organize the army and navy for a grand display. First he shaves and puts on his uniform; then calling together the troops, who are also sailors, he carefully inspects them, and selecting from the number the darkest, dirtiest, and most bloody-looking, he causes them to buckle on their swords. This done he delivers a brief address, recommending them to abstain from the use of schnapps and other intoxicating beverages till the departure of the steamer. The dignity of official position requires that he should remain on shore for the space of one hour after the dropping of the anchor. He then musters

his forces, marches them down to his war-skiff, from the stern of which waves the Danish flag, and placing an oar in the hands of each man he gives the order to advance and board the steamer. On his arrival alongside he touches his cap to the passengers in a grave and dignified manner, and expresses a desire to see our commander, Captain Anderssen, who, during this period of the ceremony, is down below busily occupied in arranging the brandy and crackers. The appearance of Captain Anderssen on deck is politely acknowledged by the Amtman, who thereupon orders his men to pull alongside, when the two cabin-boys and the cook kindly assist him over the gangway. Descending into the cabin he carefully examines the ship's papers, pronounces them all right, and joins Captain Anderssen in a social "smile." Then having delivered himself of the latest intelligence on the subject of wool and codfish he returns to his boat and proceeds to his quarters on shore. All this is done with a quiet and dignified formality both pleasing and impressive.

As an illustration of the severity of the laws that govern the Faroe Islands, and the upright and inexorable character of the Governor and principal Amtman, I must relate an incident that occurred under my own observation.

Shortly after the *Arcturus* had cast anchor the party of British sportsmen already mentioned went ashore with their dogs and guns, and began an indiscriminate slaughter of all the game within two miles of Thorshavn—consisting of three plovers, a snipe, and some half a dozen sparrows. The Captain had warned them that such



FAROESE ISLANDERS.

a proceeding was contrary to law; and a citizen of Thorshavn had gently remonstrated with them as they passed through the town. When the slaughter commenced the proprietors of the bog, in which the game abounded, rushed to the doors of their cabins to see what was going on, and perceiving that it was a party of Englishmen engaged in the destructive pastime of firing shot-guns about and among the flocks of sheep that browsed on the premises, they straightway laid a complaint before the Governor. The independent sons of Britain were not to be baffled of their sport in this manner. They cracked away as long as they pleased, by-Joved and blawsted the island for not having more game, and then came aboard. The steamer hove up anchor and sailed that night. Nothing further took place to admonish us of the consequences of the trespass till our return from Iceland, when the principal Amtman came on board with a formidable placard, neatly written, and translated into the three court languages of the place—Danish, French, and English. The contents of this document were as follows: that, whereas, in the year, 1763, a law had been passed for the protection of game on the Faroe Islands, which law had not since been rescinded; and, whereas, a subsequent law of 1786 had been passed for the protection of sheep and other stock ranging at large on the said islands, which law had not since been rescinded; and, whereas, it had been represented to the Governor of the said islands, that certain persons, supposed to be Englishmen, had lately come on shore, armed with shot-guns, and in violation of the said laws of the country had shot at, maimed, and killed several birds, and caused serious apprehensions of injury to the flocks of sheep which were peaceably grazing on their respective ranges; now, therefore, this was earnestly to request that all such persons would reflect upon the penalties that would attach to similar acts in their own country, and be thus enabled to perceive the impropriety of pursuing such a course in other countries. Should they fail to observe the aforesaid laws after this warning, they would only have themselves to blame for the unpleasant consequences that must assuredly ensue, etc., etc. [Officially signed and sealed.]

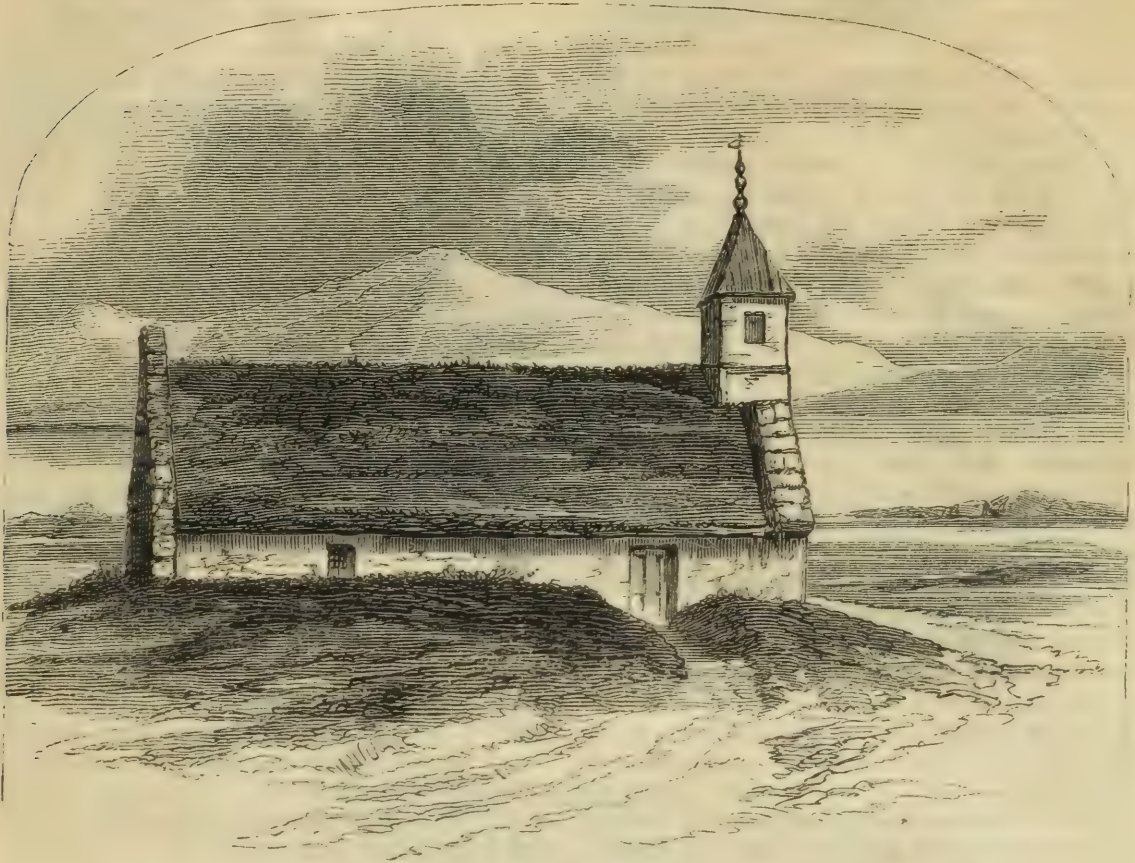
Great formality was observed in carrying this important document on board. It was neatly folded and carefully done up, with various seals and blue ribbons, in a package about six inches wide by eighteen in length, and was guarded by the select half of the Faroese army and navy, being exactly twelve men, and delivered by the Amtman of the island with a few appropriate and impressive remarks, after which it was hung up over the cabin gangway by the Captain as a solemn warning to all future passengers. There can be no doubt that it produced the most salutary effects upon the sporting gentlemen. I was really glad the affair had taken place, as it evidently afforded His Excellency a favorable opportunity of promulgating a most excellent State paper, cautiously conceived and judiciously word-

ed. The preparation of it must have occupied his time advantageously to himself and his country during the entire period of our absence.

I must now turn back a little to say, that while my comrades were engaged in their unlawful work of killing the sparrows and frightening the sheep, I deemed it a matter of personal safety to keep out of range of their guns. Apart from the danger of arrest, the probable loss of an eye or disfigurement of some ornamental feature was a sufficient consideration to satisfy me of the policy of this course.

Taking a path across the rugged desert of rocks and bogs, extending for some miles back of Thorshavn, I quickly began to ascend a barren range of hills, abounding in green-stone trap-rock and zoölites, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country, with glimpses of the cloud-capped summits of the neighboring islands. Beautiful little valleys, dotted with the sod-covered huts of the shepherds and fishermen, sweep down to the water's edge a thousand feet below; weird black bogs and fields of scoria and burned earth lie on the slopes of the distant hills to the right; and to the left are rugged cliffs, jutting out of the sea like huge castles, around which myriads of birds continually hover, piercing the air with their wild screams. The wind blew in such fierce gusts over the bleak and desolate range of crags upon which I stood that I was glad enough to seek shelter down on the lee-side.

It now occurred to me to go in search of a ruined church of which I had read in some traveler's journal said to be within four or five miles of Thorshavn. Some artificial piles of stones, near the ledge upon which I had descended, indicated the existence of a trail. On my way down a legion of birds about the size of puffins began to gather around, with fierce cries and warning motions, as if determined to dispute my progress. They flew backward and forward within a few feet of my head, flapping their wings furiously, and uttering the most terrific cries of rage and alarm—so that I was sorely puzzled to know what was the matter. It was not long before I came upon some of their nests, which of course explained the difficulty. Having no immediate use for eggs or feathers, I left the nests unmolested and proceeded on my way. In about an hour I came suddenly upon a small green valley that lay some five hundred feet below, directly on the water's edge. By some mischance I had lost the trail, and in order to descend was obliged to slide and scramble down the cliffs—an experiment that I presently discovered would probably cost me a broken neck if persisted in; for when there seemed to be no further obstruction, I came all at once upon a precipice at least sixty feet deep without a single foothold or other means of descent than a clear jump to the bottom. Not disposed to follow the example of Sam Patch on dry land, I reluctantly turned back. By dint of scrambling and climbing, and slipping down various cliffs



KIRK GÖBOE.

and slopes, I at length reached a point from which I had a view of some ruins and farm-houses still some distance below. Following the line of the regular trail till it struck into the cliffs, I had no further difficulty in reaching the valley.

The good people at the farm-house—a family by the name of Peterssen—received me in the kindest manner, with many expressions of wonder at the risk I had run in crossing the mountain without a guide. It was with considerable difficulty we made ourselves understood. None of the family spoke any language except their own. The son, indeed, a fine young man of twenty, understood a few words of English; but that was all. There is something, nevertheless, in genuine kindness and hospitality that makes itself intelligible without the aid of language. I was immediately invited into the house, and while young Peterssen entertained me with old prints and Faroese books his mother prepared an excellent lunch. Tired and worried after my trip I could offer no objection. Never shall I forget the coffee and cream, and the butter and bread and delicate fruit-tarts placed on the nice white table-cloth by the good Mrs. Peterssen. I ate and drank and glowed all over with a childlike relish of the good things, while the whole family gathered round and tried to make me understand that they had a relative in California, who lived in the mines at a place called Six-mile-bar, and that they were glad to see a Californian, and wanted to know all about California. It is wonderful with how few words

we can communicate our ideas when necessity compels us to depend upon our ingenuity. Before I had parted from that family the whole matter was perfectly explained; the history of their absent relative was quite clear to me, and they had a very fair conception of the kind of country in which he lived. Upon no consideration would they receive compensation for the lunch, and they even seemed offended when I endeavored to press it upon them. This, from people whom I had never seen before—a plain country family living in a wilderness where such luxuries as sugar and coffee could only be had at considerable expense—was absolutely refreshing. For the first time since my arrival in Europe, after having traversed the whole Continent, I had encountered a specimen of the human race capable of refusing money. Subsequently I learned that this was the common practice in the Faroe Islands. The poorest shepherd freely offers to the stranger the hospitality of his hut; and it is a creed among these worthy people not to accept pay for coffee and bread, or indeed any thing else they may have to offer in the way of entertainment. My fellow-passengers were similarly treated in Thorshavn, where visitors are more frequent and the customs of the country less primitive.

The great object of interest at Kirk Göboe is the ancient church, from which the place derives its name; a long, low, stone building, white-washed and covered with a sod roof; but, owing to repeated repairs, now presenting no particular traces of antiquity, although reported to have

been built in the eighth century. I have no data in reference to this interesting relic, and am not aware that antiquarians have ever attempted to trace out its origin. The probability is, that it was built by some of those Culdee anchorites of whom Dasent speaks as the first settlers of Iceland.

The interior of the church contains an altar and some wooden carvings on the head-boards of the pews, evidently of great antiquity. It is impossible to conjecture from their appearance whether they are five hundred or a thousand years old—at least without more research than a casual tourist can bestow upon them.

There is also within a few steps of the farmhouse a much larger and more picturesque ruin of a church, built in a later style of architecture. The only information I could get about this ruin was, that it dates back as far as the fifteenth century. The walls are of rough stone well put together, and now stand roofless and moss-covered, inhabited only by crows and swallows. The doors and windows are in the Gothic style. A sketch made from the door of the old church first mentioned, embracing the residence of the Peterssen family, with a glimpse of the cliffs and rugged ledges behind upon which their flocks graze, will give the best idea of the whole premises.

Having thus pleasantly occupied a few hours at Kirk Göboe, I bade adieu to the worthy family who had so hospitably entertained me, and was about to set out for Thorshavn, when young Peterssen, not content with the directions he

had given me, announced his intention of seeing me safe over the mountain. In vain I assured him, that, however pleasant his company would be, I had no apprehension of losing the way this time. Go he would, and go he did; and when we parted on the top of the mountain, in plain sight of Thorshavn, he cordially shook me by the hand, and said many kind words, which I could only interpret to mean, that he and all his kith and kin wished me a pleasant voyage to Iceland, and many years of health and happiness.

When I now recall the fine intelligent face of this young man, his bright dark eyes, healthy complexion, and strong, well-knit frame, the latent energy in all his movements, the genial simplicity of his manners and his evident thirst for knowledge, I can not help feeling something akin to regret that so much good material should be wasted in the obscurity of a shepherd's life. So gifted by nature, what might not such a youth achieve in an appropriate sphere of action? And yet, perhaps, it is better for him that he should spend his life among the barren cliffs of Stromoe, with no more companions than his dog and his sheep, than jostle among men in the great outer world to learn at last the bitter lesson that the eye is not satisfied with riches, nor the understanding with knowledge.

On the way down to the Valley of Thorshavn I met a man mounted on a shaggy little monster, which in almost any other country would have been mistaken for a species of sheep. As this was a fair specimen of a Faroese horse and his rider, I sat down on a rock after they had



FARM-HOUSE AND RUINS.



FAROESE ON HORSEBACK.

passed and took the best view of them I could get.

Late in the afternoon the scattered passengers were gathered together, and the good people

in the back-ground, range after range of bleak, snow-capped mountains, the fiery Jokuls dimly visible through drifting masses of fog; to the left a broken wall of red, black, and blue rocks.

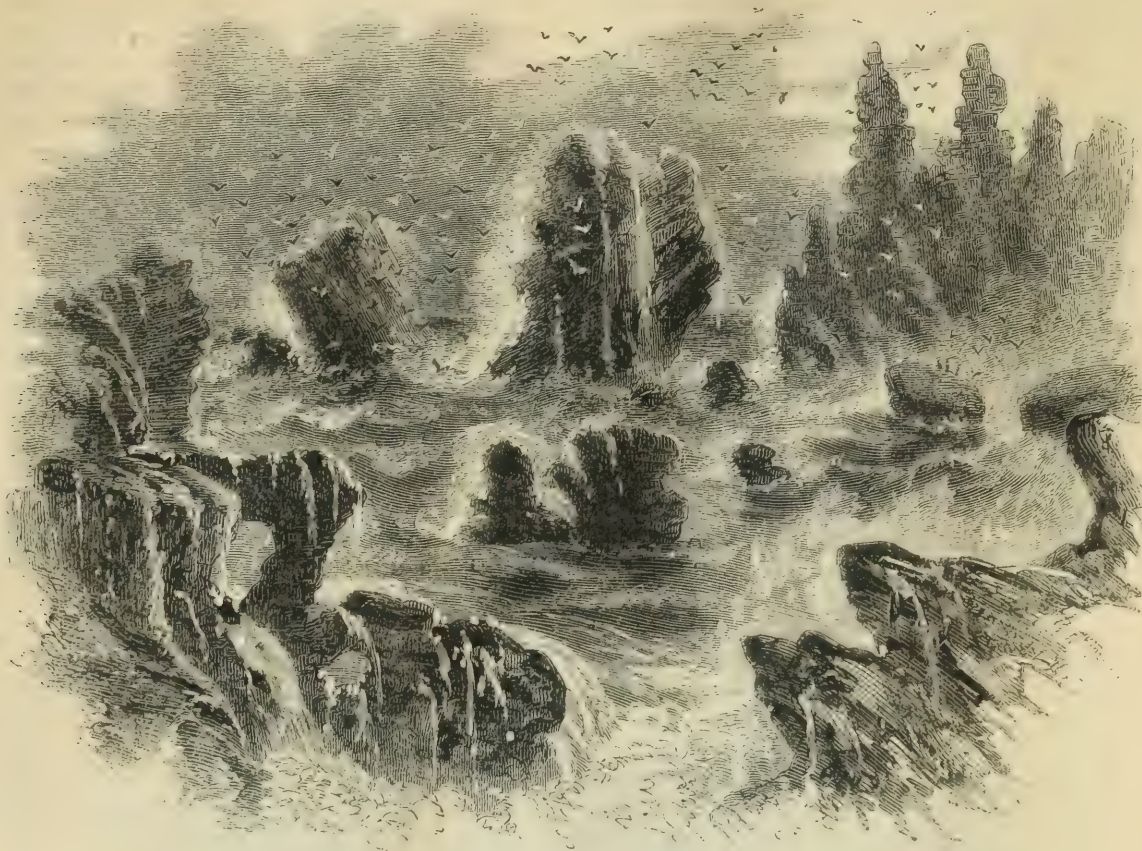
of Thorshavn came down to the wharf to bid us farewell. In half an hour more we were all on board. "Up anchor!" was the order, and once more we went steaming on our way.

Short as our sojourn had been among these primitive people, it furnished us with many pleasant reminiscences. Their genial hospitality and simple good-nature, together with their utter ignorance of the outer world, formed the theme of various amusing anecdotes during the remainder of the passage. Favored by a southerly wind and a stock of good coal, we made the southeastern point of Iceland in a little over two days from Thorshavn.

It would be difficult to conceive any thing more impressive than this first view of the land of snow and fire. A low stretch of black boggy coast to the right; dark cliffs of lava in front; far



NATURAL BRIDGE.



COAST OF ICELAND.

weird and surf-beaten, stretching as far as the eye could reach—this was Iceland! All along the grim, rifted coast the dread marks of fire and flood and desolation were visible. Detached masses of lava, gnarled and scraggy like huge clinkers, seemed tossed out into the sea; towers, buttresses, and battlements, shaped by the very elements of destruction, reared their stern crests against the waves; glaciers lay glittering upon the blackened slopes behind; and foaming torrents of snow-water burst through the rifted crags in front, and mingled their rage with the wild rage of the surf—all was battle and ruin and desolation.

As we approached the point called Portland, a colossal bridge opened into view, so symmetrical in its outline that it was difficult to believe it was not of artificial construction. The arch is about fifty feet high by thirty in width, and affords shelter to innumerable flocks of birds whose nests are built in the crevices underneath. Solan-geese, eider-ducks, and sea-gulls cover the dizzy heights overhead, and whales have been known to pass through the passage below. Great numbers of blackfish and porpoises abound in this vicinity. From time to time, as we swept along on our way, we could discern a lonesome hut high up on the shore, with a few sheep and cattle on the slopes of the adjacent hills, but for the most part the coast was barren and desolate.

Early on the following morning the sun-capped peaks of Mount Hecla were visible. There has been no eruption from this mountain since 1845. The principal crater lies 5210 feet above the

level of the sea, and is distant fifteen miles from the shore.

Toward noon we made the Westmann Isles, a small rocky group some ten miles distant from the main island. A fishing and trading establishment, owned by a company of Danes, is located on one of these islands. The *Arcturus* touches twice a year to deliver and receive a mail. On the occasion of our visit a boat came out with a hardy-looking crew of Danes to receive the mail-bag. It was doubtless a matter of great rejoicing to them to obtain news from home. I had barely time to make a rough outline of the islands as we lay off the settlement.

The chief interest attached to the Westmann group is, that it is supposed to have been visited by Columbus in 1477, fifteen years prior to his voyage of discovery to the shores of America. It is now generally conceded that the Icelanders were the original discoverers of the American continent. Recent antiquarian researches tend to establish the fact that they had advanced as far to the southward as Massachusetts in the tenth century. They held colonies on the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, and must have had frequent intercourse with the Indians farther south. Columbus in all probability obtained some valuable data from these hardy adventurers. The date of his visit to Iceland is well authenticated by Beamish, Rafn, and other eminent writers on the early discoveries of the Northmen.

Nothing could surpass the desolate grandeur of the coast as we approached the point of Reyk-janess. It was of an almost infernal blackness. The whole country seemed uptorn, rifted, shat-

tered, and scattered about in a vast chaos of ruin. Huge cliffs of lava split down to their bases toppled over the surf. Rocks of every conceivable shape, scorched and blasted with fire, wrested from the main and hurled into the sea, battled with the waves, their black scraggy points piercing the mist like giant hands upthrown to smite or sink in a fierce death-struggle. The wild havoc wrought in the conflict of elements was appalling. Birds screamed over the fearful wreck of matter. The surf from the inrolling waves broke against the charred and shattered desert of ruin with a terrific roar. Columns of spray shot up over the blackened fragments of lava, while in every opening the lashed waters, discolored by the collision, seethed and surged as in a huge caldron. Verily there is One whose "fury is poured out like fire; the rocks are thrown down by him; the mountains quake and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence."

Passing a singular rock standing alone some twenty miles off the land, called the *Meal-sack*, we soon changed our course and bore up for the harbor of Reykjavik. By the time we reached the anchorage our voyage from Thorshavn had occupied exactly three days and six hours.

Trusting that the reader will pardon me for the frequent delays to which I have subjected him since we joined our fortunes at Copenhagen, I shall now proceed to the important labors of the enterprise with this solemn understanding—that the journey before us is pretty rough, and the prospect is strong that, in our random dash at the wonders of Iceland, we will encounter some perilous adventures by flood and field; but if I don't carry him safely and satisfactorily through them all, he must console himself by the reflection that many a good man has been sacrificed in the pursuit of knowledge, and that he will suffer in excellent company.



THE MEAL-SACK.

ALONE.

OH wind of autumn, wandering free
O'er all the far Virginian hills,
My spirit sighs for wings like thee,
Till agony my murmur stills!

For somewhere 'neath this starless round
Which shrouds our sorrowing land to-night,
You pass the lonely grave he found,
So dear to love, so lost to sight!

This dim, vast Night is but his tomb;
The darkness is his only shroud,
But pitying angels walk the gloom
And lean from every passing cloud.

Ye loving children of the skies,
I would I might descend with you,
To watch the sacred dust that lies
Forsaken by a soul so true!

My homeless spirit feels its chain,
Yet clasps sad memories while it may;
Oh when shall answering love again
Add light to e'en a heavenly day!

My blessed Past! against this cloud
Your setting splendors brighter shine,
For never human heart was bowed
O'er wreck of dearer hope than mine.

From naught of earth my heart can win
A balm to cure this deepening woe;
I feel that every sighing wind
Talks of the grief which wounded so!

Oh Father! reach from heaven thine hand,
And lift my fainting spirit up;
I can not walk this shifting sand,
Or drink alone Life's bitter cup!



1.—THE "CHEVALIER" OF A PORTUGUESE CARD PACK—1693.

CARDS AND DICE.

MAN has been called a "Laughing Animal"—but so is the hyena. A "Cooking Animal"—but the monkey was roasting chestnuts when he had occasion to use the cat's paw. A "Tool-using Animal," says Dr. Franklin—but the Baltimore Oriole and the Indian Tailor-bird sew with their bills, which are their most appropriate needles. A "Gambling Animal" he is. The folly of venturing his own property on the chance of winning that of another, is peculiar to Plato's featherless biped. There is no well-authenticated instance of any of the lower orders of animals having ever played a game of chance. The silliest cur is not tempted to risk his dinner at "odd and even," nor will the most sheepish of sheep draw lots for choice of pasturage. Even the learned pig, that suburban miracle which tells people their fortunes by the cards, has never learned the value of a trump. Man is the only animal content to stake not only money but happiness on the treacherous turn of a die, or the chance deal of a pack of cards. Not only money and happiness indeed, but his time, which is, or should be, of more value than money—his habits of regularity, industry, and perseverance. And this, though all wisdom, human and divine, exclaims against the waste, though moralists have besought, though satirists have ridiculed him, though mathematicians have demonstrated that in the long-run he must lose. For allowing that

money is the measure of human happiness (which it is with the gambler), and that the number of winners is equal to the number of losers, which can occur only where there is fair play, it is yet plain that the sum lost bears a greater proportion to the fortune of the loser than the sum gained bears to that of the winner. That is to say, suppose two players sit down with one thousand dollars each; one loses five hundred dollars, which the other gains. In this case the capital of the loser is diminished in the ratio of 2:1, while that of the winner is increased in the ratio of only 2:3. In plain language, one loses half his fortune, but the other has added only a third to his "*pile*." La Place, in his Philosophic Essay on Probabilities, calculates this certain loss of happiness by play at thirteen per cent.

"Gaming," says a distinguished author, "is the nursery of covetousness and dissimulation, inducing to fraud, quarrels, forgery, disgrace, and death." Counting gaming as an adopted vice, Lord Chesterfield said that "ten times more people are ruined by adopting a vice than from natural inclination to it." "The road has done me justice," Gay makes his highwayman exclaim, "but the gaming-table has been my ruin." "Mangling done here," was the sign a ruined gamester secretly placed on the wall in the principal gambling-room at Crockford's, in London. "These," says the heroine in the Beggar's Opera, pointing to the highwayman's pistols, "are the tools of a man of honor; cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends." A Lacedemonian ambassador, being sent to Corinth, commissioned to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Corinthians, found the captains and senators playing at hazard. He returned home without attempting to accomplish his mission,



2.—"WOE TO DRUNKAERDS."

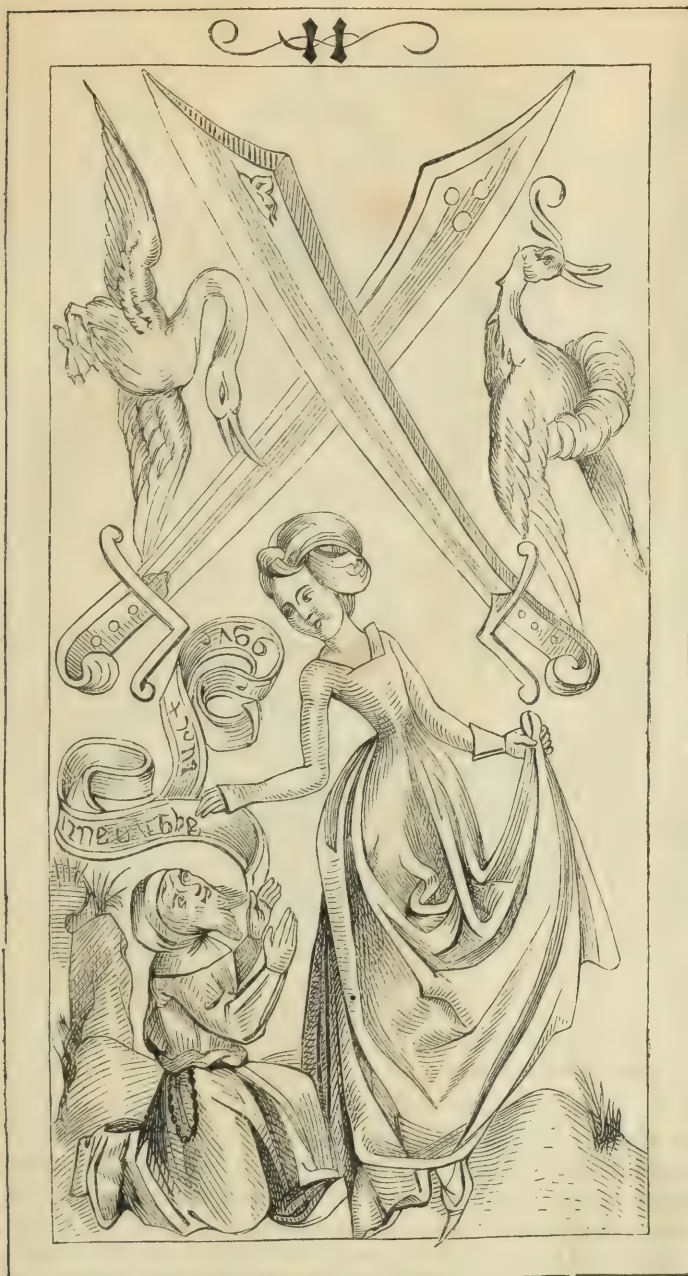
saying that he "would not sully the glory of the Spartans by making a league with gamblers." "I formerly loved cards and dice," says shrewd old Montaigne, "but have long since left them off, only for this reason, that though I carry my losses as handsomely as another, *I was not quiet within.*" The ancients worshipped the goddess of Fortune; but Juvenal says, "No wise man puts his trust in her." "Whether they win or lose," says old Burton, "their winnings are not Fortune's gifts but baits; the common catastrophe is beggary, and as the plague takes away life doth gaming goods. The civilians of old set guardians over such brain-sick prodigals as they did over madmen, to moderate their expenses, that they should not so loosely consume their fortunes, to the utter undoing of their families." "That which was once their livelihood, and should have maintained wife, children, and family, is now spent and gone," wrote Charles VII. of France, in an edict against gambling; and again Burton writes: "For most part, in these kind of disports, 'tis not art or skill, but subtlety, cunny-catching, knavery, chance, and fortune carries all away."

They not only played but also cheated in the ancient times. Caius Caligula converted his palace into a gambling-house, where he fleeced the young nobility of his days. If we may credit Horace, they could cog a die in the Augustan age as well as in the English Georgian. The Emperor Claudius, who "was so exceedingly prodigal in his play that he adventured 400,000 sesterces on the cast of a die," wrote a treatise upon gaming, in those hours which he spared



3.—JACQUEMIN GRINGOUNEUR'S CARD.

from the pursuit itself; for which Seneca, in his sarcastical relation of the Emperor's apotheosis, brings him, after many adventures, to *hell*, where he is judged to play constantly with a bottomless dice-box, by which his hopes were to be continually fed but never satisfied. Nero was the most infatuated gambler of his age. Plutarch mentions that the Romans matched quails for



4.—SWORDS AS TRUMPS.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

wagers; and describes Antony before the battle of Actium lamenting, as though his genius cowered before that of his adversary, that the very quails of Augustus were superior to his. We must not forget that the Roman soldiers drew lots for the vesture of our Saviour. Sophocles says of Palamedes that he invented dice to serve instead of a dinner, which office they fulfill to this day for many a man whom they have robbed of the means of paying for his dinner. The convulsion of nature which overwhelmed Pompeii surprised a party of gentlemen at the hazard-table, where they were discovered two thousand years after, with the dice firmly clenched in their fists.

A grave elderly gentleman observed to a female relative, who was an indefatigable whist-player, that there was a great deal of time lost at cards. The lady replied, with infinite naïveté, "What! in shuffling and cutting? Ay, so there is, but how can we avoid it?" It is

generally, but wrongly, stated that cards were invented by one Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter, in 1393, to amuse Charles VII. of France when he lost his reason from a sunstroke. This gave occasion, however, for a very shrewd reply to a lawyer in a Scotch court. Sir Walter Scott used to tell the story of Dr. Gregory, an eminent Edinburgh practitioner, whose testimony in a certain case went to prove the insanity of a gentleman whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On cross-examination the Doctor was forced to admit that the patient played admirably at whist.

"And do you seriously say, Doctor," asked the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?"

"I am no card-player," was the reply; "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane King."

We shall not follow the writers on the History of Playing Cards in their various attempts to prove the extreme antiquity of cards. It matters little whether Europe received cards from India or China, or whether chess and cards had their origin in the same idea, and were both intended to figure the contests between the different orders or classes which compose a state. It will suffice for us to know that cards are first mentioned in European history, in the Annals of Provence, of the year 1361; while a MS. recently discovered seems to prove that they were known twenty

years earlier. An edict prohibiting the use of cards was published by John I. of Castile in 1387. In 1464 the English Parliament forbade their importation, and it is probable that they were introduced not earlier than 1400, as Chaucer makes no mention of them. The pack consisted at various times of 36 cards, 48 among the Germans, who omitted the ace, and the Spaniards, who had no ten spots; and, finally, 52. Court-cards were originally known as coat-cards; *i. e.*, cards bearing figures who were coated or dressed, in contradistinction to the other devices, which were of flowers or sometimes of animals. In the early Italian and Spanish cards the modern spade was the *spada* or sword, allegorically representing the nobility; *cappe*, cups or chalices, represented the clergy; *denari*, money, the citizens; and *bastoni*, clubs or sticks, the peasantry. The French substituted for the *spada* the *pique* or lance-head of the knights, representing nobility; *cœur*, hearts



5.—HINDOOSTANI CARDS.

(sounding like *chœur*, a choir) for the clergy; *trefle*, clover or trefoil, for the husbandmen, who were the middle class before commerce or manufactures became important; and *carreau*, a diamond-shaped arrow-head, as the symbol of the common soldiery. In modern cards the significance of the symbols has been lost sight of, and the names and suits have been curiously mixed up, so that the sword (No. 4) has been turned into a spade (oh significant change!); the clerical chalice has become a heart; the *trefle*, or clover-leaf, is the *bastoni* of the Spaniard and our club; and the arrow-head is the diamond.

The French first introduced a queen among the *coat-cards*. It appears that cards were long known as the "Books of the four Kings," Rabelais mentioning them by this title, among the amusements of his hero, Gargantua. They were also called *quartes*, having reference to the four suits; and from this, it is supposed, came the word *cards* in English. Cards were first brought to America by the Spanish discoverers. There is an old legend that Columbus, on the eventful night before he made the land, kept himself awake by a game of *primero*; and Herera relates that when Montezuma was made prisoner by Cortéz in 1519, he took great pleasure in seeing the Spanish soldiers play at cards.

The Hindoo cards, of which we give the "Honors" (No. 6) of an eight-suit pack, are usually circular. The suits are either eight or ten; there is no queen, the two court-cards being a king and his prime minister; the material of which the specimens under consideration are made is canvas, very stiffly varnished; and the figures and marks were not stenciled, but put on by hand. Each suit has a different color, the eight being respectively fawn, black, brown, white, green, blue, red, yellow. The pack is composed of 96 cards, and the common cards are numbered from one to ten, as with us. Four suits are named superior, and four inferior; and in the superior the ten is next in value to the Wuzeer, or prime minister, while in the inferior the ace is next, followed by the deuce, etc. (No. 5.)

The Chinese, who are reckless gamblers, have also several kinds of cards. In the Chinese Encyclopedia, called *Ching-tsze-tung*, it is stated that *Teen-tsze-pae*, dotted cards, were invented in 1120 A.D. The general name for cards in China is *Che-pae*, or paper tickets; and the kind most commonly used, of which several specimens are represented (Nos. 7, 8, 9), are called *Tseen-wan-che-pae*—"a thousand times ten thousand cards." The pack has thirty cards: three suits of nine



6.—HINDOO COURT-CARDS.

each, and three independent cards, which are superior to the rest. Figures 1 and 2 of our specimens are the first and third of the suit called "nine myriads of strings of beads;" Figs. 3 and 4 are the ace and tray of the suit of "nine units of cakes;" Fig. 5 is the ace of the suit of "nine units of chains;" and Fig. 6 is one of the superior cards called the "white flower." Our engravings show the proper size of these cards. The Chinese have several other varieties, one of which is called the "hundred boys' cards;" another "chariots, horses, and guns;" and a third, curiously devised on the principle of some of our historical cards, is called "a thousand times ten thousand men's names cards."

Cards were not long introduced in Europe ere gambling with them became the rage among high and low. We read that at the beginning of the fifteenth century this passion was so prevalent in France, that persons who were addicted to it endeavored to restrain and guard themselves by voluntary bonds, resembling our modern temperance pledges, with the exception that there was a penalty for breaking the pledge. The illustration (No. 11), a copy from an illuminated MS. of this period, not only shows what kind of cards were then in use, but proves also that women played, and—what would seem a great hardship now—that players *stood* around the ta-

ble. During the fifteenth century cards were executed by means of stencil plates. We give several figures from a pack made in Germany about 1440; here may be seen the original of the present "diamond" suit, as well as of the



7.—CHINESE CARDS.



8.—CHINESE CARDS.

“club,” which is there represented as an acorn. (Nos. 12, 13.)

The vice of gaming with cards seems to have spread over Europe with frightful rapidity in the fifteenth century. Even the clergy were not exempt from the vice, as is shown by the story of a pretty little game of bluff played by Pope Leo X., who seems to have “understood himself” very well. His Holiness was playing at a game somewhat similar to our Western bluff, and found himself in possession of a hand which could not be beaten except in the contingency of his having to play last. His opponent also held a very good hand (did his Holiness *deal*?—the prudent historian does not say), and put up a heavy stake. “Give me a point, and I will see you!” cried the Pope. His opponent, thinking him beaten, doubled the former stake. His Holiness, having secured the advantage, “called him,” and “swept his pile.”

Not all the clergy played at cards, however. Many of them traveled about the country to denounce the practice, and did so with good effect in many cases. St. Bernardin, of Sienna, preached with such power to the Bolognese, in 1423, that his hearers made a fire in the public place and threw their cards into it. One, a card-maker, alarmed at Bernardin’s denunciations, not only of gamblers but also of all who supplied them with cards and dice, said to him: “Father, I have not learned any other business but that of painting cards; and if you deprive me of that you deprive me of life, and my destitute family of the means of earning subsistence.”

To which the saint: “If you do not know what to paint, paint this figure, and you will never have cause to regret having done so.” With which words he took a tablet and drew on it a figure of a radiant sun, with the name of Jesus indicated in the centre by the monogram I.H.S. The card painter followed the saint’s advice; and so numerous were the purchasers



9.—CHINESE CARDS, TSEEN-WAN-CHIE-PAE.

of this production of reformed art that he soon became rich. In the Bibliotheque de Roi at Paris there is an old wood-cut, dated 1454, of which our illustration (No. 14) is a fac-simile, and which is supposed to commemorate this event.

In 1452 John Capistran, a disciple of St. Bernardin, preached for three hours at Nuremberg, the head-quarters then of the card manufacture, against luxury and gaming. So great was the excitement of the populace that, on the close of the sermon, there were brought into the marketplace and burned 76 jaunting sledges, 3640 backgammon boards, 40,000 dice, and cards innumerable.

In 1509 Thomas Murner, a Franciscan friar, taking advantage of the universal love of cards, published an exposition of logic in the shape of a pack of cards. These logic cards, of which we give a sample, had such success that he published in 1518 an introduction to the civil law in the same form. It is impossible at this time to explain either of these treatises; and it is only known that in the card (No. 16) the star is meant to signify the refulgent glory the ingenious author has thrown upon his subject. This did not end the matter, however. In 1651 Baptist Pendleton published “Scientiall Cards,” in which he aimed to convey a thorough knowledge of grammar by the use of a pack of cards and a key to the puzzle. These were followed at intervals by Geographical and Heraldic Cards, and presently the “Scientiall Card” system seems to have had quite a vogue, for in 1679 there were published cards displaying the iniquities of all the Popish plots against the security of England, historical, rhetorical, and satirical cards in great variety; and finally, to cap the climax, in 1692 was invented and published the game of carving at table, accurately and easily taught in a pack of fifty-two neatly executed pasteboards. In these cards the suit of Hearts is occupied by flesh, that of



10.—“NINE OF PAROQUETS,” 1480.

Diamonds by fowl, Clubs by fish, and Spades by baked-meats. The King of Hearts presides over a sirloin of beef, of Diamonds over a turkey, of Clubs over a pickled-herring, and of Spades over a venison pasty.

Though it is a remarkable fact that wherever cards were introduced in any country of Europe there resulted an immediate and great spread of the passion for gaming, it must not be supposed that the gambling population depended upon cards alone for excitement. In England, so early as the reign of John Lackland, the chances of the dice constituted the chief amusements of the great. Matthew Paris reproaches the barons who wrested Magna Charta from John with spending their time in luxury and gambling with dice when their presence was required in the field. In a wood-cut on the title-page of “Woe to Drunkards,” a sermon preached by Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, in 1627 (which cut we copy, No. 2), the vices of that age are typically contrasted with the virtues of a former one. Charles II., who never learned wisdom, gambled with his courtiers. “I will bet my soul to an orange on the game!” called his Majesty to Rochester.

“If your Majesty *will bet odds* I will take them,” was the cool rejoinder.

Henry Cheney, created by Queen Elizabeth Baron of Tudington, played at dice once with Henry II. of France, and won of him a diamond of great price at one cast.

“What would you have done had you lost?” inquired the King.

“I have,” said young Cheney, with true British *brag*, “sheep’s-tails enough in Kent, with their wool, to buy a better diamond than this!”

Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, when he had lost many thousand crowns at a sitting, at dice, said, “No matter; the sins of the Germans pay for this!”—alluding to the fact that his father, Pope Alexander VI., gave him his

income out of the profits arising from the sale of indulgences in Germany.

Joannes Gonzaga losing a great sum of money at dice, his son Alexander, who stood by, complained thereof; whereupon his father said, “Alexander the Great, hearing of a victory that his father had gained, was seen to be sad at the news, fearing that there would be nothing left for him to gain; but my son Alexander is afflicted at my loss, fearing that there will be nothing left for him to lose.”

In an old life of the Duke of Espernon it is related that, in 1603, a famous Italian gamester, Pimentel by name, “hearing what a humor of play reigned at the French court,” caused a great number of false dice to be made and secretly conveyed to Paris, he only knowing the secret. He thereupon, by means of emissaries, bought up all the dice in the market, and supplied his own in their places. This done, he obtained an introduction at

court, and gambled to so good purpose—as well he might—that he “cleaned out” great part of the nobility’s pockets, and even won considerable sums of the king. Playing with the Duke of Espernon, he “got all his ready money and many of his jewels; and after these won of him a piece of ambergris valued at 20,000 crowns, the greatest that ever was seen in Europe,” which he afterward sold to the Republic of Venice.

It is noticeable that whist—under the name of whisk—was long thought a game fit only for servants, one which their masters did not demean themselves by playing. When it was introduced into “polite assemblages,” however, it at once took possession of the gambling world. How devoted that world grew to it some instances will testify. About 1739 it became the mode for



11.—A CARD-PARTY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



12.—SEVEN OF CLUBS, OLD GERMAN.



13.—SEVEN OF DIAMONDS, OLD GERMAN.

children to have card-parties; and it is related in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year that a young girl, *under fourteen*, having lost considerably over her rubber of whist, remarked that "there was much more spirit in games of chance" (she meant dice); and desired to know "if the late ridiculous Act against gaming would prevent betting upon things?"

In 1759 it became the fashion to hold card-parties in the rooms of lying-in ladies. Horace Walpole writes: "We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls Pamela. I propose that, instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in the morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening."

The young men of fashion were in the habit of losing five, ten, or fifteen thousand pounds in an evening at Almack's. Lord Stavordale, not yet of age, lost eleven thousand pounds in one evening, but won it all back at one throw of the dice. He swore a great oath, "Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions!" "Pay £1500 to Lord —," said the Marquis of Hertford one night to the croupier at White's. This was the loss on one rubber at whist. Walpole remarks with disgust that, at Paris, "above 150 men of quality live by keeping public gam-

ing-houses. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gisors' pay him twelve guineas per night for the privilege. Even the Princesses of the Blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses." Toward the close of the last century it became the fashion also in England, and the principal gaming-tables and faro-banks in London were kept by titled ladies, who took pay for their services. The grandsons of the Duchess of Marlborough had a rule "never to dirty their fingers with silver," and, when they went to the gambling-clubs, used to throw a guinea to the chairmen who carried them, who generally fought for this remunerative honor. Walpole names one of his young acquaintance, with similar scruples as to touching dirty silver, who used daily to give a flower-girl half a guinea for roses for his button-hole.

Betting was the prime amusement of all classes, from king to beggar; and nothing was too trivial, ridiculous, or disgusting to bet upon. The utmost excitement would prevail, and ruinous sums were staked on which of two drops of rain coursing down the window-pane would soonest reach the bottom; or which of two mag-gots would achieve in a certain time the greatest distance across the cheese-board; or which of two betters would pull the longest straw from the rick. "What will you lay?" was the question in every body's mouth, and a bet settled every dispute. January 9, 1755, Lord Orford,



14.—THE "SUN" CARD.—1454.

"I don't know; I have no bets upon it." Mr. Hare, a celebrated wit, meeting Major Brereton at Bath, where both gambled heavily, asked him "How the world went with him?"

"Pretty well," answered Brereton, alluding to some successes at the gaming-table; "but I have met with a sad misfortune lately. I have lost Mrs. Brereton."

"Was it at hazard or quinzé?" asked Hare.

Again, a man insured his life, securing to himself, however, as was then often done, the privilege of suicide without invalidating the policy. He carried the insurers to dinner at a tavern, where they met several other persons, and, after dinner, said to them: "Gentlemen, it is fit you should be acquainted with the company. These honest men are tradesmen to whom I was in debt, without means of paying them but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant;" with which he pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

Lord Lauderdale once staked five thousand pounds upon a single card at faro. George Fox played twenty-two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds per hour. Major Aubrey's favorite toast was, "Play: like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die." One Matthias O'Byrne, an Irish adventurer, having won in one night one hundred thousand pounds of a person who he knew could not pay so large a sum, shrewdly allowed

informing Horace Walpole of the suicide of a mutual friend, writes: "He himself, with all his judgment in bets, would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder." He then tells a story of this man being asked soon after his daughter's marriage if she was enciente. "Upon my word," he replied,

him to win back all but ten thousand pounds, which, being within the loser's compass, was paid. From this he received from Hare the name of "Xenophon O'Byrne," to commemorate his masterly retreat with the ten thousand. The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., lost six thousand pounds on a race between



15.—COURT CARD (CIRCULAR).—1480.

twenty turkeys and twenty geese! A gambling friend victimized him by inducing him to bet upon the turkeys, himself having wagered largely on the other side. A funny sight it must have been to see the heir-apparent to the British throne urging his turkeys on with a pole having a bit of red rag tagged to it, and strewing barley along the ground with his own royal hands, in the vain endeavor to coax his rebellious lieges from their too frequent roost in the trees by the wayside. Walpole records a good story of cynical George Selwyn, who, when a waiter at Arthur's Club-house was committed to Newgate for robbery, said, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

So did the gambling-rage possess the public mind that, when in Paris, in 1825, a man sat at a crowded gaming-table and discharged a pistol into his mouth, the play did not even cease while the scattered brains of the victim were cleared away by the servants! But a more extraordinary case occurred in London, in 1832. One Shelton, a second-rate public prize-fighter, gaming with a low companion, lost first his money, next all his clothes, which were taken from his person as they became forfeited, and *finally staked his life!* He lost it! and the winner, *assisted by himself*, immediately hanged him to a lamp-post! By good luck, a passing watchman cut him down before he was quite

dead; but his first action on recovery was to knock down his preserver "for his officiousness in preventing him from settling what he considered a debt of honor!"

Bath, as a fashionable resort, was long a gambling centre. When Beau Nash was king of society there, he encouraged play, as a "recreation for the polite of both sexes;" and the consequence was that women were wont to ruin not only their husbands but themselves by this passion. There is a story of Beau Nash which nicely illustrates the gross manners of his times. It was the fashion for ladies before they entered the bath—which was a public resort for gentlemen—to adorn their heads, the only parts which were not submerged. This was supposed to have so charming an effect that the husband of one of the bathers, standing near Nash admiring the pretty dabblers, cried out to his wife that "she looked like an angel in the water, and he wished he

were with her." Whereupon Nash, conceiving it an occasion to establish his gallantry and spirit, took him by the collar and waist-band of his breeches, and soused him over the parapet.



16.—THOMAS MURNEE'S LOGIC CARD.—1509.



17.—CIRCULAR CARD.—1480.

Toward the close of the last century the gaming-houses of London—they were known to the general public as “Clubs,” and to the gamesters as “Hells”—were fitted up in extraordinary style. “Fishmongers’ Hall” cost \$200,000 merely to furnish—an expense which does not seem so great, however, when it is known that the proprietor netted the first year \$750,000. The law prohibited the opening of such houses; but the proprietor of this was heard to boast that he was in no danger, inasmuch as he counted among his members—it was a privilege to gain admission to one of these hells—the majority of those who made the laws! So profitable were the gambling-houses of Baden no longer ago than 1840 that the purchasers of a new lease of their privilege for fifteen years—which is farmed out by the Government—paid willingly 40,000 florins per annum, besides laying out 230,000 florins in improvements of the grounds, and assuming a debt of the bank to the amount of 120,000 florins. And this for the exclusive privilege of keeping a gambling-bank for only about five months in the year!

To these houses were enticed with many arts young men just come into their fortunes; and here they were speedily plucked. It was no strange thing for a man to lose fifty thousand dollars in a night. At Brookes’s, a private club, and very exclusive, a certain nobleman lost £25,000 at a sitting; and it is related that, in 1799, four young men were brought thither who had just come into fortunes amounting, in the aggregate, to ten million of dollars: in a twelve-month all four were beggared. Suicide was a common result of such villainy. “A

man comes in,” exclaims a contemporary writer, “with his fortune in his pocket. He sits down at the table. He wins—loses—loses—wins—wins—loses—loses—loses—loses—loses—goes into the next room and blows his brains out;” or, as sometimes happened, he shot the rascal who had “cleaned him out.” The passion brought about some singular social anomalies. A nobleman, the head of a highly popular Whig family in the west of England, and originally of immense wealth, died in 1839 in a miserable garret, in an obscure quarter of London, having many years before lost all at faro. One of the oldest baronets in England, having lost all in a similar manner, was in 1840 making his living by driving a stage-coach. A Mr. Payne, forced before the Court as witness in a certain gambling transaction in 1837, admitted that “he had lost nearly all his patrimony by gambling;” which patrimony consisted of ten thousand acres of the finest land in

England. He did not stop till the last acre was finished. Finally, Lord De Ros, one of the most respectable of the gaming nobility, was accused of practicing a certain trick at whist; the matter came up for trial in 1837, and it was proved that he cheated habitually; and that some of his noble associates, knowing this, prudently played *with* him rather than *against* him! The noble Lord did not long survive his disgrace. When he died Theodore Hook proposed as his epitaph, “Here lies England’s Premier Baron, patiently awaiting the last *Trump*.”

“I know a man who cheats,” said a young man to Sheridan; “I do not like to expose him; what shall I do?”



18.—COURT-CARD.—1480.



19.—"VALET" OF FRENCH CARDS, TIME OF HENRY IV.

"Back him," was the reply. A distinguished English gamester has given it as his opinion that there is no game played in which cheating can not be and is not practiced. Dice can be "secured" with such certainty that hazard becomes simple robbery; cards are marked, packed, pricked, slipped, skinned, shuffled; and dice are made unequal, are scratched, and worked with doctors, doctor dice-boxes, and dispatchers—most appropriately named. Concave and convex edged cards are commonly used by professional gentlemen, whose fortunes depend as much upon the tenderness of their finger ends as upon steadiness of eye and brazenness of face. At one of the German watering-places not many years ago, a Jew card-vendor sold his exceedingly well made pasteboards so ridiculously low that every gaming-house in the place laid in a season's stock of them. During the next season the confederates of the dealer, who had had the cards prepared under their own supervision, and knew them but too well, reaped a golden harvest from their ingenious investment. There is a story of a French Jew who in like manner manufactured the dice on which he afterward bet, and who was taken in to the tune of \$5000 in one night by a stranger who by some means knew the secret and worked with a sample of the Jew's manufacture.

A similar story of "biter bit" is told of a Mississippi gambler, by Joe Cowell, in his "Recollections of the Stage." The boat had run foul of a snag, and though no damage was done ev-

ery body of course rose from the card-tables with which the cabin was filled, and rushed to the guards to see what was up. All but a gentleman in green spectacles, a diamond pin, and a heavy watch-chain, who had been playing at poker, and now, his party having rushed off, sat quietly, shuffling and cutting the *poker-deck* for his own amusement. When the excitement was over, the players returned to resume the game. It was the spectacled-man's deal, and when he had quietly dealt, he sat still without raising his cards, watching the rest.

The man on his left bet ten dollars. A young lawyer, son of the then mayor of Pittsburg, without more than glancing at his hand "saw that ten and bet ten better." The third "saw the last ten, and *went five hundred dollars better.*"

"I must see that," said Green Spectacles, now first taking up his hand, his fingers nervous with the certainty of winning. He paused a moment in disappointed astonishment, and sighing "I pass," threw his cards upon the table.

The left-hand man bet again "*that five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars better.*"

The young lawyer had by this time calculated the value of his hand—*four kings and an ace*—it could not be beat!—and lingeringly, as though there might be some doubt about the matter, put his wallet on the table and *called*. The left-hand man had four queens and an ace, and the right-hand man four Jacks and an ace. Spectacles had nothing to speak of. The lawyer pocketed his two thousand and twenty-three dollars clear; and Green Spectacles, good-naturedly pushing the money toward him, said: "Did any one ever see the like on't?" The fact was, he



20.—COURT-CARD.—1511.



21.—ENGLISH KNAVE OF CLUBS.—1613.



22.—ENGLISH KNAVE OF HEARTS.—1610.

had *put up* the cards, while the rest were off to see what was the matter; but by some fatal oversight he had made a slight change in the distribution of the hands, by which the young lawyer got the cards he intended for himself.

Mr. Cowell has two more gambling stories, which are so characteristic of days now passed away in the West that we are tempted to quote them. He was sitting near a table watching a quiet game of two-handed *euchre*, when he noticed another looker-on, who made it his business to spy out the trumps in one player's hand and telegraph the important information to his opponent by laying the same number of fingers carelessly on the table. Of course one lost and the other gained steadily for a considerable time; until at a certain deal the loser received one trump. The fact was duly signaled by the forefinger laid on the table, which the losing gentleman very coolly but adroitly *chopped off*!

"Hallo! stranger, what are you about? You have cut off one of my fingers," cried the dismembered.

"I know it," said the amputator, coolly, "and if I'd had more trumps you'd have had less fingers."

A lieutenant of the navy was obliged, with many others, to sleep on the floor of the cabin, owing to the crowded state of the boat. Two ardent devotees at *seven up*, finding all the tables

engaged, and the lieutenant fast asleep and coiled away in a convenient position, squatted on either side of him, and made his shoulder their table. The continual *tip, tap* on his shoulder rather helped his sleep; but an energetic slap by one of the players, at being "High, by thunder!" awakened him. On looking up, one of the gamesters, slightly urging down his head, said, in a confidential whisper, "Hold on, stranger, the game's just out; I've twelve for game in my own hand, and have got the Jack."

He of course accommodated them, and when the game was out, he found they had been keeping the run of it with chalk tallied on his "stand-up" collar!

The systematic pursuit of gaming as a passion, and not as a profession, in England and France, during the last fifty years, led several men of more than ordinary mathematical abilities to make accurate calculations of the real chances of various games. In doing this it was discovered that, in all cases, the "banks" so arranged their games that there could be no positive fair play. In *rouge et noir*, which was once a very fashionable game in the gambling hells of this country, the certain and inalienable advantage of the banks against the players, made by a peculiar rule of the game, amounts to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all the moneys staked on one event—or to about 100 per cent. per hour (!) against each

steady player. And this deadly odds neither skill nor calculation on his part can in the slightest degree divert.

In short:

"He who hopes at cards to win
Must never think that cheating's sin;
To make a trick whene'er he can,
No matter *how*, should be his plan.
No case of conscience must he make,
Except how he may save his stake;
The only object of his prayers—
Not to be caught and kicked down stairs."

A LOST LOVE: ITS RESURRECTION.

I.

THE love of my heart was dead. I had watched its death-throes, listened to its moans of expiring agony. With my own hands I had decently composed the frozen limbs, and closed the lids over the haunting eyes. Dead! and now I carried the still corse to its burial. Mourners followed; hopes, frost-chilled in their awaking; pleasant dreams, which must be dreams only forever; crowds of mad, passionate impulses shrieking out after the bier their frantic, unavailing agony; and over all, slowly, unpitifully, tolled the bells of memory. There was no break of light in east or west—only one cloud, shutting out heaven and God. Would it ever lift? I did not ask myself the question in that hour. In my misery I shut the door on Hope. Golden lights of morning could break for me no more, therefore I would have nothing. Crimson hues of sunset, silver tranquillity of moon and stars, what were they worth, when they could promise no dawning? Henceforth my path would lead through the valley and the shadow, out of which no torture should force from my proud lips cry or moan.

My life had been sad rather than strange. Left motherless almost in infancy, all the wealth whose splendors surrounded me, all the gold my father was accumulating so rapidly, could not buy for me the happiness which is the fit heritage of childhood. It is a sad thing when a child feels that there is no one to love it, no gentle voice to soothe its woes, no lips always ready with their kisses, no long-suffering, patient mother-tenderness; saddest of all, when the orphan is a yearning, passionate child, for whom is no consolation in playthings or panacea in confectionery.

I seldom saw my father except on Sundays. He was off to his business before I was presentable in the morning; and I was usually put to bed by my impatient nurse-maid before he returned at night. If he loved me, he manifested it only in providing with a lavish hand for my comfort.

So I grew up, in the stately mansion where we lived, with little company and no change of scene. In due time my nurse was replaced by a governess; a thorough, unsympathetic person, who worked to earn her wage, and felt that her whole duty was done when she had inoculated

me with a certain daily amount of grammar and history. Our establishment was under the control of a widowed sister of my father's; a haughty, handsome woman, of whom I need say little at present, as during my early years she seemed almost to forget my existence.

As I grew older I had masters who instructed me in every accomplishment, though music was the only one in which I particularly excelled. In this manner I received my entire education, for my father was rigidly prejudiced against schools. At eighteen I was pronounced ready to be introduced into society.

At this epoch Aunt Langdon's interest in me became active. She liked the office of *chaperon*, and besides her pride was enlisted. Kept in entire seclusion hitherto, my *début* was a success. My face, if not remarkably beautiful, was *new*; my manners, formed in solitude, were, happily, not stereotyped. Moreover, my health was perfect. Dissipation did not tell upon my vigorous organization, or blanch my fresh color. Every thing I encountered possessed for me the charm of novelty. I bade fair to be intoxicated by pleasure; to lose heart and soul in the vortex of fashionable folly. Singularly enough, to my thoughtless gaiety came an interruption.

I stood one evening near a window, a little wearied with dancing, still with the flush of conscious triumph on my cheeks, and a gay light kindling my careless eyes. My vague musings were scattered by a voice which said,

"And when the ancient tempter smiles,
So yield we our souls up to his wiles,
Alas, and woe is me!"

The voice was rich and low, with an undertone of sad melody. I had been introduced to the speaker for the first time that evening; but until now I had not noticed how handsome he was; what latent fire smouldered dreamily in his wide, dark eyes; what persuasive tenderness softened the curves of his mouth.

"Are you another sphinx, with a riddle for me to read?" I asked, lightly, affecting a carelessness I did not feel, for his words had given me a vague sense of discomfort—stirred my conscience, perhaps.

"No," the rich, low voice answered. "It is you who offer the riddle for my solution. I know something of you. Your thoughtful, studious, lonely girlhood had been spoken of in my presence before I met you. One naturally has a high ideal of a character formed by study, self-communion, and solitude; and now I find you here as gay as the gayest; as satisfied, apparently, with what is but the bead on the wine."

"And you kindly resolved," I said, a little bitterly, "to constitute yourself my Mentor? I fear I shall prove but a refractory disciple."

"I beg, Miss Chester, that you will not attribute to me a wish so conceited, or assign me a task so ungracious. Believe me, I, least of all, have any right to judge others. I can appreciate the highest order of character, but I do not possess it. Few men are more good-naturedly selfish; but the selfishness is very real.

I inherit from my mother a love of ease which is as strong as the Livingstone pride of birth, and the two make me a man of small philanthropy, of little true worth in the world."

I had cause to remember his words afterward. They were an honest warning; but I did not believe them. Their sole effect was to enlist my admiration for his humility. I suppose he read this thought in my eyes, for he smiled when he met them, and went on.

"You will see now that I could not have presumed to reprove *you*. I was only thinking, as I watched your face, that the world was getting fast hold of you as well as the rest of us; that you found it all the brighter, perhaps, for its very strangeness; and I borrowed that quaint, melancholy rhyme to clothe my thought. The martyrs are all dead; or, at least, they do not live in New York. We are much alike, poor moths hovering round a candle. But the candle is pitiless. If we come too near we shall scorch our wings, and then—Death finds the way short to a moth's vitals. Never mind, roses are just as sweet to-day though they fade to-morrow. *Vive la bagatelle!* They are striking up a Redowa, will you dance it with me?"

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Wales Livingstone. It did not end there. Before the season was over I was his promised wife. I found in him all I had been blindly seeking—peace, hope, rest, tender love, watchful care. Found them, or—thought so! What if the mirage be an illusion? Do its shining hills, its placid waters, its waving palms, gleam for that the less resplendently upon the traveler's vision? Nay, the truth were dull and bare in comparison. I owed him somewhat for that winter—he taught me what happiness was.

Few men possess in such lavish measure the power to fascinate. In all his moods—and his character was many-sided—he was charming.

We were daily together. We read and talked and sang. What a voice he had! Even now the memory of his singing steals over me, sometimes, like a spell of enchantment. In those days I worshiped him. Unconsciously I made him a tyrant, for my whole study in life was to know and do what would please him. That he loved me with equal devotion I did not question. Why should I, while he never passed an hour away from me when propriety would permit us to be together?

Aunt Langdon was a shrewd woman. She made little pretension to heart, but her insight into the nature of others was cruelly keen. One day she transfixed me with her cool blue eye. Her words followed her glance—as cool, sharp, and cynical.

"Are you very sure, child, that Mr. Livingstone's love equals your own?"

Why this question? My blood hurried, frightened, to my heart, and left my cheeks marble. I could only falter,

"What do you mean, Aunt Langdon? Why should it not?"

Perhaps she accepted the flag of truce my

white face hung out. Her answer was in a gentler tone, as if my very powerlessness had moved her pity.

"I hope it does, Marian; only it is well not to pay too large interest for what we receive. No man has a right to usury. And it is an old truth that those who lose most suffer most."

This was warning the second; was I likely to heed it, who had not heeded Wales Livingstone's reading of his own nature?

He came in soon after. I suppose the color had not come back to my face, for he looked at me inquiringly, and caressed me with more than his usual tenderness.

"Has any thing grieved my fair Marian?" he asked, as my head lay against his arm.

"What could grieve me, Wales, while you love me? But *do* you love me? Am I the world to you, as you are the universe to me?"

He looked into my eyes. It was a long gaze, and in it were many meanings. He spoke as seriously as I had done.

"I do not think I have ever deceived you, Marian. It is not in the nature of man, perhaps, to love as unselfishly and enduringly as woman; but I love you, and only you. I might not, under some circumstances, be happy with you: I am sure I could not, under any, without you."

His words puzzled me. Under some circumstances he might not be happy with me! What could he mean? He left me little time for speculation. He had brought with him a portfolio of exquisite foreign views—the work of an artist friend—and he began to talk to me about them, until presently I forgot every thing else in the fascination of his conversation. In description his power was singular. A little more of the heroic element would have made him a poet—a little patience and executive ability, and he would have been a painter. As it was, he *talked*, and, hearing him, you cared not any farther to call him to account for his talents.

With a sentence he unlocked for me the golden gates of the "far, fair foreign lands" where he had wandered in other years. I saw wildernesses of Southern blossoms; shadowy trees, haunted by birds whose wings had been stolen from orient rainbows; I heard songs of entrancing melody; I touched the hot sands of Eastern deserts, burning and golden as the sun; I shot with dusky boatmen down the swift current of Asiatic streams, or rested among the lotus blossoms and read Persian poets at midnight by a moon so bright that you ceased to wonder she had been worshiped.

And then, leaving me rapt in the spell of his eloquence, he went away; and I marveled, as I had done so many times before, how he, with all his rare gifts, his rich experiences, his power to choose whom and where he would, *had* chosen me.

My whole life was a trance-like dream until at last the awakening came.

I was with Mr. Livingstone as usual, one wild, wet day in March, when the tempest was keen-

ing outside with the prophetic voice of a Ban-shee. It was four in the afternoon when we heard my father's step in the hall. He did not enter the drawing-room, as was his habit, now that I had grown old enough to be a companion. He went, instead, directly to his own room overhead. At dinner-time he sent word that he could not come; he was not well and very busy. I might have thought strange of this had I been less absorbed—as it was, it gave me little concern.

We passed a happy evening together, I and my lover—an evening full of those sweet nothings, as indescribable and ineffable as the scent of a flower, but whose impalpable fragrance we cherish and inhale as eagerly as the first man might have done the breath of life, which to him, the chosen of all men, was the breath of God.

At breakfast, next morning, my father's seat was still vacant; and Aunt Langdon, remarking carelessly that he was overworking himself fearfully of late, ran up stairs to remonstrate with him. In a moment a shriek of horror burst from her lips, so wild, so shrill, that it seemed utterly to paralyze all my powers of motion. Instantly, almost, I recovered myself-command, and rushed after her to his room. The faint, sickly-sweet odor of Prussic acid was still in the air; an empty bottle was on the stand beside him, and on the bed, with no look of agony on his face—only the sad, strange ghost of a smile about the frozen mouth, and haunting the wide-open eyes—my father lay. Dead, by his own hand!

I had never drawn near to him—never received any of the sweet, paternal tendernesses which make so strong a tie between most fathers and daughters; yet there is an instinctive, natural affection inseparable from the knowledge of the relationship, and to me the shock was terrible. I will not linger over that awful day. His motives were briefly set forth in a note which he left for me. This I will copy:

"Marian, my child, I am ruined, dishonored, maddened. Fifteen years of speculation, in which every venture seemed to prosper, has come to this. My notes will be protested to-morrow. Health, good name, credit, hope, all gone—I can not live. I will not see the sun rise which will shine upon my disgrace. God help you, child; I can not. If I should live I could do nothing, even for myself. God and your mother forgive me for the ruin I have wrought. I have always loved you, Marian, even when I seemed cold. Do not hate your father."

I read these words with a strange calmness. Sudden and terrible as was the shock, it did not render me incapable of thought. I thought only too much. I seemed to see all—certain present—possible future—at a glance. I felt every hope slipping away from me, even the dearest. And yet I strove to convince myself it could not be that because disgrace enshrouded the name I bore Wales Livingstone would give me up. Were it on him the blow had fallen surely I should but cling to him the more closely. What right had I to reckon his love at a lower rate than mine? Still, reason as I would, a fell presentiment was winding its serpent coils about my heart, and every now and then it would erect

its head and look at me with its gleaming, baleful eyes.

For my father I mourned sincerely. His last words had brought me nearer to him, into more intimate communion with his heart than all the years of my previous life had done. I felt now how dear we might have been to each other had my mother lived for a connecting link between us. But for all mutual understanding it was too late now. No cry or sound could pierce through the long death-silence. God only knows whether, indeed, he had sinned willfully, shutting out hope from his own soul forever—or whether, under some malignant spell of transient insanity, the mad impulse had come upon him, and there was yet hope in his death. Thank Heaven for the merciful uncertainty in which such ends are shrouded! How many a heart has it saved from a life-long despair!

Not two hours after I read my father's last words Wales Livingstone came. The storm of yesterday had been followed by a morning blue and balmy as May. He had planned, it seemed, to enjoy it with me. He rode a fiery horse, which displayed his admirable horsemanship to the best advantage, and a groom led another with a lady's saddle.

I met him in the hall.

"I can not ride to-day, Wales," I said, as I answered his greeting. "Please send the horses away and come in."

Commanded to instant compliance by my manner, he moved to the door and obeyed me. Then he came back and led me into the drawing-room, where we had passed so many hours together—hours beside whose brightness all the rest of my life seemed dim and cold.

"What is it, Marian?" he asked, drawing me toward him tenderly.

For all answer I placed in his hand my father's note. With wide eyes, taking in all the horror, he read it slowly through.

In his surprise and consternation his arm had fallen away from me, and he forgot, much as I needed his sympathy, to take me back to the heart where I had hoped for shelter. He sat still in blank stupor.

After a while, finding his presence, to which I had looked for solace, a restraint and a burden rather, I suggested, with bitterness in my heart and my words, that perhaps he had better go away. He could not do any good, and as it was not *his* sorrow, why should he spend his day in that darkened, stricken house? He accepted my suggestion, apparently ignoring its irony, and only saying, as if he had detected no latent satire in my words, that of course it *was* his sorrow in a certain way, since it was mine and I was his; but as he could do no good by staying, perhaps he *had* better leave me.

So he went. He gave me a kiss at parting. Was it the coldest one his lips had ever left on mine, or did it only seem so to my foreboding fancy? God pity the woman who has dreamed that she leaned on a strong staff, and when the hour of trial comes, and there is but that to

bridge the chasm between her and despair, finds it only a broken reed!

I hardly know how the days passed on for a week after that day.

I sent for a lawyer whom I knew my father had occasionally employed, and placed all the business arrangements in his hands. "Of course," I told him, "every thing was to be given up—books, furniture, musical instruments, paintings. I desired nothing for myself. The only wish I had was that he should spare my father's memory as much as was in his power, and manage the business with as little loss as possible to others."

The day after my father was buried I received, through my attorney, a message from the creditors, begging me to reserve for my own use my piano, my private library—all my personal effects, in short; and any souvenirs of my parents to which I attached a particular value. Moreover, they desired that I would retain undisturbed possession of the house for a month or two—or until I had had plenty of time to arrange for my future.

By the advice of Lawyer Van Ness I accepted these generous propositions, though all that I would consent to retain for myself was my own clothes, my piano, a few cherished books, and the portraits of both my parents.

I talked over my plans for the future with Aunt Langdon, and we settled that I should remove with her in two weeks to the house of her husband's sister, in the pleasant country town of Aurora.

"There," she said, "there will be no difficulty in your being independent. Mrs. Clayton is, like me, a childless widow. She will be glad of our company. I have property enough to make myself comfortable, and, with your talents, you could be sure of quite a yearly income from music scholars, if Mr. Livingstone should not insist on being married at once."

I felt her cool, shrewd blue eyes reading my face, and I knew I blushed under their searching glance. But I answered, as quietly as she had spoken, that her plan pleased me, and I should follow it; for of course—whatever Mr. Livingstone might say—I could not think of marriage until after my year of mourning had expired.

During all my stay in New York my betrothed came to see me daily. He did not remain long at these interviews, however. I did not wonder at this, for I saw now that his nature had nothing in common with grief. Of course sorrow, of one kind or another, is possible to every human being. On a battle-field every sword is likely to meet the shock; but when you see whether it bends or breaks you can tell the temper of the blade. Suffering is inseparable from humanity; but it is only the deepest natures which claim kinship with it and recognize its angelic mission. Others wear it uneasily, as Sinbad carried the Old Man of the Sea, and cast about anxiously for the first opportunity of shuffling it off.

Of this latter class was Wales Livingstone. Despite the dangerous sweetness of his manner, the low richness of his voice, the fire in his eyes, and the bland persuasion of his words, when you strove to sound where you thought the deep, still waters lay, you found it required but a very short line. He had loved me when youth and novelty had conspired, for the passing hour, to make me attractive to the rest of the world. Perhaps he loved me still, but there was something sadly incongruous with his pleasure-seeking nature in the darkened rooms and the blanched, weary face, shadowed still more by mourning garments. So he just came daily—asked tenderly for my health—murmured a few protestations of love and sympathy—gave me kisses which left a bitter tang on my lips because I believed them the cold offspring of custom and duty—and went away.

It was singular how much more real comfort I found in the practical suggestions and straightforward, unobtrusive kindness of Lawyer Van Ness.

I had never met him in society, and I knew him, until the day I summoned him to our house of mourning, only by name. He was a hard-working man in his profession; the farthest possible remove from any thing like a squire of dames, though thoroughly gentleman-like; well-born, being the son of an old Knickerbocker family, left penniless by the princely tastes of his father, and climbing by hard work and social self-denial slowly back to wealth again. All this I had heard my father say of him; and I sent for him because I knew that I should find in him shrewd wisdom, united to integrity, beyond a question.

It needed but to see him to acknowledge his strength. It appeared in his muscular, well-knit figure; it looked out of his clear, gray eyes—eyes which seemed to see all but reveal nothing; you heard it in his firm footstep, and the resonant ring of his voice; you felt it in the strong, encouraging clasp of his hand. Meeting him as I did, only on business, I saw that, without being in the least what one calls fascinating, he was a man whom I should like to have for my friend—one on whom those whose right it was could rely without fear or trembling—no reed which the first shock might break; a strong staff, rather, with heart of oak. He was of inestimable comfort and service to me in that season of trial; and it was no mere form of words when I expressed my indebtedness to him, and assured him of the grateful remembrance in which I should hold his name, as we shook hands at parting the day before I started for Aurora.

That evening was to be spent with Wales Livingstone. In the three weeks of sad excitement since my father's death but little had been said between us concerning our plans for the future, though I had told him that I was going with my aunt to her friends in Aurora as soon as that step had been decided upon. All this while I had been slowly growing into the conviction that our engagement was a burden to

him, and I had resolved that night to offer to release him from it.

He came, and, touched perhaps by the thought of our near parting, met me more tenderly than he had done in the whole three weeks preceding. Still the soft melancholy of that manner, the murmurous cadences of that voice whose every tone was a caress, could no more beguile me into self-forgetfulness, or lull me into false security. I must know all—the worst—and if I found he would accept of his freedom, he must have it: though I felt in that hour, looking on that handsome face, meeting the beguiling glances of those dark eyes, that to resign him would be to give up *all* that life held for me—to shut and bar the gates of my Paradise with my own hand.

During the few moments in which I was trying to collect my forces for the scene which must follow, he helped me by beginning of his own accord to question me about my future.

"These friends to whom you go, will they be kind to you, Marian? Are they both able and willing to make your life what it has been hitherto?"

The question stung me into momentary anger. It betrayed such an utter ignorance of my plans, even of those which I remembered confiding to him. I answered him sharply,

"They are Aunt Langdon's friends, not mine. She is the only relative I have left, and it is for convenience, respectability, the propriety of being with her, that I go to Aurora. I expect no assistance from her people, beyond possibly their aid in getting scholars, and the shelter of a roof, which I shall faithfully pay for."

"Pay for! Scholars! You, Marian Chester, teach—and what?"

"It seems to be the only resource left to me, Marian Chester," I said, with a perceptible irony pointing my words. "I shall teach music. I have Signor Barrilli's and Madame Stefani's estimates of my musical ability in my pocket. I think these credentials will help me to find pupils."

There were a few moments during which he sat in silence, and I watched the thoughts come and go on his face. How well I could read them! He loved me—I did not doubt that, nor have I ever in the long days since: but it was with such love as *he* could give—second, perhaps, to his love of pleasure; second, certainly, to the incense he burned forever to his true idol, himself. And yet, that self would find it hard to give me up. There was some satisfaction in that knowledge to my stung, tortured pride. He spoke at length:

"Forgive me, Marian, that I had not reflected sooner what your position was likely to be. It seems to me that we ought to be married at once. I can not consent to be living in luxury while you are toiling for your daily bread."

There was no more weakness at my heart just then. For the nonce I had conquered it. I answered him in firm, unfaltering tones:

"I think, on the contrary, that we ought not to marry at all. I know your nature too well to undertake to live with you on an income which you find only enough for yourself. With wealth enough, I might have made you happy; but you could not be happy with any woman in what you would call poverty. You would be restless and discontented, and I should be wretched. You know, in your own soul, that I speak the truth. I have been three weeks in coming to this conclusion, and now you can not change it. I do not blame you. It is not your fault. You are what your nature and your training made you; but I know you could never make sacrifices patiently. It is best to part before our memory of the Past holds any bitterness."

"Marian," he cried, with sudden energy, "Marian Chester, I thought you loved me too well to resign me so willingly! Will not poverty be as bitter for you as moderate self-denial for me? I know you are deciding the case wrongly."

"And I know I am not. Poverty does not frighten me. Better part with you now than see your love worn away hereafter by the slow friction of daily cares. I know, too, your Livingstone pride of birth. I should shame you if I married you. The world would never forget that my father died a bankrupt and a suicide. No, Wales, I have decided in love, not pride, and I know my decision is right for us both."

If I had hoped—and, being woman, perhaps I had—that he would, after all, refuse to resign me—that the strength and dignity of manhood's love would assert its sovereignty—its superiority to all false pride, all external show—I was undeceived, as I saw the look of conviction settle gradually into his face under my words. I grew firm and cold as marble. He expostulated with me, however; he even urged that, if I would not marry him then, our engagement should continue. What was the use? I looked through the thin veil of his words into his thought—his heart not false, but miserably weak. Better than all those subtle charms of manner, those wondrous graces, that beauty like the beauty of a dream, one throb of the rugged strength of a true manhood. And yet I loved him, him only, and I suffered. Remember how lonely and joyless my life had been in the midst of its splendor until he came, and with what fullness of promised blessing his love had dawned on me!

I suffered, but I was firm. No tie should exist between us—no future dream of possible union. I would not write to him, or preserve one relic of a past which must be dead to us both henceforth. I gave him back his ring. I brought his notes, and he burned them slowly before my eyes. He had nothing to restore. I had never written him—I had given him only my love. Alas that love should be the hardest gift on earth to reclaim!

Our parting was sadder on his side than on mine; at least he manifested more emotion, for his feelings lay nearer the surface. I went out

with him into the hall, as I had done so often before. He opened the door, and the April moonlight poured in; and so, wrapped in its silvery glory, I took my last look at him. For one instant, with the old freedom of betrothal, he put his arms around me, and kissed me, almost wildly, on lip and brow. When he turned away, with tears he could not hide, I did not weep. I could speak calmly, though, perhaps, my quiet tones were interfused with more of anguish than his tears.

"Good-by," I said; "good-by, Wales Livingstone. We part in peace. We can never be less than friends; and if there come any sad hours when the thought would comfort you, remember that you have held one woman's love!"

And so he went away, down the long, moonlighted street; and I, who had watched his steps so often, did not watch them this last time.

I went up stairs, and found Aunt Langdon in my room, where a bright fire was burning. I knew, though no words had been interchanged between us, that she waited anxiously to learn the result of the interview which was over. Better end it all then, I thought. It would save any pang in alluding to the subject hereafter. I stood near her by the fire, and, looking at her, I said:

"Butterflies do not live through storms, Aunt Langdon. Their wings are too gay to be waterproof. Some loves are butterflies. I hope I shall be pleased with Aurora, for it is likely to be my home."

She understood me without need of farther explanation. She took her light from the stand, and then, lingering a moment still, she came up to me and touched her lips to my forehead.

"I shall not want to part with you, Marian—no danger."

That was all. She knew I could not have borne sympathy, or even comment; and mentally I thanked her for her silence. I knew then that she was my friend; that, though there would never be any demonstration or much warmth between us, she honestly cared for me.

That night I slept as sweetly as an untroubled child. I know not why—I was not insensible—the stroke had been both keen and sudden, the wound it left would rankle long and deeply; yet Nature was merciful, and gave me the rest I needed. What though the morrow's waking must be to a memory of sharp pangs, of deathly agony, not one ghost of sorrow haunted my dreams.

That was the death of my love.

In some hearts love may die of slow decline—mine was not one of them. I had found weakness where I looked for strength; worldliness instead of heroism; selfishness instead of self-renunciation. When the prop failed me, as my nature was, I threw it away, and the tide down which it floated never gives back its treasures.

But if love was dead, anguish, despair, humiliation survived it long. If Wales Livingstone had followed me in a single week to pour out penitence and protestations at my feet, he

could not have kindled my dead love into even a momentary galvanized life. Yet, now that he had failed me, I wanted nothing more. The future held out no hope. I had spent all my lifetime's savings to buy the lucky number of which I had dreamed. The lottery had been drawn—my number was a blank.

What a summer of torture that summer was! How I hated its brightness! The mists rising blue and silvery on the hill-tops, and then kindled by the dawnlight into gold, and carmine, and violet—the soft ripples of the lake—the trees, lofty as the survivors of primeval forests—the balmy breath of flowers—the music of breeze and bird—how they all tortured me! Every sound of joy seemed such a heartless mockery to a heart which had no hope on earth, and had never striven for one in heaven.

And yet, bereaved of every other stay, my pride stood me in good stead. Aunt Langdon, I knew, would keep my secret, so far as she held it. But not even she should guess that the life, out of which Wales Livingstone's handsome eyes had faded, was empty as a tomb whence its tenant had arisen. I wore a smiling front. I returned all my calls, which were not few; for Aurora possessed a society not only refined and select, but in summer quite extensive. I made the slight effort which was necessary to secure pupils, and taught so successfully that I had to refuse more scholars than I could take.

Still I went at night to my room overlooking the lake, and listened there to the wail of my heart over its own desolation. I looked into the glass and smiled to see how my old charms were fading; how the blue rings were creeping under my eyes, and my lips were settling into hard, tense lines. I had a weary longing for death—I, who had never sought Heaven's light to illumine the land of silence lying beyond!

But with youth and health and active work such a state of things can not endure forever. In time there is balm more potent than that which stanchd all the wounds with such rare magic in the old romances. Sooner or later healing must come. It was borne to me on the fresh winds of the autumn. It was a long time before I realized the change that was being wrought; but insensibly I opened my sealed heart to its influence. I put aside my morbid repinings. The small, healthful cares of daily life resumed their interest for me, and more than once I felt again "that faint, involuntary thrill which we call happiness—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January."

Of any possible future love I never thought. To a proud heart, once bitterly and hopelessly disappointed, such a dream does not easily return: but I began to see that my life, as it was, was a very pleasant, and might be a very good life; and with this knowledge came an emotion of thanksgiving.

When the white splendors of winter burnished the lake with silver, covered the trees with diamonds, and folded hills and valleys in a robe of

mystic softness and purity, for the first time in my life they had a language for me beyond that of mere external beauty. They were the foreshadowing of splendors above and beyond words—the reflection from the great White Throne—and there was no room for regret at the dethroning of a human idol in the heart which had found God.

Yet do not think I had no sad hours. When we aspire for *perfect* happiness and satisfaction in the love that is beyond the earth, we aspire for immortality—for the reward which comes after the conflict of life is over, and which we can know here only by dreams and glimpses.

There were hours, many of them, in which I—without parents, or brothers, or sisters, or real home—felt very sad and lonely; when I longed to be near and dear to human hearts; to be able to contribute to the happiness of some household band; to feel that to some on earth my words and my presence were dear and precious. The human soul which has been alone and not felt the bitterness of such longings must be above or below humanity.

Still, this was but the occasional under-current, and, on the whole, I was more calmly, trustfully happy than I had ever been in my life. I do not except even the days when my love for Wales Livingstone had never been overshadowed by a doubt; for those were not days of peace and calm. Rapture, rather than happiness, would best describe them; or, perhaps, the vision-seeing intoxication of the earlier stages of opium-eating, or the blissful delirium produced by hasheesh.

When the spring came again I was ready to welcome it—to rejoice in the general resurrection—to feel my own pulses bound with a life kindred to that which leaped in the brook and stirred in the trees.

The summer followed and brought me a friend.

II.

I sat alone in my room one July evening, watching the lake, with the moon silvering its waters, and indulging in a sort of poetical rhapsody—a banquet of memory, compounded of all the delicious bits of word-painting about water and moonlight which I could recall. I was repeating a fragment from Keats, the very poet of the moon, when a knock at my door broke the stanza in twain. I read by the moon-rays the name on the card which was handed me—"Hendrick Van Ness."

I struck a light and consulted my mirror with a real womanly solicitude about my appearance for almost the first time since I left New York. I was glad to see that the color and freshness had come back to my cheeks and the youth-light to my eyes—that I was looking well, in my white muslin dress, with the pink flowers knotted on my bosom, and trailing their sweetness through the braids of my hair. I had not seen or heard from Mr. Van Ness since our parting the day before I went to Aurora; but I was heartily glad of his coming. He was

a man whom I honored, and who had been most kind to me in days when I sorely needed kindness.

I went down stairs and met his pleasant gray eyes, his genial smile—felt the strong, warm clasp of his hand. He seemed to bring with him an atmosphere bracing as mountain air. I passed a happy evening.

In the course of it I learned that he had come to Aurora for the summer; he had a law-book to compile, he needed rest, and he had no engagements from which he could not break away. So he had given himself a holiday. I asked, simply enough, how it chanced that he had selected Aurora to pass it in. Because of the promise it held out of society, he said. It was the only country place where he knew any one. Here he had an old college friend with whom he was to board; and he had remembered, moreover, that it was my place of abode, and had anticipated the pleasure of calling on me now and then: had he been too presumptuous? Of course I expressed the welcome which I felt, and begged him to come to Mrs. Clayton's whenever he had nothing pleasanter to do.

This proved to be very often. That he cared for me beyond a warm friendship he gave me no reason to suspect; but he certainly liked my society, and we passed a great many happy hours together.

He was not fascinating. He possessed none of Wales Livingstone's peculiar gifts. He loved music, but he never sang or danced; he had been too busy, he said, to pay court to the graces. His conversation was trenchant and terse rather than pictorial. He had never traveled, and if he had, much as his soul might have opened to the wonders and splendors of other lands, long and faithfully as it might have reflected them, he could never have revealed these memories other than by chance glimpses; never could have made poems or pictures of them. Yet I enjoyed hearing him talk. His ideas of right were so lofty, and you were never pained by any fear of his falling short of his own standard; his judgment was so clear and comprehensive; his love for humanity so combined the zeal of the reformer with the tempered wisdom of the philosopher that it was no wonder, as his character unfolded before me, I began to think him the noblest type of manhood I had ever met.

Yet his declaration of love, when it came, was an utter surprise to me. I had never guessed the secret of his heart. Like all men of such strength, such firmness, such latent power, his nature, when once you stood face to face with it, was full of fire and fervor; a fire which no mere breath could put out; which, once kindled, must burn on till death. I do not think he meant to reveal it to me at that time, but the impulse was too strong to be resisted.

I was asking him one afternoon about his life; how long he had been so alone in the world; and how he had borne solitude and toil with such brave patience, not growing soured or

world-wearied, or losing at all the freshness of his delight in Nature, in the mere sense of existence.

He looked at me a moment, and his gray eyes, which I had once thought revealed nothing, fairly flashed into light—grew luminous with splendor.

"Because, Marian"—he called me by my name for the first time—"I have never looked forward to loneliness. I have always felt that I was toiling for some one besides myself; some beloved, unknown one. Since I saw you I have felt who she must be if she ever came. Could you love me, Marian?"

The words were not so much. I had been wooed in a strain far more eloquent and impassioned; but I saw, looking out of the clear, steadfast eyes, the true, steadfast, manly heart; and I knew that heart was mine. I understood now, for the first time, what were my own feelings toward him; knew that the love-dream of my youth was but a vision, a delirium, compared to this deep tenderness of which my whole soul was full. It had slept until now, unrecognized in my heart, gathering daily strength and nourishment from his presence; now it confronted me, strong as my life, immortal and quenchless as my soul.

But not yet could I allow myself the joy of putting my hand in his—of hearing him bless me as his own. He must know my whole heart, and choose me, if at all, out of that full knowledge. So I told him the story of my acquaintance with Wales Livingstone, as I have told it here. I did not keep back one throb of that early joy—one emotion of love, or grief, or wounded pride. I laid my heart in his hands, and he read it like an open book. Then I paused and waited, as a criminal does for his sentence. His words were like himself.

"Perhaps I had pleased my fancy, Marian, with the hope of winning first love—most men do. I can resign that; but I *must* have last love, best love. Can you give it to me? Can I make you so happy that no thought of contrast or longing will ever wander sadly toward that early dream?"

Was it Heaven's bounty which sent me, at that moment, the power so to answer him that no possible doubt could ever at any future hour shadow his trust in my love?

Just then Aunt Langdon, returning from her after-dinner walk, came into the room, and, seeing us engaged in conversation, merely put into my hands a letter, and retired.

"It is from Wales Livingstone," I said, recognizing the familiar chirography—"his first since our parting."

"Then I would rather you should read it alone. I will not take your answer to my question until this evening."

And so he went away, and I read my first love's letter and answered it alone.

These were the two epistles which I handed that night to Hendrick Van Ness, and bade him read. The first only will surprise you:

"I write to you, Marian Chester, the only woman I ever loved, to communicate a change in my circumstances. Last week my uncle Japhet died. By some strange freak in will-making he passed over brothers and sisters, and countless nephews and nieces, leaving the whole of his large property to me. I am rich now beyond my most extravagant desires.

"If this had happened a year and five months ago you would not now be teaching music in Aurora—I should not be weary of life because you do not share it. You would be my wife, and we should both be happy. I have *not* been happy without you. It was your fault that we parted. You were so resolved that I had not enough energy to battle with your convictions. I knew then that I should never love again; but I did not know how little comfort I could find in a life without love. I have missed you every day, every hour. Without you I am restless, discontented, miserable. With you my life would be one dream of joy.

"You know, do you not, why I am writing this? The sole barrier which existed between us—the sole objection you made to fulfilling our engagement—is removed. I have been loyal to your memory—my heart is yours yet more entirely than when we parted; is there any reason now why I may not claim the promise you gave me less than two years ago?

"Am I making too sure that *your* heart has been as faithful as my own? I know you loved me, Marian. You told me so, even on that last night. You are not the style of woman to change easily. I believe that I do you but justice when I trust in your constancy. You will not, through any false pride, blight your own life and mine. I shall be poorer than ever unless you share my wealth. I *will* make you happy. You shall never have an unfulfilled wish, and for me you shall be the one priceless joy of life.

"I wait only for your permission to come to you. Let me find you my own, and be parted from you nevermore.

"WALES LIVINGSTONE."

It was a letter, with all its faith in my love, its allusions to the past, to test to the utmost the generosity of Hendrick Van Ness's nature. His face revealed nothing of his emotions as he read, only he turned, with illy-suppressed eagerness, to my answer:

"MR. LIVINGSTONE, MY FRIEND—for when we parted I told you we could never be less than friends—I have received and read your letter. I thank you for the honor done me by your faithful remembrance. I rejoice in your good fortune, and I can never be indifferent to your happiness. For the rest, I must deal honestly with you.

"When we parted my love died. I do not change easily, it is true, but to me that parting was no little thing. It was my hour of utmost need. You failed me. That you did so I said then, and repeat now, was the fault of your nature, your training—not your heart. Then or now I never blamed you. But the fact that you did so fail me remains; and had you written me in one week the letter I received to-day it would have been as vain then as it is now.

"I had hours of bitter sorrow after our parting; but strength and happiness followed it in time; and now—for I will conceal nothing—love has come once more to my life: a love stronger and higher than the old one, by as much as the woman's nature is stronger and loftier than the girl's. When we meet again, please God, I shall be the wife of another.

"I know now that Heaven and Nature never meant us for each other; therefore I can hope for you also a second love, which shall be the first love's resurrection; nobler, purer, more fortunate. Assure yourself of my good wishes—my friendship, which will never fail you—and, for the past as well as the present, my thanks.

"MARIAN CHESTER."

"Are you satisfied?" I said, as Mr. Van Ness handed me back the two letters.

"I am satisfied. God has given me my heart's desire."

I saw his lips move, and I knew they breathed

a silent thanksgiving to the Infinite Mercy which he never failed to acknowledge. Then his full eyes sought my face.

"Marian loves me—Marian is mine?" I think my eyes answered him.

I went back to the city that fall as Mrs. Van Ness. In the two years which have passed since my life has fulfilled all its promises. I look for-

ward to the future without fear. God is over all, and the heart and the strength of my husband sustain me.

I have not seen Wales Livingstone. Soon after the reception of my letter he went to Paris. I hear he intends to reside there. He is right. Parisian life is the only fit atmosphere for such a sybarite. Peace go with him, and to you, reader, a blessing and farewell!

PAST AND PRESENT.

AND Arthur is coming home, Alice, I think I heard you say?
 Arthur, the son of our neighbor, with whom you used to play:
 He went to the war last summer; I wondered at it then,
 That a boy should go to battle, when they used to send only men.

So strange it seems, little Alice, as I watch you standing there;
 Why, you are almost a woman, a woman grown, I declare!
 Strange, indeed, when I think of it—'tis a long, long time, I know—
 I stood just where you are standing, nearly fifty years ago.

Stood there awaiting my Willie, your grandfather, Alice; for he
 Had been off a-fighting the British—we beat them on land and sea.
 The elm-tree there by the gate, darling, was not what it is to-day,
 Its bark was smooth like a sapling's, and now it is rugged and gray.

Ah! things have changed, little Alice; the sunlight seems less fair
 As it falls through the vine's thick leafage, and tangles itself in your hair,
 The days, too, seem to me shorter, and the notes of the birds less bold—
 But it may be I'm growing old, dear, it may be I'm growing old.

And now as I think of it, Alice, and recall it all to mind,
 I was wondrously like what you are—wondrously like, I find.
 Older, of course; a woman: what age are you, did you say?
 Eighteen! Why that was my age—just eighteen years and a day.

For I remember my birthday had come on the one before—
 The years of our lives, say the Scriptures, at best are only four-score,
 And I have numbered of mine nearly three-score years and ten—
 Girls were much older in those days, girls were much older then;

For we had spoken of marriage before Will went away,
 And he had asked me to wed him, asked me to name the day;
 And you—it seems but a fortnight since I held you, a babe, on my arm,
 A rosy-faced, dimpled infant, and carried you over the farm.

Eighteen, did you say, little Alice? Are you sure you have made no mistake?
 I should certainly think I was dreaming, were I not sure I'm awake.
 And your mother, now you remind me, was younger even than I
 When she married; yes, you are right there—how swiftly the years go by!

What was I saying?—that you, Alice, are like what I used to be?
 One wouldn't think to see us you could ever resemble me;
 But time works wonderful changes; and this afternoon I seem
 To live over again the past, Alice, as though in a pleasant dream:—

To watch your grandfather's coming, a girl once more, where you stand—
 Come sit here beside me, daughter; so, now let me take your hand—
 Seven long years since he left me, perhaps before seven more
 I, too, shall have crossed Death's river, to stand on the further shore.

Do I sadden you, Alice, my darling? but Arthur will come by-and-by—
It is not a matter for grief that a poor old woman must die.
And Arthur will tell us of battles. You will like to hear, I know,
How at Lundy's Lane we met them, and gallantly routed the foe.

At Lundy's Lane, did I say, Alice? I see I am dreaming again;
That was one of your grandfather's stories—they are always haunting my brain:
I used to hear them so often, so very often, in truth,
My good man talked in his old age far more than he did in his youth.

And you have heard them too, Alice, when you used to sit on his knee;
I have marked your eye grow bright when he told of a victory.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were the words the minister said,
But at times I think I see him, and doubt if he be dead.

Much there is which to me seems amiss that I can't understand;
Who would ever have thought of a civil war in the land?
Of a time like this when one hardly knows a foe from a friend,
When brothers fight against brothers—God only knows where 'twill end!

Shame on a traitorous people, say I, who would dare to assail
A government like to our own: Heaven grant the right may not fail!
And hasten the promised time when strife and contention shall cease—
That Golden Age of the prophet when the world shall be at peace.

And Arthur, you say, little Alice, is coming and soon will be here.
What are you looking that way at, and why do you tremble, my dear?
The sun is bright above us, and the air so calm and still,
I can hear the big wheel turning in the hollow down at the mill.

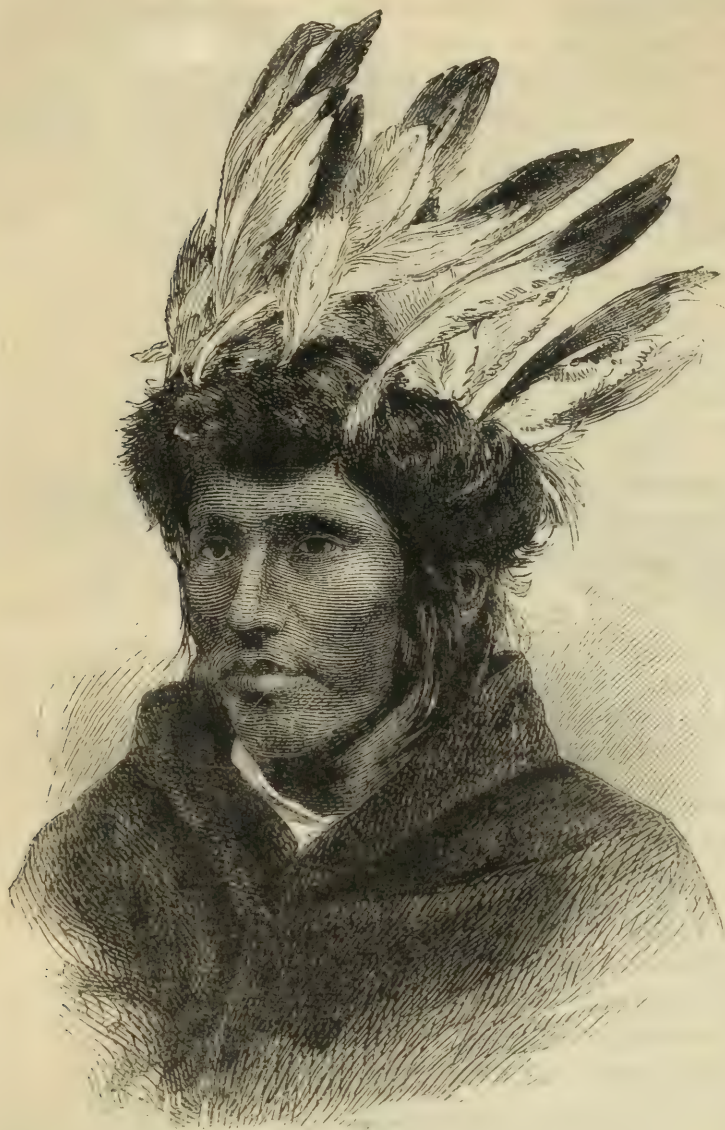
Who is that in the lane, Alice, coming this way, do you think?
Yonder close to the well-sweep, where the cattle stop to drink.
Through that same lane, returning, my Willie, your grandfather, came,
When the west, like a fiery furnace, was red with the sunset's flame.

Nearly fifty years ago, my darling, of mingled grief and joy:
This can not be Arthur, surely; for Arthur was only a boy;
A boy with a beardless face, and not the man that I see.
He is coming in at the gate, Alice; I wonder who it can be!

Why, the child is off down the path—whatever on earth is this!
It wasn't considered in my day exactly the thing to kiss,
Unless a brother or husband, or maybe a lover—I know
I always kissed my Willie when he used to come and go.

And then it was here in the shadow, not out there where they stand;
And the second time he kissed me he placed this ring on my hand.
But the ways of the world are changed in these latter years, I find.
Upon my word, it is Arthur!—how could I have been so blind?

Ah! there is no such blindness as that which comes with years;
And the world, though changed in some things, is unchanged in one it appears.
Love rules the camp and the court, the poet has said in his rhyme,
And love is the same to-day as it was in my girlhood's time.



HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a chief of the Chippewa (formerly Ojibway) Indians, came to Father Gear, then army chaplain at Fort Snelling, bringing his little boy of about fifteen years, with the request that the good clergyman should take the child and educate him in the arts of peace and civilization, and the religion of Christ. This chief was Pu-go-na-ke-shick, or Hole-in-the-Day, the elder, the father of the subject of this sketch. Originally he had been a common Indian; but by his prowess on the war-path against the Sioux (formerly Dacotahs), the hereditary enemies of his tribe, by his daring in battle, and his oratory in council, he had become an O-gemah, or war-chief of the nation. He was an Indian of superior presence and ability; in personal appearance and achievement he would have ranked with the historical characters of the red race.

Once he headed a war party who launched their canoes on the swift waters of the upper Mississippi at his call, without knowing where he would lead them. When near the place of his enterprise, he explained to them a bold and daring plan, and told them they might

follow him or stay behind, as they chose. Only two of his warriors volunteered to share the danger. With these he pushed on, crept by stealth, in open day, into the midst of a Sioux village, near the present site of St. Paul, where he shouted his war-whoop and fired his rifle. Imagine the confusion and consternation of the moment, the wild indignation and the hot pursuit. A hundred warriors were on his track before the crack of his rifle had ceased to reverberate among the hills, and hunted him night and day, but in vain. For two days and nights he was in their country hiding, dodging, doubling on his track like a fox, often where his pursuers were in range of his rifle, but where he dared not reveal his hiding-place even for an enemy's scalp. At the end of this time he managed to cross the river on a log, with the loss of only his blanket. Ten days after his departure he returned to his people to tell them his wonderful exploit.

Bravery like this was unfortunately obscured by acts of cowardly treachery. By custom among these belligerent tribes, the hunting season is a time of armistice. Taking advantage of this custom, Hole-in-the-Day one night entered a Sioux *teepee*, partook of its hospitality, and laid down to sleep on the skins

spread for him by the unsuspecting inmates. It was a fatal confidence; they never saw another sunrise. He arose before they woke next morning, and tomahawked and scalped the whole family in cold blood.

In later years he seemed to become tired of such deeds and scenes of blood. Of his own accord he came to the officers at Fort Snelling, and asked their assistance and intercession to bring about a treaty of peace and amity between his nation and their hereditary foes. The officers of the fort lent their aid, and the two nations were brought face to face in council, under the walls of the fort. The sight of their ancient enemies was too much for the savage temper and untamed patience of the Sioux. By word, act, and gesture, in and out of council, they heaped abuse, insult, and derision on the Chippewas. A collision seemed inevitable. In spite of the large force of soldiery present, there remained scarcely a hope that the council ground would not be turned into a bloody battle-field. But Hole-in-the-Day proved a stoic. He sat unmoved in council. When he arose to speak he told them he did not heed their taunts nor listen to their insults. He came to make peace, and

nothing should induce him to do or say aught for any other purpose. He had yet another trial. A Chippewa warrior had eaten a poisonous root or plant, and died. The Chippewas, following the suggestions of superstition, at once conceived that the death of the brave was a judgment of the Great Spirit for having dared to think of making peace with their old enemies. If their chief was a stoic before, he now added the talent of the philosopher. He convoked his people in council, calmed and dissipated their heathenish fears, and explained to them that the event was not supernatural; that, as the leaves, the trees, the birds, and the beasts must all die, so the bravest brave and wildest warrior, though he escape arrow and scalping-knife, must yet leave prairie and river and go to the hunting grounds of the happy. His firm calmness was more powerful than the savage wrath of the Sioux. The treaty of peace was concluded, and for several years the tomahawk was buried and a feud stayed, which had been and yet is so deep and bitter, that there remains no tradition of its beginning, and no guess at the number of its victims.

It is sad to know that fate does not always favor and foster the good impulses of bad men. As already written, the Chippewa chief brought his son to the good chaplain at Fort Snelling. He was tired of war, he said, and disgusted and sickened with blood. He wanted his people to become peaceful, civilized, and prosperous. He wanted his son taught the ways and the knowledge of the white man, so that he in turn might teach them to his nation. But Father Gear, though his heart warmed and quickened at the Indian's desire for usefulness and good, had neither the money nor facilities to undertake the support and education of the boy. He gave all he could—good advice; but this was not enough. So father and son went back to their *teepee*—to their idleness, their filth, their savage instincts and traditions. The father learned to know and to like the fire-water of the pale-faces, and a few years after a barrel of whisky fell upon him and killed him.

The son—whom his father called “Que-wesans”—“The Boy,” by which name he is still known among the Indians, but who now calls himself “Hole-in-the-Day,” after his father—in time grew up to assume the chieftainship of one of the bands of Chippewas. His shrewdness and intelligence attracted the attention of the white traders and officials who came in contact with him. The notice which they bestowed upon him to secure his friendship, and through him that of his band and tribe, gave him much influence with the Indians, and excited his vanity and ambition to become the recognized chief of the whole Chippewa nation. To this end he has for several years steadily directed his energies with a skill in diplomacy and intrigue rarely found among the Indians. To effect his purposes he knew he must also gain position and influence with the whites. By the treaty of 1855, at which time the Chippewas were removed to reservations further north on the Mis-

issippi, he managed to secure the grant of a section of land in his own right, as his share of the compensation. This he located on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite the Indian Reservation, which lies on the west side of the river, and about two miles from the village of Crow Wing, the northernmost one on the Father of Waters. Here he has until lately made his home. With the money the Government paid him as an annuity, and that which he obtained in the way of presents and bribes from traders and agents, he built a handsome frame-house, bought a gold watch, a pair of horses, and a carriage. He had nominally but one wife; the other five squaws about his house were his servants—so he explained to the whites. In part he adopted civilized dress, and visited on neighborly terms many families in Crow Wing and St. Paul. He was always ready to accept an invitation to tea, and frequently inquired into the details of civilized cookery, with a view to improve the culinary skill of his squaws. A prominent lawyer in St. Paul was his attorney and business adviser. He acquired some facility in the English language; and when moved by the impulse of special friendliness, or warmed by the mellowing influences of “fire-water,” he would talk in the pale-face tongue. But when in the “sulks” he would sometimes sit a whole evening at a friend's fireside mute as a statue, only vouchsafing a sentence or two, through the medium of his interpreter, in unalloyed Ojibwa.

Two years ago his favorite wife, and soon after one of his children, died. They were decently coffined and interred by the Episcopal clergyman at Crow Wing, with the burial rites of the Church. The chief seemed much affected by his loss, and in conversations with the clergyman told him he did not believe the religious traditions of the Indians, and desired to learn more of the white man's faith. About this time he signed a temperance pledge, and kept it faithfully for some three months.

Among other things in which Hole-in-the-Day learned to imitate white men was to dabble a little in politics. The Legislature of Minnesota, by special Act, made him a citizen of the State. As such he had a right to vote at State and local elections, and his name is recorded on the Crow Wing poll-book as H. DAY, Esq. In the last Presidential election he is said to have been quite zealous in the Republican cause; with what effect can not perhaps now be reduced to evidence. His electioneering had one fault; he mixed the rather incongruous elements of Republicanism and whisky too freely. The latter made his tongue so thick as to render his English nearly unintelligible. “Pemmican all right,” he said, going about Crow Wing one day a little too full of adulterated patriotism. “Pemmican all right; Governor —, Judge —, and me, all good pemmican.” That he thought his own political influence valuable is shown by the fact that he came to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Paul after the election, recounted the services rendered the new

Administration, and did not omit to mention the pecuniary remuneration which he conceived he ought to receive therefor.

He has made several journeys to Washington to see the "Great Father of the Nation," and all the wonders of civilization, in which he has always evinced a peculiar interest, and the seeing which undoubtedly led him to adopt so many civilized habits. But he did not always regard them as improvements. Only last spring he was again in the "City of Magnificent Distances," and saw among other sights our splendid army of the Potomac. Like all great warriors—whether on paper or on the battle-field—he had his own ideas of "strategy." "All no good," he said; "give me fifty thousand men, I fix 'em. I put five thousand dere, I put tree thousand dere, I put five thousand dere; I fix 'em." He would have hunted rebels as he hunted Sioux, in ambush or with swift and sudden surprise. "Somebody would have been hurt."

Let not the reader hastily suppose that this attrition with civilization has made our savage a gentleman. In all essentials he is still an Indian. He consorts sufficiently with his people to be thoroughly identified with them, and to secure their respect and obedience. He retains all the characteristic peculiarities of the Indian dress, the long hair, the leggins, the moccasins, and last but not least, the blanket, the leaving off or wearing of which now forms the chief distinction between the civilized and uncivilized red man. When among Indians he is never betrayed into a word of English. On the hunt one of his squaws follows him to carry the spoils of the chase; at home they cultivate his garden and do his household drudgery.

Hole-in-the-Day is no tyro on the war-path. The old tribal hatred still burns in the hearts of Chippewas and Sioux with unquenchable fire. They hunt each other still, with the fox's cunning and the tiger's ferocity, in the depths of the forest, on the open prairie, in the very heart of white settlements. Within a few years the inhabitants of a village on the Mississippi heard, at dead of night, the death-shrieks of a family of eleven Chippewa Indians living on an island within stone's-throw, who were crept upon, murdered, and scalped by a party of Sioux. Later still, the inhabitants of a village on the Minnesota River stood for half a day on its banks the spectators of a battle on the other side of the stream between a war party of Chippewas and another of Sioux. It is no uncommon thing for whites to witness the drunken orgies of a real scalp-dance. War chiefs flaunt their notched eagle plumes in the streets of the State capital, and bring their hairy and bloody trophies to the photographers to make pretty pictures for curiosity hunters.

Within three or four years a war party of ten Sioux came up to the Chippewa Reservation on a scout after scalps. Nearly a fortnight they haunted the neighborhood of Hole-in-the-Day's house, hoping to make him a prize. But they were unsuccessful, and were at length obliged

to start home without trophies. On their way down the prairie, some distance east of the town of Little Falls, they came to the grave where old Hole-in-the-Day was buried. Enraged at their disappointment, they dug up the bones of the chief, kicked them about on the prairie, and offered them such insults as their superstitious brutality could devise. To an Indian a grave is a sacred thing. If young Hole-in-the-Day could have overlooked their quest after his own scalp-lock he could not forgive their outrage on his father's ashes. When it came to his knowledge his blood boiled at the affront. He immediately organized a war party, donned his paint and feathers, and started in pursuit.

On the occasion of one of his visits to Washington President Pierce had presented him with a very fine, effective weapon, a six-chambered Colt's revolving rifle, of the latest pattern, perfect in its workmanship and appointments. It is a plain piece, devoid of all ornament. No paint stains the black walnut stock, and neither gold nor silver disfigures its iron and steel completeness; but light, compact, and strong, it responds to the touch and eye. It at once became his pet plaything and weapon, dearer to his savage heart than his prettiest squaw. In his muscular grasp its weight was but as a feather; but with his quick eye trained in daily practice, and his rigid muscles hardened in sun and storm, it became a sort of Jupiter's rod from which he shook out leaden thunder-bolts at will. He would shoot prairie-chickens on the wing with it, and drop his birds right and left as expertly as if he had had a double-barreled "Manton," charged with a whole handful of No. 8.

Having selected his warriors for the expedition, he started them down the Mississippi in their birch-bark canoes. He himself went to his house, bade his squaws harness his horses, and taking his "Colt" into the carriage with him, drove leisurely down the prairie to "Luther's" tavern, not far above Little Falls, where he left his carriage to be sent back home, and where his warriors in the bark flotilla, which the river's rapid current had borne to that point, joined him. With cunning wood-craft they found and followed the trail of the returning Sioux, down and across the river, and up into the Sauk Valley, until their path lay along a low ridge, between two almost adjoining lakes. Here he waited for them in ambush, and greeted their arrival with the war-whoop and the quick successive discharges of his "Colt." When the battle was over, and the party counted the slain Sioux, five of the scalps belonged beyond question to the chief with his revolving gun. The sixth Indian corpse also contained his ball; but as it had likewise been hit by a buckshot from the gun of one of his warriors, he generously gave him the scalp.

The next morning Hole-in-the-Day was seen quietly riding home in the stage which carries a tri-weekly mail to Crow Wing, having with him an Indian boy who bore a sack. "Boy," said one of the white passengers pointing to it,

"what have you got in that sack?" The boy said nothing, but drew his forefinger significantly across his throat. The sack contained the heads of three of the fallen Sioux; the other two scalps, still reeking with blood, hung at Hole-in-the-Day's girdle.

A sad tragedy connects itself indirectly with the chief's later history. A quarrel had gradually grown up between him and the Indian Agent of the Chippewas. Hole-in-the-Day determined to get rid of the Agent, went to Washington, and preferred charges of fraud and corruption against him. An investigation was promised, and he returned home. Pending the delay two of his braves went to the Agency and killed several cattle. This incensed the Agent, who, in turn, sent an order to the military commandant of Fort Ripley to have the chief arrested. A file of soldiers was started to execute the order; they succeeded in finding and securing one of his Indian henchmen, and also his gun, which the henchman happened to be carrying. Hole-in-the-Day, however, saw the proceeding from an eminence, hurried home to his house, quickly put his squaws and children into several canoes, and started across the Mississippi River just as the soldiers came up. They leveled their guns at the party, and ordered Hole-in-the-Day to stop and surrender himself. He did not obey; but pushing across the river, leaped out of his canoe, drew his pistol, and fired at the soldiers, who promptly returned the shots. But the Indian had been too quick; he had dodged into the bushes and escaped unhurt.

As may be supposed, this hostile skirmish did not mend matters. The whole border at once took alarm. The settlers gathered up their guns and weapons, barricaded their doors and windows, and packed up their movables, to be ready to leave at a moment's warning. About this time the Sioux broke out in open war against the whites; and although the Reservation was a hundred and fifty miles distant, the panic spread itself to this point. Women and children were gathered together in the towns, breast-works and block-houses were built, nightly guards and patrols established, and every precaution taken against a serious outbreak. The impending troubles and dangers so wrought upon the brain of the Agent that he became deranged, fled from the Agency, traveled at break-neck speed down the Mississippi, crossing and recrossing the river, and intensifying the panic by telling wild and incoherent stories that the Indians were not only pursuing him, but attacking the settlements. Two or three days later he was found dead in the grass near the roadside, a pistol lying by him, and having a frightful wound in his side. To all appearance he had shot himself in a fit of insanity.

Hole-in-the-Day meanwhile had not been idle. Enraged at the attempt to arrest him, and at being fired upon, he at once dispatched runners to the different bands of the Chippewas at Leech Lake, at Otter Tail Lake, and at Rabbit Lake, to kill all the whites, rob their stores and dwell-

ings, and join him at once with their warriors at Gull Lake, some thirty miles from the Government Agency. The order to rob was promptly obeyed; every thing in the stores, at the Mission, and in the dwellings at Leech Lake was either seized or destroyed. The whites were taken prisoners, and their fate was debated in council. The young men clamored for their death; but two of the old chiefs, Big-Dog and Buffalo, earnestly plead for and finally saved their lives. They were brought as prisoners to Gull Lake, and afterward released and sent to the settlements. Two other chiefs, at other points, also evinced their friendship for the whites: Bad-Boy, who opposed Hole-in-the-Day's action in council, and who, with his family and three of his braves, was compelled to flee to Fort Ripley for protection, and Crossing-the-Sky, who warned and helped away the family of the German missionary at Rabbit Lake. The Indians now collected, and formed a camp of some four or five hundred warriors at Gull Lake, and soon afterward moved it down to within a few miles of the Agency and the village of Crow Wing.

This was the condition of things when Mr. Dole, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who happened to be at St. Paul on an entirely different mission, hearing of the troubles, went up to the Chippewa Reservation to see if admonition and good counsel would not allay the turbulence of the Indians, and preserve the peace of that frontier. He went to Fort Ripley, and sent word to Hole-in-the-Day and his chiefs to come and meet him in council. For ten days, though the invitation was renewed from day to day, the chief returned dilatory, evasive, and negative answers. One day he would pretend to be displeased with the messenger; the next he would answer, "Give me my gun first;" the next he would reply that he had no answer to make, and so on. Finally, after nearly two weeks of parleying, he agreed to meet the Commissioner at Crow Wing with thirty or forty of his chiefs and braves.

On the 10th of September, 1862, the Commissioner, according to agreement, went there to hold the council. A company of about a hundred raw volunteers, who had not yet seen three weeks' service, had been previously stationed there. Perhaps twenty-five citizens in addition, who were there as spectators, were also armed in various ways. This was the whole available force of the whites.

At near noon the Indians appeared, having crossed at the ferry above the village where the Mississippi sweeps round to the northeast. They came on in irregular, straggling groups, chiefs and braves promiscuously intermingled, not following the road but the bank and beach of the river. A quarter of a mile above the village they halted for ten or fifteen minutes, some seating themselves and others sauntering idly about—for what purpose could not, at that distance, be clearly seen or divined. Some ascribed it to irresolution; others thought it was

for consultation. One thing, however, was plain: as one after another of the loiterers came up and joined the party, there were not only the thirty or forty that had been agreed upon, but at least triple that number. It was a picturesque group. The bold, high angle of bank and point of yellow sand-beach jutting out into the bend of the stream, and the shining and rippled expanse of its waters; the swarthy figures of the savages, in their varied and carelessly-graceful attitudes and costumes, clearly and sharply outlined against the dark-green background of pine foliage on the opposite side of the river, with occasional red and white blankets, making bright spots of color that lighted up the whole scene.

By-and-by they again began to move, and came down, in the same straggling procession, to a little valley in the village which had been indicated to them as the council-ground, and seated themselves in a long, irregular semicircle on its northern slope, facing the group of tents, and the soldiers and citizens on the other slope. They were scarcely half seated when two or three of them ran up to the river bank and shouted some signal or command in the direction of down the river. Judge the surprise of the whites present at seeing another party of Indians, nearly equal to that in front, appear as if by magic from among the bushes on the roadside, and stretch a line across and take possession of the road a hundred and fifty paces in the rear!

The trick of the red-skins was now plain; the party in front had waited on the river bank until the other could make a circuit through the woods so as to take position in the rear. As no treachery had at first been suspected by the whites, they had out neither guard nor picket to warn them of the movement. Afterward they learned that still another party of Indians of about the same number remained concealed in the woods and did not show themselves until they recrossed the river.

There were in all about one hundred and twenty-five whites who were armed; opposed to them were about three hundred Indians well armed after their fashion. One-third of them, perhaps, had guns; the others bows and arrows, war-clubs, tomahawks, and knives. Their bearing and manner were bold and confident. No sooner had the party in the rear appeared upon and taken possession of the road, which would have been the only avenue of retreat—for there was the river on the left and a hill on the right—than they stopped and detained as prisoners two white men of the neighborhood, who were coming into the village to be spectators at the council, and also stopped all transit from within the lines out toward the fort. A still worse sign now also manifested itself. Big-Dog and Buffalo, the only two chiefs who had shown any friendliness to the whites, were not with the Indians—they had been compelled to remain behind at the encampment.

Mr. Dole, the Commissioner, went forward

and met Hole-in-the-Day, who had advanced from among his men, and, through the interpreter, remonstrated with him against these strange and unusual proceedings, and demanded that the prisoners should be at once released, and the road opened to the free passage of all who might wish to come and go. The chief rather unwillingly assented, and dispatched a couple of his runners with the order; but when the Commissioner also requested him to have the Indians who were in the rear brought round to the front, he evaded a direct answer, saying he was anxious to avoid any difficulty, and that he could not control their action. So there was no alternative but to make the best of a bad dilemma and go into council.

In these latter days Indian councils are shorn of much of their preliminary ceremony; this one was almost as plain and matter-of-fact as an ordinary town-meeting. The Commissioner opened it by a few words, saying, substantially, that he was glad to meet them, and had come to hear their grievances, if they had any to make. Meanwhile Hole-in-the-Day and his principal chiefs and braves came forward and seated themselves on the ground within a few paces of the speaker, where they could distinctly hear the interpreter as he rendered the successive English sentences into their wordy phrases and difficult idioms. Hole-in-the-Day then arose from the ground, gathered his blanket about him, advanced and shook hands with the Commissioner, and began his reply.

The portrait at the head of this paper is from a photograph taken some three years since, and presented by the chief to an American tourist. I will with pen attempt to sketch his portrait as he appeared on the present occasion: A man of say forty years, but looking very young for that age; a little above medium height, symmetrical and well-proportioned figure; countenance in repose mild and attractive, the characteristics of Indian feature being rather modified; the skin of dark coppery hue; the lower half of the face, from the nose down, painted a deep brown, four or five shades darker than his natural color; a touch of white paint directly under each eye; his long black hair plaited, and the plaits wound horizontally, turban-like, round his head; the scalp-lock, say four inches long, tied so as to stand like a spreading, up-turned brush, and painted bright vermilion; and three eagle feathers, slanting backward, fastened in his hair. He was dressed in a light, striped shirt, a broadcloth frock-coat, an otter-skin trimmed with red, and evidently used to fasten round the throat like a muffler, hanging back over his shoulder; leggings, moccasins, and a gray blanket gathered and held round the waist with his left arm and hand, so as to leave his right free for gesture in speaking, completed the costume. A black leather belt and holster round his waist held a Colt's navy revolver, and in his hand he carried a wooden war-club, flat and crescent-shaped, with a large round ball at the end.

The artistic charm of savage figures is in their motion—in the postures and looks that express strength, fleetness, cunning, or fear. They have none of the beauty which the refining emotions of love, generosity, pity, or moral courage lend to the pictures-in-repose of civilized man and woman. Standing erect, walking, moving his arm, with extended forefinger in emphatic gesture, his eye full of fire, and his features full of expressive energy, while he was making his short speech, Hole-in-the-Day was a very model of wild masculine grace—a real forest-prince, bearing upon his whole figure and mien the seal of nobility; but the moment he again seated himself on the ground his muscles relaxed, his eyes closed, his face assumed a look of stupid stolidity, and he was once more a gross, repulsive being, with no higher instinct than hunger, and no higher passion than revenge.

It was a critical and dangerous situation. Both parties now suspected treachery; both were ready for battle. The slightest spark would have fired the magazine. There was no hurry, no confusion, no excitement; a holiday gathering could not have shown more apparent carelessness. Quietly, and with scarce audible commands, the soldiers were instructed and posted in the most advantageous positions for defense; a messenger was dispatched to the fort for reinforcements; the citizens, seeming only to be sauntering about, brought and loaded their guns with studied indifference and deliberation. Two old backwoodsmen, cool and trusty shots, were stationed within a few paces of Hole-in-the-Day, with orders, at the first signs of a conflict, to make him their special mark. Every nerve was tense, every hilt and trigger within instant grasp. Nor were the Indians less alert; not a motion escaped their keen notice. Sitting and lying about in motley groups, their faces striped and spotted with every imaginable hue and device, their blankets slipping down from their naked, bronzed, sinewy arms and busts, they smoked, chatted, and laughed with each other, feeling of the sharp points of their new, bright arrow-heads, and showing one another the fashion, weight, and convenience of their war-clubs with the most provoking *sang froid*.

Fortunately the council brought on no angry discussion; fortunately no Indian or white man was drunk or recklessly foolish; fortunately no gun was discharged by accident; fortunately there were no exhibitions of either wanton bravado or cowardly fear; else Crow Wing would that day have been, as has happened on many another council ground, the scene of a bloody fight—a deadly and desperate *mêlée*. The council resulted in merely an hour's preliminary, pointless talk, a wordy and circumlocutory concealment of objects which would have done credit to the most bestarred and bespangled diplomats, and ended in its postponement till next day. Gradually, as they had come, the Indians arose from their sprawling and reclining positions on the ground, and moved off again, like

a ragged rabble as they were, up the road and across the river to their camp, to kill and eat the customary present of an ox which had been given them by the Commissioner.

But, as is usual in such cases, Hole-in-the-Day's artful management defeated his own schemes. It came out a day or two afterward that, by his stubbornness and covert menaces, he hoped to extort amnesty for the depredations committed by his people, and a present of ten thousand dollars' worth of goods to distribute among them, as a guerdon of peace with the whites. In such distributions he has almost uniformly succeeded in securing a lion's share for himself. But some of the Indians, vexed and irritated at his delays, and at having been through his orders brought into trouble, revolted against his authority. Rivals, jealous of his prosperity, crossed the river and burned his house and furniture. A part of his followers joined Big-Dog and Buffalo, came down and held a council with the new Agent, from which they excluded Hole-in-the-Day, as he had formerly excluded them; and finally the camp was broken up and the Indians dispersed, without either the expected amnesty or bounty.

The strange and rapid commingling and attrition of races in the New World has produced few queerer or more anomalous characters than the subject of this sketch. Alternately a despot and subject, landholder and agrarian, aristocrat and communist, citizen and savage, now invoking and now defying the law, a civilized barbarian who goes scalp-hunting by stage, and an apostate heathen who believes in neither God nor Manitou, he will be a potent instrument for good or evil so long as he remains on the border, subject to the accidental influence of good or bad surroundings and impulses.

TUBEROSES.

I.

TIME—*A still, rainy day in September; the hour, 10 A.M.* Situation—*A small parlor, decorated with pictures and book-cases whose doors are open. An overturned work-basket lies on the floor, and the easy-chairs are occupied with papers and magazines, for the room is much frequented. Near the window there is a small table with a watch on it, and a Japanese vase filled with tuberoses; their powerful scent comes and goes in the air like a breath.* Present—*CLARA BELL, who is seated near the table, regarding the vase of tuberoses with an abstracted air. She soliloquizes:*

“‘TUBEROSES,’ he said, ‘are placed in the hands of the dead, or wreathed about their faces, when they are put into the coffin.’

“‘But I am not dead,’ I answered.

“‘You must be to me.’

“‘What did he mean? I shall stay here till I am satisfied that I know. Sister Charlotte is at the dress-maker’s; Aunt Ann has gone to bed, it being one of her going-to-bed days; grandfather is out at the library; and the housekeeper is making preserves, and holding a day of judgment with the servants below stairs. I shall not be intruded upon; still, I will lock the

door. If visitors come they must go to the drawing-room and amuse themselves with the new upholstery therein.

"How do I look this morning? The glass answers, 'Pale and lowering.' It reflects the tuberoses. As I move aside they seem to be lying next my face. Am I dead?"

"Seven rows of books in this case. Forty-two volumes in blue and gold. Here is Tennyson, worn more than his fellows. I turn over the leaves:

"Come not when I am dead
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save."

"Will he come, or won't he? This picture represents a November eve, I think. A streak of pale amber sky drops over the dark line of the woods under the horizon. On the boughs of a leafless oak in the fore-ground three crows are perched, chattering over the head of a man who is passing through a gate just beyond it.

"'You must be to me,' he said. Why did he not offer to bury me? To be buried, for instance, in our old country grave-yard, where mother sleeps, while this soft, quiet rain falls, would not be so sad as to be left here with these bewildering tuberoses—wax things which can not stir from their fleshy stems, but which baffle me with a secret as subtle as their odor!"

"The Venus of Milo in the corner puzzles me. What does she expect? For whom is the calm, stately, mutilated woman looking? A pedestal suits her: men may fall at its base, but rows of petitioners would kneel in vain. Such women must be knocked down. Charlotte is a woman on a pedestal, although she has not a Greek face. I saw her look of surprise at George Garth last night. A Greek woman is never surprised.

"This is the gilt goblet she brought him with water in it. There is a little remaining; I pour a libation on the prospective grave between us.

"What did he say to her when he gave the goblet back? He touched her hand and she stood as if arrested, answering meekly. She yields to him. As for me, I never yield to him—never will; I defy his lordly eye, his willful mouth, his resolute bearing—his whole self! I shall not give him any more trouble thereby, since I am dead to him. 'In that sleep of death what dreams may come?' Suppose I am found here with staring eyes and folded palms upon my breast—this way—and some one comes, will the scent of tuberoses ever be forgotten by the person who finds me?"

[A knock on the door.—A servant enters and informs her that it is lunch-time, but that none of the family are at home. Clara tells her that she has some work to do which she can not leave, and orders tea and a 'plate of something' to be brought her. When the servant returns she brings with the lunch a letter.]

"Have you brought a letter too? Shut the door.

"John Prince, George Garth's cousin, writes

me, and seals his letter in pearl-colored wax with his crest! The tea is good. I like poached eggs for lunch. How pleasant this room is for a quiet soul! One could easily pass a day alone, if it were not for the tuberoses. But their odor is faint now; I hardly perceive it. What does John Prince write?

"Clara, has George gone? Did he present himself to you in uniform? You know we made an application together for an appointment. He got his—he gets every thing—but I didn't get mine; my country does not want me. Therefore I have retired to my uncle's in Yonkers to watch the tide of events. Why can't we correspond? Your letters will enliven my solitude; mine to you will be dull, of course; but I think, from what you said the other night, when George and I were with you and Charlotte at the Maison Dorée, that I could adapt them to your wishes. You were in earnest then."

"What did I say that night? We were merry, I remember; at least John and I were. Now that I think of it, though, George was serious, especially when I fed John with my stick of Italian bread. Charlotte was serious too, but her seriousness was hunger. Perhaps the letter will inform me further.

"After we returned to your house, George asked Charlotte to sing one of his sentimental dirges—

"I must not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair;"

and you immediately afterward favored us with an Ethiopian lyric:

"Way down on the old Pedee,"

George, being in a fit of heroics, with battle-fields in prospect, harangued us about knights and troubadours. He wished that times now were more like the times of old, when the lady-loves of those gone to the wars remained in castles, pledged to fidelity and worship toward them. "This was," said George, "as it should be. If a woman loves, her life should testify her love."

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,"

you interrupted him with, but our warrior continued:

"If I returned to find that a woman I had set my heart upon had visited all the public places possible for a woman to visit, or that she appeared even in the ordinary avocations of her life as if I were not, I would renounce her."

"How do you expect a woman to understand all this?" I asked, you know.

"Every woman in association with a man must know whether she is indifferent to him, or whether she is not. What is the fine perceptions of the sex intended for, if not to learn such things? You said then, Clara, that such ideas were the ideas of a barbarian—a rough-and-ready boor; that, could you surmise you had so vain a suitor, he should be left in ignorance of your feelings till he should come to your feet with his heart in his hand. No man should ever be entirely at rest concerning the return of his love by you; that you should be disgusted with one who thus insisted upon being made comfortable by continual professions and confessions. Dear Clara, I would save you all that trouble. Won't you begin to fancy me in the light you spoke of?"

"John Prince is an ass. So George has gone to the wars! It was late last night when he gave me the tuberoses; could he have been going then?

"It is tedious here; the rain darkens the panes with its meandering tears. The watch says two o'clock; so far through the long day, and I am no nearer the mark. The clouds are piled round the sky in slate-colored ridges; patches of yellow leaves blur the sidewalk, and look like faded butterflies glued to the stones;

their day is over. It is a pity that they could not have found sepulchre in the fields and forests. I wish I had some sewing. There may be something in this basket of Charlotte's. At any rate I can sort over its materials. Why does she have three spools of cotton of the same number, sixty? Here is a collar begun; how neatly she sews! Charlotte is what people call a 'solid girl,' methodical, sensible, cold, but how good she is! How she sniffed at the tuberoses last night, pretending that they made her sick. George overturned her work-basket then.

"Take it up, Sir," she said.

"It is rubbish, and rubbish makes me sick."

"It is out of place in this room, certainly," she said, mildly. He made a movement toward it then, but I put my foot on it and he turned away. We did not speak to each other after that. Here is a roll of paper—paragraphs from newspapers, no poetry. Charlotte does not like poetry. What is this?

"George Garth, captain in the volunteers, has been assigned to a position on the staff of Major-General Dix.' He can not have had his commission a week. Why should Charlotte see this item, and not I? I'll capture it. What is the next? 'Camphor liniment.' And this? 'The Empress Eugénie rode out a few days ago in a white tulle bonnet without trimming!' I find nothing to do in the basket. What if I should sleep! In a dream, maybe, the solution will come of the riddle, 'You must be to me.'

"With shut eyes my thoughts fly back to the time when I first knew George Garth. Four years since. I was sixteen. He began to tutor me then; but happily he went to India to live with an English relative, and my education was completed without him. Six months ago he came back, for life, he said, India was tedious; he was tired of pale ale and of curry. He renewed his acquaintance at the same point where he left me; why does he not see that I have changed? I remember well the day he paid his first visit to us. I was reading 'Faust.' 'You read Faust,' he said, and laughed. What would he say if he heard me pray with Faust, 'Give me back again the times when I myself was still forming. I had nothing, and yet enough—the longing after truth and the pleasure in delusion.' He would laugh again, and tell me that the sentimental tendency of my mind must be corrected.

"Mother used to say that his temper and mine were alike; but that mine was manifested, while his 'got into his head,' like drink, and made him dull and blind. After that fire in Nolans Street, when he pulled out of a window old Mary Bell, our carpet woman, she grew fond of him and thought him a noble fellow, although old Mary said, when she told us of the affair, 'he swore awful.'

"The house must have fallen asleep, if I have not. Something is crawling in the sofa-pillow; the thud of my heart chokes me! How dumb these books and pictures are! Where can Charlotte be? Engaged in one of her interminable

talks, I have no doubt, but I hear her on the stairs; she tries my door. Charlotte, this is the chamber of mysteries; you can not come in."

"Mysteries? fiddlesticks!" Charlotte answers from without. "I met Ellen Garth at the dress-maker's, and she gave me a letter. Would you like to see?"

A wild light came into Clara's eyes. "Slip it under the door, 'Lotte."

The letter glides over the threshold, and she hears Charlotte running up stairs.

"Unsealed! Why, who is it directed to? 'MISS CHARLOTTE BELL, *Present.*'"

"I am glad that it is short, for it is quite dark. I do not wish to light the gas. The letter is signed 'George Garth,' he offers marriage. I am released, for I know now what he meant when he said 'You must be to me.'"

II.

When Charlotte Bell ran up stairs she repeated what she had said to herself several times before—"George Garth is a fool."

Although it was the dinner hour, she remained in her room to cogitate whether she had taken the wisest way of informing Clara of his letter. Sisters are sometimes ignorant of each other's feelings; but Charlotte, in one particular, believed that she had divined Clara's. It seemed to her, by the rule of contraries, that Clara loved George; there was no other way by which to account for her goading behavior toward him. Had she been indifferent she would have let him alone, she reasoned. From the fact that George was a constant visitor at the house, and forever following them about, whether in good or ill humor, she had concluded that he was drawn by Clara; of herself as being the attraction she had never thought.

"I'll not answer his letter," she thought. "How ridiculous he is! He is but a year older than I am. John Prince is nearer the mark. I hope I have taken the easiest way for Clara; I did not want her to blush or grow pale before me."

She crept down stairs softly to find the parlor door open, and the room vacant. Across the floor fell the light from the street lantern, in whose bright wake the vase of tuberoses was visible.

"Those tuberoses," she thought, "why did he give them to *her*? But he knows that I can't bear them."

She entered the dining-room. Her grandfather, her Aunt Ann, and Clara were at the table. The waiter was putting the second course on. Her aunt greeted her with, "You are too bad, Charlotte; we waited five minutes for you."

"I have had so many things to do to-day, and my dress was so damp I was obliged to change it."

Clara ate a crust of bread slowly, as if she relished it greatly, and had no other thought apparently but the thought of her dinner.

"I found a new portrait of Laura to-day," said old Mr. Bell.

"Another old one, you mean," Aunt Ann remarked.

"Yes, I do mean that."

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, He would have written sonnets all his life,"

said Clara, gayly.

"Do not quote that profligate Byron, my dear Clara," begged Aunt Ann.

"What a girl!" commented Charlotte, with her mouth full.

"How would Charlotte receive a sonnet from George?" Clara thought. The picture of Werter's Charlotte cutting bread for the children would be a suitable present for him to make her instead of writing a sonnet. There was something domestic in it—something that must remind one of the present Charlotte. A variety of images presented themselves to her during the dinner concerning the future of George and Charlotte. She determined to dwell on the subject; she would not thrust it from her thoughts.

After dinner Aunt Ann retired to her room again to resume a novel, Mr. Bell went to his library to look over his collection of portraits, and Charlotte and Clara dodged each other with a feint of unconsciousness that was both laughable and sad. In the drawing-room Clara kept a book before her face, reading up and down the same page till Charlotte began to play, then she stole up behind her and held George Garth's letter over her shoulder. Charlotte wheeled round on the music-stool, seized Clara's hand, and said,

"Did you ever know such a donkey?"

"Yes."

She took from her pocket the letter of John Prince, and gave it to Charlotte with, "Enter Dromio of Ephesus."

Charlotte looked at it a moment with astonishment.

"I know what is in it, I presume," she said, rather frigidly.

"If you are a clairvoyant," Clara answered, leaving the room.

"So many hours of torment are done with," she thought, as she went up stairs to the parlor where she had passed the day. "I can never go back to *that* mood again." She opened the window and put out her head; the rain had ceased, and the moon struggled through the scudding clouds. Down the street came the sound of wheels—the wheels of a noisy hotel hack portending travelers. It stopped in front of the house. Clara drew behind the curtain as she saw George Garth jump out. When she heard the bell ring she took from the vase a tuberoses, fastened it in her corsage, and sat down in the dark room with folded arms.

"Well," said Charlotte, shortly, when he entered the drawing-room in his uniform.

"Well," and he stopped in the middle of the floor, twirling his cap.

"How is it that you are here?"

"I was not ordered away to-day as I expected to be; therefore I am able to come to you for an answer to my letter."

His confident tone and manner offended her.

"He whistles me on," she thought, "and I'll whistle him off. Come up stairs, George, I will speak with you there," she said, abruptly.

"Certainly."

"Oh, it is dark here!" she exclaimed, innocently; "wait, George, till I find a match. Faugh! just smell the tuberoses."

George shuddered at the smell.

"Why, Clara is here!" she continued, as the gas betrayed her, but the cunning Charlotte had heard her open the window and knew that she was there. This was the mode in which she intended to punish George; she determined that the interview should be before Clara.

"Good-evening, Clara," said George, his eye catching the tuberoses on her dress.

"It is moonlight," asseverated Charlotte, "the gas is meretricious;" and she turned it to a dim flame.

"Good-evening," Clara answered, loudly.

The tone of her voice hit him like a bar of iron. When she pinned the tuberoses outside her breast she pinned inside another devil of pride.

"Clara," said Charlotte, in a voice which she could not make quite careless, "where is that letter of George's I gave you just now?"

She made no reply.

For once George, comprehending a woman, comprehended Charlotte.

"You mean to victimize me, Charlotte," he said, calmly. "But I like to see confidence between sisters. Clara, do you approve my offer to Charlotte?"

She would not speak.

"I see that you mean to refuse me, Charlotte; but you know that you would make me a good wife. You dare not say that with you I should not be a happy husband. Why then will you not marry me?"

"You are too young," she answered, hotly.

"You do not believe that I am in love with you. I am not; but you have not expected that of any man—it is not your theory."

"No," she muttered.

"Your character, the habits of your mind, your personal behavior, your ideas of the future, the ties of family influence between us, suit me; I desire to marry you."

Charlotte began to feel embarrassed. Clara went to the table, broke from its stem another tuberoses, stuck it in a braid of her hair, and resumed her seat.

George ground his teeth at her action.

"I desire to marry you, Charlotte," he said, with a stamp of his foot.

"George," she answered, faintly, "I think I like somebody better than I do you."

"You are all alike; every woman of you plays the same tricks. What a fool I am! I felt sure of *you*, and never dreamed of what you have told me."

He was in too brutal a mood to spare himself or her.

"Who is it?"

She made a deprecatory motion with her

hands which Clara noted. "I fancy," she said, "that it must be a gentleman."

Charlotte smiled faintly, but looked beseechingly at her as if she would say, "Get me out of this, Clara; let me leave you two cross-grained creatures together."

Clara started up. "You are tedious," she said; "I am going."

"I am going too," said George; "I have been here too long. Good-by. So you remember my words to you last night, Clara. I could not have said them once. Does this please your diabolical pride?"

She passed him with an ugly smile and said, "Dead."

"George," said Charlotte, after she had gone, "I am ashamed of you."

"Why?"

"For offering to marry *me*."

"I repeat the offer if you allow me."

"You are blind and selfish, very selfish to me."

"My selfishness won't hurt you; farewell. God knows when I shall return."

They shook hands heartily as if there was some unspoken sympathy between them. Before he went he threw the tuberoses out of the window. "There is an end of these," he said.

III.

Three weeks passed, and John Prince, receiving no answer to his letter, and devoured with ennui, traveled from Yonkers one morning to invite himself to pass a day or two at Mr. Bell's. The sisters had made no mention of George Garth since his departure; therefore, when John asked them if they had heard from him, they looked at each other and simultaneously answered, "No."

"He has not written me either. I met Jo Lowndes this morning, who told me that George had asked leave of the General to go to the front with his regiment, the Fifth Volunteers. You may be sure that he has gone."

"How foolish!" said Charlotte, looking away from Clara.

"Very, for a fellow with a good income," John replied.

"Only paupers should be in the advance, of course," said Clara.

"But he was doing his duty on the staff, probably; why not be satisfied with that?"

"Because 'man is a pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,' I suppose," she answered.

"Especially George Garth, who, when he gets into a mood, is incapable of seeing or feeling any thing that can not confirm it, and stays in it till a miracle brings him out."

"Let us go to the Winter Garden to-night," Clara proposed, "and forget the war; I wish to see Edwin Booth's 'Hamlet.' And as you know grandfather won't go you can escort us, John."

"Of course, though I don't believe in Tragedy. I'll engage seats at once."

When he returned to dinner he informed the girls that he was too late to get front seats, but that those he had taken were favorable for con-

versation. He looked meaningly at Clara when he said this, and for reply she tossed her head. At the play she was so attentive to the stage that she appeared oblivious of her companions; but when the curtain fell on the second act, and Charlotte was engaged with her glass, John determinedly turned to her and whispered,

"Why did you refuse to answer my poor letter?"

"I hate to write, you know, John. Your letter was nice; I read it all, I assure you. How poetically handsome Booth is!"

"Hang Booth! You have no heart, Clara. George Garth is right."

"After the theatre we will go to Malliard's; Charlotte will be hungry for jelly."

"Confound Charlotte! You madden me."

"Hush, Polonius is coming."

"What does he say?"

"Hush!"

"Mad for thy love."

"Tell me"—she spoke with so savage an accent that a man in the seat before her turned to to look at her—"what is George Garth right about?"

"In believing that you are heartless."

"He gave me tuberoses," she muttered, absently.

"I'll give you a gardenful."

"Don't be reckless, John, and never tell me in plain words what your behavior indicates; for I do not care a pin for you, except in the good old ways of our childhood. Why, we grew up together, you goose."

"We *will* go to Malliard's," he said, and was silent for the rest of the evening. He felt that Clara was in earnest, and had never thought her so before; in his opinion she was a haughty, brilliant, bold girl, and he admired her exceedingly. All the fellows of his acquaintance thought so of her, and he believed that it would be a fine thing to capture her. He had of late consulted George Garth on the matter, innocently giving him reason to think that the capture was possible. George had given him excellent advice—advice which he might have thought was disinterested. He had also spoken so freely of her faults that he was more than ever convinced of them. He did not own that he was taken by surprise when John informed him of his hopes, nor that he had had a dim idea that no one had a right to her except himself. He had calmly and silently waited for those changes in character in her which he thought must take place to make her what she should be for him. When he proposed to marry Charlotte he was in a rage with Clara, with John, and with himself; but he was persuaded that he was collected, prudent, and wise. Perception was not one of his predominating characteristics; and when a recognition of this fact was forced upon him, he felt as some animal of the forest—the elephant, for instance—must feel when he unexpectedly finds himself in an inclosure, or with a placid female elephant who has been the means of decoying a rope round his clumsy leg. Before women he

was dictatorial and obtuse; but he was a strong, honest man, and Clara loved him. The more she loved him, however, the less he knew it, for she was perverse. A theory that he must be something to Clara, a far-off Providence in the shape of a brother-in-law, possessed him. His programme, starting from this point, for the future, was definite in its details, one of which was the farewell he conveyed by means of the tuberoses he brought her the night before he expected to leave. The matter-of-fact Charlotte had set his matter-of-fact programme at defiance; and there was something so terrible in Clara's demeanor that evening that his lethargic soul was stirred to its very depths, and when lethargic people rouse they also are terrible. He departed for the wars in fighting mood.

The jelly and chocolate failed to animate any of the party at Malliard's; the three appeared to be in a brown study, which lasted all the way home.

"Clara," said Charlotte, as they went up stairs together, "you have refused John."

"Only snubbed him."

"Did he require it?"

"All men do."

"Oh, Clara, what trouble you are to me!"

"And to every one."

"No, indeed, I was in fun. The fact is, I have been a trouble to you; the idea of George Garth pretending to—"

"There, go to bed, 'Lotte."

Charlotte groaned, and obeyed her.

"Does Charlotte think that I care for George?" soliloquized Clara. "Is it possible that he has imagined me in love with John Prince? The booby may have seen the reflection of his fancy in me, and mentioned it to his cousin George. I will speak to Charlotte."

She flew to her room, and, breathless with her determination, exclaimed,

"For once let me be weak with you. Have you guessed my secret? You have. I have loved George for four years and six months. How could you let him ask you to marry him?"

"I didn't let him. I have known for at least three years and six months that you loved, but not wisely."

"No, you haven't," she said, testily, and then began to cry. The flood-gates once open, she poured a life's confidence into the ear of Charlotte, whose sympathy kept her from gaping a long time. When her sleepiness was evident, Clara crept into bed beside her and went to sleep, with the tears still dropping down her face.

IV.

George is reading a letter from John Prince:

"'Old boy, she never cared a pin's worth for me. I believe now what you said over and over again, that she would not make a good wife.'"

Here George turned the color of his sash, and called himself a slanderous brute:

"'What a fascinating girl she is, though; and how she can make a chap laugh with her wit! She'll never marry—never. If she had some of Charlotte's qualities with her

own still, she would be a stunner. Then she would inspire one with faith for the future, that time when a man wants to see his brood about her knee.'"

"Curse his impudence!" ejaculated George; "he's using my very words."

"'But it is all a muddle, my boy, whether we get what we want, or whether we do not. I am sick on't. You are such a hard-headed wretch though, you don't mind the ups and downs of life: I envy you.'"

"Envy me!" said George, folding the letter. "Somehow I do not perceive myself in an enviable light. I feel like a cur. It was an act of dirty baseness to ask Charlotte Bell to marry me. What sense she had to refuse! I like to be punished. No decent fellow—and I hope I have become one—would ever ask two sisters to marry him, one after the other. I have kicked the door of my paradise to and brought away the key; to carry it shall be my penance. I may be killed, however, in a day or two. Charlotte will cry for me, and Clara will say in revenge, 'I should like to send him a tuberos since he is dead also.' I understood her looks that night. She was angry with me for presuming to shut my life from her; she would have been angry with any man for taking that privilege. If she were my wife I would crush that pride of hers. What right has a woman to assert herself so offensively? House-lovers, housekeepers, tenders of children, guardians of their husbands' personality, that is what women should be; but it is what Clara will never be. *'Viva la guerre!'*"

In an engagement the day following George was shot through the right arm, and through the hip. His seal ring finger was shot away also. Taken a prisoner to Richmond, his finger was taken out at the socket, and the surgeon tried to find the ball in his hip, but couldn't. In a short time he was exchanged and came down to Fortress Monroe, with his seal ring in his pocket, his clothes perforated with bullets, stained with blood, and himself dirty. His brother officers dressed him in their clothes, cheered him with praise, but shook their heads over the wound in his hip. He was not mentioned in the newspapers, except by one poor reporter, who wrote to his paper, that during the engagement his attention was called to the serious and persistent bravery of a captain, whose name he was unable to ascertain; who, grimed and bloody, cursing his men for quailing when their colonel went down on the field, forced them on without a cheer, and on again, with a silent fury, till he fell and was dragged behind a rebel battery. He appeared subdued by the awful scenes he had witnessed, and when his pipe was allowed him smoked it in meditation, which no one cared to break till he laid it aside. The ball was found at last, but he was lamed for life.

"I should think," he said, "that I might go through a naval engagement. I shall have the gait for it—a rolling one."

V.

"He is coming home, Ellen says, in a few

days," said Charlotte one day. "He does not rally as was expected; his privations tell on his system as well as his wounds. He walked fifty miles after he was taken prisoner. I shall rush to see him when he arrives! Shall you go, Clara?"

"No."

But when he came, and Charlotte had gone to his mother's house, Clara sought the room where she last saw him. She hardly knew whether she went there to revive her anger and disdain against him, to recall the love and sorrow she had felt that day, or to form some resolution for the future. The room wore a more formal aspect than it did then; for neither of the girls had frequented it of late. The closed blinds cast a cold green tinge over the pictures; no books were out of place; and the chairs were formally arranged. The watch by which she had counted the long, lonely hours was not on the table; but the Japanese vase stood there—empty. She took it up, and for the first time wondered what had become of the tuberoses she had left in it. No servant was allowed to arrange or to remove flowers. Charlotte would not have removed them; it must have been George himself. Why did he take away what he had given her—given her with a purpose too? She wished then, with an angry impulse, that she had some fresh ones, so that, in case she saw him, she might wear them. The door opened softly behind her; she turned her head, and saw George coming in with a crutch.

"Charlotte is at our house," he said. "You would not come, so I have crawled here to see you. Help me, won't you?"

She hesitated a second, put the vase back on the table and slowly went toward him. He had taken a seat on the sofa before she reached him, and had grown very pale.

"See my maimed hand!" holding it out to her. She clasped her own hands together, but did not speak. "Clara, I am a cripple for life."

Down on her knees beside him she fell, but she remained silent.

"My mind was lame, halt, and blind before I went away."

Still speechless, she looked into his face with eyes that seem to be enlarging with his every word.

"Tell me," he said, falling back on the sofa, "why you were holding that vase?"

Before she could answer he fainted dead away, and when he opened his eyes again Clara had her arm round his neck, and was sopping his face with Cologne water.

"Oh!" he sighed.

"May I kiss your poor hand, George?" she meekly begged.

"Do you love me?"

"Do you love *me*?"

"Clara!"

She kissed him. "I was proud, dear, because I loved you."

"What a miserable part I attempted! Can you forgive me for being such a dolt?"

"Will you forgive me for being so willful?"

They kissed each other now.

"What does this mean?" cried Charlotte, entering. "It is well that I came in. George, I have reconsidered the offer you made me, and accept it. I wish to do something for the cause besides making lint; what better can I do than to consent to take care of you?"

"Charlotte," he said, starting up with astonishing energy, considering his late fainting fit, "I know that you would make me the best wife that I could have, but I do not deserve you. Besides, I think I like somebody better; I do not deserve her either."

"Is this my lord Garth?" Charlotte asked.

"You will kill me, between you both."

The tableau was completed by the arrival of John Prince, who was in search of George.

"Hillo," they said, and grasped hands.

"I am a hulk, you see, John."

"You always were."

"John, I am going to be married immediately."

"Oh, oh!" chorused the girls.

"What pitiful creature consents?"

"Clara Bell."

To hide a slight agitation John pulled at his glove-string and broke it. Charlotte turned very red, but Clara said, gently, "Yes, John, I think I can manage him now."

"Upon my word it is a good thing for them both, ain't it, Charlotte?—a kind of a Kilkenny cat business. You and I will be bridemaid and groom."

"Shall I wear tuberoses, George?" Clara whispered.

"Never."

THE LEAGUE OF STATES.

THE events attendant upon the passage of the Stamp Act, and the attempts to enforce it, failed to teach wisdom to the British cabinet. A fatal pride of power, and love of domination, and contempt for the American colonists blinded the rulers of Great Britain, and for ten years they listened to the popular tumults in the Western World, the petitions of loyal men there and at home, and the remonstrances of the oppressed in both countries, with a stolid indifference that may be interpreted only by the knowledge which the world had been compelled to obtain of the amazing conceit, ineffable vanity, and cruel selfishness which had always distinguished the public acts of the ruling classes of England ever since Mercury became their tutelary deity. Finally, when the lightnings of defiance flashed from Western clouds upon the dim visions of the King and his council, and the muttering of the thunders of revolution that came over the Atlantic fell ominously upon their dull ears, they were compelled to acknowledge a sense of danger and to prepare for a coming tempest. They sent armed men to plant the heel of military despotism upon the necks of a free people, and to choke into silence the annoying clamors for

justice in the New England capital, where they were loudest and most persistent. In amazing blindness they annihilated its commerce. The port was sealed up, the courts of justice were removed fifteen miles away, and a thousand households were filled with distress. This act, intended to punish, only exasperated. It cemented the UNION that was formed in the Stamp Act Congress in New York almost nine years before. The blow struck at the prosperity of Boston and the government of Massachusetts Bay was felt by every colony as an indignity to each to be resented without delay. The inhabitants of Boston immediately felt the practical sympathy of the continent. Flour, rice, grain, fuel, money, and a thousand little articles of comfort flowed in upon them from every colony. And the city of London, the capital of the oppressor, subscribed, in its corporate capacity, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the poor of Boston!

Throughout the Colonies there was a smothered cry, "To arms!" The fife and drum were heard all over the land. The train-bands increased in number, and practiced daily in the art of war during the summer and autumn of 1774. Fathers and sons, encouraged by the gentler sex, received martial lessons together, and thousands were enrolled in companies prepared to take arms at a minute's warning. The popular leaders labored incessantly in bringing public opinion into proper shape and consistency for vigorous and united action. The people were harangued in public assemblies, and the newspaper press became bolder and bolder every hour. Epigrams, sonnets, parables, dialogues, and every form of literary expression was used to convey to the popular mind, with point and terseness, the great idea. The following is a fair specimen of the manner in which the quarrel was stated, epigrammatically:

"Rudely forced to drink tea, Massachusetts, in anger,
Spills the tea on John Bull; John falls on to bang her.
Massachusetts, enraged, calls her neighbors to aid,
And give Master John a severe bastinado.
Now, good men of the law! pray who is in fault—
The one who begins or resents the assault?"

Notwithstanding the warlike preparations, the consciousness that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and that slavery or armed resistance was the alternative presented to them, the long-suffering and patient people hesitated, and resolved to deliberate once more in solemn council before they should appeal to the *ultima ratio regum*—the final argument of kings, as Louis the Fourteenth declared his cannon to be, by the inscription of these words upon them. There was a general desire for a Continental Congress. Leading minds in every province perceived the necessity for a Colonial League; and the patriotic hearts of Anglo-America seemed to beat as with one pulsation with that sublime idea. It seemed to the men of thought and forecast that the fullness of time had arrived when a nation was to be born, and there was an almost simultaneous expression of the thought in every part of the Brit-

ish empire in America south of the St. Lawrence. Little Rhode Island, whose popular sceptre was held by the tremulous hand of Hopkins, was the first of the colonies to speak out in favor of a general Congress; and yet she was the last, in after-years, owing to a powerful faction, to give her adhesion to the only form of national government that promised real vitality, strength, and perpetuity. A town meeting, held in Providence on the 17th of May, 1774, proposed a Continental Congress. Another, held in Philadelphia four days afterward—and, of course, without possible concert—made a similar proposition. Two days later a public meeting in the city of New York expressed the same sentiments. Ten days after Rhode Island spoke the members of the Virginia Assembly, which Lord Dunmore had just dissolved, met in the Raleigh Tavern, at Williamsburg, and warmly recommended the meeting of a general Congress of deputies. On the 31st of the month a town meeting in Baltimore, Maryland, expressed a desire for a Continental Congress; and on the 6th of June the inhabitants of Connecticut assembled at Norwich made a similar expression of views. A county meeting at Newark, New Jersey, on the 11th of June; and the Massachusetts Assembly, and a public meeting at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on the 17th—just a year before the battle of Bunker's Hill—strongly recommended the measure. On the 29th a county meeting in New Castle, Delaware, approved the proposition; and on the 6th of July the committee of correspondence at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, expressed their approbation. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of July there was held a general Provincial Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, and that body urged the necessity of such Congress. Finally, at a district meeting at Wilmington, in North Carolina, on the 21st, the assembled inhabitants, by resolutions, spoke warmly in favor of deliberation in a general council of representatives. It will be perceived that within the space of sixty-four days, in every Anglo-American colony excepting Georgia, there were decided public expressions of an earnest desire for a Continental Congress for the purpose of deliberation on the relations between the American colonies of Great Britain and the home government. The Assembly of Massachusetts proposed the 1st of September, 1774, as the time when, and the city of Philadelphia as the place where, the Continental Congress should convene. The other colonies acquiesced; and on Monday, the 5th of September, fifty-four delegates from twelve of the thirteen colonies assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.*

* The following are the names of the Representatives:

New Hampshire—John Sullivan, Nathaniel Folsom; *Massachusetts*—Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine; *Rhode Island and Providence Plantations*—Stephen Hopkins, Samuel Ward; *Connecticut*—Eliphalet Dyer, Roger Sherman, Silas Deane; *New York*—James Duane, John Jay, Isaac Low, John Alsop, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Henry Wisner; *New Jersey*—James Kinsey, Stephen Crane, William Livingston, Richard Smith, John De

Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen permanent President of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania, was appointed Secretary. That meeting of the most eminent men of the continent in point of abilities, virtue, and fortunes—more eminent for these, in the opinion of the venerable Secretary in after-years, than any that succeeded them—was a sublime spectacle, and drew from the pen of Trumbull, a contemporary poet, and the author of "M'Fingal," the following lines:

"Now meet the fathers of this Western clime,
Nor names more noble graced the roll of Fame;
When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time,
Or Rome's bold virtues fanned the heroic flame.

"Not deeper thought the immortal sage inspired
On Solon's lips where Grecian Senates hung;
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired
When genius thundered from the Athenian's tongue."

Who shall take the lead? was a grave question in all minds when the Congress was organized. There was a profound and painful silence until a plain-looking man, with unpowdered hair, a solemn face, a dress of gray cloth, and having the general appearance of a rural parson, arose to speak. He was a stranger to most of the assembly; and when his clear and sweetly-musical voice filled their ears with eloquent words, the question, Who is it? ran in quick whispers from lip to ear. To a very few he was known as the fiery orator who, nine years before, had thrilled the Virginia Legislature, and led it to the verge of apparent treason, by denunciations of the Stamp Act and the enunciation of the rights of a free people. It was PATRICK HENRY. Then he impelled the representatives of Virginia to make bold expression of the rights of man; now he impelled the representatives of a budding nation to vigorous and noble actions, in laying broad and deep the foundations of a Republic. One of the earliest and most important of these actions was the passage of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late acts of Parliament, and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, in such case, *all America* ought to support them in their opposition."

This resolution, full of tremendous vital force, gave conception to a nation. It declared the Anglo-American Colonies a UNIT. It solemnly declared that the quarrel of Massachusetts with the imperial Government belonged to *all* the Colonies; that her defiant, rebellious, revolu-

tionary acts—acts which would inevitably lead to war if resisted, and to independence and nationality if successfully persisted in—were the acts of *all* the provinces; that their aspirations, desires, hopes, and interests were mutual; and that they were determined to be free or independent, or both. That resolution was the key-note to the bugle blast that called a Continent to arms.

Thirty-one days, during eight consecutive weeks, the Congress labored in session. They formed wise plans for future operations, and gave to the world several remarkable State papers. Their action assumed the form of Legislative authority, and was accepted as such by the people. It gave form and expression to public opinion; and thenceforth the Colonies acted in perfect unison upon all subjects pertaining to the common welfare. Having agreed that it would be necessary "that another Congress should be held on the 10th day of May next," unless the grievances complained of should be redressed before that time, they adjourned on the 26th of October.

Another Congress assembled at the same place on the 10th of May, 1775. The grievances of the colonists were not redressed, but largely increased. Great Britain had declared her American children to be in a state of rebellion, and had sent armed hosts to Boston to crush the head of the dangerous insurrection. Blood had flowed at Lexington and Concord; and the armed minute-men of New England, who had taken lessons in the art of war the previous year, were rushing toward their capital to keep the invading force within its narrow peninsula, to which the neighboring yeomanry had lately driven the first armed trespassers upon their soil. It was evident that the sword was not likely to be soon sheathed; and sagacious men perceived the urgent necessity for the construction of a civil government, composed of the powers of the provincial Legislatures in concentrated form, that should be adequate to carry on a vigorous war and establish the independence of the people.

Among the truly wise men of America at that time was the already venerable and venerated Dr. Franklin, who, more than twenty years before, had planned a scheme of government for the United American Colonies. He was now a member of the second Continental Congress, as a representative of Pennsylvania. His sagacious mind clearly perceived the urgent necessity for a concrete civil government, and on the 21st of July he offered to the Continental Congress, on his own responsibility, a plan for a Federal government, which he styled *Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union*; but designed to continue, as the last Article expressed it, only until the grievances of which the colonies complained should be redressed, when they would "return to their former connection and friendship with Great Britain." The Congress had already set forth the causes and the necessity for taking up arms, in terms which implied perfect union, and made the document in its

Hart; *Pennsylvania*—Joseph Galloway, John Morton, Charles Humphreys, Thomas Mifflin, Samuel Rhodes, Edward Biddle, George Ross, John Dickenson; *Delaware*—Cæsar Rodney, Thomas M'Kean, George Read; *Maryland*—Robert Goldsborough, Samuel Chase, Thomas Johnson, Mathew Tilghman, William Paca; *Virginia*—Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton; *North Carolina*—William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, Richard Caswell; *South Carolina*—Henry Middleton, John Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, Edward Rutledge.

* These are from an "Elegy on the Times," published while the Congress were in session.

manifest spirit a declaration of independence. "We are reduced," they said, "to the alternative of choosing unconditional submission to irritated ministers, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. Our cause is just, OUR UNION IS PERFECT, our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. Before God and the world we declare, that the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume we will employ for the preservation of our liberties; being, with one mind, resolved to die freemen rather than slaves." They also sent a petition to the King, in which their *union* was boldly announced. "We beseech your Majesty," they said; "to direct some mode by which the *united applications* of your faithful colonists to the throne, in pursuance of their common councils, may be improved into a happy and permanent reconciliation."

Notwithstanding these bold words, there was a manifest timidity in the Congress, hurtful to necessary vigor. While Franklin, the Adamses, Richard Henry Lee, and a few others contemplated final separation from and independence of Great Britain as the inevitable result of the war just entered upon, the great majority of the deputies as well as their constituents desired nothing more than the acquiescence of the imperial government in the demands of the colonists, and a permanent reconciliation. The policy fashioned by such ideas marked every step of the Congress. Franklin and his more ardent associates deprecated it; and not being able longer to keep silence when silence would be practical acquiescence in a policy that would paralyze the army and endanger the great cause, he, as we have observed, late in July, offered a plan for a temporary civil government, but which, no doubt, he believed would be perpetual. It proposed to call the nation thereby created **THE UNITED COLONIES OF NORTH AMERICA**, and contemplated including in the league, in addition to the thirteen (Georgia had just sent a delegate to the Congress) provinces already represented in the great council, Quebec or Canada, St. John's (now Prince Edward's), Nova Scotia, Bermudas, West Indies, East and West Florida, and even Ireland. Each colony was to retain and amend its own Constitution and laws, while the powers of the General Government, in the exercise of the more important functions of sovereignty, were to include all questions of war, peace, alliance, commerce, currency, the army and navy, Indian affairs, and the control of all public lands not then ceded to the provinces by the aborigines. It proposed a Federal revenue to be derived from taxes and contributions from the several colonies, according to their respective population of males between sixteen and sixty years of age. The Congress was to consist of one body only, whose members were to be apportioned triennially according to population, as at the present time, and annually chosen. An Executive Council, consisting of twelve persons,

chosen by Congress from its own body, was to wield the power now exercised by the President of the United States. Provision was made for amendments, and also for the termination of the league, on certain contingencies already mentioned.

What action was taken on Franklin's proposition at the time we have no positive knowledge. It was probably referred to a committee, and so the matter rested. The Congress seemed to have no fixed plan for the future other than the vigorous prosecution of the war. The teeming present, with all its vast concerns, seemed to engross their whole attention; and it was not until almost a year later, when the Congress had determined to make a public declaration of independence, that the subject again received serious attention in that body.

During the spring of 1776 the colonies, in various ways, had spoken out boldly in favor of independence. Virginia instructed her representatives in the Continental Congress to *propose* it. Already that Congress had made great progress toward the establishment of a nation by resolving, early in May, "That it be recommended to the general assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general."

This was a bold step, but one still bolder was taken a little more than twenty days afterward. Doubt, dread, and hesitation had brooded like a fearful cloud over the national assembly, and all hearts began to fail, when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, arose in the Congress, and with his clear, musical voice, read the resolution, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded the resolution. It was considered three days afterward, and then further action upon it was postponed until the first of July. Meanwhile, that no time should be lost in the event of the Congress agreeing thereto, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration to that effect.

The proposed declaration of independence suggested the absolute necessity of a civil government for the United Colonies in their changed relations to each other and to the British crown. Accordingly, on the same day when a committee was appointed to draw up that declaration, another, composed of one delegate from each province, was appointed to "prepare and digest the form of a Confederation to be entered into between the Colonies." That committee reported a draft on the 12th of July, and it became a subject for debate occasionally until the 20th of August, when a new draft was reported, and an order given for eighty copies to be printed for the use of the members.

We find no further notice of the *Articles of Confederation* for almost eight months, when, on the 8th of April, 1777, the Congress ordered that "The report of the Committee of the whole House on the *Articles of Confederation* be taken into consideration on Monday next, and that two days in each week be employed on that subject." But it was postponed, and for months it lay untouched. Finally a victorious British army was approaching Philadelphia from the direction of the Chesapeake, and on the advice of Colonel Hamilton, one of General Washington's aids, the Congress left Philadelphia and resumed their sittings at Lancaster at near the close of September. Two days afterward they fled to Yorktown, or York, where they met on the 30th. Realizing the fact that the safety of the cause must depend upon a more perfect union of the Colonies and a more efficient form of national government than a congress of deputies without any executive head, they resumed the consideration of the *Articles of Confederation* on the 2d of October. The discussions commenced on the 7th, and were continued until Saturday, the 15th of November, when they were agreed to, and a committee, charged with their revision and arrangement, were ordered to have three hundred copies printed for the use of the Congress and the State Legislatures. In these Articles, thirteen in number, the national title given was THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in conformity with a law or resolution of Congress passed in September, 1776, directing that in all commissions or other legal instruments of writing the word "States" should be used where that of "Colonies" had been before employed.

The Congress directed that the *Articles of Confederation* should be sent to the several State Legislatures for their consideration, with a circular letter recommending each of them, in the event of their approving of the Articles, "to invest the delegates of the State with competent powers, ultimate, in the name and in behalf of the State, to subscribe Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the United States, and to attend Congress for that purpose on or before the 10th day of March next." But it was not until the 20th of June following that the subject was again taken up in the Congress, when a call was made upon the representatives of the States for the report of their several constituents upon the Confederation and the powers committed to them. Six days afterward a form of ratification was adopted for signature, and on the 9th of July the delegates from eight States appended their names to it.* These were sufficient to carry the instrument into effect and put the new government in motion, but out of deference to the remaining five States such action was deferred for almost three years. Maryland was the last to acquiesce. Her consent to ratify

was given on the 1st of March, 1781,* and on the following day the Congress met, for the first time, under the *Articles of Confederation*.

The reasons for hesitation on the part of some of the States were various. The limits of this paper will permit a reference to only one or two of the most importance. The Articles did not seem to accord with the prevailing sentiments of the people as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. The former was based upon a superintending Providence and the inalienable rights of man; the latter rested upon the sovereignty of declared power. "One," said John Quincy Adams, "ascended from the foundation of human government to the laws of nature and of nature's God, written upon the heart of man; the other rested upon the basis of human institutions and prescriptive law, and colonial charters." The system of representation, by which each State was entitled to the same vote in Congress, whatever might be the difference in population, was also objectionable. But the most obnoxious feature of all was that the limits of the several States were unadjusted and unnoticed, and a like neglect was observed concerning the possession of the "crown-lands," or public domain.

The government thus formed was simply a league of independent States, the second Article declaring that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right," which was not, by the Confederation, "expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." It was declared, in substance, that all were to engage in a reciprocal treaty of alliance and friendship for mutual advantage, each to assist the other when help should be needed; that each State should have the right to regulate its own internal affairs; that no State should separately send or receive embassies, begin any negotiations, contract engagements or alliances, or conclude treaties with any foreign power, without the consent of the General Congress; that no public officer should be allowed to accept any presents, emoluments, office, or title from any foreign power, and that neither Congress nor State Governments should possess the power to confer any title of nobility; that none of the States should have the right to form alliances among themselves, without the consent of Congress; that no State should keep up a standing army or ships of war in time of peace, beyond the amount stipulated by Congress; that when any of the States should raise troops for the common defense, all the officers of the rank of Colonel and under should be appointed by the Legislature of the State, and superior officers by Congress; that all expenses of the war should be paid out of the public Treasury; that Congress alone should have the power to coin money; and that Canada might, at any time, be admitted into the Confederacy, when

* These were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina.

* North Carolina ratified the Articles on the 21st of July, 1778; Georgia on the 24th; New Jersey on the 26th of November; Delaware on the 5th of May, 1779; and Maryland on the 1st of March, 1781.

she felt disposed. The concluding clauses were explanatory of the power of certain governmental operations, and contained details of the same.

Such is a brief outline of the form of government which the fathers of the Revolution fashioned while in the midst of a great war for their independence; and such was the organic law of the confederated States when, on the return of peace, and the acknowledgment of their independence by Great Britain, they attempted a national career. But the powers of Congress above delineated were so qualified and weakened by restrictions that in many instances they were rendered almost nugatory. It was expressly provided that the Congress should not engage in war; nor grant letters of marque or reprisal in time of peace; nor enter into any treaties of alliances; nor coin money or regulate its value; nor levy the sums necessary to be raised for the public use; nor emit bills; nor borrow money on the credit of the United States; nor make any appropriations of money; nor decide upon the number of vessels for the navy to be constructed or used, or the land and sea forces to be raised; nor appoint a commander-in-chief of the army or navy, unless nine States of the League should consent to the same. The executive powers were placed in the hands of a Committee of the States during the recess of Congress, yet they could do none of the acts above mentioned without the consent of nine States. The General Government had no power of taxation, direct or indirect. The revenues of the country were left wholly in the control of the States composing the League. Each was left to establish its own custom-houses and revenue laws; and the only means which the Government could use in reply to the demands of public creditors and current expenses had to be derived from the voluntary grants of the several States. No provision was made for the enforcement of the measures which the Congress were authorized to adopt, and any party to the League, being a sovereign State, might violate the compact without incurring any other risk than the improbable one of civil war; improbable, because it would have been unnatural for the remainder of the Confederacy to attempt coercion. It would have been considered an unholy attempt to "subjugate" a "sovereign State," and a gross violation of "reserved rights," and the "sacred privilege of Secession."

When, on the 25th of November, 1783, the last hostile band left the soil of New York, and the vessels that bore them seaward became mere specks upon the horizon in the evening sun, the American saw, with the eyes of faith and hope, the bonds of British thralldom fall at his feet, and his pulse beat high with the inspirations of conscious freedom and absolute independence. He conceived that the great work of the Revolution was over, and that henceforth his beautiful land would be distinguished for uninterrupted peace, political and social prosperity, and wonderful national growth. Alas! these natural, generous, patriotic, and hopeful emotions were fallacious. They were born of a beautiful theo-

ry, but derived no sustenance from sober facts. They were the poetry of that hour of triumph, entrancing the spirit and kindling the imagination. They gave unbounded pleasure to a disenthralled people. But there were wise and thoughtful men who had communed with the teachers of the Past, and sought knowledge in the rigorous school of the Present. They diligently studied the prose chapters of the great volume of current history spread out before them, and were not so jubilant. They reverently thanked God for what had been accomplished; adored him for the many interpositions of his providence in their behalf, and rejoiced because of the glorious results of the struggle thus far. But they clearly perceived that the peace established by high contracting parties would prove to be only a lull in the great contest—a truce soon to be broken, not, perhaps, by the trumpet calling armed men to the field, but by the stern behests of the inexorable necessities of the new-born Republic. The Revolution was accomplished, and the political separation from Great Britain was complete, but absolute independence was not achieved.

The experience of two years wrought a wonderful change in the public mind. The wisdom of the few prophetic sages who warned the people of dangers became painfully apparent. The Americans were no longer the legal subjects of a monarch beyond the seas, yet the power and influence of Great Britain were felt like a chilling, overshadowing cloud. In the presence of her puissance, in all that constitutes the material strength and vigor of a nation, the League of States felt their weakness; and from many a patriot heart arose a sigh to the lips, and found expression there in the bitter words of deep humiliation—"We are *free*, but not *independent*."

Why not? Because THEY HAD NOT FORMED A NATION, AND THEREBY CREATED A POWER TO BE RESPECTED; because British statesmen were wise enough to perceive this inherent weakness, and sagacious enough to take advantage of it. Without the honesty of the King who had acknowledged the independence of the United States, misled by the fatal counsels of the refugee loyalists who swarmed in the British metropolis, and governed wholly by the maxims and ethics of diplomacy, the English ministry cast embarrassments in the way of the Confederation; neglected to comply with some of the most important stipulations of the Treaty of Peace; maintained a haughty reserve, and waited with complacency and perfect faith to see the whole loose fabric of government in the United States, connected by the bonds of common interest and common danger while in a state of war, crumble into fragments, and the people return to their allegiance as colonists of Great Britain, glad to escape from the troubles of anarchy. Their trade and commerce, their manufactures and arts, their literature, science, religion, and laws, were yet largely tributary to the parent country, without a well-grounded hope for a speedy deliverance. To this domination

was added a traditional contempt of the English for their trans-Atlantic brethren, as an inferior people; and the manifestation of an illiberal and unfriendly spirit, heightened by the consciousness that the Americans were without a government sufficiently powerful to command the fulfillment of treaty stipulations, or an untrammelled commerce sufficiently important to attract the cupidity and interested sympathies of other nations.

The Confederacy, or League of States, having assumed a national attitude, its powers and influence were soon tested. A debt of seventy millions of dollars lay upon the shoulders of a wasted people. About forty-four millions of that amount were owing by the Confederate Government (almost \$10,000,000 of it in Europe), and the remainder by the individual States. These debts had been incurred in carrying on the war for independence. Even while issuing their paper money in abundance the Congress had commenced borrowing; and when, in 1780, their bills of credit became worthless, borrowing was the chief monetary resource of the Government. This, of course, could not go on long without involving the Republic in embarrassment and accomplishing its final ruin. The restoration of the public credit or the downfall of the infant republic was the alternative presented to the American people at the time we are considering.

With a determination to restore the public credit, the General Congress put forth all its strength in efforts to produce that result. Only a few months after the preliminary treaty of peace was signed that body solemnly declared "that the establishment of permanent and adequate funds on taxes or duties, which shall operate generally, and on the whole in just proportion, throughout the United States, is indispensably necessary toward doing complete justice to the public creditors, for restoring public credit, and for providing for the future exigencies of the war." Two months later the same Congress recommended to the several States, for the same purpose, to vest that body with powers to levy, for a period of twenty-five years, specific duties on certain imported articles, and an *ad valorem* duty on all others; the revenue therefrom to be applied solely to the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt. It was also proposed that the States should be required to establish, for the same time and for the same object, substantial revenues for supplying each its proportion of one million five hundred thousand dollars annually, exclusive of duties on imports. This proposition was approved by the leading men of the country, but it was not adopted by the several States. They all took action upon it in the course of the next *three years*; but that action was rather in the form of overtures—indications of what each State was willing to do—not of positive law. All the States except two were willing to grant the required amount, but they were not disposed to vest the Congress with the required power. "It is *money*, not *power*, that

ought to be the object," was the jealous remark. "The former will pay our *debts*, the latter may destroy our *liberties*."

This first important effort of the General Congress, or Government of the League, to assume the functions of sovereignty was a signal failure, and the beginning of a series of failures. It excited a jealousy between the State and General governments, and exposed the utter impotency of the latter, whose vitality depended upon the will or caprice of thirteen distinct legislative bodies, each tenacious of its own peculiar rights and interests, and miserly in its delegation of power. It was speedily made manifest that the public credit must be utterly destroyed by the inevitable repudiation of the public debt.

The League were equally unfortunate in their attempts to establish commercial relations with other governments, and especially with that of Great Britain. Overtures were made to the British ministry, and William Pitt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, although only twenty-four years of age, introduced a bill into Parliament for the regulation of commerce between the two countries, by which trade with the British West India Islands and other colonial possessions of the Crown might be thrown open to the enterprise of the merchants of the United States. In this measure was involved a powerful element of solid peace and harmony between the two countries; but there appeared not to be wisdom enough among the British people for a practical perception of it. The shipping interest, then potential in the British Parliament, with strange blindness to its own welfare and that of the state, successfully opposed the measure; and a new ministry, who speedily assumed the reins of power, listened to other counsels than those of the wise and sagacious Pitt. Instead of acting liberally toward the United States, as friends and political equals, they inaugurated a restrictive commercial policy, and assumed the offensive hauteur of lord and master in the presence of vassals and slaves. Echoing the opinions of the acrimonious Silas Deane, the specious Tory Joseph Galloway, and Peter Oliver, the refugee Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, English writers and English statesmen made public observations which indicated that they regarded the American League of States as only temporarily alienated members of the British realm. Lord Sheffield, in a formidable pamphlet, gave expression to the views of the Loyalists and leading British statesmen, and declared his belief that ruin must soon overtake the League because of the anarchy and confusion in which they were involved in consequence of their independence. He assumed that the New England States in particular would speedily become supplicants at the feet of the King for pardon and restoration as colonists. He perceived the utter weakness and consequent inefficiency of the constitution of the League as a form of government, and advised his countrymen to consider them as of little account as a *nation*. He could easily divine the effects of a

diversity of feelings and interests when each State was allowed to act in its separate capacity as a sovereign, with the right to secede at any moment. "Their climate, their staples, their manners are different," he said; "their interests opposite; and that which is beneficial to one is destructive to the other. We might as reasonably dread the effects of combinations among the Germans as among the American States, and deprecate the resolves of the Diet as those of the Congress. In short, every circumstance proves that it will be extreme folly to enter into any engagements by which we may wish to be bound hereafter. It is impossible to name any material advantage the American States will or can give us in return more than what we of course shall have. *No treaty can be made with the American States that can be binding on the whole of them.....* If the American States choose to send consuls, receive them, and *send a consul to each State*. Each State will soon enter into all necessary regulations with the consuls, and this is the whole that is necessary." In other words, the League has no dignity above that of a fifth-rate power, and the States are only dislocated members of the British empire.

In view of the unfriendly conduct of Great Britain, in respect to commercial regulations, the General Congress, in the spring of 1784, asked the several States to delegate powers to them for fifteen years, by which they might compel England to be more liberal by countervailing measures of prohibition. But that appeal was in vain. The States, growing more and more jealous of their individual sovereignty, would not invest the Congress with any such power; nor would they, even in the face of the danger of having their trade go into the hands of foreigners, make any permanent and uniform arrangement among themselves. Without public credit; with their commerce at the mercy of every adventurer; without respect at home or abroad, the League of Sovereign States, free without independence, presented the sad spectacle of the elements of a great nation paralyzed in the formative process, and the coldness of political death chilling every developing function of its being.

The League now sought diplomatic relations with Great Britain, because of the inexecution of the Treaty of Peace on the part of that power, and met with equal contempt. John Adams was sent to England with the full powers of a plenipotentiary, but he could accomplish very little. His mission was almost fruitless. The estimation in which his Government was held may be inferred from the question of the Duke of Dorset, when, in reply to a letter signed by Adams of Massachusetts, Franklin of Pennsylvania, and Jefferson of Virginia, on the subject of a commercial treaty, in the spring of 1785, he inquired whether they were commissioned by Congress or their respective States, for it appeared to him "that each State was determined to manage its own matters in its own way."

Adams was never actually insulted; but the

chilliness of the social atmosphere in London, and the studied neglect of his official representations, often excited hot indignation in his bosom. But his Government was so really imbecile that he was compelled to bite his lips in silence. When he recommended it to pass countervailing navigation laws it had no power to do so; and at length, disgusted with his mission, he asked and obtained leave to return home.

Meanwhile matters were growing infinitely worse in the United States. The Congress became absolutely powerless. The States had assumed all sovereign power, each for itself, and their interests were too diversified, and, in some instances, too antagonistic, to allow them to work in harmony for the general good. The League was on the point of dissolution, and the fair fabric for the dwelling of Liberty, reared by Washington and his compatriots, seemed tottering to its fall. The idea of forming two or three distinct confederacies took possession of the public mind. Western North Carolina revolted, and the new State of Franklin, or Frankland, formed by the insurgents, endured for several months. A portion of Southwestern Virginia sympathized with the movement. Insurrection against the authorities of Pennsylvania appeared in the Wyoming Valley. A convention deliberated at Portland on the expediency of erecting the territory of Maine into an independent State. An armed mob surrounded the New Hampshire Legislature and demanded a remission of the taxes; and in Massachusetts Daniel Shays placed himself at the head of a large body of armed insurgents, and defied the government of that State. There was resistance to taxation every where, and disrespect for law became the rule and not the exception. All this rapid tendency to anarchy was justified by the right of *secession* guaranteed by the exercise of INDEPENDENT STATE SOVEREIGNTY—that hateful political heresy whose logical result is seen in the inauguration of the Great Rebellion now (1862) desolating the land. There was doubt, and perplexity, and confusion on every side. Society appeared to be about to dissolve into its original elements.

Patriots, men who had labored for the establishment of a wise government for a free people, were heart-sick. "Illiberality, jealousy, and local policy mix too much in all our public councils for the good government of the Union," wrote Washington. "The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without the substance, and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to. To me it is a solecism in politics; indeed, it is one of the most extraordinary things in nature that we should confederate as a nation, and yet be afraid to give the rulers of that nation (who are the creatures of our own making, appointed for a limited and short duration, and who are amenable for every action, and may be recalled at any moment, and are subject to all the evils they may be instrumental in producing) suffi-

cient powers to order and direct the affairs of the same. By such policy as this the wheels of government are clogged, and the brightest prospects, and that high expectation which was entertained of us by the wondering world are turned into astonishment; and from the high ground on which we stood we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness..... That our resources are ample and increasing none can deny; but while they are grudgingly applied, or not applied at all, we give a vital stab to public faith, and shall sink, in the eyes of Europe, into contempt."

Other patriots uttered similar sentiments; and there was a feverish anxiety in the public mind concerning the future, destructive of all confidence and ruinous to enterprises of every kind. Grave discussions upon the subject occurred in the library at Mount Vernon, and Washington suggested the idea of a convention of deputies from the several States to make arrangements for a general commercial system over which the Congress under the Confederation had no control. That suggestion was luminous. It beamed out upon the surrounding darkness like a ray of morning light. It was the herald and harbinger of future important action—the key-note of a loud trumpet-call for the wise men of the land to save the tottering Republic. It was the electric fire that ran along the paralyzed nerves of the nation, and quickened into action a broader statesmanship, like that displayed by the youthful Alexander Hamilton, who, three or four years before, had induced the Legislature of the State of New York to recommend "the assembling of a General Convention of the United States specially authorized to revise and amend the *Articles of Confederation*, reserving the right to the respective legislatures to ratify their determination." Then was planted the seed of the National Constitution.

At length a convention of delegates assembled at Philadelphia, in May, 1787, and in September following their labors resulted in the production of our present National Constitution. It was submitted to conventions of the Representatives of the people (not the Legislatures) in all the States. After earnest deliberation—after the free discussion of every known principle of government involving State rights and State sovereignty—after a careful comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of a consolidated nation and the Confederacy they had fairly tried, they solemnly declared that "WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." By this solemn act of the PEOPLE, they became a consolidated nation, and the hitherto "Sovereign States" were transformed into municipalities, holding the same general relation to the National Government as towns and counties did to themselves.

With the birth of the nation, in the spring of 1789, the Continental Congress—the representative of the League of States—whose existence began in 1774, expired. Its history is one of the most remarkable on record. It was first an almost spontaneous gathering of patriotic men, chosen by their fellow-citizens in a time of great perplexity, to consult upon the public good. They represented different provinces extending a thousand miles along the Atlantic coast, with interests as diversified as the climate and geography. With boldness unequaled, and faith unexampled, they snatched the sceptre of rule over a vast dominion from imperial England of whose monarch they were subjects, and assumed the functions of sovereignty by creating armies, levying war, issuing bills of credit, declaring the provinces free and independent States, negotiating treaties with foreign governments; and finally, after eight long years of struggle, wringing from their former ruler his acknowledgment of the independence of the States which they represented. The career of that Congress was meteor-like, and astonished the world with its brilliancy. It was also short. Like a half-developed giant exhausted by mighty efforts, it first exhibited lassitude, then decrepitude, and at last hopeless decay. Poor and weak, its services forgotten by those who should have been grateful for them, it lost the respect of all mankind, and died of political marasmus.

Out of the remains of the weak *Confederacy*, whose bond of union was like a rope of sand, Phoenix-like and in full vigor, arose a Nation whose existence had been decreed by the will of true sovereignty—THE PEOPLE—and whose perpetuity depends upon that will. It immediately arrested the profound attention of the civilized world. It was perceived that its commerce, its diplomacy, and its dignity were no longer exposed to neglect by thirteen distinct legislative bodies, but were guarded by a central power of wonderful energy. It was seen that the immortal prophecy of Bishop Berkeley was on the eve of fulfillment. Haughty England, who had believed all that Lord Sheffield had asserted, and more, and steadily refused to send an ambassador to the United States or make commercial arrangements with them while they remained simply a League of irresponsible "Sovereignities," now hastened to do both, because Commerce, the god of her idolatry, nodded willing and anxious assent. The very propositions for a commercial treaty which were rejected with scorn when offered by Adams a few years before, were now revived by the British Government itself, and a minister plenipotentiary was sent to the American Republican Court. France, Spain, and Holland also hastened to place their representatives at the seat of the new government, and the world acknowledged that the new-born nation was a Power in the earth—positive, tangible, indubitable.

Let us remember that we are a NATION, not a LEAGUE OF STATES or CONFEDERACY. Words have deep significance in certain relations. Let

us, in thinking, speaking, and writing of our Government and its concerns, habitually use the word *National* instead of *Federal*. The former expresses a great truth, and is broad and noble; the latter expresses a falsehood, and is narrow and ignoble in comparison. The former is calculated to inspire our children with just, expanded, and patriotic views; the latter, by its

common use, will tend to perpetuate the heretical doctrine of *State sovereignty*, give our children false ideas, and make them subservient to sectional bigotry. Let us habitually say, National Congress, National Capitol, National Government, National Army and Navy, National Judiciary, etc. Let the idea of *Nationality* permeate our whole political system.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE EXPECTS A GUEST.

IT was the seventeenth of November, 1494: more than eighteen months since Tito and Romola had been finally united in the joyous Easter time, and had had a rainbow-tinted shower of comfits thrown over them, after the ancient Greek fashion, in token that the heavens would shower sweets on them through all their double life.

Since that Easter time a great change had come over the prospects of Florence; and as in the tree that bears a myriad of blossoms, each single bud with its fruit is dependent on the primary circulation of the sap, so the fortunes of Tito and Romola were dependent on certain grand political and social conditions which made an epoch in the history of Italy.

In this very November, little more than a week ago, the spirit of the old centuries seemed to have re-entered the breasts of Florentines. The great bell in the Palace tower had rung out the hammer-sound of alarm, and the people had mustered with their rusty arms, their tools, and

impromptu cudgels to drive out the Medici. The gate of San Gallo had been fairly shut on the arrogant, exasperating Piero, galloping away toward Bologna with his hired horsemen frightened behind him, and on his keener young brother, the cardinal, escaping in the disguise of a Franciscan monk; and a price had been set on their heads. After that there had been some sacking of houses, according to old precedent; the ignominious images, painted on the public buildings, of the men who had conspired against the Medici in days gone by, were effaced; the exiled enemies of the Medici were invited home. The half-fledged tyrants were fairly out of their splendid nest in the Via Larga, and the Republic had recovered the use of its will again.

But now, a week later, the great palace in the Via Larga had been prepared for the reception of another tenant; and if drapery roofing the streets with unwonted color, if banners and hangings pouring out from the windows, if carpets and tapestry stretched over all steps and pavement where exceptional feet might tread, were an unquestionable proof of joy, Florence was very joyful in the expectation of its new guest. The stream of color flowed from the Palace in the Via Larga round by the Cathedral, then by the great Piazza della Signoria, and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Porta San Frediano—the gate that looks toward Pisa. There, near the gate, a platform and canopy had been erected for the Signoria; and Messer Luca Corsini, doctor of law, felt his heart palpitating a little with the sense that he had a Latin oration to read; and every chief elder in Florence had to make himself ready, with smooth chin and well-lined silk lucco, to walk in procession; and the well-born youths were looking at their rich new tunics after the French mode, which was to impress the stranger as having a peculiar grace when worn by Florentines; and a large body of the clergy, from the archbishop in his effulgence to the train of monks, black, white, and gray, were consulting by times in the morning how they should marshal themselves, with their burden of relics, and sacred banners, and consecrated jewels, that their movements might be adjusted to the expected arrival of the illustrious visitor at three o'clock in the afternoon.

An unexampled visitor! For he had come through the passes of the Alps with such an army as Italy had not seen before: with thou-

sands of terrible Swiss, well used to fight for love and hatred as well as for hire; with a host of gallant cavaliers proud of a name; with an unprecedented infantry, in which every man in a hundred carried an arquebuse; nay, with cannon of bronze shooting not stones but iron balls, drawn not by bullocks but by horses, and capable of firing a second time before a city could mend the breach made by the first ball. Some compared the new-comer to Charlemagne, reputed rebuilder of Florence, welcome conqueror of degenerate kings, regulator and benefactor of the Church; some preferred the comparison to Cyrus, liberator of the chosen people, restorer of the Temple. For he had come across the Alps with the most glorious projects: he was to march through Italy amidst the jubilees of a grateful and admiring people; he was to satisfy all conflicting complaints at Rome; he was to take possession, by virtue of hereditary right and a little fighting, of the kingdom of Naples; and from that convenient starting-point he was to set out on the conquest of the Turks, who were partly to be cut to pieces and partly converted to the faith of Christ. It was a scheme that seemed to befit the Most Christian King, head of a nation which, thanks to the devices of a subtle Louis the Eleventh, who had died in much fright as to his personal prospects ten years before, had become the strongest of Christian monarchies; and this antitype of Cyrus and Charlemagne was no other than the son of that subtle Louis—the young Charles the Eighth of France.

Surely, on a general statement, hardly any thing could seem more grandiose, or fitter to revive in the breasts of men the memory of great dispensations by which new strata had been laid in the history of mankind. And there was a very widely-spread conviction that the advent of the French King and his army into Italy was one of those events at which marble statues might well be believed to perspire, phantasmal fiery warriors to fight in the air, and quadrupeds to bring forth monstrous births—that it did not belong to the usual order of Providence, but was in a peculiar sense the work of God. It was a conviction that rested less on the necessarily momentous character of a powerful foreign invasion than on certain moral emotions to which the aspect of the times gave the form of presentiments—emotions which had found a very remarkable utterance in the voice of a single man.

That man was Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence. On a September morning, when men's ears were ringing with the news that the French army had entered Italy, he had preached in the Cathedral of Florence from the text, "Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth." He believed it was by supreme guidance that he had reached just so far in his exposition of Genesis the previous Lent; and he believed the "flood of waters"—emblem at once of avenging wrath and purifying mercy—to be the divinely indicated symbol of the French

army. His audience, some of whom were held to be among the choicest spirits of the age—the most cultivated men in the most cultivated of Italian cities—believed it too, and listened with shuddering awe. For this man had a power, rarely paralleled, of impressing his beliefs on others, and of swaying very various minds. And as long as four years ago he had proclaimed from the chief pulpit of Florence that a scourge was about to descend on Italy, and that by this scourge the Church was to be purified. Savonarola believed, and his hearers more or less waveringly believed, that he had a mission like that of the Hebrew prophets, and that the Florentines among whom his message was delivered were in some sense a second chosen people. The idea of prophetic gifts was not a remote one in that age: seers of visions, circumstantial heralds of things to be, were far from uncommon either outside or inside the cloister; but this very fact made Savonarola stand out the more conspicuously as a grand exception. While in others the gift of prophecy was very much like a farthing candle illuminating small corners of human destiny with prophetic gossip, in Savonarola it was like a mighty beacon shining far out for the warning and guidance of men. And to some of the soberest minds the supernatural character of his insight into the future gathered a strong attestation from the peculiar conditions of the age.

At the close of 1492, the year in which Lorenzo de' Medici died, and Tito Melema came as a wanderer to Florence, Italy was enjoying a peace and prosperity unthreatened by any near and definite danger. There was no fear of famine, for the seasons had been plenteous in corn, and wine, and oil; new palaces had been rising in all fair cities, new villas on pleasant slopes and summits; and the men who had more than their share of these good things were in no fear of the larger number who had less. For the citizens' armor was getting rusty, and populations seemed to have become tame, licking the hands of masters who paid for a ready-made army when they wanted it, as they paid for goods of Smyrna. Even the fear of the Turk had ceased to be active, and the Pope found it more immediately profitable to accept bribes from him for a little prospective poisoning than to form plans either for conquering or for converting him.

Altogether, this world, with its partitioned empire and its roomy universal Church, seemed to be a handsome establishment for the few who were lucky or wise enough to reap the advantages of human folly—a world in which lust and obscenity, lying and treachery, oppression and murder, were pleasant, useful, and, when properly managed, not dangerous. And as a sort of fringe or adornment to the substantial delights of tyranny, avarice, and lasciviousness, there was the patronage of polite learning and the fine arts, so that flattery could always be had in the choicest Latin to be commanded at that time, and sublime artists were at hand to paint the holy and the unclean with impartial skill. The

Church, it was said, had never been so disgraced in its head, had never shown so few signs of renovating, vital belief in its lower members; yet it was much more prosperous than in some past days. The heavens were fair and smiling above; and below there were no signs of earthquake.

Yet at that time, as we have seen, there was a man in Florence who for two years and more had been preaching that a scourge was at hand; that the world was certainly not framed for the lasting convenience of hypocrites, libertines, and oppressors. From the midst of those smiling heavens he had seen a sword hanging—the sword of God's justice—which was speedily to descend with purifying punishment on the Church and the world. In brilliant Ferrara, seventeen years before, the contradiction between men's lives and their professed beliefs had pressed upon him with a force that had been enough to destroy his appetite for the world, and at the age of twenty-three had driven him into the cloister. He believed that God had committed to the Church the sacred lamp of truth for the guidance and salvation of men, and he saw that the Church, in its corruption, had become as a sepulchre to hide the lamp. As the years went on scandals increased and multiplied, and hypocrisy seemed to have given place to impudence. Had the world then ceased to have a righteous Ruler? Was the Church finally forsaken? No, assuredly: in the Sacred Book there was a record of the past in which might be seen as in a glass what would be in the days to come, and the book showed that when the wickedness of the chosen people, type of the Christian Church, had become crying, the judgments of God had descended on them. Nay, reason itself declared that vengeance was imminent, for what else would suffice to turn men from their obstinacy in evil? And unless the Church were reclaimed, how could the promises be fulfilled, that the heathens should be converted and the whole world become subject to the one true law? He had seen his belief reflected in visions—a mode of seeing which had been frequent with him from his youth up.

But the real force of demonstration for Girolamo Savonarola lay in his own burning indignation at the sight of wrong; in his fervid belief in an Unseen Justice that would put an end to the wrong, and in an Unseen Purity to which lying and uncleanness were an abomination. To his ardent, power-loving soul, believing in great ends, and longing to achieve those ends by the exertion of a mighty and generous will, the faith in a supreme and righteous Ruler became one with the faith in a speedy divine interposition that would punish and reclaim.

Meanwhile, under that splendid masquerade of dignities sacred and secular which seemed to make the life of lucky Churchmen and princely families so luxurious and amusing, there were certain conditions at work which slowly tended to disturb the general festivity. Ludovico Sforza—copious in gallantry, splendid patron of an incomparable Leonardo da Vinci—holding the ducal crown of Milan in his grasp, and wanting

to put it on his own head rather than let it rest on that of a feeble nephew who would take very little to poison him, was much afraid of the Spanish-born old King Ferdinand and the Crown Prince Alfonso of Naples, who, not liking cruelty and treachery which were useless to themselves, objected to the poisoning of a near relative for the advantage of a Lombard usurper; the royalties of Naples again were afraid of their suzerain, Pope Alexander Borgia; all three were anxiously watching Florence, lest with its mid-way territory it should determine the game by underhand backing; and all four, with every small state in Italy, were afraid of Venice—Venice the cautious, the stable, and the strong, that wanted to stretch its arms not only along both sides of the Adriatic but across to the ports of the western coast.

Lorenzo de' Medici, it was thought, did much to prevent the fatal outbreak of such jealousies, keeping up the old Florentine alliance with Naples and the Pope, and yet persuading Milan that the alliance was for the general advantage. But young Piero de' Medici's rash vanity had quickly nullified the effect of his father's wary policy, and Ludovico Sforza, roused to suspicion of a league against him, thought of a move which would checkmate his adversaries; he determined to invite the French king to march into Italy, and, as heir of the house of Anjou, to take possession of Naples. Embassadors—"orators," as they were called in those haranguing times—went and came; a recusant cardinal determined not to acknowledge a Pope elected by bribery, and his own particular enemy, went and came also, and seconded the invitation with hot rhetoric; and the young king seemed to lend a willing ear. So that in 1493 the rumor spread and became louder and louder that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ear of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII., was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy, let Florence above all—Florence beloved of God, since to its ear the warning voice had been specially sent—repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the storm-cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing rain-drops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines clearly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle every thing when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guest were not entirely those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolical of joy there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms newly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor for fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as credible historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

And this was the temper of Florence on the morning of the seventeenth of November, 1494.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONERS.

THE sky was gray, but that made little difference in the Piazza del Duomo, which was covered with its holiday sky of blue drapery, and its constellations of yellow lilies and coats of arms. The sheaves of banners were unfurled at the angles of the Baptistery, but there was no carpet

yet on the steps of the Duomo, for the marble was being trodden by numerous feet that were not at all exceptional. It was the hour of the Advent sermons, and the very same reasons which had flushed the streets with holiday color were reasons why the preaching in the Duomo could least of all be dispensed with.

But not all the feet in the Piazza were hastening toward the steps. People of high and low degree were moving to and fro with the brisk pace of men who had errands before them; groups of talkers were thickly scattered, some willing to be late for the sermon, others content not to hear it at all.

The expression on the faces of these apparent loungers was not that of men who are enjoying the pleasant laziness of an opening holiday. Some were in close and eager discussion; others were listening with keen interest to a single spokesman, and yet from time to time turned round with a scanning glance at any new passerby. At the corner, looking toward the Via de' Cerretani—just where the artificial rainbow light of the Piazza ceased, and the gray morning fell on the sombre stone houses—there was a remarkable cluster of the working people, most of them bearing on their dress or persons the signs of their daily labor, and almost all of them carrying some weapon, or some tool which might serve as a weapon upon occasion. Standing in the gray light of the street, with bare brawny arms and soiled garments, they made all the more striking the transition from the brightness of the Piazza. They were listening to the thin notary, Ser Cioni, who had just paused on his way to the Duomo. His biting words could get only a contemptuous reception two years and a half before in the Mercato, but now he spoke with the more complacent humor of a man whose party is uppermost, and who is conscious of some influence with the people.

"Never talk to me," he was saying, in his incisive voice, "never talk to me of blood-thirsty Swiss or fierce French infantry: they might as well be in the narrow passes of the mountains as in our streets; and peasants have destroyed the finest armies of our *condottieri* in time past, when they had once got them between steep precipices. I tell you, Florentines need be afraid of no army in their own streets."

"That's true, Ser Cioni," said a man whose arms and hands were discolored by crimson dye, which looked like blood-stains, and who had a small hatchet stuck in his belt; "and those French cavaliers, who came in squaring themselves in their smart doublets the other day, saw a sample of the dinner we could serve up for them. I was carrying my cloth in Ognissanti, when I saw my fine *Messeri* going by, looking round as if they thought the houses of the Vespucci and the Agli a poor pick of lodgings for them, and eying us Florentines, like top-knotted cocks as they are, as if they pitied us because we didn't know how to strut. 'Yes, my fine *Galli*,' says I, 'stick out your stomachs, I've got a meat-axe in my belt that will go inside you all

the easier;' when presently the old cow lowed,* and I knew something had happened—no matter what. So I threw my cloth in at the first door-way, and took hold of my meat-axe and ran after my fine cavaliers toward the Vigna Nuova. And, 'What is it, Guccio?' said I, when he came up with me. 'I think it's the Medici coming back,' said Guccio. *Bembè!* I expected so! And up we reared a barricade, and the *Francesi* looked behind and saw themselves in a trap; and up comes a good swarm of our *Ciampi*,† and one of them with a big scythe he had in his hand mowed off one of the fine cavalier's feathers—it's true! And the lasses peppered a few stones down to frighten them. However, Piero de' Medici wasn't come after all; and it was a pity; for we'd have left him neither legs nor wings to go away with again."

"Well spoken, Oddo," said a young butcher, with his knife at his belt; "and it's my belief Piero will be a good while before he wants to come back, for he looked as frightened as a hunted chicken, when we hustled and pelted him *in piazza*. He's a coward, else he might have made a better stand when he'd got his horsemen. But we'll swallow no Medici any more, whatever else the French king wants to make us swallow."

"But I like not those French cannon they talk of," said Goro, none the less fat for two years' additional grievances. "San Giovanni defend us! If Messer Domeneddio means so well by us as your Frate says he does, Ser Cioni, why shouldn't he have sent the French another way to Naples?"

"*Madesi* (yes, indeed), Goro," said the dyer, "and that's a question worth putting. Thou art not such a pumpkin-head as I took thee for. Why, they might have gone to Naples by Bologna, eh, Ser Cioni? or if they'd gone to Arezzo—we wouldn't have minded their going to Arezzo."

"Fools! It will be for the good and glory of Florence," Ser Cioni began. But he was interrupted by the exclamation, "Look there!" which burst from several voices at once, while the faces were all turned to a party who were advancing along the Via de' Cerretani.

"It's Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and one of the French noblemen who are in his house," said Ser Cioni, in some contempt at this interruption. "He pretends to look well satisfied—that deep Tornabuoni—but he's a Medicean in his heart: mind that."

The advancing party was rather a brilliant one, for there was not only the distinguished presence of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and the splendid costume of the Frenchman with his elaborately displayed white linen and gorgeous embroidery; there were two other Florentines of high birth in handsome dresses donned for the coming procession, and on the left hand of the Frenchman was a figure that was not to be

eclipsed by any amount of intention or brocade—a figure we have often seen before. He wore nothing but black, for he was in mourning; but the black was presently to be covered by a red mantle, for he too was to walk in procession as Latin Secretary to the *Dieci*. Tito Melema had become conspicuously serviceable in the intercourse with the French guests, from his familiarity with Southern Italy, and his readiness in the French tongue, which he had spoken in his early youth; and he had paid more than one visit to the French camp at Signa. The lustre of good fortune was upon him; he was smiling, listening, and explaining, with his usual graceful unpretentious ease, and only a very keen eye bent on studying him could have marked a certain amount of change in him which was not to be accounted for by the lapse of eighteen months. It was that change which comes from the final departure of moral youthfulness—from the distinct self-conscious adoption of a part in life. The lines of the face were as soft as ever, the eyes as pellucid; but something was gone—something as indefinable as the changes in the morning twilight.

The Frenchman was gathering instructions concerning ceremonial before riding back to Signa, and now he was going to have a final survey of the Piazza del Duomo, where the royal procession was to pause for religious purposes. The distinguished party attracted the notice of all eyes as it entered the piazza, but the gaze was not entirely cordial and admiring; there were remarks not altogether allusive and mysterious to the Frenchman's hoof-shaped shoes—delicate flattery of royal superfluity in toes; and there was no care that certain snarlings at "*Mediceans*" should be strictly inaudible. But Lorenzo Tornabuoni possessed that power of dissembling annoyance which is demanded in a man who courts popularity, and to Tito's natural disposition to overcome ill-will by good-humor, there was added the unimpassioned feeling of the alien toward names and details that move the deepest passions of the native. Arrived where they could get a good oblique view of the Duomo the party paused. The festoons and devices that had been placed over the central door-way excited some demur, and Tornabuoni beckoned to Piero di Cosimo, who, as was usual with him at this hour, was lounging in front of Nello's shop. There was soon an animated discussion, which became highly amusing from the Frenchman's astonishment at Piero's odd pungency of statement, which Tito translated literally. Even snarling on-lookers became curious, and their faces began to wear the half-smiling, half-humiliated expression of people who are not within hearing of the joke which is producing infectious laughter. It was a delightful moment for Tito, for he was the only one of the party who could have made so amusing an interpreter, and without any disposition to triumphant self-gratulation, he reveled in the sense that he was an object of liking—he basked in approving glances. The rainbow light fell

* "*La vacca muglia*" was the phrase for the sounding of the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

† The poorer artisans connected with the wool trade—wool-beaters, carders, washers, etc.

about the laughing group, and the grave churchgoers had all disappeared within the walls. It seemed as if the piazza had been decorated for a real Florentine holiday.

Meanwhile, in the gray light of the unadorned streets, there were on-comers who made no show of linen and brocade, and whose humor was far from merry. Here, too, the French dress and hoofed shoes were conspicuous, but they were being pressed upon by a larger and larger number of non-admiring Florentines. In the van of the crowd were three men in scanty clothing; each had his hands bound together by a cord, and a rope was fastened round his neck and body, in such a way that he who held the extremity of the rope might easily check any rebellious movement by the threat of throttling. The men who held the ropes were French soldiers, and by broken Italian phrases and strokes from the knotted end of the rope, they from time to time stimulated their prisoners to beg. Two of them were obedient, and to every Florentine they had encountered had held out their bound hands, and said, in piteous tones,

"For the love of God and the Holy Madonna, give us something toward our ransom! We are Tuscans: we were made prisoners in Lunigiana."

But the third man remained obstinately silent under all the strokes from the knotted cord. He was very different in aspect from his two fellow-prisoners. They were young and hardy, and, in the scant clothing which the avarice of their captors had left them, looked like vulgar, sturdy mendicants. But he had passed the boundary of old age, and could hardly be less than four or five and sixty. His beard, which had grown long in neglect, and the hair, which fell thick and straight round his baldness, were nearly white. His thick-set figure was still firm and upright, though emaciated, and seemed to express energy in spite of age—an expression that was partly carried out in the dark eyes and strong dark eyebrows, which had a strangely isolated intensity of color in the midst of his yellow, bloodless, deep-wrinkled face with its lank gray hairs. And yet there was something fitful in the eyes which contradicted the occasional flash of energy; after looking round with quick fierceness at windows and faces they fell again with a lost and wandering look. But his lips were motionless, and he held his hands resolutely down. He would not beg.

This sight had been witnessed by the Florentines with growing exasperation. Many standing at their doors or passing quietly along had at once given money—some in half automatic response to an appeal in the name of God, others in that unquestioning awe of the French soldiery which had been created by the reports of their cruel warfare, and on which the French themselves counted as a guarantee of immunity in their acts of insolence. But as the group had proceeded farther into the heart of the city, that compliance had gradually disappeared, and the soldiers found themselves escorted by a gathering troop of men and boys, who kept up a

chorus of exclamations sufficiently intelligible to foreign ears without any interpreter. The soldiers themselves had begun to dislike their position, for with a strong inclination to use their weapons, they were checked by the necessity for keeping a secure hold on their prisoners, and they were now hurrying along in the hope of finding shelter in a hostelry.

"French dogs!" "Bullock-feet!" "Snatch their pikes from them!" "Cut the cords and make them run for their prisoners. They'll run as fast as geese—don't you see they're web-footed?" These were the cries which the soldiers vaguely understood to be jeers, and probably threats. But every one seemed disposed to give invitations of this spirited kind rather than to act upon them.

"Santiddio! here's a sight!" said the dyer, as soon as he had divined the meaning of the advancing tumult, "and the fools do nothing but hoot. Come along!" he added, snatching his axe from his belt, and running to join the crowd, followed by the butcher and all the rest of his companions except Goro, who hastily retreated up a narrow passage.

The sight of the dyer, running forward with blood-red arms and axe uplifted, and with his cluster of rough companions behind him, had a stimulating effect on the crowd. Not that he did any thing else than pass beyond the soldiers and thrust himself well among his fellow-citizens, flourishing his axe; but he served as a stirring symbol of street fighting, like the waving of a well-known gonfalon. And the first sign that fire was ready to burst out was something as rapid as a little leaping tongue of flame: it was an act of the *cerretano's* impish lad Lollo, who was dancing and jeering in front of the ingenuous boys that made the majority of the crowd. Lollo had no great compassion for the prisoners, but being conscious of an excellent knife which was his unfailing companion, it had seemed to him from the first that to jump forward, cut a rope, and leap back again before the soldier who held it could use his weapon, would be an amusing and dextrous bit of mischief. And now, when the people began to hoot and jostle more vigorously, Lollo felt that his moment was come—he was close to the eldest prisoner: in an instant he had cut the cord.

"Run, old one!" he piped in the prisoner's ear, as soon as the cord was in two; and himself set the example of running as if he were helped along with wings, like a scared fowl.

The prisoner's sensations were not too slow for him to seize the opportunity: the idea of escape had been continually present with him, and he had gathered fresh hope from the temper of the crowd. He ran at once; but his speed would hardly have sufficed for him if the Florentines had not instantaneously rushed between him and his captor. He ran on into the piazza, but he quickly heard the tramp of feet behind him, for the other two prisoners had been released, and the soldiers were struggling and fighting their way after them, in such tardigrade



THE ESCAPED PRISONER.

fashion as their hoof-shaped shoes would allow—impeded, but not very resolutely attacked, by the people. One of the two younger prisoners turned up the Borgo di San Lorenzo, and thus made a partial diversion of the hubbub; but the main struggle was still toward the piazza, where all eyes were turned on it with alarmed curiosity. The cause could not be precisely guessed, for the French dress was screened by the impeding crowd.

"An escape of prisoners," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, as he and his party turned round just against the steps of the Duomo, and saw a prisoner rushing by them. "The people are not content with having emptied the Bargello the other day. If there is no other authority in sight they must fall on the *sbirri* and secure freedom to thieves. Ah! there is a French soldier: that is more serious."

The soldier he saw was struggling along on

the north side of the piazza, but the object of his pursuit had taken the other direction. That object was the eldest prisoner, who had wheeled round the Baptistery and was running toward the Duomo, determined to take refuge in that sanctuary rather than trust to his speed. But in mounting the steps his foot received a shock; he was precipitated toward the group of *signori*, whose backs were turned to him, and was only able to recover his balance as he clutched one of them by the arm.

It was Tito Melema who felt that clutch. He turned his head, and saw the face of his adopted father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own.

The two men looked at each other, silent as death: Baldassarre, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled worn hands on the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them—it was but a moment.

The first sound Tito heard was the short laugh of Piero di Cosimo, who stood close by him and was the only person that could see his face.

"Ha, ha! I know what a ghost should be now."

"This is another escaped prisoner," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni. "Who is he, I wonder?"

"Some madman, surely," said Tito.

He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips: there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation.

The two men had not taken their eyes off each other, and it seemed to Tito, when he had spoken, that some magical poison had darted from Baldassarre's eyes, and that he felt it rushing through his veins. But the next instant the grasp on his arm had relaxed, and Baldassarre had disappeared within the church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

"You are easily frightened, though," said Piero, with another scornful laugh. "My portrait is not as good as the original. But the old fellow *had* a tiger look: I must go into the Duomo and see him again."

"It is not pleasant to be laid hold of by a madman, if madman he be," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, in polite excuse of Tito; "but perhaps he is only a ruffian. We shall hear. I think we must see if we have authority enough to stop this disturbance between our people and your countrymen," he added, addressing the Frenchman.

They advanced toward the crowd with their swords drawn, all the quiet spectators making an escort for them. Tito went too: it was necessary that he should know what others knew

about Baldassarre, and the first palsy of terror was being succeeded by the rapid devices to which mortal danger will stimulate the timid.

The rabble of men and boys, more inclined to hoot at the soldier and torment him than to receive or inflict any serious wounds, gave way at the approach of *signori* with drawn swords, and the French soldier was interrogated. He and his companions had simply brought their prisoners into the city that they might beg money for their ransom: two of the prisoners were Tuscan soldiers taken in Lunigiana; the other, an elderly man, was with a party of Genoese, with whom the French foragers had come to blows near Fivizzano. He might be mad, but he was harmless. The soldier knew no more, being unable to understand a word the old man said. Tito heard so far, but he was deaf to every thing else till he was specially addressed. It was Tornabuoni who spoke.

"Will you go back with us, Melema? Or, since Messere is going off to Signa now, will you wisely follow the fashion of the times and go to hear the Frate, who will be like the torrent at its height this morning? It's what we must all do, you know, if we are to save our Medicean skins. I should go if I had the leisure."

Tito's face had recovered its color now, and he could make an effort to speak with gayety.

"Of course I am among the admirers of the inspired orator," he said, smilingly; "but, unfortunately, I shall be occupied with the Segretario till the time of the procession."

"I am going into the Duomo to look at that savage old man again," said Piero.

"Then have the charity to show him to one of the hospitals for travelers, *Piero mio*," said Tornabuoni. "The monks may find out whether he wants putting into a cage."

The party separated, and Tito took his way to the Palazzo Vecchio, where he was to find Bartolommeo Scala. It was not a long walk, but for Tito it was stretched out like the minutes of our morning dreams: the short spaces of street and piazza held memories, and previsions, and torturing fears, that might have made the history of months. He felt as if a serpent had begun to coil round his limbs. Baldassarre living, and in Florence, was a living revenge, which would no more rest than a winding serpent would rest until it had crushed its prey. It was not in the nature of that man to let an injury pass unavenged: his love and his hatred were of that passionate fervor which subjugates all the rest of the being, and makes a man sacrifice himself to his passion as if it were a deity to be worshiped with self-destruction. Baldassarre had relaxed his hold and had disappeared. Tito knew well how to interpret that: it meant that the vengeance was to be studied that it might be sure. If he had not uttered those decisive words—"He is a madman"—if he could have summoned up the state of mind, the courage necessary for avowing his recognition of Baldassarre, would not the risk have been less? He might have declared himself to have had what he believed to

be positive evidence of Baldassarre's death; and the only persons who could ever have had positive knowledge to contradict him were Fra Luca, who was dead, and the crew of the companion galley, who had brought him the news of the encounter with the pirates. The chances were infinite against Baldassarre's having met again with any one of the crew, and Tito thought with bitterness that a timely, well-devised falsehood might have saved him from any fatal consequences. But to have told that falsehood would have required perfect self-command in the moment of a convulsive shock: he seemed to have spoken without any preconception—the words had leaped forth like a sudden birth that has been begotten and nourished in the darkness.

Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

There was but one chance for him now—the chance of Baldassarre's failure in finding his revenge. And—Tito grasped at a thought more actively cruel than any he had ever encouraged before—might not his own unpremeditated words have some truth in them? enough truth, at least, to bear him out in his denial of any declaration Baldassarre might make about him? The old man looked strange and wild: with his eager heart and brain suffering was likely enough to have produced madness. If it were so, the vengeance that strove to inflict disgrace might be baffled.

But there was another form of vengeance not to be baffled by ingenious lying. Baldassarre belonged to a race to whom the thrust of the dagger seems almost as natural an impulse as the outleap of the tiger's talons. Tito shrank with shuddering dread from disgrace; but he had also that physical dread which is inseparable from a soft pleasure-loving nature, and which prevents a man from meeting wounds and death as a welcome relief from disgrace. His thoughts flew at once to some hidden defensive armor that might save him from a vengeance which no subtlety could parry.

He wondered at the power of the passionate fear that possessed him. It was as if he had been smitten with a blighting disease that had suddenly turned the joyous sense of young life into pain.

There was still one resource open to Tito. He might have turned back, sought Baldassarre again, confessed every thing to him—to Romola—to all the world. But he never thought of that. The repentance which cuts off all moorings to evil demands something more than selfish fear. He had no sense that there was strength and safety in truth, the only strength he trusted to lay in his ingenuity and his dissimulation. Now the first shock, which had called up the traitorous signs of fear, was well past, he hoped to be prepared for all emergencies by cool deceit—and defensive armor.

It was a characteristic fact in Tito's experience at this crisis that no direct measures for

ridding himself of Baldassarre ever occurred to him. All other possibilities passed through his mind, even to his own flight from Florence, but he never thought of any scheme for removing his enemy. His dread generated no active malignity, and he would still have been glad not to give pain to any mortal. He had simply chosen to make life easy to himself—to carry his human lot, if possible, in such a way that it should pinch him nowhere; and the choice had, at various times, landed him in unexpected positions. The question now was, not whether he should divide the common pressure of destiny with his suffering fellow-men; it was whether all the resources of lying would save him from being crushed by the consequences of that habitual choice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INSIDE THE DUOMO.

WHEN Baldassarre, with his hands bound together, and the rope round his neck and body, pushed his way behind the curtain, and saw the interior of the Duomo before him, he gave a start of astonishment, and stood still against the door-way. He had expected to see a vast nave empty of every thing but lifeless emblems—side altars with candles unlit, dim pictures, pale and rigid statues, with perhaps a few worshipers in the distant choir following a monotonous chant. That was the ordinary aspect of churches to a man who never went into them with any religious purpose.

And he saw, instead, a vast multitude of warm, living faces, upturned in breathless silence toward the pulpit, at the angle between the nave and the choir. The multitude was of all ranks, from magistrates and dames of gentle nurture to coarsely-clad artisans and country people. In the pulpit was a Dominican monk, with strong features and dark hair, preaching with the crucifix in his hand. For the first few minutes Baldassarre noted nothing of his preaching. Silent as his entrance had been, some eyes near the door-way had been turned on him with surprise and suspicion. The rope indicated plainly enough that he was an escaped prisoner, but in that case the church was a sanctuary which he had a right to claim; his advanced years and look of wild misery were fitted to excite pity rather than alarm; and as he stood motionless, with eyes that soon wandered absently from the wide scene before him to the pavement at his feet, those who had observed his entrance presently ceased to regard him, and became absorbed again in the stronger interest of listening to the sermon. Among the eyes that had been turned toward him were Romola's; she had entered late through one of the side doors, and was so placed that she had a full view of the main entrance. She had looked long and attentively at Baldassarre, for gray hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and the stamp of some unwonted suffering in the

face, confirmed by the cord round the neck, stirred in her those sensibilities toward the sorrows of age, which her whole life had tended to develop. She fancied that his eyes had met hers in their first wandering gaze, but Baldassarre had not, in reality, noted her; he had only had a startled consciousness of the general scene, and the consciousness was a mere flash that made no perceptible break in the fierce tumult of emotion which the encounter with Tito had created. Images from the past kept urging themselves upon him like delirious visions strangely blended with thirst and anguish. No distinct thought for the future could shape itself in the midst of that fiery passion; the nearest approach to such thought was the bitter sense of enfeebled powers, and a vague determination to universal distrust and suspicion. Suddenly he felt himself vibrating to loud tones, which seemed like the thundering echo of his own passion. A voice that penetrated his very marrow with its accent of triumphant certitude was saying, "The day of vengeance is at hand!"

Baldassarre quivered and looked up. He was too distant to see more than the general aspect of the preacher standing with his right arm outstretched, lifting up the crucifix; but he panted for the threatening voice again as if it had been a promise of bliss. There was a pause before the preacher spoke again. He gradually lowered his arm. He deposited the crucifix on the edge of the pulpit, and crossed his arms over his breast, looking round at the multitude as if he would meet the glance of every individual face.

"All ye in Florence are my witnesses, for I spoke not in a corner. Ye are my witnesses, that four years ago, when there were yet no signs of war and tribulation, I preached the coming of the scourge. I lifted up my voice as a trumpet to the prelates and princes and people of Italy and said, The cup of your iniquity is full. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil, and who shall punish us? To you, I said, the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding-sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence. Trust not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses; for though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils, so that you shall be confounded and flee like women. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and put others in their stead. For God will no longer endure the pollution of his sanctuary: he will thoroughly purge his Church.

"And forasmuch as it is written that God will do nothing but he revealeth it to his servants the prophets, he has chosen me his unworthy servant, and made His purpose present to my soul in the living word of the Scriptures; and in the deeds of His Providence; and by the ministry of angels he has revealed it to me in visions. And His word possesses me so that I am but as the branch of the forest when the wind of heaven penetrates it, and it is not in me to keep silence, even though I may be a derision to the scorner. And for four years I have preached in obedience to the Divine will: in the face of scoffing I have preached three things which the Lord has delivered to me: that in these times God will regenerate His Church, and that before the regeneration must come the scourge over all Italy, and that these things will come quickly. But hypocrites who cloak their hatred of the truth with a show of love have said to me 'Come now, Frate, leave your prophesyings: it is enough to teach virtue.' To these I answer: 'Yes, you say in your hearts, God lives afar off, and His word is as a parchment written by dead men, and He deals not as in the days of old, rebuking the nations, and punishing the oppressors, and smiting the unholy priests as he smote the sons of Eli.' But I cry again in your ears: God is near and not afar off; His judgments change not. He is the God of armies; the strong men who go up to battle are his ministers, even as the storm, and fire, and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of His angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land: has not God placed his sanctuary within thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold! the ministers of his wrath are upon thee—they are at thy very doors."

Savonarola's voice had been rising in impassioned force up to this point, when he became suddenly silent, let his hands fall, and clasped them quietly before him. His silence, instead of being the signal for small movements among his audience, seemed to be as strong a spell to them as his voice. Through the vast area of the cathedral men and women sat with faces upturned, like breathing statues, till the voice was heard again in clear low tones.

"Yet there is a pause—even as in the days when Jerusalem was destroyed there was a pause that the children of God might flee from it. There is a stillness before the storm: lo! there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes: the winds are stayed, that the voice of God's warning may be heard. Hear it now, O Florence, chosen city in the chosen land! Repent and forsake evil: do justice: love mercy: put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"For the sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering; it is about to fall! The sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden! Did I not tell you, years ago, that I had beheld the vision

and heard the voice? And behold, it is fulfilled! Is there not a king with his army at your gates? Does not the earth shake with the tread of horses and the wheels of swift cannon? Is there not a fierce multitude that can lay bare the land as with a sharp razor? I tell you the French king with his army is the minister of God: God shall guide him as the hand guides a sharp sickle, and the joints of the wicked shall melt before him, and they shall be mown down as stubble: he that fleeth of them shall not flee away, and he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered. And the tyrants who make to themselves a throne out of the vices of the multitude, and the unbelieving priests who traffic in the souls of men and fill the very sanctuary with fornication, shall be hurled from their soft couches into burning hell; and the pagans and they who sinned under the old covenant shall stand aloof and say: 'Lo! these men have brought the stench of a new wickedness into the everlasting fire.'

"But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the Cross is held out to you: come and be healed. Which among the nations of Italy has had a token like unto yours? The tyrant is driven out from among you: the men who held a bribe in their left hand and a rod in their right are gone forth, and no blood has been spilled. And now put away every other abomination from among you, and you shall be strong in the strength of the living God. Wash yourself from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathens: put away the envy and hatred that have made your city as a nest of wolves. And there shall no harm happen to you: and the passage of armies shall be to you as the flight of birds, and rebellious Pisa shall be given to you again, and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations. But, mark! while you suffer the accursed thing to lie in the camp you shall be afflicted and tormented, even though a remnant among you may be saved."

These admonitions and promises had been spoken in an incisive tone of authority; but in the next sentence the preacher's voice melted into a strain of entreaty:

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns, as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that but for your sakes I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. For you I toil, for you I languish, for you my nights are spent in watching, and my soul melteth away for very heaviness. O Lord, thou knowest I am willing—I am ready. Take me, stretch me on thy cross: let the wicked who delight in blood, and rob the poor, and defile the temple of their bodies, and harden themselves against thy mercy—let them wag their heads and shoot out the lip at me: let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be made like Thee in thy great love. But let me see of the fruit of my travail—let

this people be saved! Let me see them clothed in purity: let me hear their voices rise in concord as the voices of the angels: let them see no wisdom but in Thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness. Then they shall lead the way before the nations, and the people from the four winds shall follow them, and be gathered into the fold of the blessed. For it is thy will, O God, that the earth shall be converted unto thy law: it is thy will that wickedness shall cease and love shall reign. Come, O blessed promise! and behold, I am willing—lay me on the altar: let my blood flow and the fire consume me; but let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity shall not prosper forever."

During the last appeal Savonarola had stretched out his arms and lifted up his eyes to heaven; his strong voice had alternately trembled with emotion and risen again in renewed energy; but the passion with which he offered himself as a victim became at last too strong to allow of further speech, and he ended in a sob. Every changing tone, vibrating through the audience, shook them into answering emotion. There were plenty among them who had very moderate faith in the Frate's prophetic mission, and who in their cooler moments loved him little; nevertheless, they too were carried along by the great wave of feeling which gathered its force from sympathies that lay deeper than all theory. A loud responding sob rose at once from the wide multitude, while Savonarola had fallen on his knees and buried his face in his mantle. He felt in that moment the rapture and glory of martyrdom without its agony.

In that great sob of the multitude Baldassarre's had mingled. Among all the human beings present, there was perhaps not one whose frame vibrated more strongly than his to the tones and words of the preacher; but it had vibrated like a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. That threat of a fiery inexorable vengeance—of a future into which the hated sinner might be pursued and held by the avenger in an eternal grapple, had come to him like the promise of an unquenchable fountain to unquenchable thirst. The doctrines of the sages, the old contempt for priestly superstitions, had fallen away from his soul like a forgotten language: if he could have remembered them, what answer could they have given to his great need like the answer given by this voice of energetic conviction? The thunder of denunciation fell on his passion-wrought nerves with all the force of self-evidence: his thought never went beyond it into questions—he was possessed by it as the war-horse is possessed by the clash of sounds. No word that was not a threat touched his consciousness; he had no fibre to be thrilled by it. But the fierce exultant delight to which he was moved by the idea of perpetual vengeance found at once a climax and a relieving outburst in the preacher's words of self-sacrifice. To Baldassarre those words only brought the vague triumphant sense that he too was devoting himself—signing with his

own blood the deed by which he gave himself over to an unending fire, that would seem but coolness to his burning hatred.

"I rescued him—I cherished him—if I might clutch his heart-strings forever! Come, O blessed promise! Let my blood flow; let the fire consume me!"

The one chord vibrated to its utmost. Baldassarre clutched his own palms, driving his long nails into them, and burst into a sob with the rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUTSIDE THE DUOMO.

WHILE Baldassarre was possessed by the voice of Savonarola he had not noticed that another man had entered through the door-way behind him, and stood not far off observing him. It was Piero di Cosimo, who took no heed of the preaching, having come solely to look at the escaped prisoner. During the pause, in which the preacher and his audience had given themselves up to inarticulate emotion, the new-comer advanced and touched Baldassarre on the arm. He looked round with the tears still slowly rolling down his face, but with a vigorous sigh, as if he had done with that outburst. The painter spoke to him in a low tone:

"Shall I cut your cords for you? I have heard how you were made prisoner."

Baldassarre did not reply immediately: he glanced suspiciously at the officious stranger. At last he said, "If you will."

"Better come outside," said Piero.

Baldassarre again looked at him suspiciously; and Piero, partly guessing his thought, smiled, took out a knife, and cut the cords. He began to think that the idea of the prisoner's madness was not improbable, there was something so peculiar in the expression of his face. "Well," he thought, "if he does any mischief, he'll soon get tied up again. The poor devil shall have a chance, at least."

"You are afraid of me," he said again, in an undertone; "you don't want to tell me any thing about yourself."

Baldassarre was folding his arms in enjoyment of that long-absent muscular sensation. He answered Piero with a less suspicious look and a tone which had some quiet decision in it.

"No, I have nothing to tell."

"As you please," said Piero, "but perhaps you want shelter, and may not know how hospitable we Florentines are to visitors with torn doublets and empty stomachs. There's a hospital for poor travelers outside all our gates, and, if you liked, I could put you in the way to one. There's no danger from your French soldier. He has been sent off."

Baldassarre nodded, and turned in silent acceptance of the offer, and he and Piero left the church together.

"You wouldn't like to sit to me for your portrait, should you?" said Piero, as they went along

the Via dell'Orinolo, on the way to the gate of Santa Croce. "I am a painter; I would give you money to get your portrait."

The suspicion returned into Baldassarre's glance, as he looked at Piero, and said decidedly, "No."

"Ah!" said the painter, shortly. "Well, go straight on, and you'll find the Porta Santa Croce, and outside it there's a hospital for travelers. So you'll not accept any service from me?"

"I give you thanks for what you have done already. I need no more."

"It is well," said Piero, with a shrug, and they turned away from each other.

"A mysterious old tiger!" thought the artist, "well worth painting. Ugly—with deep lines—looking as if the plow and the harrow had gone over his heart. A fine contrast to my bland and smiling Messer Greco—my *Bacco trionfante*, who has married the fair Antigone in contradiction to all history and fitness. Aha! his scholar's blood curdled uncomfortably at the old fellow's clutch."

When Piero re-entered the Piazza del Duomo the multitude who had been listening to Fra Girolamo were pouring out from all the doors, and the haste they made to go on their several ways was a proof how important they held the preaching which had detained them from the other occupations of the day. The artist leaned against an angle of the Baptistery and watched the departing crowd, delighting in the variety of the garb and of the keen characteristic faces—faces such as Masaccio had painted more than fifty years before: such as Domenico Ghirlandajo had not yet quite left off painting.

This morning was a peculiar occasion, and the Frate's audience, always multifarious, had represented even more completely than usual the various classes and political parties of Florence. There were men of high birth, accustomed to public charges at home and abroad, who had become newly conspicuous not only as enemies of the Medici and friends of popular government, but as thorough *piagnoni*, espousing to the utmost the doctrines and practical teaching of the Frate, and frequenting San Marco as the seat of another Samuel; some of them men of authoritative and handsome presence, like Francesco Valori, and perhaps also of a hot and arrogant temper, very much gratified by an immediate divine authority for bringing about freedom in their own way; others, like Soderini, with less of the ardent *piagnone*, and more of the wise politician. There were men, also of family, like Piero Capponi—simply brave undoctinal lovers of a sober republican liberty, who preferred fighting to arguing, and had no particular reasons for thinking any ideas false that kept out the Medici and made room for public spirit. At their elbows were doctors of law whose studies of Accursius and his brethren had not so entirely consumed their ardor as to prevent them from becoming enthusiastic *piagnoni*—Messer Luca Corsini himself, for example, who on a memorable occasion yet to come was to raise his learned

arms in street stone-throwing for the cause of religion, freedom, and the Frate. And among these dignities who carried their black lucco or furred mantle with an air of habitual authority, there was an abundant sprinkling of men with more contemplative and sensitive faces; scholars inheriting such high name as Strozzi and Acciajoli, who were already minded to take the cowl and join the community of San Marco; artists, wrought to a new and higher ambition by the teaching of Savonarola—like that young painter who had lately surpassed himself in his fresco of the Divine child on the wall of the Frate's bare cell—unconscious yet that he would one day himself wear the tonsure and the cowl, and be called Fra Bartolommeo. There was the mystic poet Girolamo Benevieni hastening, perhaps, to carry tidings of the beloved Frate's speedy coming to his friend Pico della Mirandola, who was never to see the light of another morning. There were well-born women attired with such scrupulous plainness that their more refined grace was the chief distinction between them and their less aristocratic sisters. There was a predominant proportion of the genuine *popolani* or middle class, belonging both to the Major and Minor Arts, conscious of purses threatened by war-taxes. And more striking and various, perhaps, than all the other classes of the Frate's disciples, there was the long stream of poorer tradesmen and artisans, whose faith and hope in his Divine message varied from the rude indiscriminating trust in him as the friend of the poor and the enemy of the luxurious oppressive rich, to that eager tasting of all the subtleties of biblical interpretation, which takes a peculiarly strong hold on the sedentary artisan, illuminating the long dim spaces beyond the board where he stitches, with a pale flame that seems to him the light of Divine science.

But among these various disciples of the Frate were scattered many who were not in the least his disciples. Some were Mediceans who had already, from motives of fear and policy, begun to show the presiding spirit of the popular party a feigned deference. Others were sincere advocates of a free government, but regarded Savonarola simply as an ambitious monk—half sagacious, half fanatical—who had made himself a powerful instrument with the people, and must be accepted as an important social fact. There were even some of his bitter enemies; members of the old aristocratic anti-Medicean party—determined to try and get the reins once more tight in the hands of certain chief families; or else licentious young men, who detested him as the kill-joy of Florence. For the sermons in the Duomo had already become political incidents, attracting the ears of curiosity and malice as well as of faith. The men of ideas, like young Niccolò Macchiavelli, went to observe and write reports to friends away in country villas; the men of appetites, like Dolfo Spini, bent on hunting down the Frate as a public nuisance who made game scarce, went to feed their hatred and lie in wait for grounds of accusation.

Perhaps, while no preacher ever had a more massive influence than Savonarola, no preacher ever had more heterogeneous materials to work upon. And one secret of the massive influence lay in the highly mixed character of his preaching. Baldassarre, wrought into an ecstasy of self-martyring revenge, was only an extreme case among the partial and narrow sympathies of that audience. In Savonarola's preaching there were strains that appealed to the very finest susceptibilities of men's natures, and there were elements that gratified low egoism, tickled gossiping curiosity, and fascinated timorous superstition. His need of personal predominance, his labyrinthine allegorical interpretations of the Scriptures, his enigmatic visions, and his false certitude about the Divine intentions, never ceased, in his own large soul, to be ennobled by that fervid piety, that passionate sense of the infinite, that active sympathy, that clear-sighted demand for the subjection of selfish interests to the general good, which he had in common with the greatest of mankind. But for the mass of his audience all the pregnancy of his preaching lay in his strong assertion of supernatural claims, in the denunciatory visions, in the false certitude which gave his sermons the interest of a political bulletin; and having once held that audience in his mastery, it was necessary to his nature—it was necessary for their welfare—that he should *keep* the mastery. The effect was inevitable. No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation: his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight.

The mysteries of human character have seldom been presented in a way more fitted to check the judgments of facile knowingness than in Girolamo Savonarola; but we can give him a reverence that need shut its eyes to no fact, if we regard his life as a drama in which there were great inward modifications accompanying the outward changes. And up to this period, when his more direct action on political affairs had only just begun, it is probable that his imperious need of ascendancy had burned undiscernibly in the strong flame of his zeal for God and man.

It was the fashion of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say—the victim was spotted, but it was not therefore in vain that his mighty heart was laid on the altar of men's highest hopes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GARMENT OF FEAR.

AT six o'clock that evening most people in Florence were glad the entrance of the new Charlemagne was fairly over. Doubtless, when the roll of drums, the blast of trumpets, and the tramp of horses along the Pisan road began to

mingle with the pealing of the excited bells, it was a grand moment for those who were stationed on turreted roofs, and could see the long-winding terrible pomp on the back-ground of the green hills and valley. There was no sunshine to light up the splendor of banners, and spears, and plumes, and silken surcoats, but there was no thick cloud of dust to hide it; and as the picked troops advanced into close view they could be seen all the more distinctly for the absence of dancing glitter. Tall and tough Scotch archers, Swiss halberdiers fierce and ponderous, nimble Gascons ready to wheel and climb, cavalry in which each man looked like a knight-errant with his indomitable spear and charger—it was satisfactory to be assured that they would injure nobody but the enemies of God! With that confidence at heart it was a less dubious pleasure to look at the array of strength and splendor in nobles, and knights, and youthful pages of choice lineage—at the bossed and jeweled sword-hilts, at the satin scarfs embroidered with strange symbolical devices of pious or gallant meaning, at the gold chains and jeweled aigrettes, at the gorgeous horse-trappings and brocaded mantles, and at the transcendent canopy carried by select youths above the head of the Most Christian King. To sum up with an old diarist, whose spelling and diction halted a little behind the wonders of this royal visit—“*fù gran magnificenza.*”

But for the Signoria, who had been waiting on their platform against the gates, and had to march out at the right moment, with their orator in front of them, to meet the mighty guest, the grandeur of the scene had been somewhat screened by unpleasant sensations. If Messer Luca Corsini could have had a brief Latin welcome depending from his mouth in legible characters, it would have been less confusing when the rain came on, and created an impatience in men and horses that broke off the delivery of his well-studied periods, and reduced the representatives of the scholarly city to offer a make-shift welcome in impromptu French. But that sudden confusion had created a great opportunity for Tito. As one of the secretaries he was among the officials who were stationed behind the Signoria, and with whom these highest dignities were promiscuously thrown when pressed upon by the horses.

“Somebody step forward and say a few words in French,” said Soderini. But no one of high importance chose to risk a second failure. “You, Francesco Gaddi, you can speak.” But Gaddi, distrusting his own promptness, hung back, and, pushing Tito, said, “You, Melema.”

Tito stepped forward in an instant, and with the air of profound deference that came as naturally to him as walking, said the few needful words in the name of the Signoria, then gave way gracefully, and let the king pass on. His presence of mind, which had failed him in the terrible crisis of the morning, had been a ready instrument this time. It was an excellent livery servant that never forsook him when danger

was not visible. But when he was complimented on his opportune service, he laughed it off as a thing of no moment, and to those who had not witnessed it, let Gaddi have the credit of the improvised welcome. No wonder Tito was popular: the touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity.

Other things besides the oratorical welcome had turned out rather worse than had been expected. If every thing had happened according to ingenious preconceptions, the Florentine procession of clergy and laity would not have found their way choked up and been obliged to improvise a course through the back streets, so as to meet the king at the Cathedral only. Also, if the young monarch under the canopy, seated on his charger with his lance upon his thigh, had looked more like a Charlemagne and less like a hastily modeled grotesque, the imagination of his admirers would have been much assisted. It might have been wished that the scourge of Italian wickedness and “Champion of the honor of women” had had a less miserable leg, and only the normal sum of toes; that his mouth had been of a less reptilian width of slit, his nose and head of a less exorbitant outline. But the thin leg rested on cloth of gold and pearls, and the face was only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of black velvet and gold, and the blaze of rubies, and the brilliant tints of the embroidered and bepearled canopy—“*fù gran magnificenza.*”

And the people had cried *Francia, Francia!* with an enthusiasm proportioned to the splendor of the canopy which they had torn to pieces as their spoil, according to immemorial custom: royal lips had duly kissed the altar; and after all mischances the royal person and retinue were lodged in the Palace of the Via Larga, the rest of the nobles and gentry were dispersed among the great houses of Florence, and the terrible soldiery were encamped in the Prato and other open quarters. The business of the day was ended.

But the streets still presented a surprising aspect, such as Florentines had not seen before under the November stars. Instead of a gloom unbroken except by a lamp burning feebly here and there before a saintly image at the street corners, or by a stream of redder light from an open door-way, there were lamps suspended at the windows of all houses, so that men could walk along no less securely and commodiously than by day—“*fù gran magnificenza.*”

Along those illuminated streets Tito Melema was walking at about eight o'clock in the evening on his way homeward. He had been exerting himself throughout the day under the pressure of hidden anxieties, and had at last made his escape unnoticed from the midst of after-supper gayety. Once at leisure thoroughly to face and consider his circumstances, he hoped that he could so adjust himself to them and to all probabilities as to get rid of his childish fear. If he had only not been wanting in the presence of mind necessary to recognize Baldas-



NICCOLÒ AT WORK.

sarre under that surprise!—it would have been happier for him on all accounts; for he still winced under the sense that he was deliberately inflicting suffering on his father: he would very much have preferred that Baldassarre should be prosperous and happy. But he had left himself no second path now: there could be no conflict any longer: the only thing he had to do was to take care of himself.

While these thoughts were in his mind he was advancing from the Piazza di Santa Croce along

the Via dei Benci, and as he neared the angle turning into the Borgo Santa Croce his ear was struck by a music which was not that of evening revelry, but of vigorous labor—the music of the anvil. Tito gave a slight start and quickened his pace, for the sounds had suggested a welcome thought. He knew that they came from the workshop of Niccolò Caparra, famous resort of all Florentines who cared for curious and beautiful iron-work.

“What makes the giant at work so late?”

thought Tito. "But so much the better for me. I can do that little bit of business to-night instead of to-morrow morning."

Preoccupied as he was, he could not help pausing a moment in admiration as he came in front of the work-shop. The wide door-way, standing at the truncated angle of a great block or "isle" of houses, was surmounted by a loggia roofed with fluted tiles, and supported by stone columns with roughly carved capitals. Against the red light framed in by the outline of the fluted tiles and columns stood in black relief the grand figure of Niccolò, with his huge arms in rhythmical rise and fall, first hiding and then disclosing the profile of his firm mouth and powerful brow. Two slighter ebony figures, one at the anvil, the other at the bellows, served to set off his superior massiveness.

Tito darkened the door-way with a very different outline, standing in silence, since it was useless to speak until Niccolò should deign to pause and notice him. That was not until the smith had beaten the head of an axe to the due sharpness of edge and dismissed it from his anvil. But in the mean time Tito had satisfied himself by a glance round the shop that the object of which he was in search had not disappeared.

Niccolò gave an unceremonious but good-humored nod as he turned from the anvil and rested his hammer on his hip.

"What is it, Messer Tito? Business?"

"Assuredly, Niccolò; else I should not have ventured to interrupt you when you are working out of hours, since I take that as a sign that your work is pressing."

"I've been at the same work all day—making axes and spear-heads. And every fool that has passed my shop has put his pumpkin-head in to say, 'Niccolò, wilt thou not come and see the King of France and his soldiers?' and I've answered, 'No: I don't want to see their faces—I want to see their backs.'"

"Are you making arms for the citizens, then, Niccolò?—that they may have something better than rusty scythes and spits in case of an uproar?"

"We shall see. Arms are good, and Florence is likely to want them. The Frate tells us we shall get Pisa again, and I hold with the Frate; but I should be glad to know how the promise is to be fulfilled, if we don't get plenty of good weapons forged? The Frate sees a long way before him—that I believe. But he doesn't see birds caught with winking at them, as some of our people try to make out. He sees sense, and not nonsense. But you're a bit of a Medicen, Messer Tito Melema. Ebbene! so I've been myself in my time, before the cask began to run sour. What's your business?"

"Simply to know the price of that fine coat of mail I saw hanging up here the other day. I want to buy it for a certain personage who needs a protection of that sort under his doublet."

"Let him come and buy it himself, then,"

said Niccolò, bluntly. "I'm rather nice about what I sell, and whom I sell to. I like to know who's my customer."

"I know your scruples, Niccolò. But that is only defensive armor: it can hurt nobody."

"True; but it may make the man who wears it feel himself all the safer if he should want to hurt somebody. No, no: it's not my own work; but it's fine work of Maso of Brescia: I should be loth for it to cover the heart of a scoundrel. I must know who is to wear it."

"Well, then, to be plain with you, *Niccolò mio*, I want it myself," said Tito, knowing it was useless to try persuasion. "The fact is, I am likely to have a journey to take—and you know what journeying is in these times. You don't suspect *me* of treason against the Republic?"

"No, I know no harm of you," said Niccolò, in his blunt way again. "But have you the money to pay for the coat? For you've passed my shop often enough to know my sign: you've seen the burning account-books—I trust nobody. The price is twenty florins, and that's because it's second-hand. You're not likely to have so much with you. Let it be till to-morrow."

"I happen to have the money," said Tito, who had been winning at play all the day before, and had not emptied his purse. "I'll carry the armor home with me."

Niccolò reached down the finely wrought coat, which fell together into little more than two handfuls.

"There, then," he said, when the florins had been told down on his palm. "Take the coat. It's made to cheat sword, or poniard, or arrow. But for my part I would never put such a thing on. It's like carrying fear about with one."

Niccolò's words had an unpleasant intensity of meaning for Tito. But he smiled and said,

"Ah, Niccolò, we scholars are all cowards. Handling the pen doesn't thicken the arm as your hammer-wielding does. Addio!"

He folded the armor under his mantle and hastened homeward across the Ponte Rubaconte.

CARLYLE'S TABLE-TALK.

PEOPLE used to go to hear Coleridge talk; or rather to "preach," as Charles Lamb phrased it. "Did you ever hear me preach?" asked Coleridge of his old school-mate. "I n-n-never h-h-heard you do any thing else," replied Lamb, with that peculiar stammer of his which gave so much point to his retorts. Carlyle, according to the unanimous report of all who have ever had the honor of knowing him, is the most wonderful converser of the day. Probably no other American has seen so much of him as has Mr. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher." Those who have heard him tell "What a Blind Man Saw in England"—and those who have not, have missed hearing the most thoroughly charming Lectures of the time—will remember that he gives some specimens of Mr.

Carlyle's talk. These, however, form but a small part of the reminiscences laid up in a memory gifted with an almost preternatural power of retention—a memory which will retain almost word for word the whole of a long conversation or discourse. We happened one evening to be present while Mr. Milburn was describing the men and things which most interested him abroad. Foremost among these were his interviews with Thomas Carlyle. Taking advantage of our friend's infirmity of vision, we availed ourselves of note-book and pencil, and wrote down the following specimens of the Table-Talk of Carlyle.

Carlyle's residence has for many years been at Chelsea, one of the suburbs of London, on the Thames. Passing the famous Hospital, and going up the river, you come to Cheyne Walk, once a fashionable resort, and the residence of many famous people. Opening upon this is Cheyne Row, a respectable, but now by no means fashionable street. The houses are of brick, three stories high, and rather narrow, the entrance a pair of steps from the pavement. They were built in Queen Anne's time, and to an American look old; but they are of good honest architecture, and seem as though they would be habitable for a couple of centuries yet. Carlyle resides at No. 7. It is a dwelling suited to a man of quiet habits and moderate means. His days are given up to earnest and persistent labor in his vocation as a "writer of books." During working hours he has no leisure for visitors. He tells indignantly how a certain "blatherskite American traveler" once came at 10 o'clock with a letter of introduction, and staid for hours, "robbing me of a whole working-day, which I shall never get back again to all eternity."

Milburn's invitations were always "to tea at 6 o'clock." Tea at Carlyle's is just what its name imports—merely bread and butter, with a cup of the infusion of the Chinese herb. This dispatched, the host would usually invite his guest into the garden—or, as we should say, the "yard"—a narrow plot of ground of the breadth of the house, and perhaps a hundred feet deep, with a grass-plot in the centre, having a tree at each of the four corners. From the trees is suspended an awning; and under this is a pine table and a few wooden chairs. Upon the table is a canister of Virginia tobacco and several common clay pipes, their long stems tipped with sealing wax. Here were held the talks which we have noted down.

Carlyle is now verging upon threescore and ten; a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders, as though he had spent much time bending over his desk. A Scottish newspaper writer thus describes him as he looked a dozen years ago:

"The long, tall, spare figure is before me—wiry, though, and elastic, stretched at careless, homely ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong natural motions and starts as the inward spirit stirs. The face, too, is before me—long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation; pensive, almost solemn,

yet open and cordial, and tender—very tender. The eye, as generally happens, is the chief outward index of the soul—an eye not easy to describe, but *felt* ever after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact and prominent forehead. The expression is, so to speak, heavy-laden—as if betokening untold burdens of thought, and long fiery struggles resolutely endured—endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome. The whole form and expression of the face remind one of Dante. It wants the classic element and the mature and matchless harmony which distinguish the countenance of the great Florentine; but something in the cast and in the look, especially in the heavy-laden but dauntless eye, is very much alike. Thus does the presence of Thomas Carlyle rise before me—a true man in all his bearings and in all his sayings. He sees the very thing he speaks of; it breathes and moves palpable to him, and hence his words form a picture. When you come from him the impression is like having seen a great brilliant panorama; every thing has been made brilliant and palpable to your sight. But more and better far than that; you bear home with you an indelible feeling of love for the man—deep at the heart, and long as life."

A residence of more than thirty years in London has not modified the strong Doric pronunciation which Carlyle brought with him from his native Dumfriesshire. The vowels come out broad and full; the gutturals—which are so sadly clipped in modern English enunciation, depriving the speech of all its masculine vigor—have all their due prominence. His manner is striking and peculiar: now bursting into gigantic laughter at some odd conceit; now swelling into fierce wrath at some meanness or wrong; now sinking into low tones of the tenderest pathos. But running through all is a rhythmic flow, a sustained and persistent recitative, like that in which we can imagine old Homer chanted his long-resounding hexameters. Mr. Milburn's presentation gives not merely the words, but reproduces the very pronunciation and tone of Carlyle. We have been assured, by those who have heard both, that the nicest ear could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. We have not attempted to reproduce this. The reader must imagine the words which we have written down to be uttered in the fullest and broadest Scotch which he ever heard. "Never," says Milburn, "had I any idea of what eloquent talk meant until I listened to Carlyle." But it must not be supposed that he is one of those egregious talkers who, like Coleridge, monopolize the whole discourse, and keep up one continuous flow of speech. He is a capital listener if one has any thing to say; and has moreover, unlike Macaulay, "brilliant flashes of silence," devoted to pipe-devotion: in fact, we must suppose the pipe to be in constant use even during his most earnest talk.

With this much by way of proem, let us constitute ourselves silent members of this Tobacco

Parliament, whose sittings are held through the long English summer twilight till far into the night; while all around the great roar of London surges up like the voice of the ocean breaking in a continuous roll upon a sandy beach, growing fainter indeed as the night wears on, but never for an instant ceasing:

FRANKLIN, AND HIS SWIMMING-SCHOOL.

On Milburn's first evening at Carlyle's the conversation happened to turn upon the associations connected with Chelsea and its neighborhood. Whereupon said Mr. Carlyle:

"Well, Sir, this part of the town, I think, should have an interest for the people from your side of the water, for it has associations connected with a certain countryman of yours named Benjamin Franklin. When he was toiling as a journeyman printer in this metropolis, more than a century ago, he was accustomed to stroll upon the Sunday afternoon along the banks of Father Thames, and this end of this Cheyne Row was usually his goal. One day, as he walked discoursing with a friend, he declared himself able to swim from here to London Bridge, distant five miles. His friend offered a wager that it was impossible; and he upon the instant stripping, plunged boldly in, and started for his mark, while his friend, bearing the clothes, strode down the bank, and a great multitude of spectators, growing ever greater as he proceeded, followed to see the feat. He, with brave stroke and lusty sinew, buffeted the tide, gained the bridge and wager. Whereon, amidst great acclamations, the people suggested to him that he should start a swimming-school. But God had other work than that for him to do; for in later years he was to teach the people of your continent how, by frugality and labor, and patience and courage, any man might buffet the waves of fortune and swim straight on to prosperity and success. And that was the Swimming-School which he was to establish."

HIGH DUTIES AND SMUGGLING.

Tea having been dispatched, Carlyle said:

"I hope, Sir, that, unlike many of your countrymen, you sometimes indulge in the solace of a pipe."

His guest acknowledged that such was his custom, and the host led the way to the garden, remarking, as he offered the pipe and tobacco:

"People in moderate circumstances in this country can not afford to offer their friends a good cigar, and I suppose only what you would consider very middling tobacco. The Government finds it needful to have such a revenue as that it must needs lay a tax of some hundreds per cent. upon the poor man's pipe, while the rich man's glass of wine pays scarcely one-tenth this impost. But I learn that there is as much tobacco smuggled into England as pays the duty. Thus you see that it is, as it ever will be when laws are unjust and onerous; for the smuggler is the Lord Almighty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, saying to him, Thus far shalt thou

go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

THE METHODISTS.

"You are a Wesleyan, Sir, I understand?" said Carlyle.

"I am; or rather, as we are called in America, a Methodist."

"I must tell you that I have ceased to think as highly of that people as I used to do. It was formerly sometimes my fortune, whenever I went to service, to attend their chapels. We've a queer place in this country called the Derbyshire Peak; and I was there some years ago for a part of the summer, and went on the Lord's day to the Wesleyan Chapel; and a man got up and preached with extraordinary fluency and vehemence, and I was astonished at his eloquence. And they told me that he was a nail-maker—that he wrought six days in the week with his own hands for his daily bread, and preached upon the seventh without charge. And when he had ended, another man came forward and prayed; and I was greatly moved by the fervor and unction of his prayer. And they told me that he was a rope-maker, that he toiled as the other. But the sum and end of all the fluency and vehemence in the sermon, of all the fervor and unction of the prayer was, 'Lord, save us from Hell!'—And I went away musing, sick at heart, saying to myself, 'My good fellows, why all this bother and noise? If it be God's will, why not go and be damned in quiet, and say never a word about it? And I, for one, would think far better of you.'—So it seemed to me that your Wesleyans made cowards, and I would have no more to do with their praying and their preaching."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Did you ever happen to see Louis Napoleon, Mr. Carlyle, while he lived in London?" asked Milburn.

"Oh yes, I chanced to meet him a few times at the houses of people who are accustomed to give dinners here. And it seems to me that even then there was something lurking in him that betokened he was of the blood of the old Napoleon, who was, as I read it, the great highwayman of history; his habit being to clutch King or Kaiser by the throat, and swear by the Eternal, 'If you don't stand and deliver instantly, I'll blow your brains out!'—A profitable trade he did at this sort of thing until another man, who had learned his trick—Arthur, Duke of Wellington by name—succeeded in clutching him, and there was an end of him.—This Louis Napoleon, as he is called, used to talk to me about the Spirit of the Age, the Democratic Spirit, and the Progress of the Species; but for my own part it seemed that the only progress the Species was making was backward; and the Spirit of the Age was leading the people downward; and we discovered that we didn't understand each other's language; that we had no key in common for our dialects. And we parted

asunder, as mayhap did Abraham and Lot before—each going his several ways. It looks to me very much as if his way led him to Sodom.

"Afterwards I used to see him in this neighborhood (I think he'd lodgings somewhere in this part of the town) with his hands folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed with a melancholy stare upon the ground; and he looked to me for all the world like a poor opera-singer in search of an engagement.—God knows he has succeeded in finding an engagement upon a stage sufficiently vast, before an audience ample enough for any man, and the whole thing got up regardless of expense. But I certainly expect that the day will come when the blue sulphureous flames will dart from behind the scenes, and consume the pile with all that are in it; or that the edifice will give way in a crash of ruin, and the whole—singer, audience, and all—will sink into nethermost depths of abysmal perdition, where it seems to me they certainly belong."

BURNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"I have heard, in some way, Mr. Carlyle," said Milburn, "about the loss of the manuscript of one of the volumes of your French Revolution. How was it?"

"A sad story enough, Sir; and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the second volume of the book called 'The French Revolution, a History;' and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired that he might have the reading of it; and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well. This person sat up, as he said, perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the manuscript carelessly upon the library table, and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty, the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking round for something suitable for her purpose, and finding nothing better than it, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match, up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went 'The French Revolution:' thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did, more than a half century ago.

"At first they forebore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story; and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow. Ah, Sir, it's terrible when you have been struggling for months and years with dim confusion and wild anarchy; when all about you is weltering Chaos and unbroken darkness, and you have at length gained some victory, and built a highway that will bear the pressure of your own foot, and perhaps the feet of generations yet to come; and the morning has dawned, and you can see some way at least into the realm of Limbo—suddenly to find that you are in the centre of pitchy darkness, in the whirl of com-

mingling elements, and that Chaos has come again.

"I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page was finished. Thus was it, Sir, for many a weary day, until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandering along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would he deposit upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and every thing rushing into the regions of the inane?'

"And then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool *thou*, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining! What if thy house of cards falls? Is the Universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home perhaps for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true Valor, Prudence, and Faith shall be nursed by its hearth-stone. Man! Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance! Up then at thy work, and be cheerful!'

"So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a Captain in the Royal Navy—and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it: the man that wrote stories about Dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in Search of their Fathers: and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished; as all things must, sooner or later."

THE "NAVVIES."

Once in the course of conversation the word "Navvies" happened to be used; and Mr. Milburn desired an explanation of its meaning.

"And you don't know what 'Navvies' means? It's a contraction of 'navigators,' and is applied as a name to the men that dig our canals and

build our railways; the brawny, broad-shouldered workers of modern miracles, that transform the face of the land, and marry remotest places in nearness. Some of your brethren were once gathered in a prayer-meeting—I think it was in a village called Yeadon, in Yorkshire, remote from the coast, and upon the top of a hill. And one of the brethren, in the fervor of his ecstasy, after beseeching God to have mercy upon all of them present, and upon all the inhabitants of the village, cried out, ‘O Lord, we pray thee also to make Yeadon a sea-port town!’ And sure enough, in due time, the ‘Navvies’ came along and dug a canal. The prayer was answered, as it seemed. And are not these ‘Navvies’ therefore the workers of miracles?”

CARLYLE'S FATHER AND HIS MINISTER.

“It is held,” said Milburn, “that a man derives his character mainly from his mother. But I have somewhere read that your father was a remarkable man.”

“I think of all the men I have ever known my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of a person, using vigilant thrift and careful husbandry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. I can remember that from my childhood I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed that they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black-letter reading, I discovered that every one of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal, and most significant in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk.

“He was an elder of the Kirk; and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from their youth, and had grown up together in the service of their common Master. That parish minister was the first person that taught me Latin; and I am not sure but that he laid a great curse upon me in so doing. Ah, Sir, this learning of Reading and Writing! What trouble and suffering it entails upon us poor human creatures! He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth sorrow; and much study is a weariness to the flesh! I am not sure but that we should all be the happier and the better too without what is called the Improvements of the Modern Ages! For mine own part I think it likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Latin and Greek to the fools that wanted them.

“It was a pleasant thing to see the minister, in cassock and bands, come forth on the Sabbath day and stand up to lead the devotions of his people—preaching to them the words of truth and soberness which he had gained by painstaking study and devout prayer to Almighty God to know what was the mind of the Spirit: not cutting fantastic capers before High Heav-

en, as is the wont and use of many of you modern preachers, seeking to become Thaumaturgists in gathering a crowd of gaping fools to behold—sad spectacle!—how much of a fool a man could be in the sight of God. There was none of your so-called Popular Oratory, and astonishing vocal gymnastics styled Eloquence—wonderful to gods and men; but only a simple and earnest desire to feed the souls of his people and lead them in the ways of life everlasting. It was pleasant indeed to see my father and his minister together, and to hear their grave and serious talk. You would be satisfied that whoever was out of his duty they were in theirs.

“I remember the last time I ever saw my father. I was on my journey from Craigenputtock to this modern Babylon with a manuscript in my hand of which you may have heard—*Sartor Resartus* by name. I was bound hither to see if there were any chance to have it translated into print, and stopped to pay my father a visit of a few days. The other members of the family were engaged with their usual occupations, and we had the most of the time to ourselves. I laid me down upon the floor, and he was stretched upon the sofa, and I plied him with all manner of questions concerning the people he had known, and the affairs in which he had been an actor; and it was wonderful to note how his eye seemed to be gifted with the power of a Second Sight; how he looked into the very marrow of things; and how he set the truth forth in quaint queer sentences, such as I never heard from another man's lips.

“I came upon my fool's errand hither and saw him no more; for I had not been in town many days when the heavy tidings came that my father was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. Ah, Sir, he was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at the last he was not, for God took him. If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister—men of such fearless truth and simple faith—with such firmness in holding on to the things that they believed; in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in seeing and hating the thing that they felt to be wrong—I should have far more hope for this British nation, and indeed for the world at large.

“Alas! Sir, the days in which our lot is cast are sad and evil. All Virtue and Belief and Courage seem to have run to Tongue; and he is the wisest man, and the most valiant, who is the greatest Talker. The world has transformed itself into a Parliament—an assemblage whose prime and almost only business is to talk—talk—talk—talk until the very heavens themselves must have become deaf with their ceaseless vociferation—with little more wisdom in it than in the cackling of geese. Our British nation occu-

pies a sad pre-eminence in this matter: demagoguery, blustering, vain-glorious, hollow, far-sounding, unmeaning talk seem to me to be its great distinction. On earth I think is not its fellow to be found, except in your own demagogic and oratorical nation. I am certainly afraid that modern Popular Oratory will be the ruin of the race; and that the verdict of the jury that shall sit upon the corpse of our civilization will be, 'Suicide by an overdose of Oratory.'

CARLYLE'S DYSPEPSIA.—EDWARD IRVING.

"You seem to be the victim of dyspepsia, Mr. Carlyle—I might almost say a martyr. How does it come? Did you inherit it? or have you acquired it?" inquired Mr. Milburn.

"I am sure I can hardly tell, Sir," replied Carlyle. "I only know that for the one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal existence, I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a Stomach. I had grown up the healthy and hardy son of a hardy and healthy Scotch dalesman; and he was the descendant of a long line of such: men that had tilled their paternal acres, and gained their threescore years and ten—or even mayhap, by reason of strength, their fourscore years—and had gone down to their graves, never a man of them the wiser for the possession of this infernal apparatus. I had gone through the University of Edinburgh, and had been invited by an old friend to become associated with him in the conduct of a school. He was a man, Sir, whose name you may have heard upon your own side of the waters. It was Edward Irving—my old friend Edward Irving.

"To Kirkaldy I went. Together we talked and wrought and thought—together we strove, by virtue of birch and of book, to initiate the urchins into what is called the Rudiments of Learning; until at length the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying 'Arise, and get thee hence; for this is not thy rest!' And he arose, and girded up his loins, and putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started in strange surprise, and said that the like had not been heard since the days of the Covenant itself. And from Scotland he came to this great Babel, and stood up in the pulpit of the Hatton Garden Chapel: the Herculean form of him erect; his eye blazing as with a message from his God; and his voice waxing louder and louder as doth a trumpet. And the great, the learned, and the high, the titled, the gifted, and the beautiful, came round about him; and sat mute and spell-bound, listening to his wonderful words. And they thought—(for you know that fools will ever think according to folly—which is the law of their nature)—they thought that because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all, Sir. He was trying to do what no mortal man can do and live: trying to see God face to face. I have heard, Sir, that the eagle's eye sometimes sustains eclipse; that

the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving. The fools said—(let the fools have it their own way—they know no better)—the fools said that Irving was *daft*—that his head was turned with popular applause. He was not *daft*, Sir—he was *DAZED*. The curtain of darkness had fallen over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the Sun. In blindness and in loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep: and in the silence of the sepulchre they laid him away till the Judgment-Day.

"And I tarried the while yonder at Kirkaldy, endeavoring still to initiate the urchins into the Rudiments of Learning, until the voice spake unto me saying, 'Arise, and settle now the problem of thy life.'—I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber, and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony of spirit. Thus was it, Sir, for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this; and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave."*

* In 1819 Irving wrote respecting Carlyle, then in his 24th year, who had, apparently just after the experience of which he spoke, come up to Edinburgh with the purpose of devoting himself to literary labor:

"Carlyle goes away to-morrow. It is very odd indeed that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled and much improvement to be wrought out. 'I have,' he says, 'the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my life to new-model; and, into all, I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm; and if she can not weather it I shall steer West, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."

So far from trying the waters of another world, it is doubtful if Carlyle has ever passed the seas which girdle the British islands. Gossiping Gilfillan wrote a dozen years ago, "It is understood that he has never visited Germany." We have been told, with what truth we can not say, that he once set out for Prussia to collect materials for his *Life of Frederick*; but on the first night of his arrival on the Continent he was half-suffocated under the sack of feathers which forms the covering of a German bed; whereupon he abandoned his journey, and returned to London the next day. But one who reads his wonderfully picturesque and minute descriptions of scenery and localities will hardly believe that they were not drawn from actual observation.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LET us linger a little over this chapter of happy love; so sweet, so rare a thing. Ay, most rare: though hundreds continually meet, love, or fancy they do, engage themselves, and marry; and hundreds more go through the same proceeding, with the slight difference of the love omitted—Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. But the real love, steady and true: tried in the balance, and not found wanting: tested by time, silence, separation; by good and ill fortune; by the natural and inevitable change which years make in every character—this is the rarest thing to be found on earth, and the most precious.

I do not say that all love is worthless which is not exactly this sort of love. There have been people who have succumbed instantly and permanently to some mysterious attraction, higher than all reasoning; the same which made Hilary "take an interest" in Robert Lyon's face at church, and made him, he afterward confessed, the very first time he gave Ascott a lesson in the parlor at Stowbury, say to himself, "If I did marry, I think I should like such a wife as that brown-eyed bit lassie." And there have been other people, who choosing their partners from accidental circumstances, or from mean worldly motives, have found Providence kinder to them than they deserved, and settled down into happy, affectionate husbands and wives.

But none of these loves can possibly have the sweetness, the completeness of such a love as that between Hilary Leaf and Robert Lyon.

There was nothing very romantic about it. From the moment when Johanna entered the parlor, found them standing hand-in-hand at the fireside, and Hilary came forward and kissed her, and after a slight hesitation Robert did the same, the affair proceeded in most mill-pond fashion:

"Unruffled by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes."

There were no lovers' quarrels; Robert Lyon had chosen that best blessing next to a good woman, a sweet-tempered woman; and there was no reason why they should quarrel more as lovers than they had done as friends. And, let it be said to the eternal honor of both, now, no more than in their friendship days, was there any of that hungry engrossment of each other's society, which is only another form of selfishness, and by which lovers so often make their own happy courting-time a season of never-to-be-forgotten bitterness to every body connected with them.

Johanna suffered a little: all people do when the new rights clash with the old ones; but she

rarely betrayed it. She was exceedingly good: she saw her child happy, and she loved Robert Lyon dearly. He was very mindful of her, very tender; and as Hilary still persisted in doing her daily duty in the shop, he spent more of his time with the elder sister than he did with the younger, and sometimes declared solemnly that if Hilary did not treat him well he intended to make an offer to Johanna!

Oh, the innumerable little jokes of those happy days! Oh, the long, quiet walks by the riverside, through the park, across Ham Common—any where—it did not matter—the whole world looked lovely, even on the dullest winter-day! Oh, the endless talks; the renewed mingling of two lives, which, though divided, had never been really apart, for neither had any thing to conceal; neither had ever loved any but the other.

Robert Lyon was, as I have said, a good deal changed, outwardly and inwardly. He had mixed much in society, taken an excellent position therein, and this had given him not only a more polished manner, but an air of decision and command, as of one used to be obeyed. There could not be the slightest doubt, as Johanna once laughingly told him, that he would always be "master in his own house."

But he was very gentle with his "little woman," as he called her. He would sit for hours at the "ingle-neuk"—how he did luxuriate in the English fires!—with Hilary on a footstool beside him, her arm resting on his knee, or her hand fast clasped in his. And sometimes, when Johanna went out of the room, he would stoop and gather her close to his heart. But I shall tell no tales; the world has no business with these sort of things.

Hilary was very shy of parading her happiness: she disliked any demonstrations thereof, even before Johanna. And when Miss Balquidder, who had, of course, been told of the engagement, came down one day expressly to see her "fortunate fellow-countryman," this Machiavelian little woman actually persuaded her lover to have an important engagement in London! She could not bear him to be "looked at."

"Ah, well! you must leave me, and I will miss you terribly, my dear," said the old Scotch-woman. "But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I have another young lady quite ready to step into your shoes. When shall you be married?"

"I don't know—hush; we'll talk another time," said Hilary, glancing at Johanna.

Miss Balquidder took the hint and was silent.

That important question was indeed beginning to weigh heavily on Hilary's mind. She was fully aware of what Mr. Lyon wished, and, indeed, expected; that when, the business of the firm being settled, in six months hence he re-

turned to India, he should not return alone. When he said this, she had never dared to answer, hardly even to think. She let the peaceful present float on, day by day, without recognizing such a thing as the future.

But this could not be always. It came to an end one January afternoon, when he had returned from a second absence in Liverpool. They were walking up Richmond Hill. The sun had set frostily and red over the silver curve of the Thames, and Venus, large and bright, was shining like a great eye in the western sky. Hilary long remembered exactly how every thing looked, even to the very tree they stood under when Robert Lyon asked her to fix definitely the day that she would marry him.

"Would she consent—there seemed no special reason to the contrary—that it should be immediately? Or would she like to remain with Johanna as she was, till just before they sailed? He wished to be as good as possible to Johanna—still—"

And something in his manner impressed Hilary more than ever before with the conviction of all she was to him; likewise, all he was to her. More, much more than even a few short weeks since. Then, intense as it was, the love had a dream-like unreality; now it was close, home-like, familiar. Instinctively she clung to his arm; she had become so used to being Robert's darling now. She shivered as she thought of the wide seas rolling between them; of the time when she should look for him at the daily meal and daily fireside, and find him no more.

"Robert, I want to talk to you about Johanna."

"I guess what it is," said he, smiling; "you would like her to go out to India with us. Certainly, if she chooses. I hope you did not suppose I should object?"

"No; but it is not that. She would not live six months in a hot climate; the doctor tells me so."

"You consulted him?"

"Yes, confidentially, without her knowing it. But I thought it right. I wanted to make quite sure before—before— Oh, Robert—"

The grief of her tone caused him to suspect what was coming. He started.

"You don't mean that? Oh no, you can not! My little woman—my own little woman—she could not be so unkind."

Hilary turned sick at heart. The dim landscape, the bright sky, seemed to mingle and dance before her, and Venus to stare at her with a piercing, threatening, baleful lustre.

"Robert, let me sit down on the bench, and sit you beside me. It is too dark for people to notice us, and we shall not be very cold."

"No, my darling;" and he slipped his plaid round her shoulders, and his arm with it.

She looked up pitifully. "Don't be vexed with me, Robert, dear; I have thought it all over; weighed it on every side; nights and nights I have been awake pondering what was right to do. And it always comes to the same thing."

"What?"

"It's the old story," she answered, with a feeble smile. "'I canna leave my minnie.' There is nobody in the world to take care of Johanna but me, not even Elizabeth, who is engrossed in little Henry. If I left her, I am sure it would kill her. And she can not come with me. Dear!" (the only fond name she ever called him) "for these three years—you say it need only be three years—you will have to go back to India alone!"

Robert Lyon was a very good man; but he was only a man, not an angel; and though he made comparatively little show of it, he was a man very deeply in love. With that jealous tenacity over his treasure, hardly blamable, since the love is worth little which does not wish to have its object "all to itself," he had, I am afraid, contemplated not without pleasure the carrying off of Hilary to his Indian home; and it had cost him something to propose that Johanna should go too. He was very fond of Johanna; still—

If I tell what followed will it forever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said, coldly, "As you please, Hilary;" rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home.

It was the first dull tea-table they had ever known; the first time Hilary had ever looked at that dear face, and seen an expression there which made her look away again. He did not sulk; he was too gentlemanly for that; he even exerted himself to make the meal pass pleasantly as usual; but he was evidently deeply wounded—nay, more, displeased. The strong, stern man's nature within him had rebelled; the sweetness had gone out of his face, and something had come into it which the very best of men have sometimes: alas for the woman who can not understand and put up with it!

I am not going to preach the doctrine of tyrants and slaves; but when two walk together they *must* be agreed, or if by any chance they are not agreed, one *must* yield. It may not always be the weaker, or in weakness may lie the chiefest strength; but it must be one or other of the two who has to be the first to give way; and, save in very exceptional cases, it is, and it ought to be, the woman. God's law and nature's, which is also God's, ordains this; instinct teaches it; Christianity enforces it.

Will it inflict a death-blow upon any admiration she may have excited, this brave little Hilary, who fought through the world by herself; who did not shrink from traversing London streets alone at seemly and unseemly hours; from going into sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; from earning her own livelihood, even in a shop—if I confess that Robert Lyon, being angry with her, justly or unjustly, and she, looking upon him as her future husband, her "lord and master" if you will, whom she would one day promise, and intended, literally to "obey"—she thought it her duty, not only her pleasure but her *duty*, to be the first to make reconcilia-

tion between them? ay, and at every sacrifice, except that of principle.

And I am afraid, in spite of all that "strong-minded" women may preach to the contrary, that all good women will have to do this to all men who stand in any close relation toward them, whether fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, if they wish to preserve peace, and love, and holy domestic influence; and that so it must be to the end of time.

Miss Leaf might have discovered that something was amiss; but she was too wise to take any notice, and being more than usually feeble that day, immediately after tea she went to lie down. When Hilary followed her, arranged her pillows, and covered her up, Johanna drew her child's face close to her and whispered,

"That will do, love. Don't stay with me. I would not keep you from Robert on any account."

Hilary all but broke down; and yet the words made her stronger, firmer; set more clearly before her the solemn duty which young folks in love are so apt to forget, that there can be no blessing on the new tie, if for any thing short of inevitable necessity they let go one link of the old.

Yet, Robert— It was such a new and dreadful feeling to be standing outside the door and shrink from going in to him; to see him rise up formally, saying, "Perhaps he had better leave;" and have to answer with equal formality, "Not unless you are obliged;" and for him then, with a shallow pretense of being at ease, to take up a book and offer to read aloud to her while she worked. He—who used always to set his face strongly against all sewing of evenings—because it deprived him temporarily of the sweet eyes, and the little soft hand. Oh, it was hard, hard!

Nevertheless, she sat still and tried to listen; but the words went in at one ear and out at the other—she retained nothing. By-and-by her throat began to swell, and she could not see her needle and thread. Yet still he went on reading. It was only when, by some blessed chance, turning to reach a paper-cutter, he caught sight of her, that he closed the book and looked discomposed; not softened, only discomposed.

Who shall be first to speak? Who shall catch the passing angel's wing? One minute, and it may have passed over.

I am not apologizing for Hilary the least in the world. I do not know even if she considered whether it was her place or Robert's to make the first advance. Indeed, I fear she did not consider it at all, but just acted upon impulse, because it was so cruel, so heart-breaking, to be at variance with him. But if she had considered it I doubt not she would have done from duty exactly what she did by instinct—crept up to him as he sat at the fireside, and laid her little hand on his.

"Robert, what makes you so angry with me still?"

"Not angry; I have no right to be."

"Yes, you would have if I had really done wrong. Have I?"

"You must judge for yourself. For me—I thought you loved me better than I find you do, and I made a mistake; that is all."

Ay, he had made a mistake, but it was not that one. It was the other mistake that men continually make about women; they can not understand that love is not worth having, that it is not love at all, but merely a selfish carrying out of selfish desires, if it blinds us to any other duty, or blunts in us any other sacred tenderness. They can not see how she who is false in one relation may be false in another; and that, true as human nature's truth, ay, and often fulfilling itself, is Brabantio's ominous warning to Othello—

"Look to her, Moor! have a good eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Perhaps as soon as he had said the bitter word Mr. Lyon was sorry; any how, the soft answer which followed it thrilled through every nerve of the strong-willed man—a man not easily made angry, but when he was, very hard to move.

"Robert, will you listen to me for two minutes?"

"For as long as you like, only you must not expect me to agree with you. You can not suppose I shall say it is right for you to forsake me."

"I forsake you? oh, Robert!"

Words are not always the wisest arguments. His "little woman" crept closer, and laid her head on his breast; he clasped her convulsively.

"Oh, Hilary! how could you wound me so?"

And, in lieu of the discussion, a long silence brooded over the fireside—the silence of exceeding love.

"Now, Robert, may I talk to you?"

"Yes. Preach away, my little conscience!"

"It shall not be preaching, and it is not altogether for conscience," said she, smiling. "You would not like me to tell you I did not *love* Johanna?"

"Certainly not. I love her very much myself, only I prefer you, as is natural. Apparently you do *not* prefer me, which may be also natural."

"Robert!"

There are times when a laugh is better than a reproach; and something else, which need not be more particularly explained, is safer than either. It is possible Hilary tried the experiment, and then resumed her "say."

"Now, Robert, put yourself in my place, and try to think for me. I have been Johanna's child for thirty years; she is entirely dependent upon me. Her health is feeble; every year of her life is at least doubtful. If she lost me I think she would never live out the next three years. You would not like that?"

"No."

"In all divided duties like this somebody must suffer; the question is, which can suffer best. She is old and frail, we are young; she is alone, we are two; she never had any happi-

ness in her life, except, perhaps, me; and we—oh, how happy we are! I think, Robert, it would be better for us to suffer than poor Johanna."

"You little Jesuit," he said: but the higher nature of the man was roused; he was no longer angry.

"It is only for a short time, remember—only three years."

"And how can I do without you for three years?"

"Yes, Robert, you can." And she put her arms round his neck, and looked at him, eye to eye. "You know I am your very own, a piece of yourself, as it were; that when I let you go it is like tearing myself from myself; yet I can bear it, rather than do, or let you do, in the smallest degree, a thing which is not right."

Robert Lyon was not a man of many words; but he had the rare faculty of seeing a case clearly, without reference to himself, and of putting it clearly also, when necessary.

"It seems to me, Hilary, that this is hardly a matter of abstract right or wrong, or a good deal might be argued on my side the subject. It is more a case of personal conscience. The two are not always identical, though they look so at first; but they both come to the same result."

"And that is—"

"If my little woman thinks it right to act as she does, I also think it right to let her. And let this be the law of our married life, if we ever are married," and he sighed, "that when we differ each should respect the other's conscience, and do right, in the truest sense, by allowing the other to do the same."

"Oh, Robert! how good you are."

So these two, an hour after, met Johanna with cheerful faces; and she never knew how much both had sacrificed for her sake. Once only, when she was for a few minutes absent from the parlor, did Robert Lyon renew the subject, to suggest a medium course.

But Hilary resolutely refused. Not that she doubted him—she doubted herself. She knew quite well, by the pang that darted through her like a shaft of ice, as she felt his warm arm round her, and thought of the time when she would feel it no more, that, after she had been Robert Lyon's happy wife for three months, to let him go to India without her would be simply and utterly impossible.

Fast fled the months; they dwindled into weeks, and then into days. I shall not enlarge upon this time. Now, when the ends of the world are drawn together, and every family has one or more relatives abroad, a grief like Hilary's has become so common that nearly every one can, in degree, understand it. How bitter such partings are, how much they take out of the brief span of mortal life, and, therefore, how far they are justifiable, for any thing short of absolute necessity, Heaven knows.

In this case it was an absolute necessity. Robert Lyon's position in "our firm," with which he identified himself with the natural

pride of a man who has diligently worked his way up to fortune, was such that he could not, without sacrificing his future prospects, and likewise what he felt to be a point of honor, refuse to go back to Bombay until such time as his senior partner's son, the young fellow whom he had "coached" in Hindostanee, and nursed through a fever years ago, could conveniently take his place abroad.

"Of course," he said, explaining this to Hilary and her sister, "accidental circumstances might occur to cause my return home before the three years were out, but the act must be none of mine; I must do my duty."

"Yes, you must," answered Hilary, with a gleam lighting up her eyes. She loved so in him this one great principle of his life—the back-bone of it, as it were—duty before all things.

Johanna asked no questions. Once she had inquired, with a tremulous, hardly concealed alarm, whether Robert wished to take Hilary back with him, and Hilary had kissed her, smilingly, saying, "No, that was impossible." Afterward the subject was never revived.

And so these two lovers, both stern in what they thought their duty, went on silently together to the last day of parting.

It was almost as quiet a day as that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday at Stowbury. They went a long walk together, in the course of which Mr. Lyon forced her to agree to what hitherto she had steadfastly resisted, that she and Johanna should accept from him enough, in addition to their own fifty pounds a year, to enable them to live comfortably without her working any more.

"Are you ashamed of my working?" she asked, with something between a tear and a smile. "Sometimes I used to be afraid you would think the less of me because circumstances made me an independent woman, earning my own bread. Do you?"

"My darling! no. I am proud of her. But she must never work any more. Johanna says right; it is a man's place, and not a woman's. I will not allow it."

When he spoke in that tone Hilary always submitted.

He told her another thing while arranging with her all the business part of their concerns, and to reconcile her to this partial dependence upon him, which, he urged, was only forestalling his rights; that before he first quitted England, seven years ago, he had made his will, leaving her, if still unmarried, his sole heir and legatee, indeed in exactly the position that she would have been had she been his wife.

"This will exists still; so that in any case you are safe. No further poverty can ever befall my Hilary."

His—his own—Robert Lyon's own. Her sense of this was so strong that it took away the sharpness of the parting; made her feel, up to the very last minute, when she clung to him—was pressed close to him—heart to heart and

lip to lip—for a space that seemed half a lifetime of mixed anguish and joy—that he was not really going; that, somehow or other, next day or next week he would be back again, as in his frequent reappearances, exactly as before.

When he was really gone—when, as she sat with her tearless eyes fixed on the closed door—Johanna softly touched her, saying, “My child!” then Hilary learned it all.

The next twenty-four hours will hardly bear being written about. Most people know what it is to miss the face out of the house—the life out of the heart. To come and go, to eat and drink, to lie down and rise, and find all things the same, and gradually to recognize that it must be the same, indefinitely, perhaps always. To be met continually by small trifles—a dropped glove, a book, a scrap of handwriting that yesterday would have been thrown into the fire, but to-day is picked up and kept as a relic; and at times, bursting through the quietness which must be gained, or at least assumed, the cruel craving for one word more—one kiss more—for only one five minutes of the eternally ended yesterday!

All this hundreds have gone through; so did Hilary. She said afterward it was good for her that she did; it would make her feel for others in a way she had never felt before. Also, because it taught her that such a heart-break can be borne and lived through when help is sought where only real help can be found; and where, when reason fails, and those who, striving to do right irrespective of the consequences, cry out against their torments, and wonder why they should be made so to suffer, childlike faith comes to their rescue. For, let us have all the philosophy at our fingers’ ends, what are we but children? We know not what a day may bring forth. All wisdom resolves itself into the simple hymn which we learned when we were young:

“Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

The night after Robert Lyon left, Hilary and Johanna were sitting together in their parlor. Hilary had been writing a long letter to Miss Balquidder, explaining that she would now give up, in favor of the other young lady, or any other of the many to whom it would be a blessing, her position in the shop; but that she hoped still to help her—Miss Balquidder—in any way she could point out that would be useful to others. She wished, in her humble way, as a sort of thank-offering from one who had passed through the waves and been landed safe ashore, to help those who were still struggling, as she herself had struggled once. She desired, as far as in her lay, to be Miss Balquidder’s “right hand” till Mr. Lyon came home.

This letter she read aloud to Johanna, whose

failing eye-sight refused all candle-light occupation, and then came and sat beside her in silence. She felt terribly worn and weary, but she was very quiet now.

“We must go to bed early,” was all she said.

“Yes, my child.”

And Johanna smoothed her hair in the old, fond way, making no attempt to console her, but only to love her—always the safest consolation. And Hilary was thankful that never, even in her sharpest agonies of grief, had she betrayed that secret which would have made her sister’s life miserable, have blotted out the thirty years of motherly love, and caused the other love to rise up like a cloud between her and it, never to be lifted until Johanna sank into the possibly not far-off grave.

“No, no,” she thought to herself, as she looked on that frail old face, which even the secondary grief of this last week seemed to have made frailer and older. “No, it is better as it is; I believe I did right. The end will show.”

The end was nearer than she thought. So, sometimes—not often, lest self-sacrifice should become a less holy thing than it is—Providence accepts the will for the act, and makes the latter needless.

There was a sudden knock at the hall-door.

“It is the young people coming in to supper.”

“It’s not”—said Hilary, starting up—“it’s not their knock. It is—”

She never finished the sentence, for she was sobbing in Robert Lyon’s arms.

“What does it all mean?” cried the bewildered Johanna, of whom, I must confess, for once nobody took the least notice.

It meant that, by one of these strange accidents, as we call them, which in a moment alter the whole current of things, the senior partner had suddenly died, and his son, not being qualified to take his place in the Liverpool house, had to go out to India instead of Robert Lyon, who would now remain permanently, as the third senior partner, in England.

This news had met him at Southampton. He had gone thence direct to Liverpool, arranged affairs so far as was possible, and returned, traveling without an hour’s intermission, to tell his own tidings, as was best—or as he thought it was.

Perhaps at the core of his heart lurked the desire to come suddenly back, as, it is said, if the absent or the dead could come, they would find all things changed: the place filled up in home and hearth—no face of welcome—no heart leaping to heart in the ecstasy of reunion.

Well, if Robert Lyon had any misgivings—and being a man, and in love, perhaps he had—they were ended now.

“Is she glad to see me?” was all he could find to say when, Johanna having considerably vanished, he might have talked as much as he pleased.

Hilary’s only answer was a little, low laugh of inexpressible content.

He lifted up between his hands the sweet face,

neither so young nor so pretty as it had been, but oh! so sweet, with the sweetness that long outlives beauty—a face that a man might look on all his lifetime and never tire of—so infinitely loving, so infinitely true! And he knew it was his wife's face, to shine upon him day by day, and year by year, till it faded into old age—beautiful and beloved even then. All the strong nature of the man gave way; he wept almost like a child in his "little woman's" arms.

Let us leave them there, by that peaceful fireside—these two, who are to sit by one fireside as long as they live. Of their further fortune we know nothing—nor do they themselves—except the one fact, in itself joy enough for any mortal cup to hold, that it will be shared together. Two at the hearth, two abroad; two to labor, two to rejoice; or, if so it must be, two to weep, and two to comfort one another: the man to be the head of the woman, and the woman the heart of the man. This is the ordination of God; this is the perfect life; none the less perfect that so many fall short of it.

So let us bid them good-by: Robert Lyon and Hilary Leaf, "Good-by; God be with ye!" for we shall see them no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELIZABETH stood at the nursery-window, pointing out to little Henry how the lilacs and laburnums were coming into flower in the square below, and speculating with him whether the tribes of sparrows which they had fed all winter from the mignonnette boxes on the window-sill would be building nests in the tall trees of Russell Square; for she wished, with her great aversion to London, to make her nursling as far as possible a "country" child.

Master Henry Leaf Ascott was by no means little now. He would run about on his tottering fat legs, and he could say, "Mammy Lizzie," also, "Pa-pa," as had been carefully taught him by his conscientious nurse. At which papa had been at first excessively surprised, then gratified, and had at last taken kindly to the appellation as a matter of course.

It inaugurated a new era in Peter Ascott's life. At first twice a-week, and then every day, he sent up for "Master Ascott," to keep him company at dessert; he then changed his dinner-hour from half past six to five, because Elizabeth, with her stern sacrifice of every thing to the child's good, had suggested to him, humbly but firmly, that late hours kept little Henry too long out of his bed. He gave up his bottle of port and his after-dinner sleep, and took to making water-lilies and caterpillars out of oranges, and boats out of walnut-shells, for his boy's special edification. Sometimes when, at half past six, Elizabeth, punctual as clock-work, knocked at the dining-room door, she heard father and son laughing together in a most jovial

manner, though the decanters were in their places and the wine-glasses untouched.

And even after the child disappeared the butler declared that master usually took quietly to his newspaper, or rang for his tea, or perhaps dozed harmlessly in his chair till bedtime.

I do not allege that Peter Ascott was miraculously changed; people do not change, especially at his age; externally he was still the same pompous, overbearing, coarse man, with whom, no doubt, his son would have a tolerably sore bargain in years to come. But still the child had touched a soft corner in his heart, the one soft corner which in his youth had yielded to the beauty of Miss Selina Leaf; and the old fellow was a better old fellow than he had once been. Probably, with care, he might be for the rest of his life at least manageable.

Elizabeth hoped so for his boy's sake, and little as she liked him, she tried to conquer her antipathy as much as she could. She always took care to treat him with extreme respect, and to bring up little Henry to do the same. And, as often happens, Mr. Ascott began gradually to comport himself in a manner deserving of respect. He ceased his oaths and his coarse language; seldom flew into a passion; and last, not least, the butler avouched that master hardly ever went to bed "muzzy" now. Toward all his domestics, and especially to his son's nurse, he behaved himself more like a master and less like a tyrant; so that the establishment at Russell Square went on in a way more peaceful than had ever been known before.

There was no talk of his giving it a new mistress; he seemed to have had enough of matrimony. Of his late wife he never spoke; whether he loved her or not, whether he had regretted her or not, the love and regret were now alike ended.

Poor Selina! It was Elizabeth only, who, with a sacred sense of duty, occasionally talked to little Henry about "mamma up there"—pointing to the blank bit of blue sky over the trees of Russell Square, and hoped in time to make him understand something about her, and how she had loved him, her "baby." This love—the only beautiful emotion her life had known, was the one fragment that remained of it after her death; the one remembrance she left to her child.

Little Henry was not in the least like her, nor yet like his father. He took after some forgotten type, some past generation of either family, which reappeared in this as something new. To Elizabeth he was a perfect revelation of beauty and infantile fascination. He filled up every corner of her heart. She grew fat and flourishing, even cheerful; so cheerful that she bore with equanimity the parting with her dear Miss Hilary, who went away in glory and happiness as Mrs. Robert Lyon, to live in Liverpool, and Miss Leaf with her. Thus both Elizabeth's youthful dreams ended in nothing, and it was more than probable that for the future their lives and hers being so widely apart, she would see very little of her beloved mistresses any more. But they had

done their work in her and for her; and it had borne fruit a hundred-fold, and would still.

"I know you will take care of this child—he is the hope of the family," said Miss Leaf, when she was giving her last kiss to little Henry. "I could not bear to leave him, if I were not leaving him with you."

And Elizabeth had taken her charge proudly in her arms, knowing she was trusted, and inwardly vowing to be worthy of that trust.

Another dream was likewise ended; so completely that she sometimes wondered if it was ever real, whether she had ever been a happy girl, looking forward as girls do to wifehood and motherhood; or whether she had not been always the staid middle-aged person she was now, whom nobody ever suspected of any such things.

She had been once back to her old home, to settle her mother comfortably upon a weekly allowance, to prentice her little brother, to see one sister married, and the other sent off to Liverpool to be servant to Mrs. Lyon. While at Stowbury, she had heard by chance of Tom Cliffe's passing through the town as a Chartist lecturer, or something of the sort, with his pretty, showy London wife, who, when he brought her there, had looked down rather contemptuously upon the street where Tom was born.

This was all Elizabeth knew about them. They, too, had passed from her life as phases of keen joy and keener sorrow do pass, like a dream and the shadows of a dream. It may be, life itself will seem at the end to be nothing more.

But Elizabeth Hand's love-story was not so to end.

One morning, the same morning when she had been pointing out the lilacs to little Henry, and now came in from the square with a branch of them in her hand, the postman gave her a letter, the handwriting of which made her start as if it had been a visitation from the dead.

"Mammy Lizzie, Mammy Lizzie!" cried little Henry, plucking at her gown, but for once his nurse did not notice him. She stood on the door-step, trembling violently; at length she put the letter into her pocket, lifted the child, and got up stairs somehow. When she had settled her charge to his mid-day sleep, then, and not till then, did she take out and read the few lines, which, though written on shabby paper, and with more than one blot, were so like—yet so terribly unlike—Tom's caligraphy of old:

"DEAR ELIZABETH,—I have no right to ask any kindness of you; but if you would like to see an old friend alive, I wish you would come and see me. I have been long of asking you, lest you might fancy I wanted to get something out of you; for I'm as poor as a rat; and once lately I saw you, looking so well and well-to-do. But it was the same kind old face, and I should like to get one kind look from it before I go where I sha'n't want any kindness from any body. However, do just as you choose.

"Yours affectionately, T. CLIFFE.

"Underneath is my address."

It was in one of those wretched nooks in Westminster, now swept away by Victoria Street

and other improvements. Elizabeth happened to have read about it in one of the many charitable pamphlets, reports, etc., which were sent continually to the wealthy Mr. Ascott, and which he sent down stairs to light fires with. What must not poor Tom have sunk to before he had come to live there? His letter was like a cry out of the depths, and the voice was that of her youth, her first love.

Is any woman ever deaf to that? The love may have died a natural death: many first loves do: a riper, completer, happier love may have come in its place: but there must be something unnatural about the woman, and man likewise, who can ever quite forget it—the dew of their youth—the beauty of their dawn.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" sighed Elizabeth, "my own poor Tom!"

She forgot Esther; either from Tom's not mentioning her, or in the strong return to old times which his letter produced; forgot her for the time being as completely as if she had never existed. Even when the recollection came it made little difference. The sharp jealousy, the dislike and contempt, had all calmed down; she thought she could now see Tom's wife as any other woman. Especially if, as the letter indicated, they were so very poor and miserable.

Possibly Esther had suggested writing it? Perhaps, though Tom did not, Esther did "want to get something out of her"—Elizabeth Hand, who was known to have large wages, and to be altogether a thriving person? Well, it mattered little. The one fact remained: Tom was in distress; Tom needed her; she must go.

Her only leisure time was of an evening, after Henry was in bed. The intervening hours, especially the last one, when the child was down stairs with his father, calmed her: subdued the tumult of old remembrances that came surging up and beating at the long shut door of her heart. When her boy returned, leaping and laughing, and playing all sorts of tricks as she put him to bed, she could smile too. And when kneeling beside her in his pretty white nightgown, he stammered through the prayer she had thought it right to begin to teach him, though of course he was too young to understand it—the words "Thy will be done;" "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" and lastly, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," struck home to his nurse's inmost soul.

"Mammy, Mammy Lizzie's 'tying!"

Yes, she was crying, but it did her good. She was able to kiss her little boy, who slept like a top in five minutes: then she took off her good silk gown, and dressed herself; soberly and decently, but so that people should not suspect, in that low and dangerous neighborhood, the sovereigns that she carried in an under-pocket, ready to use as occasion required. Thus equipped, she started without a minute's delay for Tom's lodging.

It was poorer than even she expected. One attic room, bare almost as when it was built.

No chimney or grate, no furniture except a box which served as both table and chair; and a heap of straw, with a blanket thrown over it. The only comfort about it was that it was clean: Tom's innate sense of refinement had abided with him to the last.

Elizabeth had time to make all these observations, for Tom was out—gone, the landlady said, to the druggist's shop round the corner.

"He's very bad, ma'am," added the woman, civilly, probably led thereto by Elizabeth's respectable appearance, and the cab in which she had come—lest she should lose a minute's time. "Can't last long, and Lord knows who's to bury him."

With that sentence knelling in her ears Elizabeth waited till she heard the short cough and the hard breathing of some one toiling heavily up the stair.

Tom, Tom himself. But oh, so altered! with every bit of youth gone out of him; with death written on every line of his haggard face, the death he had once prognosticated with a sentimental pleasure, but which now had come upon him in all its ghastly reality.

He was in the last stage of consumption. The disease was latent in his family, Elizabeth knew: she had known it when she had belonged to him, and fondly thought that, as his wife, her incessant care might save him from it: but nothing could save him now.

"Who's that?" said he, in his own sharp, fretful voice.

"Me, Tom. But don't speak. Sit down till your cough's over."

Tom grasped her hand as she stood by him, but he made no further demonstration, nor used any expression of gratitude. He seemed far too ill. Sick people are always absorbed in the sad present; they seldom trouble themselves much about the past. Only there was something in the way Tom clung to her hand, helplessly, imploringly, that moved the inmost heart of Elizabeth.

"I'm very bad, you see. This cough; oh, it shakes me dreadfully, especially of nights."

"Have you any doctor?"

"The druggist close by, or rather the druggist's shopman. He's a very kind young fellow, from our county, I fancy, for he asked me once if I wasn't a Stowbury man; and ever since he has doctored me for nothing, and given me a shilling too, now and then, when I've been a'most clemmed to death in the winter."

"Oh Tom, why didn't you write to me before? Have you actually wanted food?"

"Yes, many a time. I've been out of work this twelvemonth."

"But Esther?"

"Who?" screamed Tom.

"Your wife."

"My wife? I've got none! She spent every thing, till I fell ill, and then she met a fellow with lots o' money. Curse her!"

The fury with which he spoke shook him all over, and sent him into another violent fit of

coughing, out of which he revived by degrees, but in a state of such complete exhaustion that Elizabeth hazarded no more questions. He must evidently be dealt with exactly like a child.

She made up her mind in her own silent way, as indeed she had done ever since she came into the room.

"Lie down, Tom, and keep yourself quiet for a little. I'll be back as soon as I can—back with something to do you good. You won't object?"

"No, no; you can do any thing you like with me. You always could."

Elizabeth groped her way down stairs strangely calm and self-possessed. There was need. Tom, dying, had come to her as his sole support and consolation—thrown himself helplessly upon her, never doubting either her will or her power to help him. Neither must fail. The inexplicable woman's strength, sometimes found in the very gentlest, quietest, and apparently the weakest character, nerved her now.

She went up and down, street after street, looking for lodgings, till the evening darkened, and the Abbey towers rose grimly against the summer sky. Then she crossed over Westminster Bridge, and in a little street on the Surrey side she found what she wanted—a decent room, half sitting, half bedroom, with what looked like a decent landlady. There was no time to make many inquiries; any thing was better than to leave Tom another night where he was.

She paid a week's rent in advance; bought firing and provisions; every thing she could think of to make him comfortable; and then she went to fetch him in a cab.

The sick man offered no resistance; indeed, he hardly seemed to know what she was doing with him. She discovered the cause of this half-insensibility when, in making a bundle of his few clothes, she found a packet labeled "opium."

"Don't take it from me," he said, pitifully.

"It's the only comfort I have."

But when he found himself in the cheerful room, with the fire blazing and the tea laid out, he woke up like a person out of a bad dream.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so comfortable!"

Elizabeth could have wept.

Whether the wholesome food and drink revived him, or whether it was one of the sudden flashes of life that often occur in consumptive patients, but he seemed really better, and began to talk, telling Elizabeth about his long illness, and saying over again how very kind the druggist's young man had been to him.

"I'm sure he's a gentleman, though he has come down in the world; for, as he says, 'misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and takes the nonsense out of him.' I think so too, and if ever I get better, I don't mean to go about the country speaking against born gentlefolks any more. They're much of a muchness as ourselves—bad and good; a little of all sorts; the same flesh and blood as we are. Aren't they, Elizabeth?"

"I suppose so."

"And there's another thing I mean to do. I mean to try and be good like you. Many a night, when I've lain on that straw, and thought I was dying, I've remembered you and all the things you used to say to me. You are a good woman; there never was a better."

Elizabeth smiled, a faint, rather sad smile. For, as she was washing up the tea things, she had noticed Tom's voice grow feebler, and his features sharper and more wan.

"I'm very tired," he said. "I'm afraid to go to bed, I get such wretched nights; but I think, if I lay down in my clothes, I could go to sleep."

Elizabeth helped him to the small pallet, shook his pillow, and covered him up as if he had been a child.

"You're very good to me," he said, and looked up at her—Tom's bright, fond look of years ago. But it passed away in a moment, and he closed his eyes saying he was so terribly tired.

"Then I'll bid you good-by, for I ought to have been at home by now. You'll take care of yourself, Tom, and I'll come and see you again the very first hour I can be spared. And if you want me you'll send to me at once? You know where?"

"I will," said Tom. "It's the same house, isn't it, in Russell Square?"

"Yes." And they were both silent.

After a minute Tom asked, in a troubled voice,

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Tom, quite."

"Won't you give me one kiss, Elizabeth?"

She turned away. She did not mean to be hard, but somehow she could not kiss Esther's husband.

"Ah, well; it's all the same! Good-by!"

"Good-by, Tom."

But as she stood at the door, and looked back at him lying with his eyes shut, and as white as if he were dead, Elizabeth's heart melted. He was her Tom, her own Tom, of whom she had been so fond, so proud; whose future she had joyfully anticipated long before she thought of herself as mixed up with it; and he was dying, dying at four-and-twenty; passing away to the other world, where, perhaps, she might meet him yet, with no cruel Esther between.

"Tom," she said, and knelt beside him, "Tom, I didn't mean to vex you. I'll try to be as good as a sister to you. I'll never forsake you as long as you live."

"I know you never will."

"Good-by, then, for to-night."

And she did kiss him, mouth to mouth, quietly and tenderly. She was so glad of it afterward.

It was late enough when she reached Russell Square; but nobody ever questioned the proceedings of Mrs. Hand, who was a privileged person. She crept in beside her little Henry, and as the child turned in his sleep and put his arms about her neck, she clasped him tight, and

thought there was still something to live for in this weary world.

All night she thought over what best could be done for Tom. Though she never deceived herself for a moment as to his state, still she thought, with care and proper nursing, he might live a few months. Especially if she could get him into the Consumption Hospital, newly started in Chelsea, of which she was aware Mr. Ascott—who dearly liked to see his name in a charity-list—was one of the governors.

There was no time to be lost; she determined to speak to her master at once.

The time she chose was when she brought down little Henry, who was now always expected to appear, and say, "Dood-morning, papa," before Mr. Ascott went into the city.

As they stood, the boy laughing in his father's face, and the father beaming all over with delight, the bitter, almost fierce thought, smote Elizabeth, Why should Peter Ascott be standing there fat and flourishing, and poor Tom dying? It made her bold to ask the only favor she ever had asked of the master whom she did not care for, and to whom she had done her duty simply as duty, without, until lately, one fragment of respect.

"Sir, if you please, might I speak with you a minute before you go out?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hand. Any thing about Master Henry? Or perhaps yourself? You want more wages? Very well. I shall be glad, in any reasonable way, to show my satisfaction at the manner in which you bring up my son."

"Thank you, Sir," said Elizabeth, courtesying. "But it is not that."

And in the briefest language she could find she explained what it was.

Mr. Ascott knitted his brows and looked important. He never scattered his benefits with a silent hand, and he dearly liked to create difficulties, if only to show how he could smooth them down.

"To get a patient admitted at the Consumption Hospital is, you should be aware, no easy matter, until the building at Queen's Elm is complete. But I flatter myself I have influence. I have subscribed a deal of money. Possibly the person may be got in in time. Who did you say he was?"

"Thomas Cliffe. He married one of the servants here, Esther—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about the name; I shouldn't recollect it. The housekeeper might. Why didn't his wife apply to the housekeeper?"

The careless question seemed hardly to expect an answer, and Elizabeth gave none. She could not bear to make public Tom's misery and Esther's shame.

"And you say he is a Stowbury man? That is certainly a claim. I always feel bound, somewhat as a member of Parliament might be, to do my best for any one belonging to my native town. So be satisfied, Mrs. Hand; consider the thing settled."

And he was going away; but time being of

such great moment, Elizabeth ventured to detain him till he had written the letter of recommendation, and found out what days the application for admission could be received. He did it very patiently, and even took out his purse and laid a sovereign on the top of the letter.

"I suppose the man is poor; you can use this for his benefit."

"There is no need, thank you, Sir," said Elizabeth, putting it gently aside. She could not bear that Tom should accept any body's money but her own.

At her first spare moment she wrote him a long letter explaining what she had done, and appointing the next day but one, the earliest possible, for taking him out to Chelsea herself. If he objected to the plan he was to write and say so; but she urged him as strongly as she could not to let slip this opportunity of obtaining good nursing and first-rate medical care.

Many times during the day the thought of Tom alone in his one room—comfortable though it was, and though she had begged the landlady to see that he wanted nothing—came across her with a sudden pang. His face, feebly lifted up from the pillow, with its last affectionate smile, the sound of his cough as she stood listening outside on the stair-head, haunted her all through that sunshiny June day; and, mingled with it, came ghostly visions of that other day in June—her happy Whitsun holiday—her first and her last.

No letter coming from Tom on the appointed morning, she left Master Harry in the charge of the house-maid, who was very fond of him—as indeed he bade fair to be spoiled by the whole establishment at Russell Square—and went down to Westminster.

There was a long day before her, so she took a minute's breathing space on Westminster Bridge, and watched the great current of London life ebbing and flowing—life on the river and life on the shore; every body so busy and active and bright.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" she sighed, and wondered whether his ruined life would ever come to any happy ending, except death.

She hurried on, and soon found the street where she had taken his lodging. At the corner of it was, as is too usual in London streets, a public house, about which more than the usual number of disreputable idlers were hanging. There were also one or two policemen, who were ordering the little crowd to give way to a group of twelve men, coming out.

"What is that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Coroner's inquest; jury proceeding to view the body."

Elizabeth, who had never come into contact with any thing of the sort, stood aside with a sense of awe, to let the little procession pass, and then followed it up the street.

It stopped; oh no! not at that door! But it was; there was no mistaking the number, nor the drawn-down blind in the upper room—Tom's room.

"Who is dead?" she asked, in a whisper that made the policeman stare.

"Oh! nobody particular; a young man, found dead in his bed; supposed to be a case of consumption; verdict will probably be, 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

Ay, that familiar phrase, our English law's solemn recognition of our national religious feeling, was true here. God had "visited" poor Tom; he suffered no more.

Elizabeth leaned against the door-way, and saw the twelve jurymen go up stairs with a clatter of feet, and come down again, one after the other, less noisily, and some of them looking grave. Nobody took any notice of her, until the lodging-house mistress appeared.

"Oh, here she is, gentlemen. This is the young woman as saw him last alive. She'll give her evidence. She'll tell you I'm not a bit to blame."

And pulling Elizabeth after her, the landlady burst into a torrent of explanation; how she had done her very best for the poor fellow, how she had listened at his door several times during the first day, and heard him cough, that is, she thought she had, but toward night all was so very quiet; and there having come a letter by post, she thought she would take it up to him.

"And I went in, gentlemen, and I declare, upon my oath, I found him lying just as he is now, and as cold as a stone."

"Let me pass; I'm a doctor," said somebody behind; a young man, very shabbily dressed, with a large beard. He pushed aside the landlady and Elizabeth, till he saw the latter's face.

"Give that young woman a chair and a glass of water, will you?" he called out; and his authoritative manner impressed the jurymen, who gathered round him, ready and eager to hear any thing he could say.

He gave his name as John Smith, druggist's assistant; said that the young man who lodged up stairs, whose death he had only just heard of, had been his patient for some months, and was in the last stage of consumption. He had no doubt the death had ensued from perfectly natural causes, as he explained in such technical language as completely to overpower the jury, and satisfy them accordingly. They quitted the parlor, and proceeded to the public house, where, after a brief consultation, they delivered their verdict, as the astute policeman had foretold, "Died by the visitation of God;" took pipes and brandy all round at the bar, and then adjourned to their several homes, gratified at having done their duty to their country.

Meantime, Elizabeth crept up stairs. Nobody hindered or followed her; nobody cared any thing for the solitary dead.

There he lay—poor Tom!—almost as she had left him; the counterpane was hardly disturbed; the candle she had placed on the chair had burned down to a bit of wick, which still lay in the socket. Nobody had touched him, or any thing about him, as, in all cases of "Found dead," English law exacts.

Whether he had died soon after she quitted him that night, or whether he had lingered through the long hours of darkness, or of daylight following, alive and conscious perhaps, yet too weak to call any one, even had there been any one he cared to call—when, or how, the spirit had passed away unto Him who gave it, were mysteries that could never be known.

But it was all over now; he lay at rest with the death smile on his face. Elizabeth, as she stood and looked at him, could not, dared not weep.

"My poor Tom, my own dear Tom," was all she thought, and knew that he was all her own now; that she had loved him through every thing, and loved him to the end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ELIZABETH spent the greatest part of her holiday in that house, in that room. Nobody interfered with her; nobody asked in what relation she stood to the deceased, or what right she had to take upon herself the arrangements for his funeral. Every body was only too glad to let her assume a responsibility, which would otherwise have fallen on the parish.

The only person who appeared to remember either her or the dead man was the druggist's assistant, who sent in the necessary medical certificate as to the cause of death. Elizabeth took it to the Registrar, and thence proceeded to an undertaker hard by, with whom she arranged all about the funeral, and that it should take place in the new cemetery at Kensal Green. She thought she should like that better than a close, noisy London church-yard.

Before she left the house she saw poor Tom laid in his coffin, and covered up forever from mortal eyes. Then, and not till then, she sat herself down beside him and wept.

Nobody contested with her the possession of the few things that had belonged to him, which were scarcely more than the clothes he had on when he died; so she made them up into a parcel and took them away with her. In his waistcoat-pocket she found one book, a little Testament, which she had given him herself. It looked as if it had been a good deal read. If all his studies, all his worship of "pure intellect," as the one supreme good, had ended in that it was a blessed ending.

When she reached home Elizabeth went at once to her master, returned him his letter of recommendation, and explained to him that his kindness was not needed now.

Mr. Ascott seemed a good deal shocked, inquired from her a few particulars, and again took out his purse, his one panacea for all mortal woes. But Elizabeth declined; she said she would only ask him for an advance of her next half-year's wages. She preferred burying her old friend herself.

She buried him, herself the only mourner, on

a bright summer's day, with the sun shining dazzlingly on the white grave-stones in Kensal Green. The clergyman appeared, read the service, and went away again. A few minutes ended it all. When the undertaker and his men had also departed, she sat down on a bench near to watch the sexton filling up the grave—Tom's grave. She was very quiet, and none but a closely-observant person watching her face could have penetrated into the truth of what your impulsive characters, always in the extremes of mirth or misery, never understand about quiet people, that "still waters run deep."

While she sat there some one came past her, and turned round. It was the shabby-looking chemist's assistant, who had appeared at the inquest and given the satisfactory evidence which had prevented the necessity of her giving hers.

Elizabeth rose and acknowledged him with a respectful courtesy; for under his threadbare clothes was the bearing of a gentleman, and he had been so kind to Tom.

"I am too late," he said; "the funeral is over. I meant to have attended it, and seen the last of the poor fellow."

"Thank you, Sir," replied Elizabeth, gratefully.

The young man stood before her, looking at her earnestly for a minute or two, and then exclaimed, with a complete change of voice and manner,

"Elizabeth! don't you know me? What has become of my Aunt Johanna?"

It was Ascott Leaf.

But no wonder Elizabeth had not recognized him. His close-cropped hair, his large beard hiding half his face, and a pair of spectacles which he had assumed, were a sufficient disguise. Besides, the great change from his former "dandy" appearance to the extreme of shabbiness; his clothes being evidently worn as long as they could possibly hold together, and his generally depressed air giving the effect of one who had gone down in the world, made him, even without the misleading "John Smith," most unlikely to be identified with the Ascott Leaf of old.

"I never should have known you, Sir!" said Elizabeth, truthfully, when her astonishment had a little subsided; "but I am very glad to see you. Oh how thankful your aunts will be!"

"Do you think so? I thought it was quite the contrary. But it does not matter; they will never hear of me, unless you tell them—and I believe I may trust you. You would not betray me, if only for the sake of that poor fellow yonder?"

"No, Sir."

"Now, tell me something about my aunts, especially my Aunt Johanna."

And sitting down in the sunshine, with his arm upon the back of the bench, and his hand hiding his eyes, the poor prodigal listened in silence to every thing Elizabeth told him; of his Aunt Selina's marriage and death, and of

Mr. Lyon's return, and of the happy home at Liverpool.

"They are all quite happy, then?" said he, at length; "they seem to have begun to prosper ever since they got rid of me. Well, I'm glad of it. I only wanted to hear of them from you. I shall never trouble them any more. You'll keep my secret, I know. And now I must go, for I have not a minute more to spare. Good-by, Elizabeth."

With a humility and friendliness, strange enough in Ascott Leaf, he held out his hand—empty, for he had nothing to give now—to his aunt's old servant. But Elizabeth detained him.

"Don't go, Sir; please, don't; not just yet." And then she added, with an earnest respectfulness that touched the heart of the poor, shabby man, "I hope you'll pardon the liberty I take. I'm only a servant, but I knew you when you were a boy, Mr. Leaf; and if you would trust me, if you would let me be of use to you in any way—if only because you were so good to him there."

"Poor Tom Cliffe; he was not a bad fellow; he liked me rather, I think; and I was able to doctor him, and help him a little. Heigh-ho; it's a comfort to think I ever did any good to any body."

Ascott sighed, drew his rusty coat-sleeve across his eyes, and sat contemplating his boots, which were any thing but dandy boots now.

"Elizabeth, what relation was Tom to you? If I had known you were acquainted with him I should have been afraid to go near him; but I felt sure, though he came from Stowbury, he did not guess who I was; he only knew me as Mr. Smith; and he never once mentioned you. Was he your cousin, or what?"

Elizabeth considered a moment, and then told the simple fact; it could not matter now.

"I was once going to be married to him, but he saw somebody he liked better, and married her."

"Poor girl; poor Elizabeth!"

Perhaps nothing could have shown the great change in Ascott more than the tone in which he uttered these words; a tone of entire respect and kindly pity, from which he never once departed during that conversation, and many, many others, so long as their confidential relations lasted.

"Now, Sir, would you be so kind as to tell me something about yourself? I'll not repeat any thing to your aunts, if you don't wish it."

Ascott yielded. He had been so long, so utterly forlorn. He sat down beside Elizabeth, and then, with eyes often averted, and with many breaks between, which she had to fill up as best she could, he told her all his story, even to the sad secret of all, which had caused him to run away from home, and hide himself in the last place where they would have thought he was, the safe wilderness of London. There, carefully disguised, he had lived decently while his money lasted, and then, driven step by step

to the brink of destitution, he had offered himself for employment in the lowest grade of his own profession, and been taken as assistant by the not overscrupulous chemist and druggist in that not too respectable neighborhood of Westminster, with a salary of twenty pounds a year.

"And I actually live upon it!" added he, with a bitter smile. "I can't run into debt; for who would trust me? And I dress in rags almost, as you see. And I get my meals how and where I can; and I sleep under the shop-counter. A pretty life for Mr. Ascott Leaf, isn't it now? What would my aunts say if they knew it?"

"They would say it was an honest life, and that they were not a bit ashamed of you."

Ascott drew himself up a little, and his chest heaved visibly under the close-buttoned, threadbare coat.

"Well, at least it is a life that makes nobody else miserable."

Ay, that wonderful teacher, Adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,"

had left behind this jewel in the young man's heart. A disguised, beggared outcast, he had found out the value of an honest name; forsaken, unfriended, he had learned the preciousness of home and love; made a servant of, tyrannized over, and held in low esteem, he had been taught by hard experience the secret of true humility and charity—the esteeming of others better than himself.

Not with all natures does misfortune so work, but it did with his. He had sinned; he had paid the cost of his sin in bitter suffering; but the result was cheaply bought, and he already began to feel that it was so.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question of Elizabeth's, "I really am, for some things, happier than I used to be. I feel more like what I was in the old days, when I was a little chap at Stowbury. Poor old Stowbury! I often think of the place in a way that's perfectly ridiculous. Still, if any thing happened to me, I should like my aunts to know it, and that I didn't forget them."

"But, Sir," asked Elizabeth, earnestly, "do you never mean to go near your aunts again?"

"I can't say; it all depends upon circumstances. I suppose," he added, "if, as is said, one's sin is sure to find one out, the same rule goes by contraries. It seems poor Cliffe once spoke of me to a district visitor, the only visitor he ever had; and this gentleman, hearing of the inquest, came yesterday to inquire about him of me; and the end was that he offered me a situation with a person he knew, a very respectable chemist in Tottenham Court Road."

"And shall you go?"

"To be sure. I've learned to be thankful for small mercies. Nobody will find me out or recognize me. You didn't. Who knows? I may even have the honor of dispensing drugs to Uncle Ascott of Russell Square."

"But," said Elizabeth, after a pause, "you will not always remain as John Smith, druggist's shopman, throwing away all your good education, and position, and name?"

"Elizabeth," said he, in a humbled tone, "how dare I ever resume my own name and get back my rightful position while Peter Ascott lives? Can you or any body point out a way?"

She thought the question over in her clear head; clear still, even at this hour, when she had to think for others, though all personal feeling and interest were buried in that grave over which the sexton was now laying the turf that would soon grow smoothly green.

"If I might advise, Mr. Leaf, I should say, save up all your money, and then go, just as you are, with an honest, bold front, right into my master's house, with the fifty pounds in your hand—"

"By Jove, you've hit it!" cried Ascott, starting up. "What a thing a woman's head is! I've turned over scheme after scheme, but I never once thought of any so simple as that. Bravo, Elizabeth! You're a remarkable woman."

She smiled—a very sad smile—but still she felt glad. Any thing that she could possibly do for any creature belonging to her dear mistresses seemed to this faithful servant the natural and bounden duty of her life.

Long after the young man, whose mercurial temperament no trouble could repress, had gone away in excellent spirits, leaving her an address where she could always find him, and give him regular news of his aunts, though he made her promise to give them, as yet, no tidings in return, Elizabeth sat still, watching the sun decline and the shadows lengthen over the field of graves. In the calmness and beauty of this solitary place an equal calm seemed to come over her; a sense of how wonderfully events had linked themselves together and worked themselves out; how even poor Tom's mournful death had brought about this meeting, which might end in restoring to her beloved mistresses their lost sheep, their outcast, miserable boy. She did not reason the matter out, but she felt it, and felt that in making her in some degree His instrument God had been very good to her in the midst of her desolation.

It seemed Elizabeth's lot always to have to put aside her own troubles for the trouble of somebody else. Almost immediately after Tom Cliffe's death her little Henry fell ill with scarlatina, and remained for many months in a state of health so fragile as to engross all her thought and care. It was with difficulty that she contrived a few times to go for Henry's medicines to the shop where "John Smith" served.

She noticed that every time he looked healthier, brighter, freer from that aspect of broken-down respectability which had touched her so much. He did not dress any better, but still "the gentleman" in him could never be hidden or lost, and he said his master treated him "like a gentleman," which was apparently a pleasant novelty.

"I have some time to myself also. Shop shuts at nine, and I get up at 5 A.M.—bless us! what would my Aunt Hilary say! And it's not for nothing. There are more ways than one of turning an honest penny, when a young fellow really sets about it. Elizabeth, you used to be a literary character yourself; look into the —— and the ——" (naming two popular magazines), "and if you find a series of especially clever papers on sanitary reform, and so on, I did 'em!"

He slapped his chest with Ascott's merry laugh of old. It cheered Elizabeth for a long while afterward.

By-and-by she had to take little Henry to Brighton, and lost sight of "John Smith" for some time longer.

It was on a snowy February day, when, having brought the child home quite strong, and received unlimited gratitude and guineas from the delighted father, Master Henry's faithful nurse stood in her usual place at the dining-room door, waiting for the interminable grace of "only five minutes more" to be over, and her boy carried ignominiously but contentedly to bed.

The footman knocked at the door. "A young man wanting to speak to master on particular business."

"Let him send in his name."

"He says you wouldn't know it, Sir."

"Show him in, then. Probably a case of charity, as usual. Oh!"

And Mr. Ascott's opinion was confirmed by the appearance of the shabby young man with the long beard, whom Elizabeth did not wonder he never recognized in the least.

She ought to have retired, and yet she could not. She hid herself partly behind the door, afraid of passing Ascott; dreading alike to wound him by recognition or non-recognition. But he took no notice. He seemed excessively agitated.

"Come a-begging, young man, I suppose? Wants a situation, as hundreds do, and think that I have half the clerkships in the city at my disposal, and that I am made of money besides. But it's no good, I tell you, Sir; I never give nothing to strangers, except—Here, Henry, my son, take that person there this half-crown."

And the little boy, in his pretty purple velvet frock and his prettier face, trotted across the room and put the money into poor Ascott's hand. He took it; and then, to the astonishment of Master Henry, and the still greater astonishment of his father, lifted up the child and kissed him.

"Young man, young fellow—"

"I see you don't know me, Mr. Ascott, and it's not surprising. But I have come to repay you this—" he laid a fifty-pound note down on the table. "Also, to thank you earnestly for not prosecuting me, and to say—"

"Good God!"—the sole expletive Peter Ascott had been heard to use for long. "Ascott Leaf, is that you? I thought you were in Australia, or dead, or something."

"No, I'm alive and here, more's the pity per-

haps. Except that I have lived to pay you back what I cheated you out of. What you generously gave me I can't pay, though I may some time. Meantime, I have brought you this. It's honestly earned. Yes"—observing the keen doubtful look, "though I have hardly a coat to my back, I assure you it's honestly earned."

Mr. Ascott made no reply. He stooped over the bank-note, examined it, folded it, and put it into his pocket-book; then, after another puzzled investigation of Ascott, cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Hand, you had better take Master Henry up stairs."

An hour after, when little Henry had long been sound asleep, and she was sitting at her usual evening sewing in her solitary nursery, Elizabeth learned that the "shabby young man" was still in the dining-room with Mr. Ascott, who had rung for tea and some cold meat with it. And the footman stated, with undisguised amazement, that the shabby young man was actually sitting at the same table with master!

Elizabeth smiled to herself, and held her tongue. Now, as ever, she always kept the secrets of the family.

About ten o'clock she was summoned to the dining-room.

There stood Peter Ascott, pompous as ever, but with a certain kindly good-humor lightening his heavy face, looking condescendingly around him, and occasionally rubbing his hands slowly together, as if he were exceedingly well pleased with himself. There stood Ascott Leaf, looking bright and handsome in spite of his shabbiness, and quite at his ease—which small peculiarity was never likely to be knocked out of him under the most depressing circumstances.

He shook hands with Elizabeth warmly.

"I wanted to ask you if you have any message for Liverpool. I go there to-morrow on business for Mr. Ascott, and afterward I shall

probably go and see my aunts." He faltered a moment, but quickly shook the emotion off. "Of course, I shall tell them all about you, Elizabeth. Any special message, eh?"

"Only my duty, Sir, and Master Henry is quite well again," said Elizabeth, formally, and dropping her old-fashioned courtesy; after which, as quickly as she could, she slipped out of the dining-room.

But long, long after, when all the house was gone to bed, she stood at the nursery window, looking down upon the trees of the square, that stretched their motionless arms up into the moonlight sky—just such a moonlight as it was once, more than three years ago, the night little Henry was born. And she recalled all the past, from the day when Miss Hilary hung up her bonnet for her in the house-place at Stowbury; the dreary life at No. 15; the Sunday nights when she and Tom Cliffe used to go wandering round and round the square.

"Poor Tom," said she to herself, thinking of Ascott Leaf, and how happy he had looked, and how happy his aunts would be to-morrow. "Well, Tom would be glad too if he knew all."

But, happy as every body was, there was nothing so close to Elizabeth's heart as the one grave over which the snow was now lying, white and peaceful, out at Kensal Green.

Elizabeth is still living—which is a great blessing, for nobody could well do without her. She will probably attain a good old age; being healthy and strong, very equable in temper now, and very cheerful too, in her quiet way. Doubtless, she will yet have Master Henry's children climbing her knees, and calling her "Mammy Lizzie."

But she will never marry. She never loved any body but Tom.

LE DÉPART DES HIRONDELLES.

LA pluie au bassin fait des bulles;
Les hirondelles, sur le toit,
Tiennent des conciliabules:
"Voici l'hiver! voici le froid!"

Elles s'assemblant par centaines
Se concertant pour le départ,
L'une dit, "O que dans Athènes
Il fait bon sur le vieux rempart!"

"Tous les ans j'y vais et je niche
Au métopes du Parthénon;
Mon nid bouche, dans la corniche,
Le trou d'un boulet de canon."

L'autre, "J'ai ma petite chambre,
A Smyrne, au plafond d'un café;
Les Hadjis comptent leurs grains d'ambre
Sur le seuil d'un rayon chauffé."

Celle-ci, "J'habite un triglyphe
Au fronton d'un temple à Balbec,
Et je m'y suspende par ma griffe
Sur mes petits à large bec."

"À la seconde cataracte,"
Dit la dernière, "j'ai mon nid,
J'en ai noté la place exacte
Dans le cou d'un roi de granit."

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

IN fountains bubbling drips the raining;
Their confabs sad the swallows hold,
And flit from roof to roof complaining:
"Tis winter! O, dear me, the cold!"

By hundreds twittering they assemble
To plan their flight with least delay;
Shrill pipes the first the storm makes tremble:
"How warm old Athens is to-day!"

"There, in the Parthenon, I've wintered,
This many a year, a welcome guest;
Where Turkish guns its frieze have splintered
I stop a shot-hole with my nest."

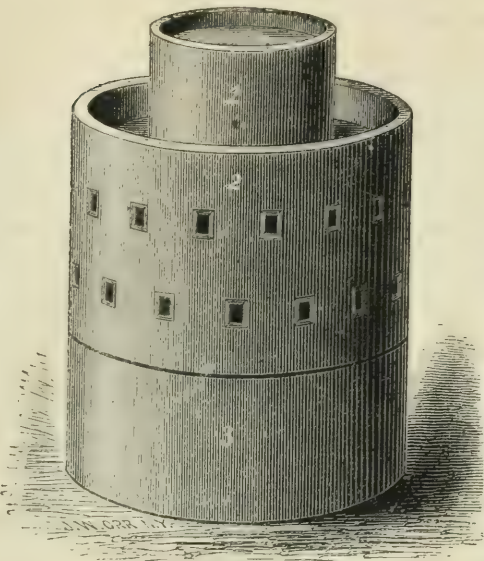
"At Smyrna is my tiny chamber
Fast to a rafter stuck," chirps one;
"Hadjis beneath count beads of amber
Or sip hot coffee in the sun."

Of Balbec, next, a third is telling:
"When sands through mouldering temples sweep,
Some snug old triglyph's just the dwelling
My wide-beaked young secure to keep."

Then, last, a bird that worships Isis,
"Where roars the second cat'ract's flood,
My stone king's neck cracked deep and nice is
To hide a swallow's callow brood."

GEORGE JAUQUES.

THE REVOLVING TOWER AND ITS INVENTOR.



FIRST MODEL OF THE REVOLVING TOWER, 1841.

1. The Look-out, or Central Turret.—2 The Revolving Tower, with two tiers of Guns.—3. The Foundation.

SINCE the day when the *Monitor* engaged the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads it has been acknowledged that in the Revolving Tower a new and powerful element has been introduced into naval warfare. We propose in this paper to give the history of the origin and progress of this invention; to show that only a small portion of its capabilities have been brought into actual use; and that, as developed in the mind of its inventor, it will not only render practically useless the ponderous iron-clad vessels which the French and English are constructing at such enormous cost, but will also make all of our great harbors absolutely impregnable to the combined navies of the world. The inventor of the Revolving Tower, as we shall show from unimpeachable documentary evidence, is THEODORE R. TIMBY, an American citizen, a native of the State of New York.



THEODORE R. TIMBY.

The Washington dispatch to the New York Associated Press, of October 1, 1862, contained the following paragraph :

"Mr. Timby has the broad patent from the United States for a revolving tower for land and water fortifications. This is acknowledged to be a great national invention, and is fully awarded to American genius and industry."

The idea of a revolving tower for stationary and floating fortresses was conceived by Mr. Timby when a mere boy. His first actual model was completed in July, 1841, he being then nineteen years old. This model, an engraving of which appears at the head of this article, is before us as we write. It is of ivory, about four inches in height and nine or ten in circumference. It contains the germs of the whole invention; not merely of those parts which have been applied in the "Monitors" already built, but embracing other principles of still higher importance which are more fully developed in the towers which are to be described.

Mr. Timby filed his first caveat and specifications in the United States Patent Office on the 18th of January, 1843. These specifications were for "a revolving metallic tower, and for a revolving tower for a floating battery to be propelled by steam." This document thus placed on official record, shows beyond all possibility of cavil that more than twenty years ago Mr. Timby had not only conceived the general idea of a revolving gun-tower, but had brought it into practical form, and laid public legal claim to his invention—a claim which has never been abandoned or legally contested; and which, as will be shown, has been at last fully secured. This official record of the invention, it will be observed, antedates by many years any claim advanced by any other person. No man living, as far as we are aware, has ever pretended to have even thought of the thing until long after Mr. Timby had published it to the world, and had publicly exhibited a complete working model on a large scale. He had meanwhile, during the winter of 1842-3, been busily engaged in the construction of a large iron-clad model, seven feet in diameter. This was built at Syracuse, New York, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Many men who were then residents of that place remember the fair-haired young man who was building an iron revolving fortress. This model was completed early in the spring, and was taken to New York for exhibition. It was shown on the 13th of June, 1843, in the Governor's room in the City Hall, to President Tyler and his Cabinet, who were then on their way to attend the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. It was before and afterwards publicly exhibited in New York and also in other places. It was noticed and described at considerable length, and with more or less correctness, in the various newspapers of the day, sometimes with and sometimes without mention of the name of the inventor. The following is a portion of an article which appeared in the *New York Herald* of June 7, 1843 :

"REVOLVING STEAM BATTERY.—We yesterday visited the performance of a new instrument of warfare, or rather an old instrument on a new principle. It was a fort containing one hundred guns, in four rows or tiers of twenty-

five guns each. The whole frame, weighing one ton, was moved round in a circle by two steam engines of one-horse power, and as fast as each gun came round to bear upon a certain point it was discharged, the revolution being regulated so as to allow sufficient time to load after discharging before the gun came round to the place of firing. The whole arrangement was pronounced by several military gentlemen who were present to be perfect so far as this experiment was concerned; but as to the success of the principle on a large scale, some doubt was expressed.... Should the plan succeed on an extended scale, it would be one of the most tremendous and effective engines of defense ever invented."

The New York *Evening Post* of the same date (June 7, 1843) says:

"On the corner of Greenwich and Liberty streets there is a model of a battery, which is of a novel and destructive character. It is erected in a circular form, and presents four tiers of guns. The plan of the battery is, indeed, similar to any other of that form. The important difference consists in the manner by which its armament is brought to bear upon an object. For this purpose it is made to revolve upon its centre, and if this revolution is performed in one minute and the armament comprises a hundred guns, each one of them may in that period of time be discharged at the object. In no other way can so great a number of guns be brought to bear upon an object in so short a time. It is designed to put this in practice by erecting a circular fort of 50 or 100 feet in diameter, of plates of wrought iron. By means of steam power under ground, which shall cause it to revolve on its centre, all the guns of this fort will be brought to bear at each revolution on a given object."

These contemporary records, to which many more might be added, are abundant evidence of the publicity which was given to the invention. Mr. Timby continued still further to develop his idea, constructed several new models, and filed additional specifications in the Patent Office. He pressed the adoption of the plan upon Government year after year, but with no success. Its practicability was not denied; but it was said that it was unnecessary. Our existing fortifications, it was affirmed, were all that could be desired, and far more than were needed; the forts which guarded our harbors were garrisoned by a corporal's guard and tenanted only by bats. In 1856 he visited France, and laid his invention before the French Government, but without success. At length in July, 1848, he succeeded in securing a favorable report to Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, from Jefferson Davis, D. L. Yulee, F. H. Elmore, and Dixon H. Lewis, then United States Senators, and Colonel Bumford, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau; but nothing was then done in the matter.

At the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, Mr. Timby sprang at once to the development and practical application of his favorite engine of war—or rather of peace, for every addition to the destructive power of engines of war is really a new guarantee for peace. He soon produced his fifth model, embodying all the improvements which he had made during the eighteen years which had passed since the date of his first caveat. This was exhibited to Governors Sprague of Rhode Island, and Washburn of Maine, and soon after at the Treasury Department in Washington to the heads of the Departments, members of Congress, foreign Ministers, and officers of the Army and Navy. There was now no doubt

of the necessity of additional harbor defenses, and the practical utility of revolving batteries was no longer a matter of speculation. The records of the Patent Office showed that Mr. Timby was the sole and absolute inventor of this, and that from the first he had continually kept his claim alive. His right to a patent was therefore incontrovertible, and he received one from the United States, covering the broad claim "*For a Revolving Tower for offensive and defensive warfare whether used on land or water.*" Several subsidiary patents cover also the various special appliances which give increased value to the general principle.

Meanwhile the *Monitor* had been built, and contracts were made with an association of leading capitalists and constructors for building other vessels of the same general construction. Mr. Timby's claim to the invention of the turret was brought before them. They acted like men of sense and honor. They acknowledged the validity and worth of his claim, and at once entered upon negotiations with him. The result was that there was secured to him what he considered a fair and just remuneration for the labor of the twenty long years which he had devoted to the perfection of his invention. He receives his due share for the construction of every vessel of our mighty turret fleet, and for every one of the revolving armed towers which will, we hope, soon protect our great harbors from Portland to San Francisco. The world is full of cases where men whose inventions have conferred lasting benefits upon mankind have toiled in want and poverty, while princely fortunes have been accumulated from them by others; or, if at last they have received any adequate reward, it came too late for them to enjoy it. The inventor of the Revolving Tower forms an exception to this. In the very prime of manhood he has secured a compensation not enormous indeed, when compared with the sums which we are told have been amassed in a few months by "army contractors" and "purchasing agents," but amply satisfactory to him. It is pleasant to be able to put upon record his own words: "All my relations with the contractors for building the *Monitors*, represented by Hon. John A. Griswold, have been entirely satisfactory. They have acted throughout, and in every respect, with the most entire good faith and honor."

Having thus given the origin and history of the invention, we propose to describe the "Revolving Tower," both for land and water, as arranged by Mr. Timby. We shall commence with that designed for land—this being on the whole more simple, though the leading principles are common to both.

The illustration on page 246 presents an external view of such a structure. It consists, to the eye, of an iron-plated tower, with a dome-shaped roof, resting upon a foundation of masonry, and pierced for two tiers of guns. The foundation is also provided with casemated guns, as shown in the illustration. These, however, form no part of the tower proper, though they consti-

tute a valuable adjunct for all works designed to defend important points. This tower is supposed to be 100 feet in diameter, and to carry sixty guns, thirty in each tier. In the centre, under the dome, rises a turret,* which, as will be shown, forms one of the most essential parts of the structure.

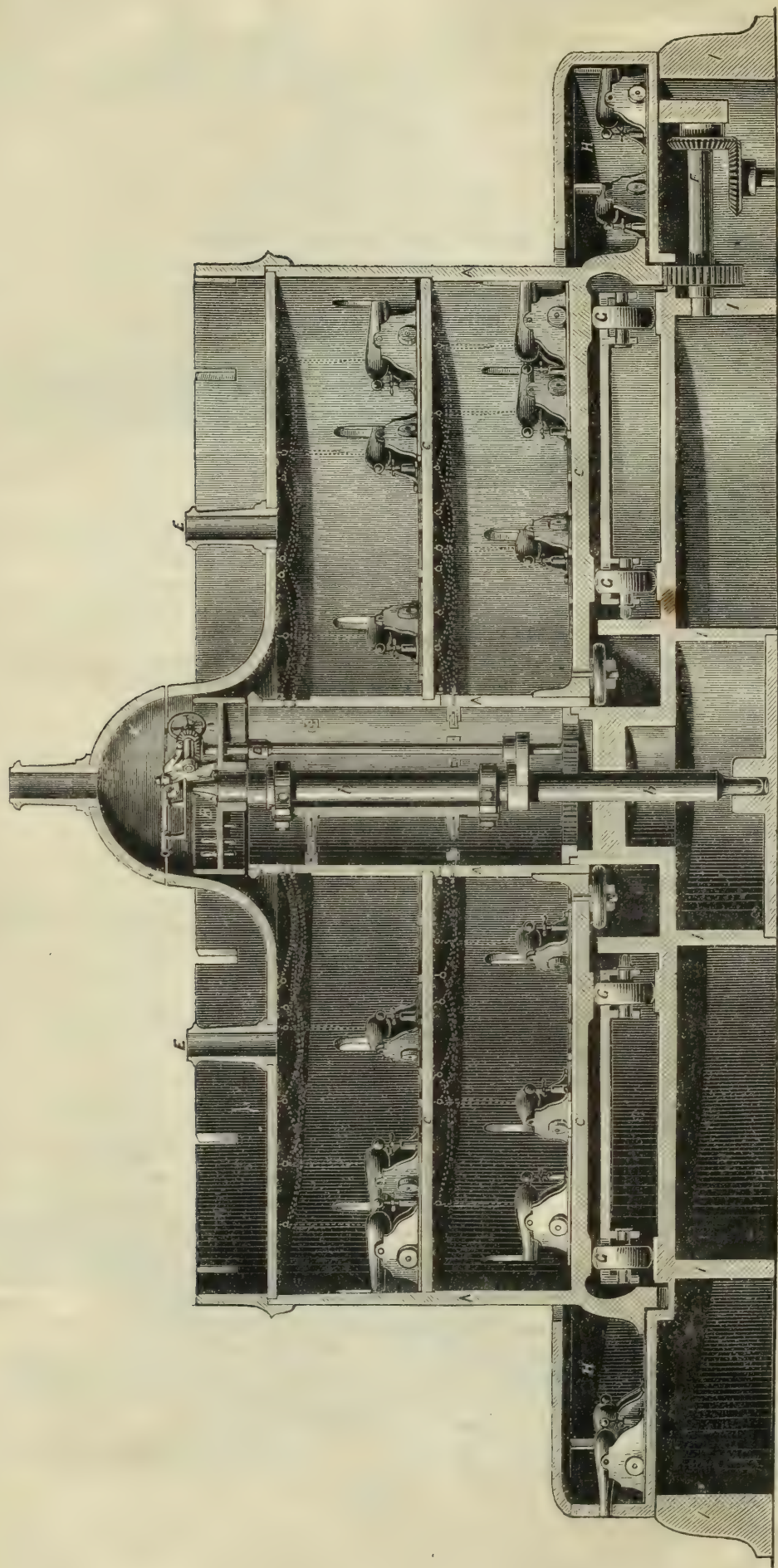
The illustration on the following page presents a sectional view of the whole structure, cut down through the centre of tower, turret, and foundation, the nearer half being supposed to be removed so as to show the interior construction and the arrangement of every part. K is the dome; and A A represent the circular walls of the tower. It will be observed that there are two of these circles, one within the other. The small inner one is not, as might be supposed at first view, a part of the turret, which does not reach below the roof of the tower. These walls, in a land fortress, may be of any required thickness. If one foot is not sufficient they may be two, or three, or five, if required. The increase of weight, which is so important in a floating battery, is here of no practical consequence. This tower revolves upon friction rollers (G G), by means of a steam-engine below and beyond the foundations of the fort. It is proposed that it shall be made to revolve once in a minute, thus bringing every one of the guns to bear upon any point in that space of time. At first thought it would seem impossible to make such a ponderous mass revolve with what appears so great velocity. This objection was, in fact, urged by the writer in the *Evening Post*, already quoted, against the first model exhibited in 1843. This simply shows the folly of drawing conclusions without carefully examining the premises. A tower 100 feet in diameter has a circumference of about 314 feet. At the rate of revolution proposed it would move 314 feet in a minute, or 18,840 feet, or a little more than three and a half miles, an hour: just about a man's moderate walking gait. There would not be the slightest difficulty in giving the tower twice this rate of motion if it were desirable. The force required to effect the revolution is much less than might be imagined. Upon an ordinary railroad "turn-table" one man easily turns a weight of 200 tons. It has been calculated that an engine of 50-horse power would be sufficient to revolve the 100-foot turret with all its armament. This minimum will not, of course, be adopted. It is proposed to use an engine of 250-horse power for this and other purposes. This is much smaller than the marine engines used on steamers, which vary from 300 to 1200 horse power. C C represent the gun-platforms, with the gun-carriages and guns, each looking grimly out from its own port-hole. These gun-carriages all radiate from a common centre to the circumference, like the spokes of a wheel. Indeed, if the tower were cut off level with the gun-platform a

carriage-wheel would represent the section: the tire would stand for the outer wall, the spokes for the gun-carriages, the hub for the inner wall, and the hole for the axle, an opening left for a very important purpose, connected with the central turret.

This turret (B) is the head holding the brain of the whole structure. It rests upon and revolves by means of the shaft *b b*, extending through the whole length of the tower. The turret revolves independently of the tower, and not by means of the steam-engine. In it the commander is stationed during action. There is a narrow opening through which, with a theodolite or telescope fixed upon a stand, he keeps watch upon the object of attack. At his hand is a wheel connected with the central shaft by proper rods and gearing, so delicately adjusted that the strength of an infant can turn it with the turret which rests upon it. Close by are a series of handles connected with signals to all the officers below. By turning this turret he keeps the telescope pointed always straight at the object aimed at. If it moves he follows it precisely as a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle follows the course of a moving object until he is ready to fire. Now as the tower revolves around the turret each gun in its turn is for an instant brought at every revolution directly in a vertical line with the telescope, and if the gun were discharged at that precise instant the ball would go straight to its mark. Provision is made for doing this with unerring certainty. Under the floor of the turret is a galvanic battery with a main conductor so arranged that at the very instant when the gun comes in a line with the telescope the connection is formed. Conducting-wires pass from this main conductor to each gun of the whole battery. When the connection is formed the electric spark passes with the speed of thought along the wires, ignites the priming fuse, and each gun in its turn is discharged at the instant it falls under the vertical line of the telescope, and without the possibility of mistake. The illustration shows clearly the whole of these inner arrangements: the telescope, wheel, and signals in the dome, the main conductor, or "circuit-closer" on the left, and the revolving gearing on the right of the shaft, and the conducting wires passing to each gun. By means of a micrometer attached to the telescope the distance of the object is ascertained at once; a signal to the officer of each gun directs him to elevate or depress the piece so as to secure the proper range.

The gunners, it will be seen, have nothing to do but to load their pieces, run them to the port-holes, and place the fuse in the vent. They work in absolute safety in their iron-clad tower; the commander, alike safe in his mailed turret, does all the aiming and sighting, not of a single gun merely, but of all the sixty that compose the battery at the same instant. The precision of the aim is even greater than that of a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle, for it depends not at all upon the firmness of hand of the

* The word "tower" will always be used to denote the exterior part, while "turret" will designate the central elevation.



VERTICAL SECTION OF REVOLVING TOWER.

A, A, Exterior and interior walls of the Tower, with dome-shaped roof, K, revolving by the gearing F, upon the friction rollers G, G.—C, C, Artillery Platforms, with guns mounted upon their carriages, which radiate from the common centre.—B The Central Turret, revolving, independently of the Tower, upon the shaft *b, b*, by means of the rod and gearing D; on the left of the shaft is seen the circuit-closer, forming the connection between the galvanic battery and the conducting chains passing to each gun.—E, E, Ventilators.—H, H, Casemates, with guns, independent of the Revolving Tower.—I, I, Walls of subterraneous foundation for the Tower, forming chambers for stores and munitions.

marksmen, but only upon the accuracy of his sight and the coolness of his judgment. If a cannon-ball traveled with the same accuracy as a rifle-bullet, a single man might be picked off with a 400-pound shot aimed at a mile's distance from this turret as certainly as he could be by a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle. This perfect accuracy of flight is perhaps not attainable; but assuming the extreme accurate range of a cannon-ball to be two miles, there is no reason to question that a ship could be hit at that distance by every shot. The importance of this perfect accuracy of aim is shown by the fact that not one shot in a hundred fired in the usual manner at long range from a stationary battery at a vessel in motion ever hits it. Last year one bank of the Potomac for miles was fairly lined with rebel batteries; yet the blockade was run with impunity by steamers of every class; and one could easily count upon his fingers every recorded instance in which a vessel was hit.

The recent experiments on the *Passaic* demonstrate that there is no limit to the size of the guns which may be fired within a tower. The 15-inch guns, carrying a round shot of 425 pounds, were discharged without the slightest damage to the tower or injury to the men within it. The effect of a fire of heavy shot against a solid object, like a fortification or an iron-clad vessel, depends greatly upon its rapidity. Ten shots striking any point in as many seconds will produce a greater effect than a hundred in ten hours. Now a tower of 60 guns revolving once a minute will deliver its whole fire upon any point every minute—that is, it will give a shot every second; and as it is found by experiment that one minute is ample time for loading a gun, and as not an instant is lost in aiming or firing, this rate may be kept up for any length of time. But the commander is not obliged to use his whole force. Sitting in his turret, and watching the fight, he can by a signal direct the tower to revolve more slowly or to stop altogether; or by another signal he may order the gunners not to put the fuse into the vents of any gun or number of guns. In this case no discharge takes place when the gun comes round under the telescope. Thus the whole battery of 60 guns is absolutely under the control of a single man seated quietly in his turret above the tumult of battle.

We have called this turret the brain of the structure; carrying out the figure, the shaft, with its moving apparatus and circuit-closer, is the spinal cord, the conducting-wires running to the guns are the nerves; the tower is the trunk; the gun-carriages and guns are the arms and hands ready to fling their ponderous missiles, and the steam-engine below is the legs, bearing the huge iron warrior to the point of assault.

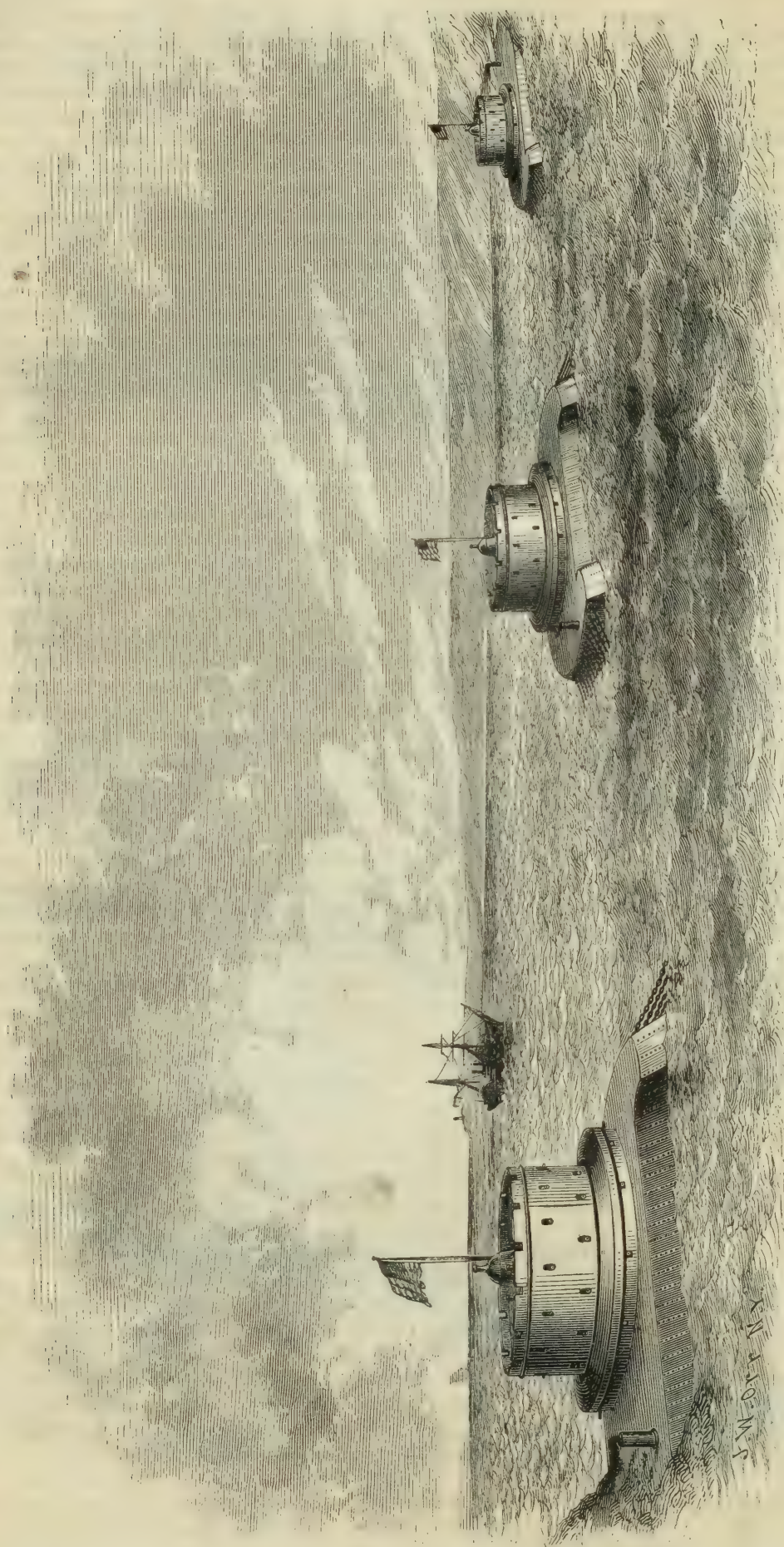
In the illustration E E are ventilators, for carrying off the smoke and foul air from the fortress. A strong current of air from beneath is forced up by the steam-engine, keeping the at-

mosphere within pure and wholesome. This is a most essential provision. In an ordinary fortress, after a brief firing, the air in the casemates becomes so foul, smoky, and heated as to be almost incapable of respiration. Thus at Sumter our brave men, while absolutely unharmed by the balls from the enemy, almost perished from heat and suffocation in the narrow casemates. The magazine, stores, and revolving apparatus are contained in subterranean chambers arranged for their reception in the massive work which forms the foundation of the revolving tower. This may be either of masonry or of iron, though all recent experiments go to show that the latter is preferable. In the plan it is provided with a tier of casemated guns.

As far as land fortification is concerned, the main application of the Revolving Tower is for the defense of harbors and sea-ports. These are the vital points of attack. A single vessel of war, once within range of a great city, holds it at mercy. No matter—or rather so much the worse—how strongly it is garrisoned, it is absolutely helpless. It has no more means of reaching its enemy than an elephant has of attacking a shark. The first gun-boat which, passing forts St. Philip and Jackson, lay off the levée at New Orleans, virtually captured the Crescent City. If a solitary vessel of the allied fleet could have passed the forts at Cronstadt, the Russian capital must have surrendered or been destroyed. A single hostile war-steamer which should run the gauntlet of the Narrows and islands, and enter the harbor of New York could impose its own terms on the metropolis. The capture of New Orleans shows how little power our fortresses have to obstruct the passage of even ordinary steamers. The range of stationary guns is so small, and their aim is so uncertain, that it is a matter of chance if a passing vessel is hit at all. At most the danger lasts but a few minutes.

But, when the attack is made by iron-clad steamers, the peril to a city is fearfully increased. We think we are fully justified in the opinion that the *Passaic* or the *Ironsides*, the *Warrior* or *La Gloire* could enter the harbor of New York unharmed in spite of all the fortifications which defend it. Some new mode of defense, answering to the increased powers of offense created within a few years is clearly demanded. This we believe is to be found in the Revolving Turret. The method of its application to the harbor of New York, as arranged by Mr. Timby, is fully shown in the following illustration. With necessary modifications it is available for every one of our great ports, from Portland to San Francisco.

The "Narrows" is supposed to be the point of defense. This passage is about one-third of a mile wide. From each shore a dock would be built, upon which will be erected a tower and fortress such as has been described; and another upon an artificial foundation in the middle. A hostile vessel or fleet seeking to enter the harbor would be exposed from the moment it came within range, at every foot of its



CORDON OF REVOLVING TOWERS AND CHAINS FOR HARBOR DEFENSE, AS ARRANGED BY MR. TIMBY.

advance to the concentrated fire of these three forts, amounting to 180 guns a minute, delivered with an accuracy hitherto unknown in warfare. We believe that no vessel of ordinary model which ever floated upon the waters, from the day when the ark overrode a drowned world down to that on which the last iron-clad was launched from English or French docks, could sustain for a quarter of an hour such a fusillade. The ponderous European mailed ships, with their lofty sides and many vulnerable points, would lie in fragments at the bottom long before they could pass the terrible antagonists stationed to bar their way. The only assailant which could by any possibility hope to pass these forts would be something like our own *Monitors* or the floating batteries constructing in Europe, lying low in the water, and presenting scarcely a tangible mark at long range. Such a vessel might, perhaps, sustain the fire to which it would be exposed for the half hour during which it would be within range of the guns of the towers; but even such a vessel, if detained at point-blank range, could not long withstand the continuous fire of these fortresses.

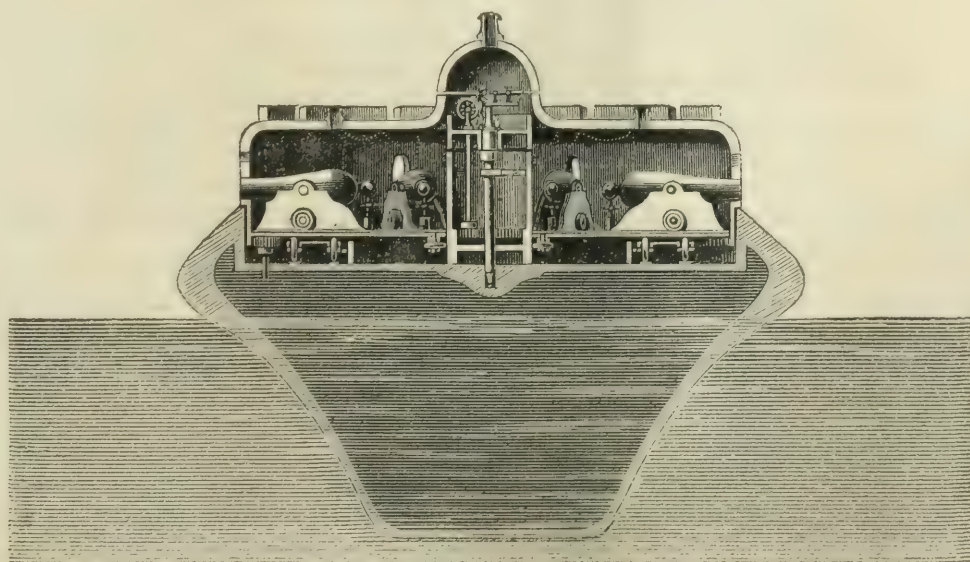
Provision has been made, in the cordon of forts designed by Mr. Timby, for even this contingency. Across the throat of the harbor, from fort to fort, will be placed a series of massive iron chains, attached to windlasses moved by the steam-engines in the forts. These chains during peace lie quietly upon the bottom, offering no obstruction to the passage. But when the approach of an enemy renders it desirable to close the harbor they are drawn up by the windlass to such a deflection as to prevent the passage of a vessel. They are not drawn "taut," for in that case a great part of their strength would be exhausted in maintaining the tension; but they hang swaying in the water. The most powerful steamer striking them would only swing them back, while its momentum would be checked and destroyed. The assailant would then lie helpless at point-blank range under the

concentric fire of two forts, each capable of delivering a shot every second; and between these he must pass in order to reach his object. There is no limit to the size of the guns which may be used. Those of 20-inch calibre, already under contract, could be employed here if desired.

The question between guns and armor, as heretofore applied to vessels, may be considered an open one; though we have yet to learn that any shot has been found, even when fired under the most favorable circumstances, to be effective against a shield equivalent to the armor or towers of the *Passaic* or *Montauk*. But granting that this might be pierced or shattered, there is no limit to the thickness which may be given to the walls of a revolving land tower, short of its absolute crushing weight upon the iron or steel rollers upon which it revolves; whereas, sooner or later, there must be a limit beyond which the weight and velocity of shot can not go. That such a tower as has been described would be impregnable to direct assault or escalade needs no demonstration. If cannon-balls could not force their way into it, human beings certainly would not be able to do so. It could only be reduced by famine. If any one will study the charts of our great harbors, he will see that every one of them has a narrow entrance which could be effectually guarded by such a cordon of forts.

The cost of such structures would certainly be great; but without pretending to have gone into any detailed calculation, we are confident that a mere inspection of the general plan is quite sufficient to show that it must be far less than that of fortifications upon the usual plan, while their efficiency would be immeasurably greater. A single hostile vessel, once within range of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or San Francisco, could in an hour cost us more than would be required to build all the forts required for their perfect defense.

The plan for a Revolving Tower for vessels, as arranged by the inventor, is in all essential



SECTION OF HULL AND NAVAL TOWER.

respects the same as that for those to be built upon land. The only modifications are those imposed by the fact that there is a limit to the size and weight of a tower to be borne by a vessel. The problem is to dispose of this practicable size and weight to the best advantage. We give a sectional view of the design for such a tower for a vessel. Essentially it corresponds with that which has been given of the land tower. The general structure, mode of sighting, and discharge, and the internal arrangements are the same. This tower is supposed to be forty feet in diameter, and to be armed with a single tier of six guns instead of the two with which all of our *Monitors* are furnished. Supposing, as heretofore, that the tower revolves once in a minute, the fire of a vessel provided with such a tower would be six shots in a minute, delivered infallibly upon any desired point. This is demonstrably a greater effective fire than can be given by any vessel heretofore built. The absurdity of placing two or more revolving towers upon any vessel scarcely needs to be pointed out. The essential idea of the revolving tower is that every gun commands every point of the circle. If there are two or more towers each cuts off a part of the range of the other. In our present turrets, with two guns side by side, fully four-fifths are useless for purposes of offense, since not a shot is given from four parts out of five of the circumference. It may be demonstrated that the effective fire of a single tower of four guns is double that of two towers of two guns each, while the cost, weight, and motive power would be much less. The true principle is that indicated in the plan of Mr. Timby. Give the tower sufficient diameter to afford space for a continuous tier of guns clear around its circumference, every part of which will thus be made equally effective. Whether there shall be four, ten, or twenty guns must be decided upon special grounds for each vessel.

To one point in this diagram of a floating tower special attention must be called. It rises only two-thirds of its height above the deck. In our *Monitors* the whole tower of nine or ten feet in height stands above deck. This height is necessary to give space for the working of the guns; but every foot in height and every ton of weight placed above the line of flotation increases the vulnerability and diminishes the seaworthiness of the vessel. The height of the tower above deck needs only to be sufficient to allow the port-holes to be high enough to give the required vertical range. The gun-carriages may as well be below the level of deck as above it. Thus of the nine feet required for the height of the tower three may be below deck. The chances of the tower being hit are diminished just one-third; and, moreover, its absolute weight may be a full quarter less without at all lessening its security; for that part of it below deck will be shielded by the side armor of the vessel, and consequently may be made comparatively light.

This sectional view also suggests a novel mode of constructing the side armor of a vessel, which will be readily understood by any mechanic. In the *Monitors* the sides of the armed upper hull are perpendicular. In this plan they present an ovoid surface. It lies beyond the scope of this paper to enter upon a discussion of this point. Our object has been to show that the Revolving Gun-Tower, conjoined, as it always has been in the mind of its inventor, with the apparatus for aiming and firing, multiplies almost indefinitely the effective power of artillery for defensive and offensive purposes; that it will do for cannon precisely what the invention of printing has done for the art of writing. If we have succeeded in showing this, we need add no words to commend the matter to the immediate consideration of the American People and Government.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. DALE'S LITTLE PARTY.

THE next day was the day of the party. Not a word more was said on that evening between Bell and her cousin, at least not a word more of any peculiar note; and when Crosbie suggested to his friend on the following morning that they should both step down and see how the preparations were getting on at the Small House, Bernard declined.

"You forget, my dear fellow, that I'm not in love as you are," said he.

"But I thought you were," said Crosbie.

"No; not at all as you are. You are an accepted lover, and will be allowed to do any thing—whip the creams, and tune the piano, if you know how. I'm only a half sort of lover, meditating a *mariage de convenance* to oblige an

uncle, and by no means required by the terms of my agreement to undergo a very rigid amount of drill. Your position is just the reverse." In saying all which Captain Dale was no doubt very false; but if falseness can be forgiven to a man in any position, it may be forgiven in that which he then filled. So Crosbie went down to the Small House alone.

"Dale wouldn't come," said he, speaking to the three ladies together. "I suppose he's keeping himself up for the dance on the lawn."

"I hope he will be here in the evening," said Mrs. Dale. But Bell said never a word. She had determined that, under the existing circumstances, it would be only fair to her cousin that his offer and her answer to it should be kept secret. She knew why Bernard did not come across from the Great House with his friend, but she said nothing of her knowledge. Lily looked

at her, but looked without speaking; and as for Mrs. Dale, she took no notice of the circumstance. Thus they passed the afternoon together without further mention of Bernard Dale; and it may be said, at any rate of Lily and Crosbie, that his presence was not missed.

Mrs. Eames, with her son and daughter, were the first to come. "It is so nice of you to come early," said Lily, trying on the spur of the moment to say something which should sound pleasant and happy, but in truth using that form of welcome which to my ears sounds always the most ungracious. "Ten minutes before the time named; and, of course, you must have understood that I meant thirty minutes after it!" That is my interpretation of the words when I am thanked for coming early. But Mrs. Eames was a kind, patient, unexact woman, who took all civil words as meaning civility. And, indeed, Lily had meant nothing else.

"Yes; we did come early," said Mrs. Eames, "because Mary thought she would like to go up into the girl's room and just settle her hair, you know."

"So she shall," said Lily, who had taken Mary by the hand.

"And we knew we shouldn't be in the way. Johnny can go out into the garden if there's any thing left to be done."

"He sha'n't be banished unless he likes it," said Mrs. Dale. "If he finds us women too much for his unaided strength—"

John Eames muttered something about being very well as he was, and then got himself into an arm-chair. He had shaken hands with Lily, trying as he did so to pronounce articulately a little speech which he had prepared for the occasion. "I have to congratulate you, Lily, and I hope with all my heart that you will be happy." The words were simple enough, and were not ill-chosen, but the poor young man never got them spoken. The word "congratulate" did reach Lily's ears, and she understood it all; both the kindness of the intended speech and the reason why it could not be spoken.

"Thank you, John," she said; "I hope I shall see so much of you in London. It will be so nice to have an old Guestwick friend near me." She had her own voice, and the pulses of her heart better under command than had he; but she also felt that the occasion was trying to her. The man had loved her honestly and truly—still did love her, paying her the great homage of bitter grief in that he had lost her. Where is the girl who will not sympathize with such love and such grief, if it be shown only because it can not be concealed, and be declared against the will of him who declares it?

Then came in old Mrs. Hearn, whose cottage was not distant two minutes' walk from the Small House. She always called Mrs. Dale "my dear," and petted the girls as though they had been children. When told of Lily's marriage, she had thrown up her hands with surprise, for she had still left in some corner of her drawers remnants of sugar-plums which she had

bought for Lily. "A London man is he? Well, well. I wish he lived in the country. Eight hundred a year, my dear?" she had said to Mrs. Dale. "That sounds nice down here, because we are all so poor. But I suppose eight hundred a year isn't very much up in London?"

"The squire's coming, I suppose, isn't he?" said Mrs. Hearn, as she seated herself on the sofa close to Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, he'll be here by-and-by; unless he changes his mind, you know. He doesn't stand on ceremony with me."

"He change his mind! When did you ever know Christopher Dale change his mind?"

"He is pretty constant, Mrs. Hearn."

"If he promised to give a man a penny, he'd give it. But if he promised to take away a pound, he'd take it, though it cost him years to get it. He's going to turn me out of my cottage, he says."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Hearn!"

"Jolliffe came and told me"—Jolliffe, I should explain, was the bailiff—"that if I didn't like it as it was, I might leave it, and that the squire could get double the rent for it. Now all I asked was that he should do a little painting in the kitchen; and the wood is all as black as his hat."

"I thought it was understood you were to paint inside."

"How can I do it, my dear, with a hundred and forty pounds for every thing? I must live, you know! And he that has workmen about him every day of the year! And was that a message to send to me, who have lived in the parish for fifty years? Here he is." And Mrs. Hearn majestically raised herself from her seat as the squire entered the room.

With him entered Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, from the parsonage, with Dick Boyce, the ungrown gentleman, and two girl Boyces, who were fourteen and fifteen years of age. Mrs. Dale, with the amount of good-nature usual on such occasions, asked reproachfully why Jane, and Charles, and Florence, and Bessy, did not come—Boyce being a man who had his quiver full of them—and Mrs. Boyce, giving the usual answer, declared that she already felt that they had come as an avalanche.

"But where are the—the—the young men?" asked Lily, assuming a look of mock astonishment.

"They'll be across in two or three hours' time," said the squire. "They both dressed for dinner, and, as I thought, made themselves very smart; but for such a grand occasion as this they thought a second dressing necessary. How do you do, Mrs. Hearn? I hope you are quite well. No rheumatism left, eh?" This the squire said very loud into Mrs. Hearn's ear. Mrs. Hearn was perhaps a little hard of hearing; but it was very little, and she hated to be thought deaf. She did not, moreover, like to be thought rheumatic. This the squire knew, and therefore his mode of address was not good-natured.

"You needn't make me jump so, Mr. Dale. I'm pretty well now, thank ye. I did have a twinge in the spring—that cottage is so badly built for draughts! 'I wonder you can live in it,' my sister said to me the last time she was over. I suppose I should be better off over with her at Hamersham, only one doesn't like to move, you know, after living fifty years in one parish."

"You mustn't think of going away from us," Mrs. Boyce said, speaking by no means loud, but slowly and plainly, hoping thereby to flatter the old woman. But the old woman understood it all. "She's a sly creature, is Mrs. Boyce," Mrs. Hearn said to Mrs. Dale before the evening was out. There are some old people whom it is very hard to flatter, and with whom it is, nevertheless, almost impossible to live unless you do flatter them.

At last the two heroes came in across the lawn at the drawing-room window; and Lily, as they entered, dropped a low courtesy before them, gently swelling down upon the ground with her light muslin dress, till she looked like some wondrous flower that had bloomed upon the carpet, and putting her two hands, with the backs of her fingers pressed together, on the buckle of her girdle, she said, "We are waiting upon your honors' kind grace, and feel how much we owe to you for favoring our poor abode." And then she gently rose up again, smiling, oh, so sweetly, on the man she loved, and the puffings and swellings went out of her muslin.

I think there is nothing in the world so pretty as the conscious little tricks of love played off by a girl toward the man she loves, when she has made up her mind boldly that all the world may know that she has given herself away to him.

I am not sure that Crosbie liked it all as much as he should have done. The bold assurance of her love when they two were alone together he did like. What man does not like such assurances on such occasions? But perhaps he would have been better pleased had Lily shown more reticence—been more secret, as it were, as to her feelings when others were around them. It was not that he accused her in his thoughts of any want of delicacy. He read her character too well; was, if not quite aright in his reading of it, at least too nearly so to admit of his making against her any such accusation as that. It was the calf-like feeling that was disagreeable to him. He did not like to be presented, even to the world of Allington, as a victim caught for the sacrifice, and bound with ribbon for the altar. And then there lurked behind it all a feeling that it might be safer that the thing should not be so openly manifested before all the world. Of course every body knew that he was engaged to Lily Dale; nor had he, as he said to himself, perhaps too frequently, the slightest idea of breaking from that engagement. But then the marriage might possibly be delayed. He had not discussed that matter yet with Lily, having, indeed, at the first moment of his gratified love, created some little difficulty for himself by press-

ing for an early day. "I will refuse you nothing," she had said to him; "but do not make it too soon." He saw, therefore, before him some little embarrassment, and was inclined to wish that Lily would abstain from that manner which seemed to declare to all the world that she was about to be married immediately. "I must speak to her to-morrow," he said to himself, as he accepted her salute with a mock gravity equal to her own.

Poor Lily! How little she understood as yet what was passing through his mind. Had she known his wish she would have wrapped up her love carefully in a napkin, so that no one should have seen it—no one but he, when he might choose to have the treasure uncovered for his sight. And it was all for his sake that she had been thus open in her ways. She had seen girls who were half-ashamed of their love; but she would never be ashamed of hers or of him. She had given herself to him; and now all the world might know it, if all the world cared for such knowledge. Why should she be ashamed of that which, to her thinking, was so great an honor to her? She had heard of girls who would not speak of their love, arguing to themselves cannily that there may be many a slip between the cup and the lip. There could be no need of any such caution with her. There could surely be no such slip! Should there be such a fall—should any such fate, either by falseness or misfortune, come upon her—no such caution could be of service to save her. The cup would have been so shattered in its fall that no further piecing of its parts would be in any way possible. So much as this she did not exactly say to herself; but she felt it all, and went bravely forward—bold in her love, and careful to hide it from none who chanced to see it.

They had gone through the ceremony with the cake and tea-cups, and had decided that, at any rate, the first dance or two should be held upon the lawn when the last of the guests arrived.

"Oh, Adolphus, I am so glad he has come!" said Lily. "Do try to like him." Of Dr. Croft, who was the new-comer, she had sometimes spoken to her lover, but she had never coupled her sister's name with that of the doctor, even in speaking to him. Nevertheless, Crosbie had in some way conceived the idea that this Croft either had been, or was, or was to be, in love with Bell; and as he was prepared to advocate his friend Dale's claims in that quarter he was not particularly anxious to welcome the doctor as a thoroughly intimate friend of the family. He knew nothing as yet of Dale's offer, or of Bell's refusal, but he was prepared for war if war should be necessary. Of the squire, at the present moment, he was not very fond; but if his destiny intended to give him a wife out of this family he should prefer the owner of Allington and nephew of Lord De Guest as a brother-in-law to a village doctor—as he took upon himself, in his pride, to call Dr. Croft.

"It is very unfortunate," said he, "but I never do like Paragons."

"But you must like this Paragon. Not that he is a Paragon at all, for he smokes and hunts, and does all manner of wicked things." And then she went forward to welcome her friend.

Dr. Croft was a slight, spare man, about five feet nine in height, with very bright dark eyes, a broad forehead, with dark hair that almost curled, but which did not come so forward over his brow as it should have done for purposes of beauty, with a thin, well-cut nose, and a mouth that would have been perfect had the lips been a little fuller. The lower part of his face, when seen alone, had in it somewhat of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the brightness of his eyes. And yet an artist would have declared that the lower features of his face were by far the more handsome.

Lily went across to him and greeted him heartily, declaring how glad she was to have him there. "And I must introduce you to Mr. Crosbie," she said, as though she was determined to carry her point. The two men shook hands with each other, coldly, without saying a word, as young men are apt to do when they are brought together in that way. Then they separated at once, somewhat to the disappointment of Lily. Crosbie stood off by himself, both his eyes turned up toward the ceiling, and looking as though he meant to give himself airs; while Croft got himself quickly up to the fire-place, making civil little speeches to Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Boyce, and Mrs. Hearn. And then at last he made his way round to Bell.

"I am so glad," he said, "to congratulate you on your sister's engagement."

"Yes," said Bell; "we knew that you would be glad to hear of her happiness."

"Indeed I am glad, and thoroughly hope that she may be happy. You all like him, do you not?"

"We like him very much."

"And I am told that he is well off. He is a very fortunate man—very fortunate—very fortunate."

"Of course we think so," said Bell. "Not, however, because he is rich."

"No; not because he is rich. But because, being worthy of such happiness, his circumstances should enable him to marry and to enjoy it."

"Yes, exactly," said Bell. "That is just it." Then she sat down, and in sitting down put an end to the conversation. "That is just it," she had said. But as soon as the words were spoken she declared to herself that it was not so, and that Croft was wrong. "We love him," she said to herself, "not because he is rich enough to marry without anxious thought, but because he dares to marry although he is not rich." And then she told herself that she was angry with the doctor.

After that Dr. Croft got off toward the door, and stood there by himself, leaning against the wall, with the thumbs of both his hands stuck

into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. People said that he was a shy man. I suppose he was shy, and yet he was a man that was by no means afraid of doing any thing that he had to do. He could speak before a multitude without being abashed, whether it was a multitude of men or of women. He could be very fixed, too, in his own opinion, and eager, if not violent, in the prosecution of his purpose. But he could not stand and say little words when he had, in truth, nothing to say. He could not keep his ground when he felt that he was not using the ground upon which he stood. He had not learned the art of assuming himself to be of importance in whatever place he might find himself. It was this art which Crosbie had learned, and by this art that he had flourished. So Croft retired and leaned against the wall near the door, and Crosbie came forward and shone like an Apollo among all the guests. "How is it that he does it?" said John Eames to himself, envying the perfect happiness of the London man of fashion.

At last Lily got the dancers out upon the lawn, and then they managed to go through one quadrille. But it was found that it did not answer. The music of the single fiddle which Crosbie had hired from Guestwick was not sufficient for the purpose; and then the grass, though it was perfect for purposes of croquet, was not pleasant to the feet for dancing.

"This is very nice," said Bernard to his cousin. "I don't know any thing that could be nicer; but perhaps—"

"I know what you mean," said Lily. "But I shall stay here. There's no touch of romance about any of you. Look at the moon there at the back of the steeple. I don't mean to go in all night." Then she walked off by one of the paths, and her lover went after her.

"Don't you like the moon?" she said, as she took his arm, to which she was now so accustomed that she hardly thought of it as she took it.

"Like the moon?—well; I fancy I like the sun better. I don't quite believe in moonlight. I think it does best to talk about when one wants to be sentimental."

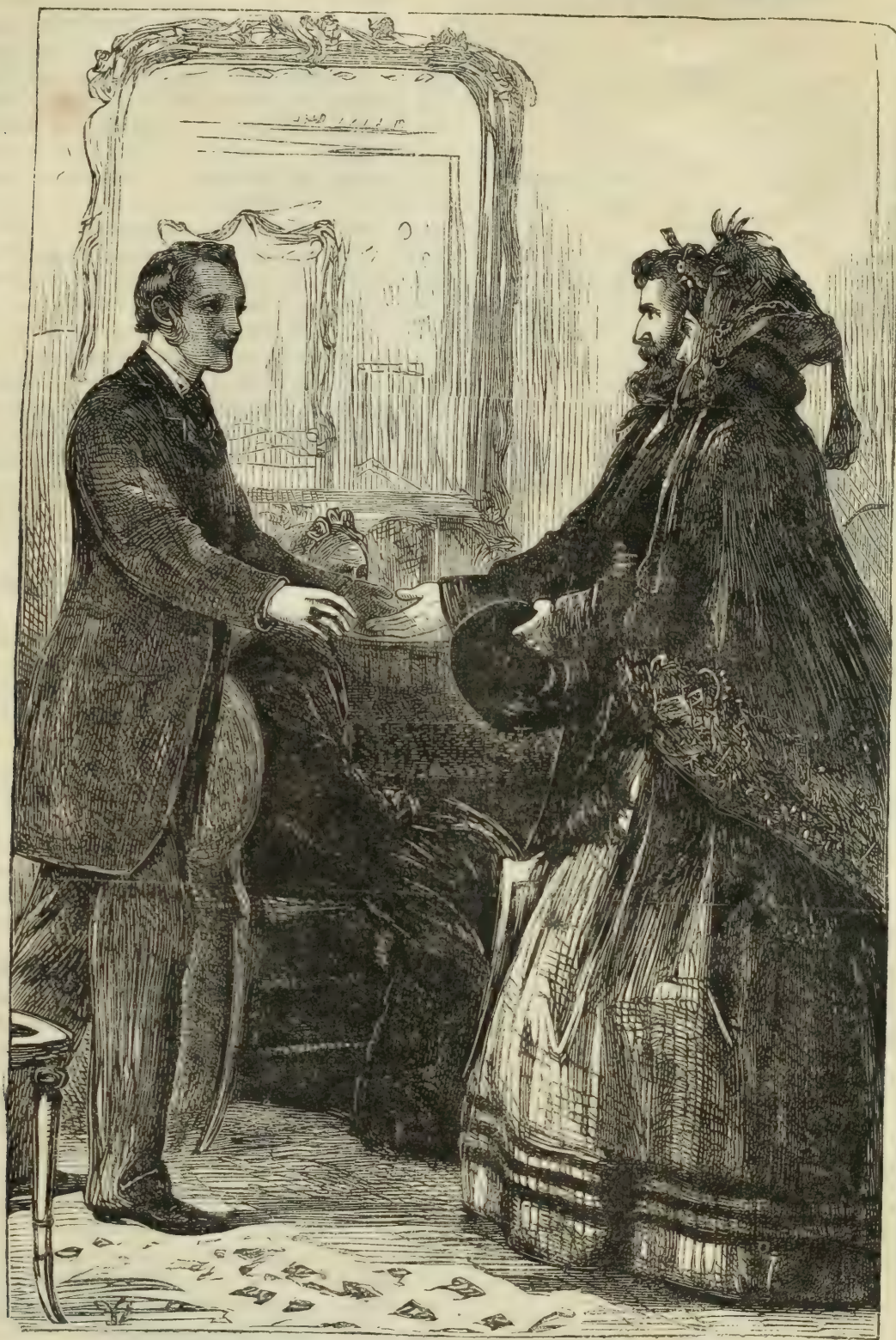
"Ah; that is just what I fear. That is what I say to Bell when I tell her that her romance will fade as the roses do. And then I shall have to learn that prose is more serviceable than poetry, and that the mind is better than the heart, and—and—that money is better than love. It's all coming, I know; and yet I do like the moonlight."

"And the poetry—and the love?"

"Yes. The poetry much, and the love more. To be loved by you is sweeter even than any of my dreams—is better than all the poetry I have read."

"Dearest Lily," and his unchecked arm stole round her waist.

"It is the meaning of the moonlight, and the essence of the poetry," continued the impassioned girl. "I did not know then why I liked such things, but now I know. It was because I longed to be loved."



"MR. CRADELL, YOUR HAND."

"And to love."

"Oh yes. I would be nothing without that. But that, you know, is your delight—or should be. The other is mine. And yet it is a delight to love you; to know that I may love you."

"You mean that this is the realization of your romance."

"Yes; but it must not be the end of it, Adolphus. You must like the soft twilight, and the long evenings when we shall be alone; and you

must read to me the books I love, and you must not teach me to think that the world is hard, and dry, and cruel—not yet. I tell Bell so very often; but you must not say so to me."

"It shall not be dry and cruel, if I can prevent it."

"You understand what I mean, dearest. I will not think it dry and cruel, even though sorrow should come upon us, if you—I think you know what I mean."

"If I am good to you."

"I am not afraid of that—I am not the least afraid of that. You do not think that I could ever distrust you? But you must not be ashamed to look at the moonlight, and to read poetry, and to—"

"To talk nonsense, you mean."

But as he said it, he pressed her closer to his side, and his tone was pleasant to her.

"I suppose I'm talking nonsense now?" she said, pouting. "You liked me better when I was talking about the pigs; didn't you?"

"No; I like you best now."

"And why didn't you like me then? Did I say any thing to offend you?"

"I like you best now, because—"

They were standing in the narrow pathway of the gate leading from the bridge into the gardens of the Great House, and the shadow of the thick-spreading laurels was around them. But the moonlight still pierced brightly through the little avenue, and she, as she looked up to him, could see the form of his face and the loving softness of his eye.

"Because—" said he; and then he stooped over her and pressed her closely, while she put up her lips to his, standing on tip-toe that she might reach to his face.

"Oh, my love!" she said. "My love! my love!"

As Crosbie walked back to the Great House that night he made a firm resolution that no consideration of worldly welfare should ever induce him to break his engagement with Lily Dale. He went somewhat further also, and determined that he would not put off the marriage for more than six or eight months, or, at the most, ten, if he could possibly get his affairs arranged in that time. To be sure he must give up every thing—all the aspirations and ambition of his life; but then, as he declared to himself somewhat mournfully, he was prepared to do that. Such were his resolutions, and as he thought of them in bed he came to the conclusion that few men were less selfish than he was.

"But what will they say to us for staying away?" said Lily, recovering herself. "And I ought to be making the people dance, you know. Come along, and do make yourself nice. Do waltz with Mary Eames—pray, do. If you don't, I won't speak to you all night!"

Acting under which threat, Crosbie did, on his return, solicit the honor of that young lady's hand, thereby elating her into a seventh heaven of happiness. What could the world afford better than a waltz with such a partner as Adolphus Crosbie? And poor Mary Eames could waltz well, though she could not talk much as she danced, and would pant a good deal when she stopped. She put too much of her energy into the motion, and was too anxious to do the mechanical part of the work in a manner that should be satisfactory to her partner. "Oh! thank you; it's very nice. I shall be able to go on—again directly." Her conversation with Crosbie did not get much beyond that, and yet she felt

that she had never done better than on this occasion.

Though there were, at most, not above five couples of dancers, and though they who did not dance, such as the squire and Mr. Boyce, and a curate from a neighboring parish, had, in fact, nothing to amuse them, the affair was kept on very merrily for a considerable number of hours. Exactly at twelve o'clock there was a little supper, which no doubt served to relieve Mrs. Hearn's ennui, and at which Mrs. Boyce also seemed to enjoy herself. As to the Mrs. Boyces on such occasions, I profess that I feel no pity. They are generally happy in their children's happiness, or if not, they ought to be. At any rate, they are simply performing a manifest duty, which duty, in their time, was performed on their behalf. But on what account do the Mrs. Hearn betake themselves to such gatherings? Why did that ancient lady sit there hour after hour yawning, longing for her bed, looking every ten minutes at her watch, while her old bones were stiff and sore, and her old ears pained with the noise? It could hardly have been simply for the sake of the supper. After the supper, however, her maid took her across to her cottage, and Mrs. Boyce also then stole away home, and the squire went off with some little parade, suggesting to the young men that they should make no noise in the house as they returned. But the poor curate remained, talking a dull word every now and then to Mrs. Dale, and looking on with tantalized eyes at the joys which the world had prepared for others than him. I must say that I think that public opinion and the bishops together are too hard upon curates in this particular.

In the latter part of the night's delight, when time and practice had made them all happy together, John Eames stood up for the first time to dance with Lily. She had done all she could, short of asking him, to induce him to do her this favor—for she felt that it would be a favor. How great had been the desire on his part to ask her, and at the same time how great the repugnance, Lily perhaps did not quite understand. And yet she understood much of it. She knew that he was not angry with her. She knew that he was suffering from the injured pride of futile love, almost as much as from the futile love itself. She wished to put him at his ease in this; but she did not quite give him credit for the full sincerity and the upright, uncontrolled heartiness of his feelings.

At length he did come up to her, and though in truth she was engaged, she at once accepted his offer. Then she tripped across the room. "Adolphus," she said, "I can't dance with you, though I said I would. John Eames has asked me, and I haven't stood up with him before. You understand, and you'll be a good boy, won't you?"

Crosbie not being in the least jealous, was a good boy, and sat himself down to rest, hidden behind a door.

For the first few minutes the conversation be-

tween Eames and Lily was of a very matter-of-fact kind. She repeated her wish that she might see him in London; and he said that of course he should come and call. Then there was silence for a little while, and they went through their figure dancing.

"I don't at all know yet when we are to be married," said Lily, as soon as they were again standing together.

"No; I dare say not," said Eames.

"But not this year, I suppose. Indeed, I should say, of course not."

"In the spring, perhaps," suggested Eames. He had an unconscious desire that it might be postponed to some Greek kalends, and yet he did not wish to injure Lily.

"The reason I mention it is this, that we should be so very glad if you could be here. We all love you so much, and I should so like to have you here on that day!"

Why is it that girls so constantly do this—so frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it. It is done in sheer kindness and affection. They intend to offer something which shall soften and not aggravate the sorrow that they have caused. "You can't marry me yourself," the lady seems to say. "But the next greatest blessing which I can offer you shall be yours—you shall see me married to somebody else." I fully appreciate the intention, but in honest truth I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment.

On the present occasion John Eames seemed to be of this opinion, for he did not at once accept the invitation.

"Will you not oblige me so far as that?" said she, softly.

"I would do any thing to oblige you," said he, gruffly; "almost any thing."

"But not that?"

"No; not that. I could not do that." Then he went off upon his figure, and when they were next both standing together they remained silent till their turn for dancing had again come. Why was it that after that night Lily thought more of John Eames than ever she had thought before—felt for him, I mean, a higher respect, as for a man who had a will of his own?

And in that quadrille Croft and Bell had been dancing together, and they also had been talking of Lily's marriage. "A man may undergo what he likes for himself," he had said; "but he has no right to make a woman undergo poverty."

"Perhaps not," said Bell.

"That which is no suffering for a man—which no man should think of for himself—will make a hell on earth for a woman."

"I suppose it would," said Bell, answering him without a sign of feeling in her face or voice. But she took in every word that he spoke, and disputed their truth inwardly with all the strength of her heart and mind, and with the very vehemence of her soul. "As if a woman can not bear more than a man!" she said to her-

self, as she walked the length of the room alone, when she had got herself free from the doctor's arm.

After that they all went to bed.



CHAPTER X.

MRS. LUPEX AND AMELIA ROPER.

I SHOULD simply mislead a confiding reader if I were to tell him that Mrs. Lupeux was an amiable woman. Perhaps the fact that she was not amiable is the one great fault that should be laid to her charge; but that fault had spread itself so widely, and had cropped forth in so many different places of her life, like a strong rank plant that will show itself all over a garden, that it may almost be said that it made her odious in every branch of life, and detestable alike to those who knew her little and to those who knew her much. If a searcher could have got at the inside spirit of the woman, that searcher would have found that she wished to go right—that she did make, or, at any rate, promise to herself that she would make, certain struggles to attain decency and propriety. But it was so natural to her to torment those whose misfortune brought them near to her, and especially that wretched man who in an evil day had taken her to his bosom as his wife, that decency fled from her and propriety would not live in her quarters.

Mrs. Lupeux was, as I have already described her, a woman not without some feminine attraction in the eyes of those who like morning neg-

ligence and evening finery, and do not object to a long nose somewhat on one side. She was clever in her way, and could say smart things. She could flatter also, though her very flattery had always in it something that was disagreeable. And she must have had some power of will, as otherwise her husband would have escaped from her before the days of which I am writing. Otherwise, also, she could hardly have obtained her footing and kept it in Mrs. Roper's drawing-room. For though the hundred pounds a year, either paid or promised to be paid, was matter with Mrs. Roper of vast consideration, nevertheless the first three months of Mrs. Lupex's sojourn in Burton Crescent were not over before the landlady of that house was most anxiously desirous of getting herself quit of her married boarders.

I shall perhaps best describe a little incident that had occurred in Burton Crescent during the absence of our friend Eames, and the manner in which things were going on in that locality, by giving at length two letters which Johnny received by post at Guestwick on the morning after Mrs. Dale's party. One was from his friend Cradell, and the other from the devoted Amelia. In this instance I will give that from the gentleman first, presuming that I shall best consult my readers' wishes by keeping the greater delicacy till the last:

"INCOME-TAX OFFICE, September, 186-.

"MY DEAR JOHNNY,—We have had a terrible affair in the Crescent, and I really hardly know how to tell you; and yet I must do it, for I want your advice. You know the sort of standing that I was on with Mrs. Lupex, and perhaps you remember what we were saying on the platform at the station. I have, no doubt, been fond of her society, as I might be of that of any other friend. I knew, of course, that she was a fine woman; and if her husband chose to be jealous I couldn't help that. But I never intended any thing wrong; and, if it was necessary, couldn't I call you as a witness to prove it? I never spoke a word to her out of Mrs. Roper's drawing-room: and Miss Spruce, or Mrs. Roper, or somebody has always been there. You know he drinks horribly sometimes, but I do not think he ever gets downright drunk. Well, he came home last night about nine o'clock, after one of these bouts. From what *Jemima* says" [*Jemima* was Mrs. Roper's parlormaid], "I believe he had been at it down at the theatre for three days. We hadn't seen him since Tuesday. He went straight into the parlor and sent up *Jemima* to me to say that he wanted to see me. Mrs. Lupex was in the room, and heard the girl summon me, and, jumping up, she declared that if there was going to be blood shed she would leave the house. There was nobody else in the room but Miss Spruce, and she didn't say a word, but took her candle and went up stairs. You must own it looked very uncomfortable. What was I to do with a drunken man down in the parlor? However, she seemed to think I ought to go. 'If he comes up here,' said she, 'I shall be the victim. You little know of what that man is capable when his wrath has been inflamed by wine.' Now, I think you are aware that I am not likely to be very much afraid of any man; but why was I to be got into a row in such a way as this? I hadn't done any thing. And then, if there was to be a quarrel, and any thing was to come of it, as she seemed to expect—like bloodshed, I mean, or a fight, or if he were to knock me on the head with the poker, where should I be at my office? A man in a public office, as you and I are, can't quarrel like any body else. It was this that I felt so much at the moment. 'Go down to him,' said she, 'unless you wish to see me murdered at your feet.' Fisher says that, if what I say is true, they must have arranged it all between them. I

don't think that; for I do believe that she really is fond of me. And then every body knows that they never do agree about any thing. But she certainly did implore me to go down to him. Well, I went down; and as I got to the bottom of the stairs, where I found *Jemima*, I heard him walking up and down the parlor. 'Take care of yourself, Mr. Cradell,' said the girl; and I could see by her face that she was in a terrible fright.

"At that moment I happened to see my hat on the hall table, and it occurred to me that I ought to put myself into the hands of a friend. Of course I was not afraid of that man in the dining-room; but should I have been justified in engaging in a struggle, perhaps for dear life, in Mrs. Roper's house? I was bound to think of her interests. So I took up my hat and deliberately walked out of the front door. 'Tell him,' said I to *Jemima*, 'that I'm not at home.' And so I went away direct to Fisher's, meaning to send him back to Lupex as my friend; but Fisher was at his chess-club.

"As I thought there was no time to be lost on such an occasion as this I went down to the club and called him out. You know what a cool fellow Fisher is. I don't suppose any thing would ever excite him. When I told him the story he said that he would sleep upon it, and I had to walk up and down before the club while he finished his game. Fisher seemed to think that I might go back to Burton Crescent, but of course I knew that that would be out of the question. So it ended in my going home and sleeping on his sofa, and sending for some of my things in the morning. I wanted him to get up and see Lupex before going to the office this morning. But he seemed to think it would be better to put it off, and so he will call upon him at the theatre immediately after office hours.

"I want you to write to me at once, saying what you know about the matter. I ask you, as I don't want to lug in any of the other people at Roper's. It is very uncomfortable, as I can't exactly leave her at once because of last quarter's money; otherwise I should cut and run, for the house is not the sort of place either for you or me. You may take my word for that, Master Johnny. And I could tell you something, too, about A. R., only I don't want to make mischief. But do you write immediately. And now I think of it you had better write to Fisher, so that he can show your letter to Lupex—just saying that to the best of your belief there had never been any thing between her and me but mere friendship; and that of course you, as my friend, must have known every thing. Whether I shall go back to Roper's to-night will depend on what Fisher says after the interview.

"Good-by, old fellow! I hope you are enjoying yourself, and that L. D. is quite well.

"Your sincere friend, JOSEPH CRADELL."

John Eames read this letter over twice before he opened that from Amelia. He had never yet received a letter from Miss Roper, and felt very little of that ardor for its perusal which young men generally experience on the receipt of a first letter from a young lady. The memory of Amelia was at the present moment distasteful to him, and he would have thrown the letter unopened into the fire had he not felt it might be dangerous to do so. As regarded his friend Cradell he could not but feel ashamed of him—ashamed of him, not for running away from Mr. Lupex, but for excusing his escape on false pretences.

And then, at last, he opened the letter from Amelia. "Dearest John," it began, and as he read the words he crumpled the paper up between his fingers. It was written in a fair female hand, with sharp points instead of curves to the letters, but still very legible, and looking as though there were a decided purport in every word of it:

"DEAREST JOHN,—It feels so strange to me to write to

you in such language as this. And yet you are dearest, and have I not a right to call you so? And are you not my own? and am not I yours?" [Again he crunched the paper up in his hand, and as he did so he muttered words which I need not repeat at length. But still he went on with his letter.] "I know that we understand each other perfectly, and when that is the case heart should be allowed to speak openly to heart. Those are my feelings, and I believe that you will find them reciprocal in your own bosom. Is it not sweet to be loved? I find it so. And, dearest John, let me assure you, with open candor, that there is no room for jealousy in this breast with regard to you. I have too much confidence for that, I can assure you, both in your honor and in my own—I would say charms, only you would call me vain. You must not suppose that I meant what I said about L. D. Of course you will be glad to see the friends of your childhood, and it would be far from your Amelia's heart to begrudge you such delightful pleasure. Your friends will, I hope, some day be my friends." [Another crunch.] "And if there be any one among them, any real L. D. whom you have specially liked, I will receive her to my heart, specially, also." [This assurance on the part of his Amelia was too much for him, and he threw the letter from him, thinking whence he might get relief—whether from suicide or from the colonies, but presently he took it up again, and drained the bitter cup to the bottom.] "And if I seemed petulant to you before you went away you must forgive your own Amelia. I had nothing before me but misery for the month of your absence. There is no one here congenial to my feelings—of course not. And you would not wish me to be happy in your absence—would you? I can assure you, let your wishes be what they may, I never can be happy again unless you are with me. Write to me one little line, and tell me that you are grateful to me for my devotion.

"And now I must tell you that we have had a sad affair in the house, and I do not think that your friend Mr. Cradell has behaved at all well. You remember how he has been always going on with Mrs. Lupex. Mother was quite unhappy about it, though she didn't like to say any thing. Of course when a lady's name is concerned it is particular. But Lupex has become dreadful jealous during the last week, and we all knew that something was coming. She is an artful woman, but I don't think she meant any thing bad—only to drive her husband to desperation. He came here yesterday in one of his tantrums, and wanted to see Cradell; but he got frightened, and took his hat and went off. Now that wasn't quite right. If he was innocent, why didn't he stand his ground and explain the mistake? As mother says, it gives the house such a name. Lupex swore last night that he'd be off to the Income-tax Office this morning, and have Cradell out before all the commissioners, and clerks, and every body. If he does that it will get into the papers, and all London will be full of it. She would like it, I know, for all she cares for is to be talked about; but only think what it will be for mother's house! I wish you were here, for your high prudence and courage would set every thing right at once—at least I think so.

"I shall count the minutes till I get an answer to this, and shall envy the postman who will have your letter before it will reach me. Do write at once. If I do not hear by Monday morning I shall think that something is the matter. Even though you are among your dear old friends, surely you can find a moment to write to your own Amelia.

"Mother is very unhappy about this affair of the Lupexes. She says that if you were here to advise her she should not mind it so much. It is very hard upon her, for she does strive to make the house respectable and comfortable for every body. I would send my duty and love to your dear mamma if I only knew her, as I hope I shall do one day, and to your sister, and to L. D. also, if you like to tell her how we are situated together. So now no more from your

Always affectionate sweet-heart,

"AMELIA ROPER."

Poor Eames did not feel the least gratified by any part of this fond letter, but the last paragraph of it was the worst. Was it to be endured by him that this woman should send her love to

his mother and to his sister, and even to Lily Dale? He felt that there was a pollution in the very mention of Lily's name by such a one as Amelia Roper. And yet Amelia Roper was, as she had assured him—his own. Much as he disliked her at the present moment, he did believe that he was—her own. He did feel that she had obtained a certain property in him, and that his destiny in life would tie him to her. He had said very few words of love to her at any time—very few, at least, that were themselves of any moment; but among those few there had undoubtedly been one or two in which he had told her that he loved her. And he had written to her that fatal note! Upon the whole, would it not be as well for him to go out to the great reservoir behind Guestwick, by which the Hamersham Canal was fed with its waters, and put an end to his miserable existence?

On that same day he did write a letter to Fisher, and he wrote also to Cradell. As to those letters he felt no difficulty. To Fisher he declared his belief that Cradell was innocent as he was himself as regarded Mrs. Lupex. "I don't think he is the sort of man to make up to a married woman," he said, somewhat to Cradell's displeasure, when the letter reached the Income-tax Office; for that gentleman was not averse to the reputation for success in love which the little adventure was, as he thought, calculated to give him among his brother-clerks. At the first bursting of the shell, when that desperately jealous man was raging in the parlor, incensed by the fumes both of wine and love, Cradell had felt that the affair was disagreeably painful. But on the morning of the third day—for he had passed two nights on his friend Fisher's sofa—he had begun to be somewhat proud of it, and did not dislike to hear Mrs. Lupex's name in the mouths of the other clerks. When, therefore, Fisher read to him the letter from Guestwick, he hardly was pleased with his friend's tone. "Ha, ha, ha!" said he, laughing. "That's just what I wanted him to say. Make up to a married woman, indeed! No; I'm the last man in London to do that sort of thing."

"Upon my word, Candle, I think you are," said Fisher; "the very last man."

And then poor Cradell was not happy. On that afternoon he boldly went to Burton Crescent and ate his dinner there. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lupex were to be seen, nor were their names mentioned to him by Mrs. Roper. In the course of the evening he did pluck up courage to ask Miss Spruce where they were; but that ancient lady merely shook her head solemnly, and declared that she knew nothing about such goings on—no, not she.

But what was John Eames to do as to that letter from Amelia Roper? He felt that any answer to it would be very dangerous, and yet that he could not safely leave it unanswered. He walked off by himself across Guestwick Common, and through the woods of Guestwick Manor, up by the big avenue of elms in Lord De

Guest's park, trying to resolve how he might rescue himself from this scrape. Here, over the same ground, he had wandered scores of times in his earlier years, when he knew nothing beyond the innocence of his country home, thinking of Lily Dale and swearing to himself that she should be his wife. Here he had strung together his rhymes, and fed his ambition with high hopes, building gorgeous castles in the air, in all of which Lilian reigned as a queen; and though in those days he had known himself to be awkward, poor, uncared for by any in the world except his mother and his sister, yet he had been happy in his hopes—happy in his hopes even though he had never taught himself really to believe that they would be realized. But now there was nothing in his hopes or thoughts to make him happy. Every thing was black, and wretched, and ruinous. What would it matter, after all, even if he should marry Amelia Roper, seeing that Lily was to be given to another? But then the idea of Amelia as he had seen her that night through the chink in the door came upon his memory, and he confessed to himself that life with such a wife as that would be a living death.

At one moment he thought that he would tell his mother every thing, and leave her to write an answer to Amelia's letter. Should the worst come to the worst, the Ropers could not absolutely destroy him. That they could bring an action against him, and have him locked up for a term of years, and dismissed from his office, and exposed in all the newspapers, he seemed to know. That might all, however, be endured, if only the gauntlet could be thrown down for him by some one else. The one thing which he felt that he could not do was, to write to a girl whom he had professed to love and tell her that he did not love her. He knew that he could not himself form such words upon the paper; nor, as he was well aware, could he himself find the courage to tell her to her face that he had changed his mind. He knew that he must become the victim of his Amelia, unless he could find some friendly knight to do battle in his favor: and then again he thought of his mother.

But when he returned home he was as far as ever from any resolve to tell her how he was situated. I may say that his walk had done him no good, and that he had not made up his mind to any thing. He had been building those pernicious castles in the air during more than half the time; not castles in the building of which he could make himself happy, as he had done in the old days, but black castles, with cruel dungeons, into which hardly a ray of life could find its way. In all these edifices his imagination pictured to him Lily as the wife of Mr. Crosbie. He accepted that as a fact, and then went to work in his misery, making her as wretched as himself through the misconduct and harshness of her husband. He tried to think, and to resolve what he would do; but there is no task so hard as that of thinking, when the mind has an objection to the matter brought be-

fore it. The mind, under such circumstances, is like a horse that is brought to the water but refuses to drink. So Johnny returned to his home, still doubting whether or no he would answer Amelia's letter. And if he did not answer it, how would he conduct himself on his return to Burton Crescent?

I need hardly say that Miss Roper, in writing her letter, had been aware of all this, and that Johnny's position had been carefully prepared for him by—his affectionate sweet-heart.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL LIFE.

MR. AND MRS. LUPEX had eaten a sweet-bread together in much connubial bliss on that day which had seen Cradell returning to Mrs. Roper's hospitable board. They had together eaten a sweet-bread, with some other delicacies of the season, in the neighborhood of the theatre, and had washed down all unkindness with bitter beer and brandy-and-water. But of this reconciliation Cradell had not heard; and when he saw them come together into the drawing-room, a few minutes after the question he had addressed to Miss Spruce, he was certainly surprised.

Lupex was not an ill-natured man, nor one naturally savage by disposition. He was a man fond of sweet-bread and little dinners, and one to whom hot brandy-and-water was too dear. Had the wife of his bosom been a good help-mate to him he might have gone through the world, if not respectably, at any rate without open disgrace. But she was a woman who left a man no solace except that to be found in brandy-and-water. For eight years they had been man and wife; and sometimes—I grieve to say it—he had been driven almost to hope that she would commit a married woman's last sin, and leave him. In his misery any mode of escape would have been welcome to him. Had his energy been sufficient he would have taken his scene-painting capabilities off to Australia—or to the furthest shifting of scenes known on the world's stage. But he was an easy, listless, self-indulgent man; and at any moment, let his misery be as keen as might be, a little dinner, a few soft words, and a glass of brandy-and-water would bring him round. The second glass would make him the fondest husband living; but the third would restore to him the memory of all his wrongs, and give him courage against his wife or all the world—even to the detriment of the furniture around him, should a stray poker chance to meet his hand. All these peculiarities of his character were not, however, known to Cradell; and when our friend saw him enter the drawing-room with his wife on his arm he was astonished.

"Mr. Cradell, your hand," said Lupex, who had advanced as far as the second glass of brandy-and-water, but had not been allowed to go

beyond it. "There has been a misunderstanding between us; let it be forgotten."

"Mr. Cradell, if I know him," said the lady, "is too much the gentleman to bear any anger when a gentleman has offered him his hand."

"Oh, I'm sure," said Cradell, "I'm quite—indeed, I'm delighted to find there's nothing wrong after all!" And then he shook hands with both of them; whereupon Miss Spruce got up, courtesied low, and also shook hands with the husband and wife.

"You're not a married man, Mr. Cradell," said Lupex, "and therefore you can not understand the workings of a husband's heart. There have been moments when my regard for that woman has been too much for me."

"Now, Lupex, don't!" said she, playfully tapping him with an old parasol which she still held.

"And I do not hesitate to say that my regard for her was too much for me on that night when I sent for you to the dining-room."

"I'm glad it's all put right now," said Cradell.

"Very glad indeed," said Miss Spruce.

"And, therefore, we need not say any more about it," said Mrs. Lupex.

"One word," said Lupex, waving his hand. "Mr. Cradell, I greatly rejoice that you did not obey my summons on that night. Had you done so—I confess it now—had you done so blood would have been the consequence. I was mistaken. I acknowledge my mistake; but blood would have been the consequence."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Miss Spruce.

"Miss Spruce," continued Lupex, "there are moments when the heart becomes too strong for a man."

"I dare say," said Miss Spruce.

"Now, Lupex, that will do," said his wife.

"Yes; that will do. But I think it right to tell Mr. Cradell that I am glad he did not come to me. Your friend, Mr. Cradell, did me the honor of calling on me at the theatre yesterday, at half past four; but I was in the slings then, and could not very well come down to him. I shall be happy to see you both any day at five, and to bury all unkindness with a chop and glass at the Pot and Poker, in Bow Street."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Cradell.

"And Mrs. Lupex will join us. There's a delightful little snuggerly up stairs at the Pot and Poker; and if Miss Spruce will condescend to—"

"Oh, I'm an old woman, Sir."

"No—no—no," said Lupex, "I deny that. Come, Cradell, what do you say?—just a snug little dinner for four, you know."

It was, no doubt, pleasant to see Mr. Lupex in his present mood—much pleasanter than in that other mood of which blood would have been the consequence; but pleasant as he now was, it was nevertheless apparent that he was not quite sober. Cradell, therefore, did not settle the day for the little dinner, but merely remarked that he should be very happy at some future day.

"And now, Lupex, suppose you get off to bed," said his wife. "You've had a very trying day, you know."

"And you, ducky?"

"I shall come presently. Now don't be making a fool of yourself, but get yourself off. Come—" and she stood close up against the open door, waiting for him to pass.

"I rather think I shall remain where I am, and have a glass of something hot," said he.

"Lupex, do you want to aggravate me again?" said the lady, and she looked at him with a glance of her eye which he thoroughly understood. He was not in a humor for fighting, nor was he at present desirous for blood; so he resolved to go. But as he went he prepared himself for new battles. "I shall do something desperate, I am sure; I know I shall," he said, as he pulled off his boots.

"Oh, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupex, as soon as she had closed the door behind her retreating husband, "how am I ever to look you in the face again after the events of these last memorable days?" And then she seated herself on the sofa, and hid her face in a cambric handkerchief.

"As for that," said Cradell, "what does it signify among friends like us, you know?"

"But that it should be known at your office, as of course it is, because of the gentleman that went down to him at the theatre! I don't think I shall ever survive it."

"You see I was obliged to send somebody, Mrs. Lupex."

"I'm not finding fault, Mr. Cradell. I know very well that in my melancholy position I have no right to find fault, and I don't pretend to understand gentlemen's feelings toward each other. But to have had my name mentioned up with yours in that way is— Oh! Mr. Cradell, I don't know how I'm ever to look you in the face again." And again she buried hers in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Miss Spruce; and there was that in her tone of voice which seemed to convey much hidden meaning.

"Exactly so, Miss Spruce," said Mrs. Lupex; "and that's my only comfort at the present moment. Mr. Cradell is a gentleman who would scorn to take advantage—I'm quite sure of that." And then she did contrive to look at him over the edge of the hand which held the handkerchief.

"That I wouldn't, I'm sure," said Cradell. "That is to say—" And then he paused. He did not wish to get into a scrape about Mrs. Lupex. He was by no means anxious to encounter her husband in one of his fits of jealousy. But he did like the idea of being talked of as the admirer of a married woman, and he did like the brightness of the lady's eyes. When the unfortunate moth in his semi-blindness whisks himself and his wings within the flame of the candle, and finds himself mutilated and tortured, he even then will not take the lesson, but returns again and again till he is destroyed. Such a

moth was poor Cradell. There was no warmth to be got by him from that flame. There was no beauty in the light, not even the false brilliancy of unhallowed love. Injury might come to him, a pernicious clipping of the wings, which might destroy all power of future flight; injury, and not improbably destruction, if he should persevere. But one may say that no single hour of happiness could accrue to him from his intimacy with Mrs. Lupey. He felt for her no love. He was afraid of her, and, in many respects, disliked her. But to him, in his moth-like weakness, ignorance, and blindness, it seemed to be a great thing that he should be allowed to fly near the candle. Oh! my friends, if you will but think of it, how many of you have been moths, and are now going about ungracefully with wings more or less burned off, and with bodies sadly scorched!

But before Mr. Cradell could make up his mind whether or no he would take advantage of the present opportunity for another dip into the flame of the candle—in regard to which proceeding, however, he could not but feel that the presence of Miss Spruce was objectionable—the door of the room was opened, and Amelia Roper joined the party.

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Lupey," she said. "And Mr. Cradell!"

"And Miss Spruce, my dear," said Mrs. Lupey, pointing to the ancient lady.

"I'm only an old woman," said Miss Spruce.

"Oh yes; I see Miss Spruce," said Amelia.

"I was not hinting at any thing, I can assure you."

"I should think not, my dear," said Mrs. Lupey.

"Only I didn't know that you two were quite—That is, when last I heard about it, I fancied—But if the quarrel's made up, there's nobody more rejoiced than I am."

"The quarrel is made up," said Cradell.

"If Mr. Lupey is satisfied, I'm sure I am," said Amelia.

"Mr. Lupey is satisfied," said Mrs. Lupey; "and let me tell you, my dear, seeing that you are expecting to get married yourself—"

"Mrs. Lupey, I'm not expecting to get married—not particularly, by any means."

"Oh, I thought you were. And let me tell you, that when you've got a husband of your own, you won't find it so easy to keep every thing straight. That's the worst of these lodgings, if there is any little thing every body knows it. Don't they, Miss Spruce?"

"Lodgings is so much more comfortable than housekeeping," said Miss Spruce, who lived rather in fear of her relatives, the Ropers.

"Everybody knows it; does he?" said Amelia. "Why, if a gentleman will come home at night tipsy and threaten to murder another gentleman in the same house; and if a lady—" And then Amelia paused, for she knew that the line-of-battle-ship which she was preparing to encounter had within her much power of fighting.

"Well, miss," said Mrs. Lupey, getting on her feet, "and what of the lady?"

Now we may say that the battle had begun, and that the two ships were pledged by the general laws of courage and naval warfare to maintain the contest till one of them should be absolutely disabled, if not blown up or sunk. And at this moment it might be difficult for a bystander to say with which of the combatants rested the better chance of permanent success. Mrs. Lupey had doubtless on her side more matured power, a habit of fighting which had given her infinite skill, a courage which deadened her to the feeling of all wounds while the heat of the battle should last, and a recklessness which made her almost indifferent whether she sank or swam. But then Amelia carried the greater guns, and was able to pour in heavier metal than her enemy could use; and she, too, swam in her own waters. Should they absolutely come to grappling and boarding, Amelia would no doubt have the best of it; but Mrs. Lupey would probably be too crafty to permit such a proceeding as that. She was, however, ready for the occasion, and greedy for the fight.

"And what of the lady?" said she, in a tone of voice that admitted of no pacific rejoinder.

"A lady, if she is a lady," said Amelia, "will know how to behave herself."

"And you're going to teach me, are you, Miss Roper? I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged to you. It's Manchester manners I suppose that you prefer?"

"I prefer honest manners, Mrs. Lupey, and decent manners, and manners that won't shock a whole houseful of people; and I don't care whether they come from Manchester or London."

"Milliner's manners, I suppose?"

"I don't care whether they are milliner's manners or theatrical, Mrs. Lupey, as long as they're not downright bad manners—as yours are, Mrs. Lupey. And now you've got it. What are you going on for in this way with that young man till you'll drive your husband into a mad-house with drink and jealousy?"

"Miss Roper! Miss Roper!" said Cradell; "now really—"

"Don't mind her, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupey; "she's not worthy for you to speak to. And as to that poor fellow Eames, if you've any friendship for him, you'll let him know what she is. My dear, how's Mr. Juniper, of Grogan's house, at Salford? I know all about you, and so shall John Eames, too—poor unfortunate fool of a fellow! Telling me of drink and jealousy, indeed!"

"Yes, telling you! And now you've mentioned Mr. Juniper's name, Mr. Eames, and Mr. Cradell too, may know the whole of it. There's been nothing about Mr. Juniper that I'm ashamed of."

"It would be difficult to make you ashamed of any thing, I believe."

"But let me tell you this, Mrs. Lupey, you're not going to destroy the respectability of this house by your goings on."

"It was a bad day for me when I let Lupex bring me into it."

"Then pay your bill and walk out of it," said Amelia, waving her hand toward the door. "I'll undertake to say there sha'n't be any notice required. Only you pay mother what you owe, and you're free to go at once."

"I shall go just when I please, and not one hour before. Who are you, you gipsy, to speak to me in this way?"

"And as for going, go you shall, if we have to call in the police to make you."

Amelia, as at this period of the fight she stood fronting her foe with her arms akimbo, certainly seemed to have the best of the battle. But the bitterness of Mrs. Lupex's tongue had hardly yet produced its greatest results. I am inclined to think that the married lady would have silenced her who was single, had the fight been allowed to rage—always presuming that no resort to grappling-irons took place. But at this moment Mrs. Roper entered the room, accompanied by her son, and both the combatants for a moment retreated.

"Amelia, what's all this?" said Mrs. Roper, trying to assume a look of agonized amazement.

"Ask Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"And Mrs. Lupex will answer," said that lady. "Your daughter has come in here, and attacked me—in such language—before Mr. Cradell, too—"

"Why doesn't she pay what she owes and leave the house?" said Amelia.

"Hold your tongue," said her brother. "What she owes is no affair of yours."

"But it's an affair of mine, when I'm insulted by such a creature as that."

"Creature!" said Mrs. Lupex. "I'd like to know which is most like a creature! But I'll tell you what it is, Amelia Roper—"

Here, however, her eloquence was stopped, for Amelia had disappeared through the door, having been pushed out of the room by her brother. Whereupon Mrs. Lupex, having found a sofa convenient for the service, betook herself to hysterics. There for the moment we will leave her, hoping that poor Mrs. Roper was not kept late out of her bed.

"What a deuce of a mess Eames will make of it if he marries that girl!" Such was Cradell's reflection as he betook himself to his own room. But of his own part in the night's transactions he was rather proud than otherwise, feeling that the married lady's regard for him had been the cause of the battle which had raged. So, likewise, did Paris derive much gratification from the ten years' siege of Troy.

CHAPTER XII.

LILIAN DALE BECOMES A BUTTERFLY.

AND now we will go back to Allington. The same morning that brought John Eames the two letters which were given in the last chapter

but one, brought to the Great House, among others, the following epistle for Adolphus Crosbie. It was from a countess, and was written on pink paper, beautifully creamlaid and scented, ornamented with a coronet and certain singularly-entwined initials. Altogether, the letter was very fashionable and attractive, and Adolphus Crosbie was by no means sorry to receive it:

"COURCY CASTLE, September, 186--.

"MY DEAR MR. CROSBIE,—We have heard of you from the Gazebees, who have come down to us, and who tell us that you are rustivating at a charming little village, in which, among other attractions, there are wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, to whom much of your time is devoted. As this is just the thing for your taste, I would not for worlds disturb you; but, if you should ever tear yourself away from the groves and fountains of Allington, we shall be delighted to welcome you here, though you will find us very unromantic, after your late Elysium.

"Lady Dumbello is coming to us, who I know is a favorite of yours. Or is it the other way, and are you a favorite of hers? I did ask Lady Hartletop, but she can not get away from the poor marquis, who is, you know, so very infirm. The duke isn't at Gatherum at present, but, of course, I don't mean that that has any thing to do with dear Lady Hartletop's not coming to us. I believe we shall have the house full, and shall not want for nymphs either, though I fear they will not be of the wood and water kind. Margaretta and Alexandrina particularly want you to come, as they say you are so clever at making a household of people go off well. If you can give us a week before you go back to manage the affairs of the nation, pray do.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ROSINA DE COURCY."

The Countess De Courcy was a very old friend of Mr. Crosbie's; that is to say, as old friends go in the world in which he had been living. He had known her for the last six or seven years, and had been in the habit of going to all her London balls, and dancing with her daughters every where, in a most good-natured and affable way. He had been intimate, from old family relations, with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, who, though only an attorney of the more distinguished kind, had married the countess's eldest daughter, and now sat in Parliament for the city of Barchester, near to which Courcy Castle was situated. And, to tell the truth honestly at once, Mr. Crosbie had been on terms of great friendship with Lady De Courcy's daughters, the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina, perhaps especially so with the latter, though I would not have my readers suppose by my saying so that any thing more tender than friendship had ever existed between them.

Crosbie said nothing about the letter on that morning; but during the day, or, perhaps, as he thought over the matter in bed, he made up his mind that he would accept Lady De Courcy's invitation. It was not only that he would be glad to see the Gazebees, or glad to stay in the same house with that great master in the high art of fashionable life, Lady Dumbello, or glad to renew his friendship with the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina. Had he felt that the circumstances of his engagement with Lily made it expedient for him to stay with her till the end of his holidays he could have thrown over the De Courcys without a struggle. But he told

himself that it would be well for him now to tear himself away from Lily; or perhaps he said that it would be well for Lily that he should be torn away. He must not teach her to think that they were to live only in the sunlight of each other's eyes during those months, or perhaps years, which must elapse before their engagement could be carried out. Nor must he allow her to suppose that either he or she were to depend solely upon the other for the amusements and employments of life. In this way he argued the matter very sensibly within his own mind, and resolved, without much difficulty, that he would go to Courcy Castle, and bask for a week in the sunlight of the fashion which would be collected there. The quiet humdrum of his own fireside would come upon him soon enough!

"I think I shall leave you on Wednesday, Sir," Crosbie said to the squire at breakfast on Sunday morning.

"Leave us on Wednesday!" said the squire, who had an old-fashioned idea that people who were engaged to marry each other should remain together as long as circumstances could be made to admit of their doing so. "Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh dear, no! But every thing must come to an end some day; and as I must make one or two short visits before I get back to town, I might as well go on Wednesday. Indeed, I have made it as late as I possibly could."

"Where do you go from here?" asked Bernard.

"Well, as it happens, only into the next county—to Courcy Castle." And then there was nothing more said about the matter at that breakfast-table.

It had become their habit to meet together on the Sunday mornings before church, on the lawn belonging to the Small House, and on this day the three gentlemen walked down together, and found Lily and Bell already waiting for them. They generally had some few minutes to spare on those occasions before Mrs. Dale summoned them to pass through the house to church, and such was the case at present. The squire at these times would stand in the middle of the grass-plot, surveying his grounds, and taking stock of the shrubs, and flowers, and fruit-trees round him; for he never forgot that it was all his own, and would thus use this opportunity, as he seldom came down to see the spot on other days. Mrs. Dale, as she would see him from her own window while she was tying on her bonnet, would feel that she knew what was passing through his mind, and would regret that circumstances had forced her to be beholden to him for such assistance. But, in truth, she did not know all that he thought at such times. "It is mine," he would say to himself, as he looked around on the pleasant place. "But it is well for me that they should enjoy it. She is my brother's widow, and she is welcome—very welcome." I think that if those two persons had known more than they did of each other's hearts and minds they might have loved each other better.

And then Crosbie told Lily of his intention. "On Wednesday!" she said, turning almost pale with emotion as she heard this news. He had told her abruptly, not thinking, probably, that such tidings would affect her so strongly.

"Well, yes. I have written to Lady De Courcy and said Wednesday. It wouldn't do for me exactly to drop every body, and perhaps—"

"Oh no! And, Adolphus, you don't suppose I begrudge your going. Only it does seem so sudden; does it not?"

"You see, I've been here over six weeks."

"Yes; you've been very good. When I think of it, what a six weeks it has been! I wonder whether the difference seems to you as great as it does to me. I've left off being a grub, and begun to be a butterfly."

"But you mustn't be a butterfly when you're married, Lily."

"No; not in that sense. But I meant that my real position in the world—that for which I would fain hope that I was created—opened to me only when I knew you and knew that you loved me. But mamma is calling us, and we must go through to church. Going on Wednesday! There are only three days more then!"

"Yes, just three days," he said, as he took her on his arm and passed through the house on to the road.

"And when are we to see you again?" she asked, as they reached the church-yard.

"Ah, who is to say that yet? We must ask the Chairman of Committees when he will let me go again." Then there was nothing more said, and they all followed the squire through the little porch and up to the big family-pew in which they all sat. Here the squire took his place in one special corner which he had occupied ever since his father's death, and from which he read the responses loudly and plainly—so loudly and plainly that the parish clerk could by no means equal him, though with emulous voice he still made the attempt. "T" squire 'd like to be squire, and parson, and clerk, and every thing, so a would," the poor clerk would say when complaining of the ill-usage which he suffered.

If Lily's prayers were interrupted by her new sorrow I think that her fault in that respect would be forgiven. Of course she had known that Crosbie was not going to remain at Allington much longer. She knew quite as well as he did the exact day on which his leave of absence came to its end, and the hour at which it behooved him to walk into his room at the General Committee Office. She had taught herself to think that he would remain with them up to the end of his vacation, and now she felt as a school-boy would feel who was told suddenly, a day or two before the time, that the last week of his holidays was to be taken from him. The grievance would have been slight had she known it from the first; but what school-boy could stand such a shock when the loss amounted to two-thirds of his remaining wealth? Lily did not blame her lover. She did not even

think that he ought to stay. She would not allow herself to suppose that he could propose any thing that was unkind. But she felt her loss, and more than once, as she knelt at her prayers, she wiped a hidden tear from her eyes.

Crosbie also was thinking of his departure more than he should have done during Mr. Boyce's sermon. "It's easy listening to him," Mrs. Hearn used to say of her husband's successor. "It don't give one much trouble following him into his arguments." Mr. Crosbie, perhaps, found the difficulty greater than did Mrs. Hearn, and would have devoted his mind more perfectly to the discourse had the argument been deeper. It is very hard, that necessity of listening to a man who says nothing. On this occasion Crosbie ignored the necessity altogether, and gave up his mind to the consideration of what it might be expedient that he should say to Lily before he went. He remembered well those few words which he had spoken in the first ardor of his love, pleading that an early day might be fixed for their marriage. And he remembered, also, how prettily Lily had yielded to him. "Only do not let it be too soon," she had said. Now he must unsay what he had then said. He must plead against his own pleadings, and explain to her that he desired to postpone the marriage rather than to hasten it—a task which, I presume, must always be an unpleasant one for any man engaged to be married. "I might as well do it at once," he said to himself, as he bobbed his head forward into his hands by way of returning thanks for the termination of Mr. Boyce's sermon.

As he had only three days left it was certainly as well that he should do this at once. Seeing that Lily had no fortune, she could not in justice complain of a prolonged engagement. That was the argument which he used in his own mind. But he as often told himself that she would have very great ground of complaint if she were left for a day unnecessarily in doubt as to this matter. Why had he rashly spoken those hasty words to her in his love, betraying himself into all manner of scrapes, as a school-boy might do, or such a one as Johnny Eames? What an ass he had been not to have remembered himself and to have been collected—not to have bethought himself on the occasion of all that might be due to Adolphus Crosbie! And then the idea came upon him whether he had not altogether made himself an ass in this matter. And as he gave his arm to Lily outside the church-door he shrugged his shoulders while making that reflection. "It is too late now," he said to himself, and then turned round and made some sweet little loving speech to her. Adolphus Crosbie was a clever man; and he meant also to be a true man, if only the temptations to falsehood might not be too great for him.

"Lily," he said to her, "will you walk in the fields after lunch?"

Walk in the fields with him! Of course she

would. There were only three days left, and would she not give up to him every moment of her time if he would accept of all her moments? And then they lunched at the Small House, Mrs. Dale having promised to join the dinner-party at the squire's table. The squire did not eat any lunch, excusing himself on the plea that lunch in itself was a bad thing. "He can eat lunch at his own house," Mrs. Dale afterward said to Bell. "And I've often seen him take a glass of sherry." While thinking of this Mrs. Dale made her own dinner. If her brother-in-law would not eat at her board neither would she eat at his.

And then in a few minutes Lily had on her hat, in place of that decorous, church-going bonnet which Crosbie was wont to abuse with a lover's privilege, feeling well assured that he might say what he liked of the bonnet as long as he would praise the hat. "Only three days," she said, as she walked down with him across the lawn at a quick pace. But she said it in a voice which made no complaint—which seemed to say simply this—that as the good time was to be so short they must make the most of it. And what compliment could be paid to a man so sweet as that? What flattery could be more gratifying? All my earthly heaven is with you; and now, for the delight of these immediately present months or so, there are left to me but three days of this heaven! Come, then; I will make the most of what happiness is given to me. Crosbie felt it all as she felt it, and recognized the extent of the debt he owed her. "I'll come down to them for a day at Christmas, though it be only for a day," he said to himself. Then he reflected that, as such was his intention, it might be well for him to open his present conversation with a promise to that effect.

"Yes, Lily; there are only three days left now. But I wonder whether— I suppose you'll all be at home at Christmas?"

"At home at Christmas?—of course we shall be at home. You don't mean to say you'll come to us!"

"Well, I think I will, if you'll have me."

"Oh! that will make such a difference. Let me see. That will only be three months. And to have you here on Christmas Day! I would sooner have you then than on any other day in the year."

"It will only be for one day, Lily. I shall come to dinner on Christmas Eve, and must go away the day after."

"But you will come direct to our house?"

"If you can spare me a room."

"Of course we can. So we could now. Only when you came, you know—" Then she looked up into his face and smiled.

"When I came I was the squire's friend and your cousin's rather than yours. But that's all changed now."

"Yes; you're my friend now—mine specially. I'm to be now and always your own special, dearest friend—eh, Adolphus?" And then

she exacted from him the repetition of the promise which he had so often given her.

By this time they had passed through the grounds of the Great House and were in the fields. "Lily," said he, speaking rather suddenly, and making her feel by his manner that something of importance was to be said, "I want to say a few words to you about—business." And he gave a little laugh as he spoke the last word, making her fully understand that he was not quite at his ease.

"Of course I'll listen. And, Adolphus, pray don't be afraid about me. What I mean is, don't think that I can't bear cares and troubles. I can bear any thing as long as you love me. I say that because I'm afraid I seemed to complain about your going. I didn't mean to."

"I never thought you complained, dearest. Nothing can be better than you are at all times and in every way. A man would be very hard to please if you didn't please him."

"If I can only please you—"

"You do please me in every thing. Dear Lily, I think I found an angel when I found you. But now about this business. Perhaps I'd better tell you every thing."

"Oh yes! tell me every thing."

"But then you mustn't misunderstand me. And if I talk about money, you mustn't suppose that it has any thing to do with my love for you."

"I wish for your sake that I wasn't such a little pauper."

"What I mean to say is this, that if I seem to be anxious about money, you must not suppose that that anxiety bears any reference whatever to my affection for you. I should love you just the same, and look forward just as much to my happiness in marrying you, whether you were rich or poor. You understand that?"

She did not quite understand him; but she merely pressed his arm so as to encourage him to go on. She presumed that he intended to tell her something as to their future mode of life—something which he supposed it might not be pleasant for her to hear, and she was determined to show him that she would receive it pleasantly.

"You know," said he, "how anxious I have been that our marriage should not be delayed. To me, of course, it must be every thing now to call you my own as soon as possible." In answer to which little declaration of love she merely pressed his arm again, the subject being one on which she had not herself much to say.

"Of course I must be very anxious, but I find it not so easy as I expected."

"You know what I said, Adolphus. I said that I thought we had better wait. I'm sure mamma thinks so. And if we can only see you now and then—"

"That will be a matter of course. But, as I was saying— Let me see. Yes—all that waiting will be intolerable to me. It is such a bore for a man when he has made up his mind on such a matter as marriage not to make the change at once, especially when he is going to

take to himself such a little angel as you are," and as he spoke these loving words his arm was again put round her waist; "but—" and then he stopped. He wanted to make her understand that this change of intention on his part was caused by the unexpected misconduct of her uncle. He desired that she should know exactly how the matter stood; that he had been led to suppose that her uncle would give her some small fortune; that he had been disappointed, and had a right to feel the disappointment keenly; and that in consequence of this blow to his expectations he must put off his marriage. But he wished her also to understand, at the same time, that this did not in the least mar his love for her; that he did not join her at all in her uncle's fault. All this he was anxious to convey to her, but he did not know how to get it said in a manner that would not be offensive to her personally, and that should not appear to accuse himself of sordid motives. He had begun by declaring that he would tell her all; but sometimes it is not easy, that task of telling a person every thing. There are things which will not get themselves told.

"You mean, dearest," said she, "that you can not afford to marry at once."

"Yes; that is it. I had expected that I should be able, but—"

Did any man in love ever yet find himself able to tell the lady whom he loved that he was very much disappointed on discovering that she had got no money? If so, his courage, I should say, was greater than his love. Crosbie found himself unable to do it, and thought himself cruelly used because of the difficulty. The delay to which he intended to subject her was occasioned, as he felt, by the squire, and not by himself. He was ready to do his part, if only the squire had been willing to do the part which properly belonged to him. The squire would not; and, therefore, neither could he—not as yet. Justice demanded that all this should be understood; but when he came to the telling of it, he found that the story would not form itself properly. He must let the thing go and bear the injustice, consoling himself as best he might by the reflection that he at least was behaving well in the matter.

"It won't make me unhappy, Adolphus."

"Will it not?" said he. "As regards myself, I own that I can not bear the delay with so much indifference."

"Nay, my love; but you should not misunderstand me," she said, stopping and facing him on the path in which they were walking. "I suppose I ought to protest, according to the common rules, that I would rather wait. Young ladies are expected to say so. If you were pressing me to marry at once, I should say so, no doubt. But now, as it is, I will be more honest. I have only one wish in the world, and that is to be your wife—to be able to share every thing with you. The sooner we can be together the better it will be—at any rate, for me. There; will that satisfy you?"

"My own, own Lily!"

"Yes, your own Lily. You shall have no cause to doubt me, dearest. But I do not expect that I am to have every thing exactly as I want it. I say again that I shall not be unhappy in waiting. How can I be unhappy while I feel certain of your love? I was disappointed just now when you said that you were going so soon; and I am afraid I showed it. But those little things are more unendurable than the big things."

"Yes; that's very true."

"But there are three more days, and I mean to enjoy them so much! And then you will write to me: and you will come at Christmas. And next year, when you have your holiday, you will come down to us again; will you not?"

"You may be quite sure of that."

"And so the time will go by till it suits you to come and take me. I shall not be unhappy."

"I, at any rate, shall be impatient."

"Ah, men always are impatient. It is one of their privileges, I suppose. And I don't think that a man ever has the same positive and complete satisfaction in knowing that he is loved which a girl feels. You are my bird that I have shot with my own gun, and the assurance of my success is sufficient for my happiness."

"You have bowled me over, and know that I can't get up again."

"I don't know about can't. I would let you up quick enough if you wished it."

How he made his loving assurance that he did not wish it, never would nor could wish it, the reader will readily understand. And then he considered that he might as well leave all those money questions as they now stood. His real object had been to convince her that their joint circumstances did not admit of an immediate marriage; and as to that she completely understood him. Perhaps, during the next three days, some opportunity might arise for explaining the whole matter to Mrs. Dale. At any rate, he had declared his own purpose honestly, and no one could complain of him.

On the following day they all rode over to Guestwick together—the all consisting of the two girls, with Bernard and Crosbie. Their object was to pay two visits—one to their very noble and highly exalted ally, the Lady Julia De Guest; and the other to their much humbler and better known friend, Mrs. Eames. As Guestwick Manor lay on their road into the town, they performed the grander ceremony the first. The present Earl De Guest, brother of that Lady Fanny who ran away with Major Dale, was an unmarried nobleman, who devoted himself chiefly to the breeding of cattle. And as he bred very good cattle, taking infinite satisfaction in the employment, devoting all his energies thereto, and abstaining from all prominently evil courses, it should be acknowledged that he was not a bad member of society. He was a thorough-going old Tory, whose proxy was always in the hand of the leader of his party; and who seldom himself went near the metropolis,

unless called thither by some occasion of cattle-showing. He was a short, stumpy man, with red cheeks and a round face; who was usually to be seen till dinner-time dressed in a very old shooting-coat, with breeches, gaiters, and very thick shoes. He lived generally out of doors, and was almost as great in the preserving of game as in the breeding of oxen. He knew every acre of his own estate, and every tree upon it, as thoroughly as a lady knows the ornaments in her drawing-room. There was no gap in a fence of which he did not remember the exact bearings, no path hither or thither as to which he could not tell the why and the wherefore. He had been in his earlier years a poor man as regarded his income—very poor, seeing that he was an earl. But he was not at present by any means an impoverished man, having been taught a lesson by the miseries of his father and grandfather, and having learned to live within his means. Now, as he was going down the vale of years, men said that he was becoming rich, and that he had ready money to spend—a position in which no Lord De Guest had found himself for many generations back. His father and grandfather had been known as spendthrifts; and now men said that this earl was a miser.

There was not much of nobility in his appearance; but they greatly mistook Lord De Guest who conceived that on that account his pride of place was not dear to his soul. His peerage dated back to the time of King John, and there were but three lords in England whose patents had been conferred before his own. He knew what privileges were due to him on behalf of his blood, and was not disposed to abate one jot of them. He was not loud in demanding them. As he went through the world he sent no trumpeters to the right or left, proclaiming that the Earl De Guest was coming. When he spread his board for his friends, which he did but on rare occasions, he entertained them simply, with a mild, tedious, old-fashioned courtesy. We may say that, if properly treated, the earl never walked over any body. But he could, if ill-treated, be grandly indignant; and if attacked, could hold his own against all the world. He knew himself to be every inch an earl, pottering about after his oxen with his muddy gaiters and red cheeks, as much as though he were glittering with stars in courtly royal ceremonies among his peers at Westminster—ay, more an earl than any of those who use their nobility for pageant purposes. Woe be to him who should mistake that old coat for a badge of rural degradation! Now and again some unlucky wight did make such mistake, and had to do his penance very uncomfortably.

With the earl lived a maiden sister, the Lady Julia. Bernard Dale's father had, in early life, run away with one sister, but no suitor had been fortunate enough to induce the Lady Julia to run with him. Therefore she still lived, in maiden blessedness, as mistress of Guestwick Manor; and, as such, had no mean opinion of the high position which destiny had called upon

her to fill. She was a tedious, dull, virtuous old woman, who gave herself infinite credit for having remained all her days in the home of her youth—probably forgetting, in her present advanced years, that her temptations to leave it had not been strong or numerous. She generally spoke of her sister Fanny with some little contempt, as though that poor lady had degraded herself in marrying a younger brother. She was as proud of her own position as was the earl her brother, but her pride was maintained with more of outward show and less of inward nobility. It was hardly enough for her that the world should know that she was a De Guest, and therefore she had assumed little pompous ways and certain airs of condescension which did not make her popular with her neighbors.

The intercourse between Guestwick Manor and Allington was not very frequent or very cordial. Soon after the running away of the Lady Fanny, the two families had agreed to acknowledge their connection with each other, and to let it be known by the world that they were on friendly terms. Either that course was necessary to them, or the other course, of letting it be known that they were enemies. Friendship was the less troublesome, and therefore the two families called on each other from time to time, and gave each other dinners about once a year. The earl regarded the squire as a man who had deserted his politics, and had thereby forfeited the respect due to him as a hereditary land magnate; and the squire was wont to be-little the earl as one who understood nothing of the outer world. At Guestwick Manor Bernard was to some extent a favorite. He was actually a relative, having in his veins blood of the De Guests, and was not the less a favorite because he was the heir to Allington, and because the blood of the Dales was older even than that of the noble family to which he was allied. When Bernard should come to be the squire, then indeed there might be cordial relations between Guestwick Manor and Allington; unless, indeed, the earl's heir and the squire's heir should have some fresh cause of ill-will between themselves.

They found Lady Julia sitting in her drawing-room alone, and introduced to her Mr. Crosbie in due form. The fact of Lily's engagement was of course known at the Manor, and it was quite understood that her intended husband was now brought over that he might be looked at and approved. Lady Julia made a very elaborate courtesy, and expressed a hope that her young friend might be made happy in that sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

"I hope I shall, Lady Julia," said Lily, with a little laugh; "at any rate I mean to try."

"We all try, my dear, but many of us fail to try with sufficient energy of purpose. It is only by doing our duty that we can hope to be happy, whether in single life or in married."

"Miss Dale means to be a dragon of perfection in the performance of hers," said Crosbie.

"A dragon!" said Lady Julia. "No; I hope Miss Lily Dale will never become a drag-

on." And then she turned to her nephew. It may be as well to say at once that she never forgave Mr. Crosbie the freedom of the expression which he had used. He had been in the drawing-room of Guestwick Manor for two minutes only, and it did not become him to talk about dragons. "Bernard," she said, "I heard from your mother yesterday. I am afraid she does not seem to be very strong." And then there was a little conversation, not very interesting in its nature, between the aunt and the nephew as to the general health of Lady Fanny.

"I didn't know my aunt was so unwell," said Bell.

"She isn't ill," said Bernard. "She never is ill; but then she is never well."

"Your aunt"—said Lady Julia, seeming to put a touch of sarcasm into the tone of her voice as she repeated the word—"your aunt has never enjoyed good health since she left this house; but that is a long time ago."

"A very long time," said Crosbie, who was not accustomed to be left in his chair silent. "You, Dale, at any rate, can hardly remember it."

"But I can remember it," said Lady Julia, gathering herself up. "I can remember when my sister Fanny was recognized as the beauty of the country. It is a dangerous gift, that of beauty."

"Very dangerous," said Crosbie. Then Lily laughed again, and Lady Julia became more angry than ever. What odious man was this whom her neighbors were going to take into their very bosom! But she had heard of Mr. Crosbie before, and Mr. Crosbie also had heard of her.

"By-the-by, Lady Julia," said he, "I think I know some very dear friends of yours."

"Very dear friends is a very strong word. I have not many very dear friends."

"I mean the Gazebees. I have heard Mortimer Gazebee and Lady Amelia speak of you."

Whereupon Lady Julia confessed that she did know the Gazebees. Mr. Gazebee, she said, was a man who in early life had wanted many advantages, but still he was a very estimable person. He was now in Parliament, and she understood that he was making himself useful. She had not quite approved of Lady Amelia's marriage at the time, and so she had told her very old friend Lady De Courcy; but— And then Lady Julia said many words in praise of Mr. Gazebee, which seemed to amount to this: that he was an excellent sort of man, with a full conviction of the too great honor done to him by the earl's daughter who had married him, and a complete consciousness that even that marriage had not put him on a par with his wife's relations, or even with his wife. And then it came out that Lady Julia in the course of the next week was going to meet the Gazebees at Courcy Castle.

"I am delighted to think that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there," said Crosbie.

"Indeed!" said Lady Julia.

"I am going to Courcy on Wednesday. That, I fear, will be too early to allow of my being of any service to your ladyship."

Lady Julia drew herself up, and declined the escort which Mr. Crosbie had seemed to offer. It grieved her to find that Lily Dale's future husband was an intimate friend of her friend's, and it especially grieved her to find that he was now going to that friend's house. It was a grief to her, and she showed that it was. It also grieved Crosbie to find that Lady Julia was to be a fellow-guest with himself at Courcy Castle; but he did not show it. He expressed nothing but smiles and civil self-congratulation on the matter, pretending that he would have much delight in again meeting Lady Julia; but, in truth, he would have given much could he have invented any manœuvre by which her ladyship might have been kept at home.

"What a horrid old woman she is!" said Lily, as they rode back down the avenue. "I beg your pardon, Bernard; for, of course, she is your aunt."

"Yes, she is my aunt; and though I am not very fond of her, I deny that she is a horrid old woman. She never murdered any body, or

robbed any body, or stole away any other woman's lover."

"I should think not," said Lily.

"She says her prayers earnestly, I have no doubt," continued Bernard, "and gives away money to the poor, and would sacrifice to-morrow any desire of her own to her brother's wish. I acknowledge that she is ugly, and pompous, and that, being a woman, she ought not to have such a long black beard on her upper lip."

"I don't care a bit about her beard," said Lily. "But why did she tell me to do my duty? I didn't go there to have a sermon preached to me."

"And why did she talk about beauty being dangerous?" said Bell. "Of course, we all knew what she meant."

"I didn't know at all what she meant," said Lily; "and I don't know now."

"I think she's a charming woman, and I shall be especially civil to her at Lady De Courcy's," said Crosbie.

And in this way, saying hard things of the poor old spinster whom they had left, they made their way into Guestwick, and again dismounted at Mrs. Eames's door.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of December. The military operations of the preceding month have, as far as they have been made public, been of little importance in relation to the issue of the war. The great army of the Potomac, which has for a month been under the command of General Burnside, is mainly massed on the north bank of the Rappahannock, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, while the Confederate forces are intrenched upon the opposite side ready to resist our advance upon Richmond in this direction. If any important movements have been made, or are in contemplation in this department, they have been carefully kept from the knowledge of the public. The actual position and force of the enemy in this quarter is mainly a matter of conjecture. A great battle is daily anticipated, but nothing authentic can be said of the precise point where it will occur, or of the respective force of the combatants.—Early in December a powerful naval and military expedition, under the command of General Banks, left New York. The object and destination of this expedition have been kept a profound secret; but it will probably be revealed before these pages meet the eye of the reader.—In the Western and Southwestern Departments there has been much activity, and several sharp engagements have taken place, the general advantage being clearly on our side. Grenada, Mississippi, which has long been the central point of the Confederate force in that region, was occupied by our troops on the 1st of December. On the 7th we won a brilliant victory near Fayetteville, in Arkansas. According to the telegraphic reports General Herron, with 7000 men, while marching to the reinforcement of General Blunt, at Cane Hill, was attacked by the enemy, numbering 24,000. He sustained the attack

for more than three hours; but affairs were growing hard with our troops when, late in the afternoon, General Blunt with 5000 men reached the enemy's rear, placing them between two fires. Though superior in numbers they were unable to extricate themselves, and by nine o'clock at night, when the action ceased, they were utterly routed and flying in confusion, leaving us in possession of the field. Our loss is vaguely stated at 600 in killed and wounded; that of the enemy at 1500. On the other hand, we sustained a severe disaster, on the 6th December, at Huntsville, Tennessee, where a brigade of Ohio and Illinois troops were attacked—by surprise, it is said—by Morgan's guerrillas, and forced to surrender after a sharp action. But the whole accounts of these transactions are so vague that we must await more full details before being able to decide upon their character and importance.—While awaiting the results of the military operations which appear to be impending, we devote our Record of the Month mainly to abstracts of the President's Message, and the Reports of the heads of Departments and of the most important Bureaus, which supply much important information in regard to the events of the past year, and the present condition of the country.

Congress assembled on Monday, December 1. Three new senators—Fields from New Jersey, Harding from Oregon, and Arnold from Rhode Island, and three new representatives—Yeatman from Kentucky, Fessenden from Maine, and Walker from Massachusetts, appeared to fill vacancies occasioned by deaths and resignations.—The business thus far has been merely preliminary. By far the most important measure proposed is contained in the Report of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House, proposing a new financial policy for the Government. It provides for the re-

demption and canceling of the five-twenty and seven-thirty bonds of the United States, the redemption of all temporary deposits, and an issue of 1000 millions of bonds and of 500 millions of legal tender notes, and imposing a heavy tax upon the circulation of bank-notes.—The other important business introduced relates to political arrests, the Indian outrages in the Northwest, the pay of officers and soldiers, various modifications of the tax-law, the President's emancipation proclamation, a general bankrupt-bill, and the admission into the Union of the new State of Western Virginia.—Of special importance, also, are resolutions introduced in the House by Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, declaring that the Union is one and indivisible, and denouncing as guilty of high crime any department of Government who shall propose or advise any terms of peace based upon any thing besides the integrity of the Union as it existed at the time of the commencement of the war; and resolutions introduced in the Senate by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, proposing that all the States shall be recommended to choose delegates to meet in convention at Louisville, in Kentucky, on the first Monday in April, to take into consideration the present condition of the country, and the proper means to be pursued for restoring the Union; and another set of resolutions by the same Senator, proposing amendments to the Constitution in reference to the mode of choosing the President and Vice-President of the United States.

The *President's Message* opens with a brief résumé of the state of our foreign relations. As a whole these are more satisfactory than might have been apprehended. Last June there was reason to expect that the maritime nations of Europe would recede from their position recognizing the insurgents as belligerents; but the reverses which befell our arms have delayed this act of justice. The blockade of our Southern coast has given occasion for some demands for redress of injuries alleged to have been done to foreign subjects; wherever wrong has clearly been committed redress has been made; and in respect to doubtful cases conventions have been proposed to examine and adjudicate upon them. This proposition has been specially made to Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia; but though kindly received it has not been formally adopted.—Several of the Spanish-American Republicans have protested against the scheme of sending colonies of colored emigrants to their territories, and the President has declined to move any such colony to any State without having first obtained the consent of its Government, and a guarantee that the emigrants should be received and treated as freemen. He has, however, proposed to several of these tropical States to enter into negotiations upon this subject.—The Territories of the United States have generally remained undisturbed by the civil war, and some of them will probably soon be in a condition to be admitted into the Union as States. The immense mineral resources of these Territories should be developed, and for this purpose the President recommends a scientific exploration, the results of which should be published at home and abroad.—The Indian tribes upon the frontier have been engaged in open hostilities against the whites; those south of Kansas have entered into alliances with the insurgents, and driven off those who remained faithful to the United States. The Chief of the Cherokees has endeavored to restore the relations of his tribe with the United States. In August the Sioux in Minnesota made a sudden attack upon the white settlements, killing eight hun-

dred men, women, and children, and destroying large amounts of property; and it was reported that a simultaneous attack was meditated upon all the settlements between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. The reasons for this outbreak have not been certainly ascertained. The President suggests a remodeling of our Indian system.—The greater portion of his Message is devoted by the President to an exposition of, and an argument in favor of his scheme for "Compensated Emancipation." Slavery, he says, is the cause of the civil war; without it the rebellion could not have existed, and could not continue. Some believe slavery to be right, and that it should be extended; others hold the contrary. But disunion is no adequate remedy for this difference of opinion; it would still exist and operate; and it is easier to settle it by law as friends than by treaty as aliens. Our country, moreover, is not physically adapted to be the home of two nations; there is no proper boundary line marked out by nature; the great region between the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains, which is the body of the nation, has no sea-coast, and its people must find access abroad by way of New York and New Orleans. Divide the country, and one of these avenues will be practically closed to all the people. These outlets all belong of right to that people and their successors. So too the right of unobstructed access to this fertile region belongs to all the people of the marginal sections, without paying toll or being obstructed by a national boundary. These considerations soon would force a re-union should a separation be effected. The President proposes as a compromise that the following articles of amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall be submitted by Congress to the Legislatures or Conventions of the several States, to become valid when adopted by three-fourths of them:

ARTICLE —. "Every State wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein at any time or times before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit:

"The President of the United States shall deliver to every such State bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of —, for each slave shown to have been therein by the eighth census of the United States; said bonds to be delivered to such State by installments, or in one parcel, at the completion of the abolishment, accordingly as the same shall have been gradual or at one time within such State; and interest shall begin to run upon any such bond only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid and afterward. Any State having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterward introducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

ARTICLE —. "All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war, at any time before the end of the rebellion, shall be forever free; but all owners of such, who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them at the same rates as is provided for States adopting abolishment of slavery, but in such a way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

ARTICLE —. "Congress may appropriate money and otherwise provide for colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent, at any place or places without the United States."

In support of these propositions he argues that the liberation of slaves is the destruction of property, and if this is done for a common object it should be at the common charge; and if by this means the benefits of the Union can be secured by less money, or by money more easily paid than by war, it is wise to do so. The money already spent in the war would have done more to close it, if so applied, than has yet been done. The war also demands that the money be paid at once; by this plan it would be

paid only as emancipation progresses; this would probably not be effected before the year 1900, a period of thirty-seven years, at which time there will probably be a hundred millions of people, instead of thirty-one millions, to bear the burden; and, moreover, there would be no waste of life. Neither the war, the President adds, nor the proceedings under the Proclamation of September 22, 1862, will be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* is a long and elaborate exposition and defense of the financial system of the Government. The following is a condensed summary of the receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, with estimates for those of the two succeeding years, based upon the continuance of the war:

Year ending June 30, 1862.

RECEIPTS.

From Balance in Treasury	\$2,257,065 80
From Customs, Lands, and Miscellaneous Sources	50,140,389 03
From Direct Tax	1,795,331 73
From Loans. (The entire amount of Loans of all kinds was \$529,692,460 50; from this should be deducted \$96,096-922 09, devoted to the repayment of temporary loans, and the redemption of Treasury Notes, etc.) This sum properly forming no part of Receipts or Expenditures, the total Receipts from Loans were.....	433,595,538 71
Total Receipts.....	\$457,788,324 97

EXPENDITURES.

For Civil List, etc.	\$21,408,491 16
For Pensions and Indians	3,102,985 50
For Interest on Public Debt.....	13,190,324 45
For War Department..	394,363,407 36
For Navy Department..	42,674,569 69
Total Expenditures	\$474,744,773 16
Leaving Balance in Treasury July 1, 1862.....	\$13,043,546 81

Year ending June 30, 1863, the Receipts for the last Three Quarters being Estimated.

RECEIPTS.

From Balance in Treasury	\$13,043,546 81
From Customs, Lands, etc.	70,374,777 07
From Direct Tax	11,621,717 99
From Internal Duties	85,456,303 73
Total Receipts.....	\$180,495,345 60

EXPENDITURES.

For Civil List, etc.	\$32,811,543 23
For Interior Department ..	5,982,906 43
For War Department..	747,359,823 98
For Navy Department..	82,177,510 77
For Interest on Public Debt.....	25,014,532 07
Total, besides Public Debt.....	\$893,346,321 48
Deduct sum estimated to be unexpended....	200,000,000 00
Total expense for Government and the War ..	\$693,346,321 48
Add payments of Public Debt which will become due.....	95,212,456 14
Total Expenditures for the year.	\$788,558,777 62
Excess of Expenditures over direct Income	\$608,063,432 02
From Loans have been received up to Nov. 30, and applied to the expenses of the Year. ..	\$200,129,717 01
The estimated additional Receipts from sources under existing laws are.....	131,021,197 35
Total estimated Receipts from all sources	\$331,150,914 36
Showing a total Deficiency of ..	\$276,912,517 66

Year Ending June 30, 1864 (Estimated).

RECEIPTS.

From Customs	\$70,000,000 00
From Lands	25,000 00
From Miscellaneous Sources	3,000,000 00
From Internal Duties	150,000,000 00
Aggregate	\$223,025,000 00

EXPENDITURES.

Balance of former appropriations estimated to be unexpended July 1, 1863 ..	\$200,000,000 00
For Civil Service, etc.....	25,091,510 08
For Interior Department	10,346,577 01
For the War Department	738,820,146 80
For the Navy Department.....	68,257,255 01
For Interest on Public Debt	33,513,890 50
Principal on Public Debt.....	19,384,804 16

Total..... \$1,095,413,183 56
Of this amount of \$1,095,413,183 56 it is estimated that there will remain unexpended on the 30th of June, 1864, the sum of 250,000,000 00

Aggregate for the year..... \$845,413,183 56
The estimated Receipts, as before stated, for that year are placed at..... 223,025,000 00
Leaving to be provided for by Loans the sum of..... \$622,388,183 56

[The Secretary explains the items of "sums unexpended," by saying that the law forbids the transfer of any appropriation from one object to another; consequently when any appropriation is exhausted, expenditures for the object of it must cease until a further appropriation is made. This happening during a recess of Congress might occasion great injury; and it has become the custom to make every estimate large enough to cover all possible requirements under it. Thus there is always a large unexpended balance of appropriations at the end of every fiscal year, which, after two years, is carried to the credit of the "surplus fund," as in the foregoing estimates.]

The public debt of the United States on the 30th of June, 1862, including unascertained claims, amounted to about 530 millions of dollars; by the foregoing estimates it will be 1122 millions on the 30th of June, 1863, and 1744 millions in 1864. The average rate of interest upon the whole debt is $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. — The estimated amount to be provided for during the current year is about 277 millions, and for the ensuing year 627 millions; these, or whatever sums are required, the Secretary recommends to be raised by loans, without increasing the issue of United States notes beyond the amount now fixed by law.—He proposes the passage by Congress of a general law authorizing banking associations, to the following effect:

"It is proposed that these associations be entirely voluntary. Any persons, desirous of employing real capital in sufficient amounts, can, if the plan be adopted, unite together under proper articles, and, having contributed the requisite capital, can invest such part of it, not less than a fixed minimum, in United States bonds, and, having deposited these bonds with the proper officer of the United States, receive United States notes in such denominations as may be desired, and employ them as money in discounts and exchanges. The stockholders of any existing banks can, in like manner, organize under the act, and transfer, by such degrees as may be found convenient, the capital of the old to the use of the new associations. The notes thus put into circulation will be payable, until resumption, in United States notes, and, after resumption, in specie, by the association which issues them, on demand; and if not so paid will be redeemable at the Treasury of the United States from the proceeds of the bonds pledged in security. In the practical working of the plan, if sanctioned by Congress, redemption at one or more of the great commercial centres will probably be provided for by all the associations which circulate the notes, and, in case any associations shall fail in such redemption, the Treasurer of the United States will probably, under discretionary authority, pay the notes and cancel the public debt held as security. It seems difficult to conceive of a note circulation which will combine higher local and general credit than this. After a few years no other circulation would be used, nor could the issues of the national circulation be easily increased beyond the legitimate demands of business. Every dollar of circulation would represent real

capital, actually invested in national stocks, and the total amount issued could always be easily and quickly ascertained from the books of the Treasury. These circumstances, if they might not wholly remove the temptation to excessive issues, would certainly reduce it to the lowest point, while the form of the notes, the uniformity of devices, the signatures of national officers, and the imprint of the national seal authenticating the declaration borne on each that it is secured by bonds which represent the faith and capital of the whole country, could not fail to make every note as good in any part of the world as the best-known and best-esteemed national securities."

The Secretary advocates this as preferable to the bank-note system now existing, or to the issue of notes by Government. It will furnish a circulation, of uniform value throughout the country, based upon national credit combined with private capital; it will support public credit by creating a demand for Government bonds beyond that required for speculative purchases; it will reconcile the interests of the people with those of existing banking institutions, for these can invest a part or the whole of their capital in this way; it will also form a firm support for the union of the States, for every person whose capital is invested in Government bonds, and every one who holds any of the circulation secured by them, or is in any way concerned in the maintenance of their credit, will have a direct interest in the preservation of that Union which gives security to these bonds. The measure is further recommended by the Secretary as tending to a more speedy return to gold and silver as the basis of circulation. He proposes a moderate tax upon the issue of corporate circulation; notes passing as money form a highly accumulative species of property, and as it has been found necessary to tax other forms of value there is no reason why this should be exempt.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* states that our army, according to recent official returns, consisted of 775,336 officers and privates; since the date of those returns it has been increased to more than 800,000; and when the quotas are filled up it will amount to 1,000,000, and the estimates are based upon that number.—The issues of the Ordnance Department include 1926 field and siege guns, 1206 fortification-cannon, 7294 gun-carriages, caissons, mortar-beds, traveling forges, and battery-wagons, 1,276,686 small-arms, 987,291 sets of equipments and accoutrements, and 213,991,127 rounds of ammunition for artillery and small-arms, still leaving large supplies of ordnance stores at the arsenals and dépôts.—After detailing the leading military events of the year, which have been already recorded in these pages, the Secretary proceeds to speak of the success of the call for volunteers; defends the measures taken to restrain those who discouraged enlistments and were guilty of other treasonable practices; and says that the general acquiescence of the loyal States in the measures deemed necessary to strengthen our armies proves that the people are determined to maintain the government and uphold its authority over the whole territory of the United States.—The employment of colored persons in the army has not proved injurious, but we have, on the contrary, suffered from the lack of such labor.—Attention has been given to the adequate protection of our harbors, and the fortifications have been provided with heavier ordnance, rendered necessary by the introduction into naval warfare of iron-clad vessels, which are safe from the ordnance which was before sufficient.—The enemy, says the Secretary, ought to be attacked in his most vulnerable point. The main power of the insurgents consists in their system of labor, which keeps the laborers at home

supporting their masters who are fighting against the country. Wherever this system is hostile to Government it should be stricken down. Rightly organized, in the recovered territory this labor can be made useful to our armies by producing supplies, and in other ways. The greater part of the region where sea-island cotton was formerly produced is now in our hands; the laborers and the soil are there, and it only needs the assurance of protection to revive the cultivation of this staple, as well as to produce large quantities of corn and forage for our troops. The Secretary argues that the liberation of the negro will not injure the free laborer of the North; if protected there he will not leave his Southern home, and under no circumstances have they manifested any disposition toward insurrection. By the means suggested by the President, of compensated emancipation, the insurrection will be subdued swiftly and effectually, and our own people will be saved from slaughter on the battle-field. "So far," adds the Secretary, "from the Southern States being invincible, no country was ever so vulnerable, if the means at hand are employed against them."

The Report of *General Halleck*, accompanying that of the Secretary of War, gives a full detail of military operations since the 22d of July, when he assumed the command of the army. It furnishes additional information respecting the retreat from the Peninsula. On the 24th of July, General Halleck went to the James River to ascertain if there was any possibility of an advance upon Richmond from Harrison's Landing, and if not, to favor some plan for uniting the armies of M'Clellan and Pope upon some other line. General M'Clellan was of the opinion that 50,000 additional troops would be required. General Halleck could not promise more than 20,000, and could not see how even these could safely be withdrawn from other places; M'Clellan took the night to consider, and said that he would make the attempt with the 20,000; but on Halleck's return to Washington M'Clellan telegraphed that he should require 35,000, a force which could not be sent without leaving Washington and Baltimore defenseless. No alternative was left but to unite this army with that of General Pope. The withdrawal from James River was finally ordered on the 30th of August, General M'Clellan protesting against it. The army, he urged, was in excellent discipline and condition, holding a position which enabled it to act in any direction. It was twenty-five miles from Richmond, but was not likely to meet a force sufficient to give battle until it had marched fifteen or eighteen miles, which brought it practically within ten miles from the Confederate capital. "Here," he said, "directly in front of this army, is the heart of the rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of this nation. All points of secondary importance elsewhere should be abandoned, and every available man brought here. A decided victory here, and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere, here is the true defense of Washington. It is here on the bank of the James River that the fate of the Union should be decided." The evacuation was not commenced till the 14th, eleven days after it had been ordered. The subsequent events are narrated in full. General Pope's dispositions for the actions of the last of August are said to have been "well planned;" but "for some unexplained reasons, Por-

ter did not comply with an order which he had received, and his corps was not in the battles of the 28th and 29th." Of this series of actions General Halleck says, "Most of the troops actually engaged fought with great bravery, but some could not be brought into action at all. Many thousands straggled away from their commands; and it is said that not a few voluntarily surrendered to the enemy so as to be paroled as prisoners of war." In order to repair damages caused by the losses, General Pope, at his request, was ordered to bring his army within the defenses of Washington, which were then under the command of M'Clellan. Being now second in command, General Pope applied to be relieved, and was transferred to another Department. Of this "short but active" campaign of Pope, General Halleck says, "Although, from causes already referred to, less successful than we had reason to expect, it had accomplished the great and important object of covering the capital till troops could be collected for its defense. Had the Army of the Potomac arrived a few days earlier, the rebel army could have been easily defeated and perhaps destroyed." General Halleck proceeds to speak of the invasion of Maryland, describes the general operations; pronounces the surrender of Harper's Ferry "disgraceful;" gives full praise for the victories at South Mountain and Antietam, where, he says, "Our loss was 1742 killed, 8066 wounded, and 913 missing, making a total of 10,721; General M'Clellan estimates the enemy's loss at 30,000, but their own accounts give their loss at about 14,000 in killed and wounded." He implies a censure upon M'Clellan for allowing the enemy to recross the Potomac without molestation after their defeat at Antietam. This censure is expressed in respect to the delay in crossing the Potomac: "The total inactivity," he says, "of so large an army in the face of a defeated foe, and during the most favorable season for rapid movements and a vigorous campaign, was a matter of great disappointment and regret." The crossing ordered on the 6th of October was not commenced until the 26th, and was completed about the 3d of November, but at a place different from that proposed by General M'Clellan. "What induced him," says General Halleck, "to change his views, or what his plan of campaign was, I am ignorant; for about this time he ceased to communicate with me in regard to his operations, sending his reports directly to the President." The order of the President giving the command of the Army of the Potomac to General Burnside was dispatched on the 5th of November, and delivered to General M'Clellan on the 7th.—The Commanding General then proceeds to speak of General Buell's campaign in the West. When General Halleck left the Department of Mississippi the armies of that department, spread along a line of 600 miles, from Western Arkansas to Cumberland Gap, and occupying a strip of more than 150 miles in width from which the enemy had been expelled, were rapidly decreasing in strength, from "the large number of soldiers sent home on account of real or pretended disability," while the enemy were rapidly increased by conscription. The enemy, superior in numbers and discipline, determined to reoccupy Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and if possible to invade Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, while our attention was distracted by the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and an extended Indian insurrection on our Western borders. This plan, which had many chances of success, was thwarted by the timely order of the President, of August 4, calling for additional forces, and

the patriotic response of the people of the Northwest. General Bragg then marched from Tupela, Mississippi, through Alabama and Georgia, reached Chattanooga in advance of Buell, turned his left, and entered Kentucky. General Buell fell back to Nashville without giving battle; then moved parallel with Bragg, who, after capturing our garrison at Munfordsville, turned off from the main road to Louisville, which was reached by Buell without an engagement. Another column of the enemy, after blockading Cumberland Gap, moved upon Lexington and threatened Cincinnati. A small force of raw troops under Nelson were completely routed at Richmond, Kentucky. A portion of our army was withdrawn from General Grant in Mississippi, and sent to Kentucky and Cincinnati. No attack was made by the enemy. Buell, with 100,000 men, left Louisville, on the 1st of October, in pursuit of Bragg, who engaged a part of Buell's force at Perryville on the 8th. A battle ensued, fought mainly by M'Cook's corps; the enemy retreated during the night, falling back to East Tennessee. Buell pursued for a while, then fell back to the line from Louisville to Nashville, and was superseded in his command by General Rosecrans. General Morgan in the mean while had evacuated Cumberland Gap, alleging want of supplies, though he had just before reported that he had several weeks' provisions, and would not surrender that important post. An investigation of this matter has been ordered. With respect to General Buell's campaign, General Halleck significantly adds: "As the Secretary of War has ordered a military commission to investigate the operations of General Buell, it would be obviously improper for me to express my opinion unless specially directed to do so."—The Commanding General then narrates the operations in Tennessee, including our victories near Bolivar, at Iuka, and Corinth, censuring, by implication, General Rosecrans for allowing the enemy to escape after his defeats at Corinth and upon the Hatchie. General Grant, however, led his forces south, drove the enemy across the Tallahatchie, and restored peace in Western Tennessee.—The "unfortunate withdrawal" of General Curtis's army from Arkansas has prevented the execution of the military operations in Arkansas.—In Missouri, General Schofield has broken up numerous guerrilla bands, and defeated the enemy in several engagements, driving them back to Arkansas.—In Minnesota, the Indians who had broken out into outrage have been defeated by General Sibley, which has put a stop to their hostilities for the present season; but it is possible that these will be renewed in the spring.—In the Department of the Gulf our garrison at Baton Rouge, after repulsing an attack of the enemy, has been withdrawn to New Orleans. An expedition, under General Weitzel, sent from New Orleans to the La Fourche District, on the west bank of the Mississippi, encountered the enemy at Donaldsville, on the 24th of October, defeated them, and opened that part of the country to us.—We have given unusual space to this report of the Commanding General, dwelling particularly upon the points upon which we had not the necessary information to enable us to speak in our regular Monthly Record as the events transpired. Whether the censures, express or implied, are well or ill founded, the Report is of permanent value as presenting a clear statement of operations during the eventful four months of which it treats. We add a paragraph embodying the criticisms of General Halleck upon the leading features of these campaigns. He says:

"It is seen from this brief summary of military operations during the last three or four months that while our soldiers have generally fought with bravery, and gained many important battles, these victories have not produced the usual results. In many instances the defeated foe was not followed from the battle-field, and even where a pursuit was attempted it almost invariably failed to effect the capture or destruction of any part of the retreating army. This is a matter which requires serious and careful consideration. A victorious army is supposed to be in a condition to pursue its defeated foe with advantage, and, during such pursuit, to do him serious, if not fatal injury. This result has usually been attained in other countries. Is there any reason why it should not be expected in this? It is easily understood that in a country like that between Yorktown and Richmond, in the thickly-wooded swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana, that a retreating force, by felling trees across the roads and destroying bridges over deep and marshy grounds, can effectually prevent any rapid pursuit. The one, in a few minutes, blocks up or destroys roads, which the other can not clear or repair for hours, or even days. The pursuer has very little hope of overtaking his flying foe. But this reason is not applicable to Maryland and the greater part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. It must be admitted that in these theatres of war the rebel armies have exhibited much more mobility and activity than our own. Not only do they outmarch us, both in advance and retreat, but on two memorable occasions their cavalry have made with impunity the entire circuit of the Army of the Potomac. If it be true that the success of an army depends upon its 'arms and its legs,' ours has shown itself deficient in the latter of these essential requisites."

The Report of *Captain Dahlgren*, of the Ordnance Bureau, abounds in valuable information and important suggestions in respect to the comparative value of the offensive power of heavy ordnance, and the defensive power of iron armor for vessels. It would be impossible to present a fair idea of this portion of the Report without copying it in full. He also treats in detail of harbor defenses, with special reference to that of New York. His main conclusions are: that a trustworthy defense can only be made by a combination of forts, iron-clad vessels, rams, and other minor auxiliaries; neither would be sufficient singly against attacks which are now practicable. Whatever may be the material of the interior structure, the exterior must be of iron; lines of earth-work will be useful in assisting the main work, but bare masonry should never be exposed to the action of rifled cannon. A sufficient number of iron-clads should be ready to assist the forts, and to fill the gaps left between them; with these should act the most powerful rams that can be constructed, built for speed and resistance; obstructions of various kinds may also be placed in the channel.—In connection with this Report from so competent an authority we need hardly call attention to the paper on Revolving Towers which appears in another part of this Magazine.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* gives a detailed account of the operations during the year of this arm of our service, the essential facts of which have been presented in this Record as they occurred from month to month. The Report is especially valuable from the full details which it gives of the progress and present condition of our navy. When the present Secretary took charge of the Department in March, 1861, our whole navy consisted of 42 vessels in commission, most of which were abroad, although 76 vessels then attached to the navy have since been made available. Of the 7600 seamen then in pay of the Government there were only 207 in all the ports and receiving-ships of the Atlantic coast. We have now afloat or near completion a naval force of 427 vessels carrying 3268 guns, of which 323, with 1853 guns, are steamers, and 104, with 1415 guns, are sailing vessels; 11 vessels, with 112 guns, have been lost by shipwreck or

in battle. Of the 323 steamers 123 have been added by construction. The following table shows the character and capacity of these new steamers:

Description.	No. of Vessels.	Guns.	Tons.
Second-class screw sloops of war	13	116	16,336
Screw gun-boats.....	17	108	14,033
Side-wheel gun-boats.....	39	256	36,377
Armored wooden vessels.....	12	65	20,893
Armored iron vessels.....	32	74	32,631
Total.....	123	659	120,330

Our iron-clad navy consists of 54 vessels, with 261 guns. Upon our western waters we have 72 vessels, carrying 379 guns; of these 26 have armor, and 5 are rams. The Secretary recommends the early establishment of a naval dépôt on one of the rivers in the valley of the Mississippi, where our navy is now equal to the whole of that of the United States at the commencement of the present Administration. The great rivers of the West are well adapted for an iron navy, and the iron and coal distributed through that region indicate what must be the policy of the Government in this respect. He also urges that the Government should construct its own iron vessels as well as its wooden ones, buying the iron, but working it over in its own establishments.—In respect to harbor fortifications the Secretary appears to differ in opinion from other authorities. He quotes, and apparently sanctions, the opinion of the Chief-Engineer of the War Department, given in May last, to the effect that our present fortifications are, with scarcely an exception, sufficient defenses against any hostile military power afloat. At all events he says that "the fortifications at our principal ports should be, and doubtless are, adequate defenses against any cruisers that may be afloat in the service of the insurgents." And in any case, he adds, "it has not entered into the arrangements or estimates of the Navy Department to furnish vessels for the defense of our ports, nor to detach them from other imperative duties for that purpose, when other provisions have been made by the Government, and have been uniformly relied upon for their protection."—Of the Southern steamer *Alabama* the Secretary says that she was built and fitted out in British ports, and manned by British subjects, in flagrant violation of law, after the authorities had been officially informed of her character and objects. She has no register, or record, or evidence of transfer, and no prize taken by her has ever been sent into any port for adjudication or condemnation. He adds:

"All forms of law which civilization has introduced to protect and guard private rights, and all those regulations of public justice which distinguish and discriminate the legalized naval vessel from the pirate, and disregard and violated by this lawless rover, which, though built in and sailing from England, has no acknowledged flag or recognized nationality, nor any accessible port to which to send any ship she may seize, nor any legal tribunal to adjudge her captures. Under the English flag, in which they confided, and by the torch of the incendiary, appealing to their humanity, our merchantmen have been lured to destruction.... To what extent, under these circumstances, the Government of Great Britain is bound in honor and justice to make indemnification for the destruction of private property which this lawless vessel may perpetrate, is a question that may present itself for disposal. It is alluded to now and here, not only from a sense of duty toward our commercial interests and rights, but also by reason of the fact that recent intelligence indicates that still other vessels of a similar character are being fitted out in British ports to depredate upon our commerce. Our own cruisers not being permitted to remain in British ports to guard against these outrages, nor to coal while cruising, nor to repair damages in their harbors when injuries are sustained, the arrest of them is difficult, and attended with great uncertainty. This Department has dispatched ves-

sels to effect the capture of the *Alabama*, and there is now quite a fleet on the ocean engaged in pursuing her."

The most important points in the Report of the *Secretary of the Interior* relate to the mineral resources of the country, and to the posture of Indian affairs. He thinks that the production of gold in California, Oregon, and the Territories has amounted to 100 millions of dollars during the year; and that if the same relative amount of labor had been expended elsewhere as in California, the product would have exceeded 400 millions. He thinks that these mines of wealth may be made available toward paying our national debt, and suggests three modes of doing this: by leasing the mineral lands; or by collecting a certain portion of the proceeds, or by selling them absolutely in small portions. He thinks that 500 millions could be realized by the sale of these lands in lots of one acre, after giving to those now engaged in mining a clear title to the lands which they occupy without cost.—In relation to the savage outrages in the Northwest, the Secretary suggests an entire change of policy in our dealings with the Indians. They should not be considered as independent nations having a right to the lands over which they roam, and capable of making or refusing treaties for their cession, but rather as wards of Government to be protected, kept from starvation, and taught to earn their own livelihood, for which purpose suitable districts of country should be assigned for their habitation, but no private contracts should be allowed to be made with them, and all made by them should be declared void. The people of Minnesota, he says, demand not only indemnification for losses, but security for the future, which they can only have by the removal of the Indians to some point so remote from the settlements as to preclude the possibility of another attack.

The Report of Mr. Dole, the *Indian Commissioner*, presents this subject in still greater detail. He traces the origin of the late outbreak to their dissatisfaction with the reductions proposed to be made in the payments to them to compensate for the depredations of lawless Sioux. It was finally decided to pay them in full; but delay arose from the lack of the necessary appropriations. The Indians became turbulent and threatened the Agent; troops were called out to defend the Agency; and the Indians dispersed after receiving promises of speedy payment. Affairs remained thus till the 17th of August, when five persons were murdered at Acton. This was thought to be a mere isolated outrage; but it proved to be the inauguration of a series of massacres in which from 800 to 1000 unarmed settlers fell victims. The belief expressed in our Record of the time, that the number of murders then reported at 250 was an exaggeration, proves to have been erroneous. The Commissioner, after fully describing these atrocities, calls attention to the case of some 300 Indians engaged in them, who, after surrendering as prisoners, have been tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. He thinks that the execution of this sentence would partake more of the character of revenge than of punishment. These savages must not be judged by our standard. Their chiefs wield an influence over them which we can not appreciate; upon the leaders the death penalty should fall, while a milder punishment inflicted upon the others would be equally effectual in preventing a repetition of these outrages.

EUROPE.

In Europe, apart from the terrible distress among the operatives in Lancashire, arising from the fail-

ure of the cotton supply and consequent want of work, our main interest centres in the recent movement toward intervention in our war proposed by the French Government to those of Great Britain and Russia, and the position taken by those Powers. On the 30th of October M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed to the British and Russian Governments a note, in which, after praising the valor of the armies of the North and the South, lamenting the evils which the American war has brought upon Europe, referring to the small actual progress which had been made by either combatant, and alluding to dispositions toward peace which he thinks appear in both North and South, the following proposition is made:

"The Emperor has thought that the occasion has presented itself of offering to the belligerents the support of the good offices of the maritime Powers, and his Majesty has charged me to make the proposition of this Government to her Britannic Majesty, as well as to the Court of Russia. The three Cabinets would exert their influence at Washington, as well as with the Confederates, to obtain an armistice for six months, during which every act of war, direct or indirect, should provisionally cease, on sea as well as on land, and it might be, if necessary, ulteriorly prolonged. The overtures, I need not say, would not imply, on our part, any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle, nor any pressure upon the negotiations which might, it is to be hoped, ensue in favor of an armistice. Our task would consist solely in smoothing down obstacles, and in interfering only in a measure determined upon by the two parties."

Earl Russell, the British Foreign Minister, replied on the 14th of November. The Queen, he said, was desirous of acting in concert with the Emperor of France upon all the great questions now agitating the world, and upon none more so than in respect to the struggle now going on in North America. In the proposition to arrest by friendly measures the progress of the American war her Majesty's Government recognized "the benevolent views and humane intentions of the Emperor." They also thought that if the steps proposed were taken the concurrence of Russia would be extremely desirable; but they had no assurance that Russia would concur. The question was, whether the end proposed was at the present moment attainable by the course suggested by the Government of France. The conclusion, "after weighing all the information which had been received from America," was, in the words of Earl Russell, that

"Her Majesty's Government are led to the conclusion that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposals suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer. Her Majesty's Government think, therefore, that it would be better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if, as there appears reason to hope, it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo hereafter, any change, the three courts might then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties."

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, replied, under date of November 15. He says, after reviewing the constant efforts of Russia in favor of conciliation, that it was requisite,

"Above all things, to avoid the appearance of any pressure whatever capable of chilling public opinion in America, or of exercising the susceptibility of that nation. We believe that a combined measure of the three great Powers, however conciliatory, if presented in an official or officious character, would be the cause of arriving at a result opposed to pacification. If, however, France should persist in her intention of mediation, and England should acquiesce in her course, instructions shall be sent to Baron Stoeckl, at Washington, to lend to both his colleagues there (the French and English Ministers), if not official aid, at least moral support."

Editor's Table.

INSTITUTIONS AND MEN.—We Americans I just now are thinking of the meaning of these words as never before. We have always taken it for granted, indeed, that we had Institutions, and that these are important to us as a people alike for our domestic, civil, and religious welfare. But they have come to us so easily, and at least in our lifetime have stood generally so in keeping with the tastes and will of our people, that we have hardly drawn any positive line of distinction between our institutions, our men, our habits, our laws, and our customs. We have sometimes been almost ready to believe that all things rest here upon the immediate wishes of the many, and it is quite safe to leave the many to their own will, as if it could be none other than a sweet will.

But we are not exactly of this temper now; for we find that our great institution, our very National Government itself, has been assailed most rudely and perilously, and this, too, not by a mob of rowdies or merely by a clique of radicals, but by a class that claims to be the exclusive aristocracy of the country. In repelling this assault, moreover, we find that another class of persons are moved to fight fire by fire, and to try to put down the rebellion, not so much by the power of positive institutions with the restraints of law and the safeguards of education, industry, local usages, and church fellowship, as by popular passion and agitation in the face of constituted authority, and in contempt for written constitutions. In fact, it seems to be desired by some persons, not perhaps very numerous, that the nation should revert to its first instincts, all things now be referred to first principles of individual conviction, and a new national order be left to develop itself from this dissolution of all compacts and conventions. It is certain that while the rebels are assailing the National life—a class of agitators are assailing the States, and one objectionable institution is made the pretext of attacking the State institution itself, and setting up a military or some kind of imperialism over the whole land. Thus the most opposite orders of mind are now assailing our established institutions, and sometimes we find representatives of the two most opposite classes favoring the same measures and cheering the same hero: the ultra conservative and the radical willing, for different reasons, to set up a stronger government and crush forever all sectional feuds by a centralized empire. The great agitation stops or hides all the common and petty agitations; and while we are in arms against the host of Come Outers who have assailed our capital, we care little about the socialists, free lovers, and new lights, who have been thought to assail the sanctities of property, and home, and church.

For these and other reasons we are in the mood for thinking somewhat seriously of institutions, and in connection with the individualism, idealism, emotionalism, and revolutionism that are sometimes arrayed against them. We do not think it necessary to spend many words in defining what an institution is. It is enough to say that it is something fixed or established, and usually for the better and lasting co-operation and use of men. There may be indeed an establishment for plants, or dogs, or horses, yet all such establishments do not rise to the name and dignity of institutions until they have a social character, and unite the services and forward the purposes of human beings. Generally institutions are corporations; and whether with or

without legal acts of incorporation, they unite two or more persons in one body, and keep them together not at their own caprice, but under the laws of the organization. So that the institution is not only corporate, but has a corporate will, and not only combines the persons *together*, but *continuously*, or *keeps* them together. Accordingly, the family itself is to be regarded as an institution, and is made such not merely by the consent of the parties, but by the law of the land and the sanctions of the gospel and the church. A man and woman may marry at pleasure under the law; but as soon as they are married they are no longer left to their own pleasure, but they are members of an institution which neither nor both can dissolve. The law holds them as man and wife until they are legally divorced, and claims for the children that are born to them support and protection. Religion goes further, and binds them to live together in a Christian way so long as both shall live, and bids them dismiss every roving lust and wayward association, not in the name of the world's fashion or their own taste, but in the name of God himself. The family, thus founded upon law and religion, is the great institution of society, and without it the State and the Church would come to naught. We know very well, indeed, that certain persons scout at this view of the subject, and regard marriage solely as a personal understanding between man and woman, to hold good as long as they like, and who affirm the monstrous absurdity that the freer the relation the warmer the love, and the easier the divorce the more exalted if not the more enduring the tie. This free-love notion degrades and insults the name of love by leaving out its noblest element, its highest idea and affection, and regarding it as a private passion, or at most a personal feeling instead of a religious inspiration under a spiritual authority and lasting obligation. Apart from the positive laws of the land and the church, and looking now merely to the heart and conscience of the parties, we affirm that true marriage of necessity implies permanence and inviolableness, and either party degrades self and robs the other by setting any conditions to the promise that make the relation contingent instead of authoritative. In religion the highest affection affirms and loves God in his justice as well as his mercy; and the highest form of the love of the neighbor, the love between the twain that are one flesh, carries in its very nature the sense of duty and the idea of obligation. It is a principle, and not a mere impulse.

We can not base upon lower ground the authority of government or the civil institution. They who first form it can not be in earnest if they make it subject to contingencies, and leave property, business, happiness, nay, life itself, at the mercy of passion or chance. Nay, the origin of all national life has in itself a Providential necessity and solemnity that are wholly incompatible with caprice and uncertainty. Back of the statutes that formally decree the civil union, there are invariably Providential circumstances and principles that virtually compel or legitimate the union; and the parties that unite together to make the State are, like parties to the marriage, solemnly affianced before they are married. Moreover, the great national compacts that imply a certain previous relation, which they recognize and seek to complete and perpetuate, almost invariably declare the perpetuity of the obligation. Such surely was the case with our great national

charter, and the nation settled down under it without the least doubt of its lasting obligation, and committed the whole private and public welfare to its trust. It was the marriage of parties before solemnly betrothed, and who had made great sacrifices for each other. We are children of that marriage, and we were born into the nation with the same sense of our birthright that we feel in our own parental homestead. To us our country has been an institution, not an expedient; and the conviction that it is an institution is the great and abiding motive that animates and sustains us in this great struggle for our national life. Secession denies the institution itself by basing it upon the caprice, passion, or pleasure of the parties, and therefore every true American is bound to protest and to contend against secession to the last, as he would protest and contend against the leveler or slanderer who would try to pick flaws in his own mother's marriage, and make him a bastard or an outlaw. The idea of revolution we may accept if we can not help it; and this is a decent and sometimes a respectable ground to stand upon; but secession we hold to be a monstrous lie, a base swindle, an infamous cheat, and we are bound to call it accursed, and to assail it in word and deed to our latest breath. If we can not help it, rebellion must have its way, and be successful revolution if it can; but though ten times as strong as now, and however successful, it shall never tempt nor force us to abandon our birthright, nor to accept a principle that must taint the whole nation, and leave no part of our Union sacred.

We might multiply illustrations from other social institutions; but they all rest upon the same essential foundations as the family and the nation, and are very insecure when domestic and civil obligations are shaken. Thus, what is the credit of our financial institutions worth—what are railway bonds, bank-notes, and all kinds of corporate promises, if the national credit that underlies them all is shaken to the foundation? Equally insecure are all forms of social engagement, all associations for education, recreation, and even for religion, when the foundations of the household are shaken and the marriage institution is undermined.

We know that this point of view is unpopular in some quarters, and that some persons think that institutions are of small account in comparison with the rights and purposes of individuals. We have no disposition to disparage the claims of *individuals* as such; nay, we are quite sure of strengthening them by giving due efficacy to institutions. *Institutions* are little or nothing without *men*, we know; but do we not also know that *men* are little or nothing without *institutions*? and as matter would be almost useless if its separate atoms had no power to combine together, so individuals are almost powerless unless they can associate together under the auspices of institutions. Every school, household, store, lyceum, bank, public library, mill, market, church—all these are institutions, and without these and the like the individual sinks almost to the level of the brutes; nay, the brute, the wild beast of the field or the forest, gets on better alone than man, and does not need institutions to build him roads and schools, to raise up cities and kingdoms, to allow him to live.

But we are quite willing to meet the sticklers for individualism on their own ground; and we maintain that true respect for man, considered in himself alone or as individual, compels us to respect and sustain institutions. Thus doing, we respect duly each

man's *origin*, and acknowledge his birthright; for surely we are all born in institutions of some sort. We are somebody's children surely, although the smart French woman who said that "her leave was not asked before she was born into the world" represents the self-sufficiency of some persons who seem to affirm their own self-sufficiency, and either to imply that they created themselves or to quarrel with their parents for not consulting them previous to their birth. We truly honor ourselves, however, when we honor our parents; and so, too, when we respect the great social, civil, and religious institutions that met us at our birth and made life in so many respects pleasant and profitable to us. Our whole education as well as our origin bids us respect these influences; for it takes them all to educate us, and it would go ill with the most gifted man if he had only his own intuitions to rely upon. Nay, respect for the intuitive power itself compels us to respect institutions; for these have been founded and furthered by the great seers of our race, so that every well-educated man has the benefit not only of his own individual mind, but also of the leading minds in all history, who are combined and continued in the life and thought of institutions. Moses, and Solon, and Justinian live in all law, and every court of justice opens to the poorest citizen the counsel and protection of the world's great lawgivers from time immemorial. Apart from such fellowship an individual is nothing; and outside of civilized society, with its established agency, the greatest of geniuses is below the savage in culture and arts; for the savage goes with his own people, and uses their arts and ideas.

This reasoning seems almost to be superfluous; yet too often we are compelled to own its necessity by listening to praises of nature and disparagements of civilization. It is frequently taken for granted that society creates bondage and nature gives freedom, and that perfect liberty consists in being left wholly to one's self. The truth is quite otherwise; for nature, without civilization, is sure to be bondage, and true liberty is found only under civilized institutions. Leave an infant to itself, and it will not live a day. Leave a man to himself, without legal or social protection, and he is sure to be somebody's slave or victim. In the city he will lose his pocket-book at the hands of some thief, and on the highway or in the woods he will find some more desperate assailant, whether man or beast, and will be little disposed to look upon the law as tyranny or the constable an oppressor. Personal liberty is surely an institution, a civil state, and not a natural condition. All emancipation, therefore, that removes even oppressive restraint without securing the protection of positive law is false to its name, and may end in greater bondage; and every where in history, where men seek relief from one master without defending themselves against the many who are eager to take the place of the one, they find themselves little the gainers by the exchange, and that *anarchy* is more oppressive than *monarchy*. All the greater then is the worth of the good institutions that bind the one and the many together, and protect each individual by the majesty that reigns over all.

Surely, then, we are to accept institutions not only as *actual* but as *Providential* facts, and to respect them as having at once the consent of human experience and the sanction of the divine government. Reverence in this view we can not but regard as essential to a true man, and we count not among the independent thinkers, but the reckless

destructives him who, in his opposition to incidental evils, strikes at the foundations of all social and civil order. The destructive spirit is all the meaner according as it employs the very treasures and arts of current civilization to assail it—as when the beneficiary of a college tries to destroy its prosperity, or one reared under the care and at the cost of a government turns traitor to its laws, or the disciple of a gifted and exalted master is recreant to his school, and uses his very learning under those auspices to deny the faith and malign the fellowship that he deserted.

But institutional reverence, to amount to any thing of worth, must be not merely a sentiment but a principle. It must be put into practice, and can not be practical without obeying the peculiar voice of institutions, which is *law*; for they rule especially by laws, while persons rule by commands. God's commands indeed are laws, and are both personal and universal; but institutions, as combining many wills together, are expected to express their decrees in a way that best affirms a common will, and appeals to a common conviction. Thus a nation speaks with authority; but its laws are regarded not so much declarations of a personal will as of a combined judgment, and they all rest upon the combined interpretation of the national right, which rests in God himself, and so rises above every finite will. So it is that all *laws* are based upon the idea of *the law*, which is not human but divine, and identical with the eternal justice which men do not originate, but are simply to accept. All true institutions are legitimately built upon this idea, and when men meet together to legislate or to pass laws, they begin with taking it for granted that the law exists, and before a single statute had been framed they would all be ready to say that they believe in *the law*, and in a sense in which no mere individualist can affirm it—that is, all large and right-minded men would allow in advance of all specific legislation that communities as such are empowered to make laws in the very nature of things, and the body politic has a commission to do its work under *the law* of God himself. The recognition of this fact is vital to civilization, and institutions are materialized and degraded the moment that they are based upon mere force, and when number of voices or weight of weapons or gold, not the right of the case, is the ground of supreme authority.

The specific laws that are enacted nominally upon this idea may, and undoubtedly must, contain a certain amount of error; for men are imperfect, and there is a proportion of friction and alloy in all that they do. But the error of laws is no reason for rejecting the authority of the law in general, nor even for disobeying those very laws, unless the error is so vital as to make nonconformity a duty and render a revolution justifiable. Judges may make mistakes from which we are to appeal to higher tribunals; yet in such a way as not to assail the foundations of law itself. Far better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; and he who submits to an unjust verdict, after every justifiable effort, is a better patriot than he who takes the law into his own hands, and so does what he can to set mob rule above civil justice. Sometimes the laws of a nation may be opposed to what seem to us to be the dictates of natural justice, and in such cases we are to do all in our power to set them right. We may go even further and take the ground of peaceful nonconformity toward wrong legislation, and do not become revolutionists until we try by violence or conspiracy to set at

naught or overturn the constituted authorities of the land.

We know very well how this statement is often met, and how the supremacy of the private conscience is maintained. But surely if I have a conscience my neighbor must be allowed to have one too; and in all matters of public welfare the conscience of the community must express itself in laws, which are the voice virtually of the public conscience, and as such is binding upon the allegiance when not altogether in keeping with the private opinions of all the persons concerned. Nay, we declare that the enlightened private conscience is bound to affirm the existence and jurisdiction of a certain public conscience; for each true conscience is bound not only to accept a superior right and an absolute law somewhere, but to acquiesce in human fellowship as created by God, and as having a certain right and law under His government. We are not, indeed, to affirm that mere numbers or public authority can make right wrong, or wrong right; but we do earnestly believe that we have sound and conscientious reasons for obeying, as far as we can, the established laws as coming from Providential institutions, and as promoting the greatest good of the greatest number? In this way, instead of yielding to a dull and passive obedience, we are in a fairer way to secure all desirable reforms. We can sway and improve a man much better by appreciating him, and doing justice to the bright side of his character, than by eternally finding fault with him, and scolding and worrying him as if we hardly thought the poor fellow fit to live. So it is with institutions. Respect them, and correct them. Improve them from *within* instead of assailing them from *without*, and the best progress will be found, we believe, to be vastly helped by a generous loyalty. A different course tends to exaggerate the ills in question and sometimes to restore them when overthrown, and in our view the sequel of all harsh and indiscriminate revolutions is any thing but favorable to the very ends to be sought. We need not to be told what mobs do, and how invariably they set up in exaggerated form the very tyranny complained of; and military despotism, that fearful and disciplined institution, is the constant attendant of popular violence. But even those assaults on established institutions that figure most in history as making eras in human progress are not by any means wholly encouraging, and we can not by any means regard destruction as the essential condition of reform. Christianity did not assault the Roman state or the Hebrew church after the manner of modern revolutions, and Rome and Judea fell by their own wrath rather than by the Christian aggression. We believe that a careful and candid study of modern agitations will show that a harsh radicalism has often tended to reinstate the thrones, priesthoods, and nobilities that it has overthrown, and given a powerful rebound to the very springs that it has striven to break. Such movements as Puritanism and Quakerism, much as we admire them, are not wholly rose-color, and their attempts to supplant established usages have not in all respects succeeded in meeting the wants of the people, or in keeping the ground already won.

Cromwell and his Roundheads did very great things with their intense zeal and burning personal religion so long as they were held together by the pressure of a common danger, and were the mightiest of iconoclasts as long as the old idols were standing. But when they came to reconstruct the Church and State they did not do so well. They wanted an

external order to answer to their internal thought and feeling; and decided as was their type of inward experience, and in the main shaped according to the same doctrines, it allowed of too many variations to be a sufficiently uniform authority, and in time the old Puritan individualism of experience showed itself in a diversity of opinions and policies that greatly enfeebled the whole body, and played into the hands of the Churchmen and Loyalists. Nothing good, indeed, can ever die; and the zeal and wisdom of the Puritans survived the days of the old Commonwealth: yet it is really wonderful how little their institutions acted upon the English people: and we must in candor allow that England absorbed the blood of this new and mighty race into her old Constitution, and while her pulse was freer and truer by the transfusion, her organism remained essentially the same as before, and the Cavalier polity conquered, or rather organized and administered, the Round-head enthusiasm.

Quakerism, with its extreme doctrine of the inner light, the most interior or subjective form of social and religious life known to modern history, has resulted in confirming the value of many of the institutions which it assailed. Its leaders soon found that all church order was not an imposition of priestcraft, and in fact they trenched more upon the liberty of their people, especially of the young and impulsive, than the old lords spiritual in some respects. They established positive institutions of the most minute and stringent character, and from these their children seem now quite generally retiring into the old ways of the church as into the old costumes of the world; and while worldliness may be one cause of the change, we can not but think that it comes in part from the essential wants of the human heart, and the especial fitness of certain accepted social, civil, and religious methods to meet those wants. It is pleasing to see that in the best instances the descendants of the Quakers carry the interior views of their fathers into their new connections, and the ritual and life of our churches has gained much in depth and earnestness and spirituality from the infusion of Quaker elements. However this may be, nothing is clearer than that in all communities where the Society of Friends have been in the ascendant there is a powerful reaction in the other direction, and sometimes toward decided ritualism, as in Philadelphia. As to civil institutions, Quakerism has surely shown by its own experience the insufficiency of the non-resistance theory, and we do not believe that there were many broad-brims in the Quaker City who would have refused to shoulder a musket had the hordes of rebeldom shown themselves as threatened of late in that quarter.

In fact, the whole history of Individualism, whether of the emotional, ideal, or mystical school, strengthens our faith in institutions, and makes us less and less inclined to think ideas, feelings, or impulses a sufficient guide to a community. Even when a great idea masters a people, and becomes the all-animating purpose, it invariably defeats itself unless embodied into institutions; and a million persons, all on fire to go upon a crusade against some monster ill or toward some sacred shrine, are a mere mob and in each other's way unless duly marshaled and disciplined into that mighty institution an army, with visible banner and head. We believe in *general principles*, and can not do without them; but we need a more visible and imperious General to lead us before these principles can triumph; and nothing is more at the root of the bitter disappoint-

ment which, as a nation, we are now suffering than the obvious insufficiency of personal convictions without organization and leaders to secure success. A powerful institution has assailed the nation, and we have hoped to repel it, in great part, by ideas and emotions. We can put it down only by a greater institution and a stronger organization. Even revolution, in order to secure itself, becomes an institution; and the great Napoleon, by his army discipline and his many institutes, gave body to the ideas and impulses of the Republic, and the nephew has not forgotten the arts of the uncle.

We Americans have been going through a great experience of sensations and impulses and ideas, and are amazed that so little constructive good has thus far come of the experience. We are decidedly out of temper with our talking and writing men of the *doctrinaire* school, and have been sitting with singular patience at the feet of the practical men who are believed to be capable of doing something substantial. One of our universities gave a degree to Ericsson for his iron-clad *Monitor*, and Scott and McClellan have been made Doctors of Laws because they were thought able to put an army together and lead it to victory. Our sensationalism is just now at a great discount, and we are looking most earnestly and anxiously at the foundations of things, and willing to give any amount of power to the man that can save the nation and rebuild its ruins. We have ceased to think much of newspaper paragraphs or flaming telegrams, and are impatient even of news of victories, if they are merely impulsive raids, and do not bear upon the great issues of the war, and promise to restore the unity and prosperity of the nation. We have been astounded at the impotence of any amount of mere enthusiasm to secure even its own ends; and have seen that the very impatience of constitutional restraint that has led many to snatch at universal liberty is in danger of putting liberty at a distance by breaking up the very national union which enabled the liberty-men to help the lot of the enslaved. Our first danger now is surely disunion, and among the causes that have threatened us with such a disaster we give a conspicuous place to that disrespect for constituted order which has led so many in opposite quarters to prefer their private or sectional opinions and impulses to the great institutes of the nation. We have sometimes forgotten that, as a nation, we can agree only in what is common to us as such, and, as when we march in a great army, we must adjust our step to the general step. Let each man march at will, the fleet of foot hurrying forward and the sluggish lagging behind, and the army is no more; and each man, while seeking his individual liberty, loses his place in the united host, and destroys even his power to keep his own liberty, in destroying the means of keeping the enemy at bay.

When, moreover, in snatching at a desired object, we endanger the fabric of public order, we forget that while there is a condition far above the existing system there is also a state of things much below it, and the dissolution of the body politic unlocks as many horrors as the dissolution of the human body lets loose foul gases. Far better it is to act upon a disease through the existing organism than to put its life in danger and cure disease by dissolution. Hence we carefully contend for guarding the organic life of the nation, while we are equally earnest to purify and quicken its functions; and we are willing to submit patiently to any delay or disappointments in favorite measures before striking at the founda-

tions upon which our institutions rest. Let all good laws be passed, and all bad laws be repealed; but while seeking these *ends* let us not endanger the essential *means* by calling in question the existence of the law itself, or the great obligation that makes us a nation.

We, as a people, are sober and conservative, and would probably do our duty to our institutions and wisely purge away the evil leaven in the lump by effective methods were it not for the intrigues of our politicians, who are always on the look-out for some point of difference by which to make a party and carry their immediate purpose. It is this partisan passion for immediate objects that is the great danger to our Government, and which threatens to substitute measures that are almost a *revolution* for the slower but surer method of growth or *evolution*. We look too exclusively at what the Presidential term of *four* years will do for the party, and too little at what a century will do for the country. Hence the *constant* elements of our institutions are less prominent than the *variable*—as if the *throne* were forgotten, and the changing *cabinets* were all that is thought of.

It becomes, therefore, our serious duty as a people to secure the normal evolution of our institutions, and to promote their healthy growth by putting away whatever is noxious, accepting whatever is nutritious, and unfolding every rightful power. It is the work of the statesman to secure this result and to study and guide our people; not as an aggregation of self-willed individuals, but as a body of citizens, with one constitution that masses them together in one life, and moves them forward in the line of their Providential destiny. That such statesmen are not more in the ascendant now it is more the fault of the people and their party managers than the poverty of our land in men, or the failure of the bounty of God to grant the gifts and the schooling that can rule and save the state.

It is time now to look matters fully in the face; and while we are reviewing our institutions we must cut away whatever is fatal to their life, and accept whatever is essential to their health, and, above all, put forth those positive powers which carry life and health in their growth, and make *evolution* the best safeguard against *revolution*. We are confident that the normal evolution of our national life must be the triumph of universal liberty as well as of constitutional law. We were satisfied with the marks of our progress that were contained in our national census, and quite satisfied that our institutions, if left to themselves, would work out our national problem, and give freedom its rightful supremacy. The conspirators saw this very fact, and wickedly kindled the fires of civil war, hoping to change the ground of conflict from the fields of industry to the field of battle. When our loyal champions of institutions have beat the conspirators in battle the old campaign will be resumed, and industry will anew organize her forces and set up her standard of liberty and law from the rising to the going down of the sun.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all kind friends, old and new, who so heartily welcome every month the flower-scatterers and the bubble-blowers who ply their task with unwearied cheerfulness upon our modest Magazine! They have been heartily hailed

now for one hundred and fifty-two months. The first nursery-class in arithmetic may eliminate from those figures the number of our years. Right, Master Hal! We are just twelve years and eight months old—older than you by four years and eight months at least.

When our flowers began to scatter fragrance and our bubbles to glitter in the air there was no vigorous, universal magazine in the country. There had always been monthly periodicals, of which possibly Dennie's *Port-Folio* was the most famous. There had been chatty Lady's Books, which were perhaps a little too exclusively Ladies-Maids' Books; and there were the *Democratic Review*, in which Hawthorne scattered his flowers; and the *Whig Review*, and Philadelphia Magazines, in which Willis blew his bubbles; and indeed a multitude of longer or shorter lived publications of the kind, remembered pleasantly—especially by the gay young fellows with the scattering hands and the easy pipes; and not so pleasantly, in all cases, by the gentlemen of sedate years, who stood as it were upon the outside, and who, in the effort to sell the bubbles and blossoms of the gay young fellows within, were sometimes so sadly sold themselves. Then there had been the stately Quarterly Reviews, those Saurians and Megatheriums of periodicals, of which a well-preserved and pleasant specimen survives even to our day in the *North American Review*.

But none of all these had a circulation at all corresponding to the extent and character of the American reading public: upon all the great Reviews the image of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* sat heavily, like the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad; and, like Sinbad, they could not throw him off. The lighter magazines began with a foundation of well-flavored cream, but it was gradually so whipped up into mere froth that even the wine of the Hawthorne could not save it. With the exception of an occasional substance and flavor like that, it was a thin and tasteless trifle, and nothing more. The reader opened his mouth and it was filled with sweet cloud. The bubbles were in fact very airy, and the flowers were sometimes actually made of muslin, and instead of breathing a delightful odor merely smelled of oil and the shop. So, one by one, they disappeared. Perhaps if they had had a more solid foundation, which is the *capital* necessity, they might have lasted longer, despite the flimsy superstructure. But we have no wish to flout their memories. We wish to speak only kindly of our predecessors of every degree, this blithe New-Year's morning. And especially of that which, born after us, died before we have shown any sign of decay—whose career, if brief, was very bright and memorable, and which stands always among the genial native saints in the niches of our periodical literature. I mean, of course, *Putnam's Monthly*, the pea-green stranger of just ten years ago.

If you are sometime strolling through Park Place, which was the main avenue to Columbia College within the memory of very young men, and which so reluctantly yielded its respectable old brick houses to dentists and milliners, so that it was quaintly out of place and time long before it was willing to confess it and go up town—if, I say, you sometimes stroll there among the lofty marble palaces which take in cloth at the cellar and turn out gold in the counting-room, you will see upon the left as you go toward the North River a single red brick house. That is the last solitary relic of the old mansions of Park Place. It is prodigiously red—unnecessarily,

and almost fiercely red. But it is excusable, as a gentleman of the old school who should wear a very long queue and very high top-boots might be pardoned for amiably insisting in that way that his times and costume are as good as any body's. The old house does not blush for shame at being overtopped and antiquated, but it is the flush of a vigorous resistance. "I have to stand for all the old city," it seems to say, "and no wonder the strain makes me red in the face." It feels that it belongs to the time when there were carriages, not carts, daily standing at its door; and when not the material of dresses, but the exquisite completion of them passed and repassed its portal. It looks now upon the wives of merchants coming to ask for money, or their clerks in amazing coats and vast trousers running and writing and marking boxes. But it looked in its prime upon ladies floating to dulcet measures in airy dances, and upon young men of fashion and splendor, some of whom I occasionally see, and in the quaint dandyism of their clothes and manners I am irresistibly reminded of the old-fashioned three-story red brick house of Park Place. Then, again, I suppose by mere force of contrast, because there is nothing Venetian in New York nor poetic in such a street, but also because there is the same old human heart under all aspects of human life, as I stand amidst the rattle of the street and look up at that old house, I hear snatches of Browning's poem, "A Toccata of Galuppi's," ringing in my mind. It is amusing that it should be so, but so it is. The lines are Venice set to throbbing music:

"Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?

Balls and masks, begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day;

When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

"Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red, On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed;

O'er the breast's superb abundance, where a man might base his head?

"Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford,

—She to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword—

While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the Clavichord."

* * * * *

"Then they left you for their pleasure; till in due time, one by one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

"But when I sit down to reason—think to take my stand, nor swerve,

Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from Nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every nerve.

* * * * *

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."

This seems like wandering from the path, but it is not; for in the third story front-room of that old-fashioned red house the "welcome little pea-green stranger" was first uttered. *Putnam's Monthly* was

born there. There the plans were discussed, the programme arranged. There the bushels of precious manuscript were unrolled and read. There Rhadamanthus sat and judged. There were other judges even in the place where Rhadamanthus originally sat. So there were here. But in both tribunals there was but one Rhadamanthus. I know that blushing beginners—scribblerlings, as Elia might have called them—suppose that editors are a stern race, in whom the heart was omitted; a class among men like the Amazons among women; and as the writers become more sophisticated they are seized with the delusion that editors either actually overlook or read very cursorily *their* manuscripts. "I am sure," they are wont to say, "that any unprejudiced critic would allow that poems have been constantly published in that magazine (or paper, or whatever it may be) which are really inferior to those I have sent which have been refused. I don't wish to praise my own poetry; but mere justice compels me to say that a great deal of stuff is published which I certainly would not print." But as I look up at that old room, with its glistening windows that look back at me like spectral eyes, and its bare, skeleton-like floors and walls within, I can truly affirm that no offense in the matter of due consideration was committed by Rhadamanthus or either of his associate justices. I will say for one of them, at least, that he could not read any manuscript without knowing, from his own experience, how precious it was to the writer. Poor things are not less precious than good ones to those who have no other. Do you suppose that Tupper does not fondle his platitudes as if they were poems? There are such wildernesses of well-meaning verse, such reams and yards and acres and square miles of commonplace story, such incredible lengths and prosiness of essay, and such ghastly gulfs of attempted humor, through and over which an editor has to walk, run, wallow, trip, stumble, and skip that he may congratulate himself if he escapes, while he knows that there is one person in the world to whom every inch of what he has cleared has a quite inconceivable and fabulous value. But if the writer would be as thoughtful as the editor is compelled to be, and remember that with every poem he sends a hundred other poems of the same excellence, and with every novel a score of novels equally good, reach the editor's hands he will be more patient of the apparent neglect.

It was in that front upper room that these judgments were made and the new craft launched, although in winter, upon a summer sea. How kindly she took to her element! How gayly the breezes blew! How prosperously she sailed from shore, with every inch of pea-green canvas spread, and cheerful singing at the rudder! In that room the singing at the start was heard. It is that remembrance which consecrates the old house. I hardly dare to look down the street, as I pass in Broadway after a long absence, lest I should find that improvement has marked it for its own, and swept away the venerable relic; and although the room was soon vacated, and the bare walls and floors were left, and the sober work of editing was done elsewhere, the house can not divest itself of romance. Nor can I ever read or remember the most touching of Beranger's lyrics,

"Je reviens voir l'asyle où ma jeunesse,"

which Father Prout has so exquisitely translated, without recalling the bleak bare upper room in Park Place where we sat before the glowing, generous fire, singing the Yeave-ho of *Putnam's Monthly*:

'Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
 'Mid the bright bowls;
 "Have we a Bourbon?"
 Yes, it was here ~~strong~~ ^{first}
 Kindled our souls!
 Sparrowgrass / Prue,
~~Brown~~ ^{Prue} roared; ~~Prue~~ with redoubled might,
 Felt her heart swell!
 Tom Dillar's /
 Proudly we drank ~~our~~ ^{Prue's} health that night
 In attic cell.

"Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,
 Ere my life's close,
 All the dull days I'm destined yet to live
 For one of those!
 Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
 Joys that befell,
 And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
 In attic cell?"

Sometimes, as I hurry through Nassau Street or down Fulton, I catch a glimpse of old Pea-green stealing a wistful glance at me from the shelves or table of some modest dealer in the open air. I murmur to myself, as I hurry on,

"Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all.
 Here was Love's shrine:
 There, read in charcoal traced along the wall,
 Th' unfinished line—"

Putnam's, as the kindly purchasing public persisted in calling it, fell silent by the way about five years ago, and as if from its ashes rose the *Atlantic*, which is still our contemporary. Of yet later date is the *Continental*. The old *Knickerbocker* has been in failing health for some years, but is now trying to make a vigorous show of life once more. May it succeed in drawing a longer breath, and in getting upon its legs again! Meanwhile, in our twelve years and eight months of life, which have carried us through such mutations and sad mortality in magazines, we—our bound and aggregate selves or self (the editorial "we" is sometimes puzzling, as when a new editor gravely wrote, "We ourselves are a married man")—contain a library of many kinds of literature. We are, in fact, a cyclopedia of literature, history, æsthetics, and science. Our supplies have been drawn from foreign and domestic fountains. Indeed, as one of the objects originally contemplated by us was to bring before the American reader, at the most reasonable rate, the good things that were scattered through foreign periodicals, and which were accessible only at the most unreasonable rates, so we may fairly say that our success, the success of an American magazine, itself stimulated American talent and business enterprise to enter the field as competitors. We awoke our slumbering native talent by showing it how numerous an audience stood ready to hear and be entertained. And as the American genius for magazine writing has developed itself we have taken care that it should scatter its flowers and blow its bubbles upon our pages, so that now the foreign guests there are only of the most distinguished. Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Miss Evans, Miss Mulock, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and others communicate with the American reader through us; but generally the bulk of our contributors are American.

It is not immodest, since we are telling the truth, for me to say for the Magazine that its circulation has gone to a number of copies altogether unprecedented. But the profoundest modesty absolutely forbids that we should ever venture a guess at the reason. Yet if you, for your own gratification, choose to tell over the cardinal conditions of success in such

a work you will doubtless mention many of the reasons that explain ours. If you should say, for instance, that there must be certain mercantile facilities which enable the Magazine to be brought before every reader in every part of the country—that the circulation so founded must be secured by supplying the most welcome material in the most copious and attractive form, and for a very small cost—that the selection of material must be made by a taste which instinctively understands the popular demand—that the general character of such a work must be entertaining rather than didactic—that it must have no politics and no sectarian religion, yet all the while rely not upon its negative but its positive merits, you would undoubtedly have described some of the characteristics of a magazine which has been so widely and permanently successful. I have observed that some anonymous writer, who, I have sometimes suspected, might turn out to be the editor, remarks upon the outer side of a late number, in what might be called a very audible type, that "*Harper's Magazine* furnishes a greater amount of matter in a more pleasing form and more profusely illustrated than any other similar periodical. The illustrations alone cost more than any other magazine expends for literary and artistic matter. It soon secured, and has ever retained, a greater circulation than any other periodical of its class." And this anonymous, but evidently responsible, writer adds, that a complete set of the Magazine is a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. For my part I believe him, especially when the erudite author declares that you may have twenty-five volumes of us, complete from our birth, for one dollar and fifty cents a volume.

Yet if I were Mr. Marcius Willson, who makes grammars and school-books of every kind, and, as I am told, of the greatest excellence, instead of a poor, weakened, decrepit, creaking Easy Chair, I should demand an explanation of the use of the word "other" in those interesting remarks I have just quoted. Is not any "similar periodical" necessarily another one and not this one? I do not pretend to know, because I am not Mr. Marcius Willson, but I should like very much to ascertain. Moreover, I shall not ask the editor, because I have once or twice fallen into great trouble by interfering with his prerogatives. Some few months since I replied to a correspondent that every body was allowed a chance in these pages, and I invited every body to empty their port-folios into the post-office, addressed to the luckless editor. The next time I went to pay my duty I opened his door and beheld a vast mountain of manuscript, from the summit of which his exhausted head protruded, the hair waving feebly, like a smoke-puff from the peak of Vesuvius, and a hollow voice called to me from awful depths, "*Exegisti monumentum*"—you have cooked up a pretty kettle of fish!

I confess that my conscience smote me. Manuscripts are so different from spirits. If you call them they do come, and come as the locusts came to Egypt. "I will thank you to say," continued the hollow voice, "that every affected girl, every silly student, every moon-struck booby in the land need *not* send their manuscripts to the editor of this Magazine. Nor need any body send because kind friends have persuaded him that he ought not to hide his light under a bushel. That is the best place for most-lights. They are very sure to blow out if you expose them to the air." Of course I hastened to undo what I could of the mischief I had

made; and I recur to the matter now, when we are chatting familiarly together, that every body may understand that if he has any thing uncommonly good he had better lay it in a drawer for five years (Horace said nine), and then if, upon taking it out, it still seems good, let him reduce it one-half, copy it out in a fair, legible hand, inclose it in an envelope, direct plainly to the *Editor of Harper*, and then drop it—in the drawer again for one more year. Then, if it has flavor still, send it on. The Horatian method of ripening manuscripts is pursued with great success in the case of pears. If you understand the business you do not pull your fruit and hurry it to market. But you suffer it to lie in the contemplative repose of a dark drawer, and after several weeks how luscious it is! It is the great advantage of a magazine that it can have this thoroughly ripened fruit. But the dish that is set before us in the daily paper! That is like a banquet of sharp, acrid, unripe fruit. No wonder that we have such colics and indigestions from partaking of it.

As the cheerful, genial season returns we are not conscious of any enemies; we do not know any who would grudge us either our effort or its reward. For ourselves, we have no hard feelings to gratify. Let every honest magazine thrive and go its way. We shall try to go ours as heretofore. Neither the continent nor the ocean shall seem to us rivals, but only friendly contemporaries of another persuasion. Literary rivalries and jealousies are very bitter, and they are apt to be very enduring because they are so readily gratified. A man with a pen in his hand can so easily strike off a spark which shall explode a mine of ill feeling. The spectators meanwhile only smile or sneer. They take no part, and look only for amusement. One paper or one magazine fires incessantly at another, and the Public is tolerably amused until suddenly it is intolerably bored. It is not our praise, because it is our nature; but this Magazine has had no quarrels, and has made no explanations. In one case, that of Mr. Douglas, it relinquished its usual course in being strictly unpolitical, and published his celebrated paper upon Popular Sovereignty. But the Magazine as such has had no politics, and has therefore avoided that copious source of bitter quarreling. But as Sir Lucius O'Trigger might take mortal offense at George Fox because his steady non-resistance would seem to be a steady satire upon the Knight's pugnacity, so there have not been wanting ardent souls who have quarreled with our very avoidance of quarreling. "Not to quarrel," they say, "is not to have opinions. Not to have opinions is to be timid, time-serving, and unmanly."

Well, we decline to quarrel even upon so pregnant a text. That we must always talk politics as writers because we have political interests as citizens does not very clearly appear. Yet, if the garrulity and personality of an Easy Chair may be pardoned, he is inclined to think that he has betrayed no cause dear to him, and that the bent of his sympathies has not been, as indeed no man's strong sympathies can be, hidden even in the general chat of these columns. If he has not been a partisan, he has yet maintained here the same principles which underlie his convictions as a citizen. When the Easy Chair is wheeled in every month, it is to talk of special topics, as we go to the Opera to hear music, and to the Gallery to see pictures. Does any Sir Lucius complain that when we go to the admirable German Opera at Wallack's old theatre, we hear Beethoven's *Fidelio* in-

stead of seeing Titian's Assumption? The incorrigible man would then pout in the Vatican because he did not hear Verdi's *Rigoletto*! Did it ever occur to Sir Lucius that one of the most delightful and original authors of modern England had no politics whatever, if we may judge from his writings? Elia was not a politician. England was, or was thought to be, in mortal peril during his time, but there is small trace of it on his pages. Who would imagine that Lamb was contemporary with Bonaparte and the revolution of July? If his essays had been exhumed a hundred years hence, without a date upon the page, who could have determined his period in our literature within half a century or more? Certain allusions, of course, would have done it, but not the general tone of the essays. Do you think less kindly of him, Sir Lucius? Do you gather the politics of Bacon, of Montaigne, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Emerson, from their essays; of Milton, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or Bryant, from their poems; of Fielding, or Dickens, or Hawthorne, from their stories? Of course their great, deep sympathies with human welfare are there, but not their party predilections.

As it has been then, let it be. It is a very curious and impressive thought that the words traced by the Easy Chair upon this page are read by so many eyes, in such remote and scattered places, by those whom he will never know, and who will never know him by any other name. These make the diocese with which he has held relations so long. A Happy New Year, faithful friends! Time can not wither the friendly freshness of the heart, however it may dim the eye and unnerve the hand. A Happy New Year! Long may the Easy Chair and his friendly audience survive, not only in our persons, but for our day, and for long after us! And so,

"One word ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends
As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, love or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"My song save this is little worth,
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide:
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will!"

THERE was lately a special meeting of the Sassafras Club for the purpose of admitting a new member—the member for Woods and Forests, according to the quaint British tautology in describing an officer of the Cabinet. To tell the truth, the new member has almost a better right than any of us to be sworn of the Sassafras Council, for he has sat under more trees, and talked with more, and practically known more of them, than all the members together. He is a true forester; but would never join the hunt of Robin Hood, although he would lie upon a green

bank the whole day long, merely for the chance of hearing the distant music of the bold outlaw's bugle and the echoing shout of his merry men. He would find the melancholy Jaques a more sympathetic companion, and would gladly cap verses or quaint saws with him, as long as the sylvan cynic chose.

But his credentials as one of the *Sassafras* are not only his power of sitting in the shade, content to hear the brook gurgle and the Club chat and gossip, but a rare and intimate acquaintance with all the sights and sounds of nature, the varieties of trees and shrubs and plants, and the time of their budding and blowing; the places which flowers haunt, and the seasons when they come. He seems to have a fine ear, that tells him of their arrival as a magician might hear the flitting and lighting of ghosts. And the same ear informs him of the birds and their singing; and he even hears when they ought to sing, if for a few days they are belated; while all the insect voices, the choral hum of mid-summer days and early autumn evenings are individual tones to him, and he tells the passage of the year by his ear quite as much as by his eye. He is as shy as a partridge, and not only lives somewhat a recluse from men, but actually hides himself under a broad-brimmed slouched hat and within the charitable folds of a huge old-fashioned camlet cloak, even when you are walking or talking with him. His avoidance of society is instinctive, as a musician avoids discords; and he has a humorous twinkling sarcasm in his treatment of those who seem to him sophisticated or enslaved by society. A black hat or a dress-coat affect him like the most ludicrous jests, and the habit of stuffing good honest English talk with French phrases excites his utmost contempt. He declares that he should as soon think of larding a beef tongue with the fat of frogs. Moreover, he is very fond of insisting that civilization has half ruined us; that we are getting so many appliances as to lose our self-dependence; and that modern and ancient, or civilized and savage society, may be typified by the army of Julius Cæsar in Gaul, and that of Napier in India. The Romans marched with the least possible weight, and carried it all upon their backs, he says; while the British army could not move without a train of sumpter camels to carry cosmetics. And why this absurd custom of breakfast, dinner, and tea? he asks, with amusing dogmatism. Are people to be hungry exactly three times a day, and always at regular intervals? No, it is against nature. When people are hungry let them go to the pantry and eat; but let us have no more wasting precious time by seeing others eat. At best it is a very unhandsome process. I believe that in society people put on their best clothes to come together and see each other eat. I presume, from what I know of society, that they do so. I should be very much surprised if they did not.

The delightful twinkle is in his eyes as he speaks; and if you suggest that cows and pigs do precisely as he recommends "people" to do, and when they are hungry go to the pantry and eat, he only smiles the more. But if you should suppose from this discourse that the member for Woods and Forests is careless in his household, and that his home has the charms of a wigwam, it is only because you do not yet know him. After all the fine rallery at the comforts of civilization, you enter his house and all that civilization can do for you is done. It is an old farm-house made over—just as his picturesque, pretty grounds are a farm made into "a place." There is nothing finical about it, but every thing is simple and taste-

ful. The grassy ground sweeps gradually up from the highway, and the road winds broadly round to the door. There is a little pond with trees leaning over it and a rocky knoll, making a play-ground of resources which every boy and girl would at once appreciate. The house is a simple square old farmhouse, painted so neatly, and its whole aspect so trim, that nobody would mistake it for a common farmer's; because, although it is a pity, it is true, that the houses of common farmers have an untidy, untasteful look, even when it is clear that the farmer is prosperous. On the other hand, it would never be taken for the country retreat of any of the Sparrowgrass family. There is nothing exotic in the house or the owner. It has grown out of him gently and gradually, forming itself as a shell forms around its inhabitant. Yet the member for Woods and Waters is not rich, and has made little outlay upon his place. He looks, indeed, across intervening fields to another neighboring estate, which he calls his creation—the triumph of his heyday of rural inspiration. But as we look and talk about it his eye slips farther away, down the long sloping meadow-land to the east, over the placid stream that dreams of blue and gray skies all the year long, to some solitary brown little farm-house upon the remote hill-side, and he says, "At night sometimes the light from that farm-house seems to me the most solitary thing in the world." For he is not Orson, this lover of woods and waters, this intimate of insects and birds; but he is Cowper, rather, yearning, susceptible, affectionate.

To most people who know him our new member seems very quaint and eccentric. But he confesses frankly that he long ago relinquished the hope of being somebody else, and settled contentedly down to be himself. "If people don't like my hat and my camlet cloak I will keep them out of their sight. I wish to offend no one—except, indeed, the inevitable offense of being myself. I am of the mind of my Uncle Toby. There is plenty of room for them and for me." But once when a city friend begged him to come to town and see him, the shrewd eye of our new member gleamed slyly as he answered, "You would have to introduce me to your fine friends as a tame woodchuck." And indeed he has what he calls his burrow—a little wooden shanty near his house, which upon the outside has the air of a neat and graceful summer-house, with a trellis and flowering vine; but upon the inside is a rough-boarded room, with a window upon each side; an iron stove, like a country lawyer's, into which you thrust sticks of wood that crackle and roar up the pipe, making a sudden heat; an old sofa; an old bureau, in whose drawers there are always pears ripening, and apples and nuts in the winter; a high desk, with a range of pigeon-holes above, crammed with dingy papers; and a low desk in the corner, where our friend sits and writes.

I say the walls are rough boards, but they are tapestried nevertheless. Wonderful artists have wrought the designs: not spiders and butterflies and worms, nor the frost in autumn tinting forest leaves or ripening them, as Thoreau says; nor yet Raphael and Corregio, or Marc Antonio, or Morghen, or Toschi, with pictures and engravings, nor yet the village tailor with old clothes. But poets and philosophers, known and unknown, have garnished these rough walls. For our new member has a whim of copying off, in a bold, firm, comely handwriting, verses and sentences that strike him as especially pithy or musical or shrewd, and tacking them up against the boards; so that Milton, and

John Woolman, and Dr. Johnson, and Henry Thoreau, and Cowper, and old John Brown, and Plutarch, and George Fox, overlap and crowd and combine in promiscuous wisdom. Perhaps of all names in English literature none is so dear to him, from a sympathy of nature, as Cowper. That tender carefulness of every form of life—that half-morbid sensitiveness of the thoughtful recluse, which makes the world an infinity of details—are as much our member's as they were Cowper's. Like the melancholy poet he seems to touch life with bare nerves, and to be incapable of enduring great excitements; so that if he were to undertake a voyage to Europe he would probably turn back at Halifax. If, however, he should persevere and reach England, his first pilgrimage would be to Olney, not to Avon.

A man like our member for Woods and Forests is of course a poet, even if he did not write verses. But sitting in his burrow, and musing over the little stove, or gazing at the western sky beyond the woods that skirt his acres, a pensive rural music flows from his pen which is entirely genuine and simple, and should count him, if he made it known, among what he likes to call the minor poets. In our English literature he says that he prefers the minor poets. "I can't help it, but I love their simple, plaintive strains more than much louder and grander music." Some of his own tender ditties I am to have to read to the club as soon as the condition of the lawn allows our assembling under the Sassafras, and I have no doubt that both club and poet will permit me to impart them to the wider club of the Easy Chair. The danger of a reflective rural seclusion to an imaginative and pensive temperament is its incessant tendency to make a man listen for the footfalls of Time. The constant movement of the year, the succession of the seasons, the changing hues of leaf and bark, and the development of bud into flower and fruit, the cheerful, eager voices of spring evenings yielding to the autumnal sounds in bird and insect, to the falling nuts and the beating flail in the yellow haze of Indian summer days, lost at last in the deep winter silence, broken only by the crack of ice in the river and the dripping of snow in warm days from the eaves—all fill the mind with a feeling of incessant action and advance; and the solitary walker in woods and meadows turns in upon himself to mark the signs of his own ripening and decay.

Some such influence we may be able to trace in some of the verses which I hope to secure from our new member for Woods and Forests. I have given but a few fragmentary hints of him, but perhaps enough to show that he is worthy the largest cane chair under the Sassafras-tree, and the safest of west winds to blow an accompaniment to his minor music. At the very next meeting, when he is inducted into all the privileges of membership, I mean to recite that charming sonnet of Jones Very's, as the most appropriate hymn of installation:

"The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good."

Editor's Drawer.

THE NEW YEAR comes so often that we have hardly had the greetings of one before another and better is here. Happy the New Year is and shall be; for Hope smiles propitiously, and assures us that the DAY is at hand! The Drawer is always happy. Old years, and New years, and All years are alike to it: full of the spirit of enjoyment, happy, and making others happy. A miserable reader of the Drawer is mad. Even in the midst of war, and in the draft at that, we get such humors as these:

THE Rev. Doctor Porter, of the Methodist Book Concern, was preaching the other Sunday in Rev. Mr. Newman's pulpit, in Fourth Street. The Doctor illustrates his points with stories, tells them well, and often with a dry humor that is very agreeable to a weary house. He was speaking of some boys who went in bathing; "and," said he, by way of parenthesis, "the boys ought not to go into the water until they have learned to swim!" This raised an "audible smile" over the church, but a man sitting near us seemed quite disgusted with the Doctor's opinion, and turning to his neighbor, whispered, "I should like to know how the boys are to learn before they go into the water!"

Sure enough, they couldn't. But the Doctor didn't think he had so slow a hearer.

IN Paterson, New Jersey, we have a correspondent who sends to the Drawer some very good things, and some that are not available in our department:

"Our dominie is one of the oddest of odd fellows. For example: Last Sunday he elucidated the character and history of Judas, incidentally mentioning that 'thirty pieces of silver amounted to about \$18.' Then, alluding to the enormity of his crime, he said, 'He betrayed his Master, he prostituted the symbol—the holy symbol of the kiss—for the small sum of eighteen dollars!'

"On another occasion he was trying to make it plain to his benighted hearers how little money Peter and Paul had between them, when he attributed the following remark to St. Paul: 'Silver and gold have I none—not even a sixpence!'

"Our dominie, returning from a visit to an aged member of his flock, who was very sick, was met by a brother, who inquired as to the old lady's condition. 'She's as happy as a flea in a tar-bucket,' was the response."

IN a city not one hundred miles from New York the President of one of the city railroads was informed by his counsel that a suit was commenced against his Company by a neighboring Corporation. The counsel stated that the suit was by *bill in Equity*. Not being familiar with law terms, we heard him informing a number of his brother presidents of the suit referred to above, which he said most sincerely was *by bill of inquiry!* That he came so near the truth in the novel statement made some amusement to the parties listening to him.

A CORRESPONDENT in the United States Patent Office at Washington sends to the Drawer the following very handsome specimen of a corrector corrected:

"An examiner in the Patent Office returned a specification to an applicant for a patent for amendment, requesting him to correct the false '*authography*.' In due time the specification was returned to the ex-

aminer, with a letter informing the office that the writer had done his best to cure the defects alluded to; but respectfully suggesting a doubt whether *au* were the proper letters to spell the first syllable in 'orthography.'

"MANY years ago, when I was but a young man, I opened an office for the practice of medicine in one of the Western States, in a village of about 2000 inhabitants. A brother practitioner had some little difficulty with one of his clients in settling his account, said client assuming that the charges were exorbitant. The doctor sent his unruly customer to me with the disputed account, for the purpose of getting my opinion on the same. Here is the document:

S—, August the 9. 18—	
MR PETER MOOR, To DR. —	Detor.
to 1 vile lineament.....	15 cts
to a botel of cough medison.....	25 "
to 1 paper Epsin salts.....	10 "
to 1 botel <i>Ascetic</i> aced to cutt a wart of his horsses leg.....	25 "
to a botel of bitter to cure the agrir on his self & his 2 childrun.....	1 25 "
to sticking plastir.....	15 "
	\$2 15

"Some doubt existed on my mind as to the *first* item. As the doctor was not famous for his beauty, I at first supposed he meant to charge the patient *with a visit*; but subsequent reflection convinced me that it was merely an item for medicine. So I dismissed the applicant with the assurance that the bill was worth the money."

A FRIEND in Illinois says that a neighbor of his has just received the following letter from a brother of his who went still further West some seven years ago:

"DEAR BROTHER after the absence of 7 years I now call on you for a request my Brother in law has died—I your only Brother James Parsons calls on you for his last request I do want you as a Brother to send right forthwith to me a Tomb Stone no matter the cost is. I as your Brother shall pay for it I want it forthwith with the following lines attached—

"Farewell Dear wife My life is past
My love for you while life did last
After me no sorrows take
But love my children for my sake.

DEDICATED BY HIS WIFE JERUSHA MASON 1862
Aged 38 years and 1 month.

HIS NAME WAS PETER C. MASON."

"Dear Brother as a request I your only Brother asks of you if them lines is not Loving Enough I hope you will put in some more Suitable. I want Solid Columns.

"Your brother JAMES PARSONS."

An officer of one of the Ohio regiments sends us a couple of anecdotes of the service:

"The Lieutenant-Colonel and Major of the — Ohio Regiment of Infantry had each a 'contraband' as servant. 'Jim' belonged to the Lieutenant-Colonel, and 'Harvey' to the Major. One day the Lieutenant-Colonel, hearing a disturbance in rear of his tent, went out and found Jim and Harvey engaged in the amiable occupation of throwing boulders at each other's heads. After quelling the disorder the Lieutenant-Colonel demanded an explanation of the row. Jim replied in his justification as follows: 'That boy Harvey is de most ungratefulest nigger I ever saw. He hadn't no good place, and I brought him up to de Major, and introduced him to de Major, and spoke well of him to de Major, and got him

a good place wid de Major, and now he's puttin' on more airs dan de Major.'

"JERRY R—, of the same Regiment, is a genuine son of Erin. He is on the Colonel's staff; that is, assisted by several gentlemen of the colored persuasion, he takes care of the field and staff horses, Jerry acting as boss. One morning the Colonel inquired of Jerry how the horses were coming on. 'Bad enough,' said Jerry. 'Why so?' says the Colonel. 'Because, Colonel,' replied Jerry, 'd—n the nager can I git to help me besides meself.'"

A BROOKLYN doctor vouches for the facts in the following:

"An anxious father not long since discovered 'his only son and heir,' *ætas* 5, engaged in 'pitching pennies' with a number of ragged urchins, who had just initiated him in the mysteries of the all-absorbing game. He gave the little gamester a long lecture on the sin of gambling, etc., and after administering a severe reprimand, finished by telling him that if he ever caught him pitching pennies again, or gambling in any way, he would give him a *severe whipping*. The youngster quietly stood with his hands in his pockets, coolly jingling the half-dozen coppers he had just won; and at the conclusion of his father's remarks little Bob coolly took a cent from his pocket, and balancing it on the thumb and index finger of his right hand, said, 'Dad, I'll go you heads or tails for two lickins or none!'"

"WE have a little girl at our house who glories in being nearly five years old. One day we hired a 'German' to do some gardening. Now Hans was a great whistler, and liked this kind of occupation very much. Mollie was watching him in his labor when Hans commenced whistling. Pretty soon, all agape, I noticed Mollie, but thought it was because of Hans's superior whistling. When he stopped Mollie came running up to me, nearly out of breath, and asked, 'Mamma, is Hans Dutch?' I answered in the affirmative. 'Why, Mamma,' said Mollie, 'he don't whistle Dutch!'"

MANY good stories are told of old Dr. Lawson, a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, who was so absent-minded that he sometimes was quite insensible to the world around him.

One of his sons, who afterward became a highly esteemed Christian minister, was a very tricky boy, perhaps mischievous in his tricks. Near the manse lived an old woman, of crabbed temper and rather ungodly in her mode of living. She and the boy had quarreled, and the result was that he took a quiet opportunity to kill one of her hens. She went immediately to Dr. Lawson and charged his son with the deed. She was believed, and as it was not denied punishment was inflicted. He was ordered to abide in the house; and to make the sentence more severe his father took him into the *study*, and commanded him to sit there with him. The son was restless, and frequently eyed the door. At last he saw his father drowned in thought, and quietly slipped out. He went directly to the old woman's and killed another hen, returning immediately and taking his place in the library, his father having never missed him. The woman speedily made her appearance, and charged the slaughter again upon him. Dr. Lawson, however, waxed angry—declared her to be a false accuser, as the boy had been closeted with him all the time—adding: "Besides

this convinces me that you had just as little ground for your first accusation; I therefore acquit him of both, and he may go out now." The woman went off in high dudgeon, and the prisoner in high glee.

A QUEER advertisement from a Canada paper was printed in the Drawer of October last, which our correspondent attributed to a colored divine in that part of the world. Another correspondent, himself a man of color and spirit, denies the coloring given to the advertiser, and disposes of the matter in the following well put words:

"DEAR SIR,—While looking over your October number of the Magazine, I saw an advertisement which I had previously seen in one of the Chatham papers. The name of the person advertising is Moses Norris, etc. You seemed to think it very strange of such a notice being given to the public, and stated that the person who sent you that advertisement gave the advertiser as being of the colored persuasion; meaning, of course, that he was a colored man. And as I happen to be acquainted with Mr. Norris, and know when he went to the town of Chatham to live, I thought I would just take the present opportunity of correcting the above statement. Mr. N. is not a colored man, but is a real Vermont Yankee, one of your countrymen, and is of the Mormon persuasion. There was no necessity of trying to palm that joke off on some old black preacher. I am a colored man, but Norris is not; he is as white as any Yankee, and what we call in this country a one-horse preacher. So I think it would be proper for correspondents, when sending such things for publication to please the vanity of the public, to keep as near to the truth as they can; and, to use a vulgar phrase, always put the saddle on the right horse."

"A FEW years since, while traveling in one of the mountainous and somewhat barren counties of Northwestern Georgia, in the early spring time and upon the Sabbath day, I reined up my horse at the front of an humble log-church situated in a beautiful grove. The congregation had assembled, the inside being pretty well filled by the white settlers living thereabout. Outside, upon stumps and under the shade of trees, were to be seen groups of Afric's sons of toil, cleanly dressed, and apparently full of enjoyment, as the broad grin and occasional loud chuckle demonstrated. I entered and took a seat.

"The warm Southern sun, looking down upon the earth with its balmiest and kindest greeting; the tall and reverend form of the aged pastor breaking to his simple-minded hearers the words of divine life; and the rapt, solemn expression of upturned faces, all filled the soul with the beauty and dignity of the Scriptures. Just at this solemn moment a lizard—probably revived by the sun's hot rays—ventured into the holy sanctuary, upon the back of a seat whereon sat an old and care-worn disciple of the church, without coat or vest. The extreme heat of the day was ample apology for the scantiness of his apparel. By his side sat a lovely, red-lipped daughter, apparently eighteen years of age—behind them a mischievous-looking urchin of about fourteen. Seeing the lizard stretched at its lazy length—undecided whether to proceed or exit from this thronged human habitation—the parent of all mischief put into the lad's head to catch it by the tail. As he did so he quietly leaned forward toward the old man, who was inclined in a patient, hearing attitude, and dropped it down the gap in his loosely, home-made pantaloons. Feeling the roughness of the creature's claws he jumped, hurriedly and excitedly from his seat, bringing his hand around with great force. The lizard, perceiving his advance cut off, turned for a retreat, and gained admission be-

neath the coarse cotton shirt. Here, upon the bare flesh, his claws were intolerable. In an agony of fright—with huge drops of sweat standing out upon his forehead, and his eyes protruding from their sockets—the old man began to disrobe. The preacher ceased his feeling exhortation; the eyes of all the congregation were turned upon so strange and unaccountable a scene. Two of the deacons advanced toward him. His daughter, in great alarm, sprang from her seat, and jumping up and down, and wringing her hands, screamed out,

"Oh lordy, lordy! daddy's got a fit!"

"No, darter!" cried the old man beneath the thick folds; 'it's no fit—it's a snake!'"

A HILTON HEAD contributor to the Drawer writes to us, and mentions a serio-comic incident:

"On the night after the unsuccessful attempt upon the rebel batteries at Secessionville, during our short-lived occupation of James Island, last June, a serio-comic incident occurred which served, in spite of the sad surroundings, to enliven for a moment our depressed spirits. Our wounded and dying, after being brought from the battle-field, received attention in a large old building which stood near 'head-quarters,' and which gave evidence of having been used in former times for storing the productions of the plantation upon which we were encamped. Those whose wounds proved fatal were laid on the grass outside preparatory to burial. There was a large fig-tree near this temporary hospital, under whose friendly shelter some of the soldiers who were unprovided with tents were accustomed to spread their blankets at night, to avoid the heavy dews. The night in question proved dark and rainy, and the fig-tree was hastened to, as usual, by one after another of our tired soldiery, glad to exchange the toils and exposure of that eventful day for its leafy protection. The first who entered drew back with a horrified look, saying that a dead man had been laid under the tree, and at the same time expressed his determination not to dispute possession. In short, each new arrival, after a statement of the case, preferred exposure to the rain to such companionship. I pass to the *dénouement*, which the reader may have suspected. It seems that an officer belonging to the Rhode Island regiment had taken possession of the coveted spot earlier in the evening, and after hanging his mosquito-net had stretched himself under it and gone to sleep. The net had increased the effect of an unusually pale physiognomy, which had startled the later intruders into the belief that they beheld a corpse.

"I dare not attempt to depict the scene when, at reveille the next morning, the dead arose!"

A MEDICAL friend in California, inclosing some thirty or forty dollars, in good money, adds to his favor the following incident in his practice:

"Visiting a patient sinking rapidly under a malignant disease, and of course much absorbed in noting its ravages and the prospect of speedy death, I was so impolite as not to listen to a rather lengthy account which the mother was giving of the sufferings of the family during the flood on the Sacramento. That she might suppose her story not entirely lost, and to cover my negligence, I inquired, as she paused, if the family suffered much from the *inundations*. She looked at me a moment in some perplexity, and replied, 'No, I don't know as they suffered with that; but they did suffer awful with the sore throat!'"

KENTUCKY still lives, and writes to the Drawer on this wise from Louisville:

"Jones, of this city, is a kind-hearted bachelor, a worthy member of the bar, and near-sighted—one of the purest men alive; but is known to have been 'a little elevated.' He is remarkably fond of ten-pins, and sincerely believes no man in the sporting world can equal him in that game. Several wags have played a joke upon Jones, and produced the belief by having the pins tumbled over, leaving the old man to think in his twilight he is clearing the alley every roll. He has often been heard to say he has made a 'strike' thirty-two times in succession, and could continue the same *ad infinitum*. Strange, but true, he can play only by gaslight!

"One evening, after much solicitation, several friends and myself accompanied Jones to witness his wondrous feat. We arranged partners and began,

giving the old man, who was 'half corned,' the lead. He picked his ball with care and chose his position, deliberated, and planted his foot heavily on the alley, reeled right and left, saying, as he reeled, 'I'll bet a million to one—yes, a *million* to one!' He deliberated again, as if to make assurance doubly sure, planted his foot anew, swayed to and fro, repeated the wager, paused, and let fly, spreading himself as he did so at full length on the floor, while the ball was running at random and in right angles over the room. A greater wreck was never made by Bacchus. Elevating his head a little, the good man pathetically inquired, '*Did I get them all?*'

"We aided him to his feet, and convinced him that he had failed for once, but owing entirely to the accident, and proceeded, toppling over the men, to perpetuate the proud delusion of a marvelous genius for ten-pins."



AN AWFUL LITTLE COCKNEY.

AUGUSTUS, who is out for a Holiday in the Country.—"Oh, Ma, Ma! Look there! What a funny Horse! He's got Four Ears!"

VOL. XXVI.—No. 152.—S*

VERY timely is the following incident of olden time, which a Drawer friend sends:

"Some time in the year 1783 my grandfather, who had been an ardent supporter of the Revolution, being seated at the dinner-table, thought he heard some commotion in the street. On going to the door he saw one of his neighbors running, and eagerly asked, 'What is it—what is it?' The man could not stop, but he turned his head and yelled out, '*Hostilities of peace are come! hostilities of peace are come!*' and ran on."

"We were discussing the name to be given to the new baby. I was in favor of calling it *Grace*. Her brother, a boy of ten years, was strongly opposed to the name, and said, 'Why not call it *Charity*, and done with it?' Emma, the little sister, some five years old, cried out, 'Oh yes, call her *Charity*; and then I'll be a *sister of Charity*, won't I?'"

We do not appreciate the fondness which some people have of insinuating that lawyers are given to lying. It is small wit, and very poor at that; for a decent lawyer has as much respect for the truth as any man. Now, the other day, writes a friend, a

new court-house in Watertown, in this State, was about to be *dedicated*; and as the lawyers were going up to it to attend the ceremonies, a lady, with more wit than reverence, remarked that she supposed the lawyers were going "to view the place where they will shortly *lie!*"

A CORRESPONDENT thinks that this old story is as good as any thing new:

"John Murray, 'the father of Universalism in America,' was famous as a man of much meekness and forbearance under insults to which his sentiments sometimes subjected him; and withal he was a man of ready wit, and as fond of giving as of taking a good joke. The following is told of him by the author of the '*Huguenots in America*.' While speaking of a church in Boston built by them, the author says this was the church where Father Murray was grievously assaulted by an opponent named Bacon, at that time pastor of the '*Old South*,' whose friends pelted Murray with eggs, to which act the patient disciple of the meek Master good-humoredly replied, saying,

"'This is doubtless meant as kindness; for every body knows that *Bacon* is best *with eggs*.'"



THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

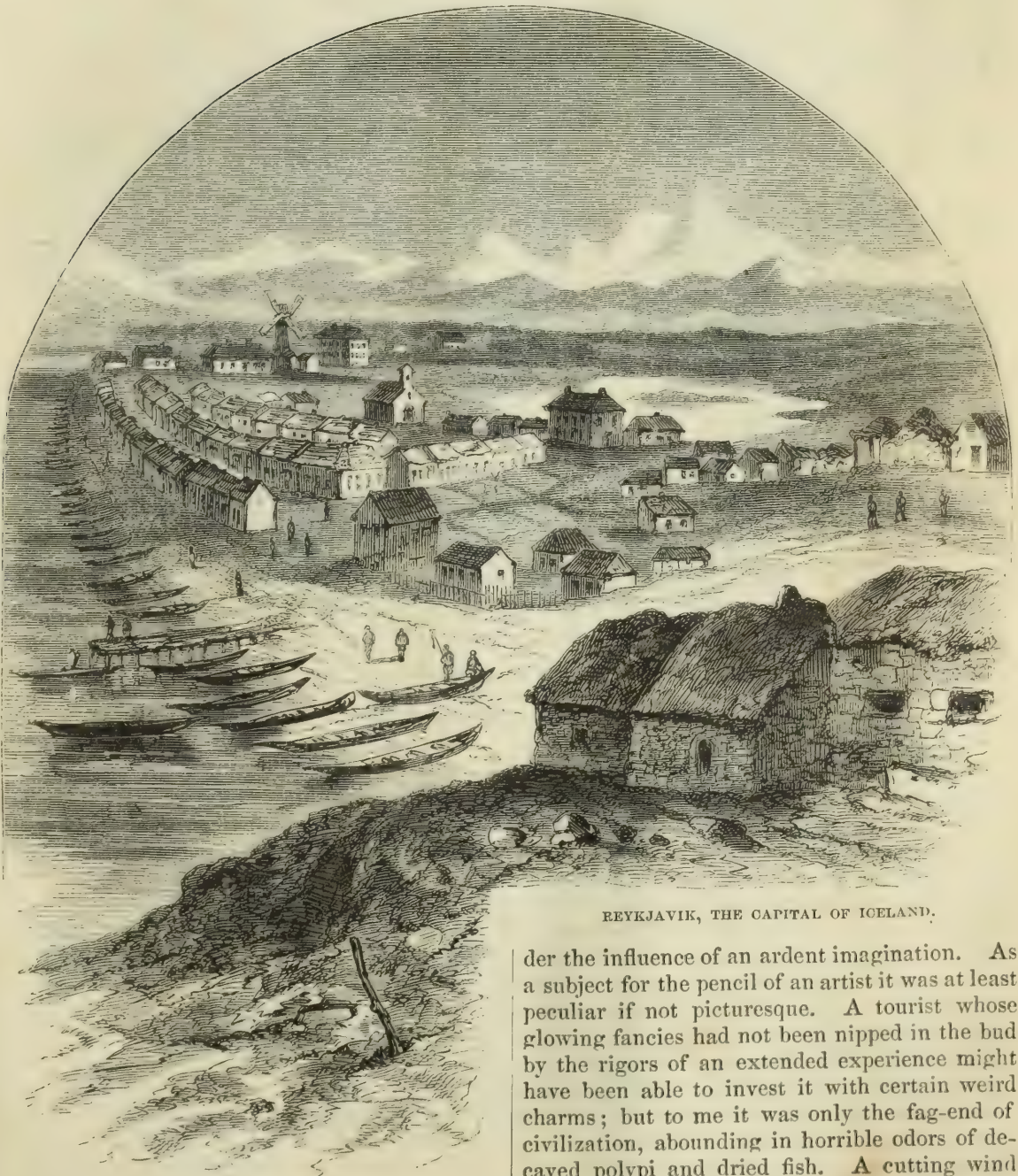
GERMAN GENTLEMAN, who wishes to tender to the Monkey a slight pecuniary Acknowledgment.—"Vedder, I wonder, will he take Postage Stamps?"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLIII.—FEBRUARY, 1863.—VOL. XXVI.

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND.

[Second Paper.]



REYKJAVIK, THE CAPITAL OF ICELAND.

MY first view of the capital of Iceland was through a chilling rain. A more desolate-looking place I had rarely if ever seen, though, like Don Quixote's market-woman on the ass, it was susceptible of improvement un-

der the influence of an ardent imagination. As a subject for the pencil of an artist it was at least peculiar if not picturesque. A tourist whose glowing fancies had not been nipped in the bud by the rigors of an extended experience might have been able to invest it with certain weird charms; but to me it was only the fag-end of civilization, abounding in horrible odors of decayed polypi and dried fish. A cutting wind from the distant Jokuls and a searching rain did not tend to soften the natural asperities of its features. In no point of view did it impress me as a cheerful place of residence, except for wild ducks and sea-gulls. The whole country for miles around is a black desert of bogs and lava.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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CHURCH AT REYKJAVIK.

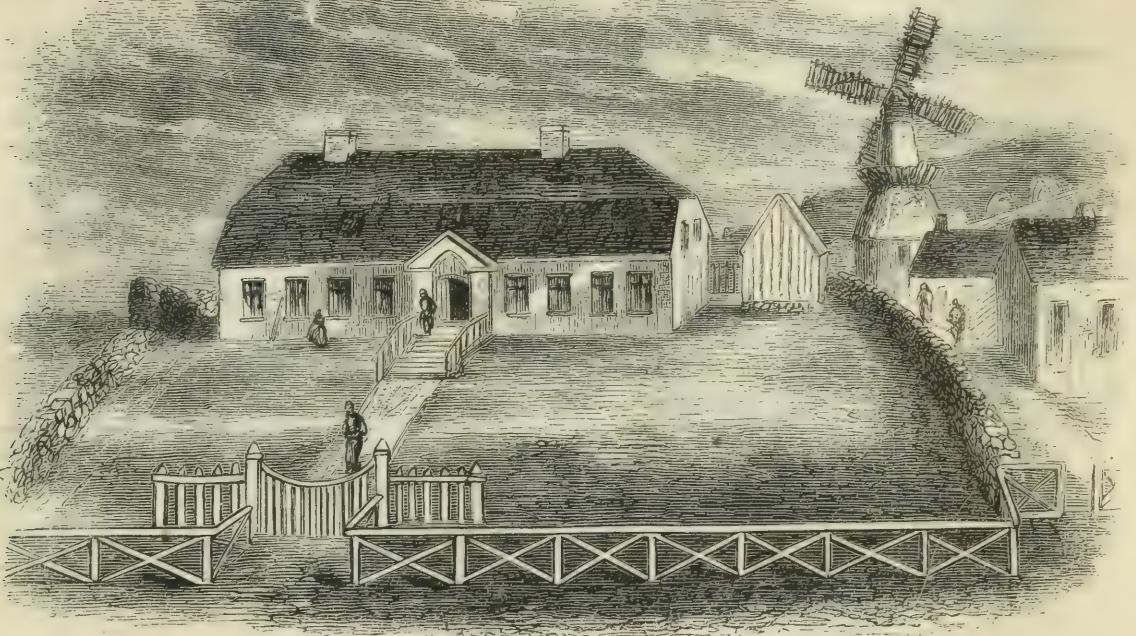
Scarcely an arable spot is to be seen save on the tops of the fishermen's huts, where the sod produces an abundance of grass and weeds. A dark gravelly slope in front of the town, dotted with boats, oars, nets, and piles of fish; a long row of shambling old store-houses built of wood, and painted a dismal black, varied by patches of dirty yellow; a general hodge-podge of frame shanties behind, constructed of old boards and patched up with drift-wood; a few straggling streets, paved with broken lava and reeking with offal from the doors of the houses; some dozens of idle citizens and drunken boatmen lounging about the grog-shops; a gang of women, brawny and weather-beaten, carrying loads of codfish down to the landing; a drove of shaggy little ponies, each tied to the tail of the pony in front; a pack of mangy dogs prowling about in dirty places looking for something to eat, and fighting when they got it—this was all I could see of Reykjavik, the famous Icelandic capital.

The town lies on a strip of land between the harbor and a lagoon in the rear. It is said to contain a population of two thousand, and if the dogs and fleas be taken into consideration, I have no doubt it does. Where two thousand

human beings can stow themselves in a place containing but one hotel, and that a very poor one, is a matter of wonder to the stranger. The houses generally are but one story high, and seldom contain more than two or three rooms. Some half a dozen stores, it is true, of better appearance than the average, have been built by the Danish merchants within the past few years; and the residence of the Governor and the public University are not without some pretensions to style.

The only stone building in Reykjavik of any importance is the "Cathedral:" so called, perhaps, more in honor of its great antiquity than any thing imposing about its style or dimensions. At present it shows no indications of age, having been patched, plastered, and painted into quite a neat little church of modern appearance.

At each end of the town is a small gathering of sod-covered huts, where the fishermen and their families live like rabbits in a burrow. That these poor people are not all devoured by snails or crippled with rheumatism is a marvel to any stranger who takes a peep into their filthy and cheerless little cabins. The oozy slime of

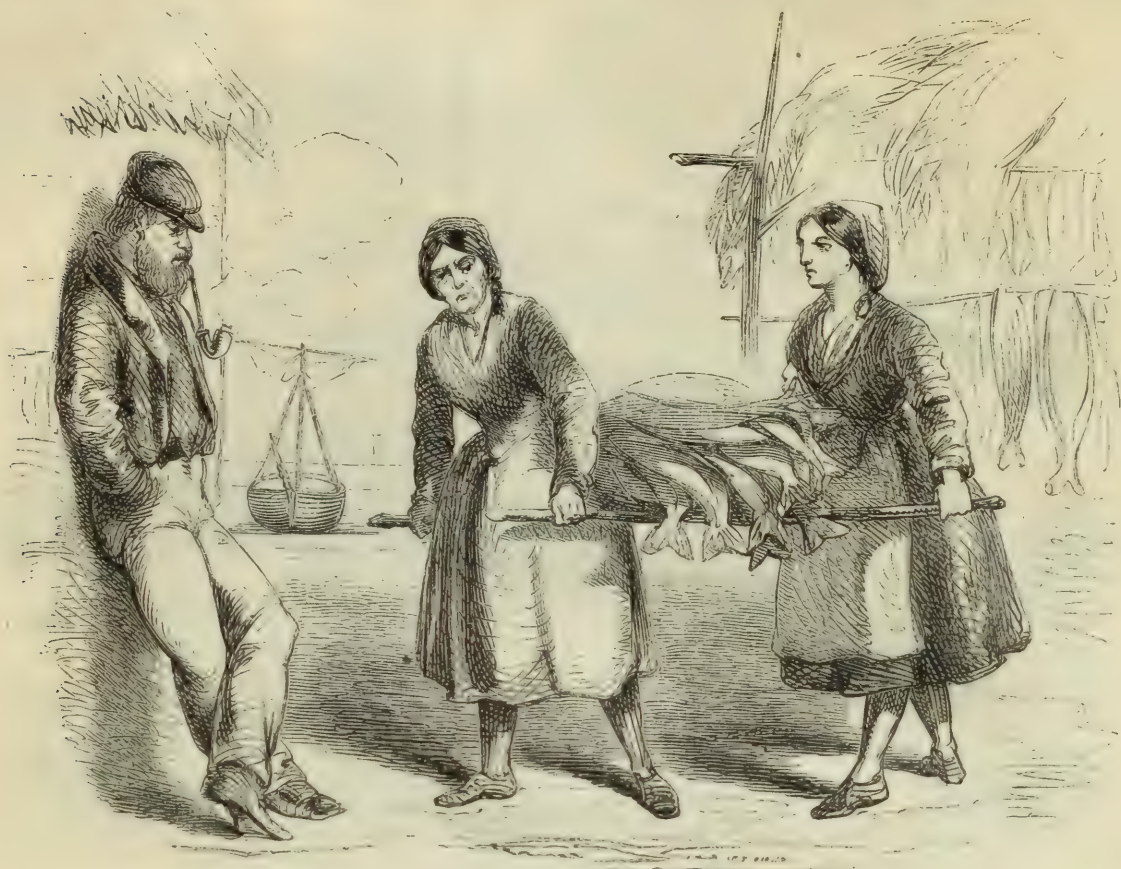


GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, REYKJAVIK.

fish and smoke mingles with the green mould of the rocks ; barnacles cover the walls, and puddles make a soft carpeting for the floors. The earth is overhead and their heads are under the earth, and the light of day has no light job of it to get in edgewise through the windows. The beaver-huts and badger-holes of California, taking into consideration the difference of climate, are pala-



IOELANDIC HOUSES.



ICELANDERS AT WORK.

tial residences compared with the dismal hovels of these Icelandic fishermen. At a short distance they look for all the world like mounds in a grave-yard. The inhabitants, worse off than the dead, are buried alive. No gardens, no cultivated patches, no attempt at any thing ornamental relieves the dreary monotony of the premises. Dark patches of lava, all littered with the heads and entrails of fish; a pile of turf from some neighboring bog; a rickety shed in which the fish are hung up to dry; a gang of wolfish-looking curs, horribly lean and voracious; a few prowling cats, and possibly a chicken deeply depressed in spirits—these are the most prominent objects visible in the vicinity. Sloth and filth go hand in hand.

The women are really the only class of inhabitants, except the fleas, who possess any vitality. Rude, slatternly, and ignorant as they are, they still evince some sign of life and energy compared with the men. Overtaxed by domestic cares, they go down upon the wharves when a vessel comes in, and by hard labor earn enough to purchase a few rags of clothing for their children. The men are too lazy even to carry the fish out of their own boats. At home they lie about the doors, smoking and gossiping, and too often drunk. Some are too lazy to get drunk, and go to sleep over the effort. In truth the prevailing indolence among all classes is so striking that one can almost imagine himself in a Southern clime. There is much about Reykjavik to remind a Californian traveler of San Diego. The drunken fellows about the stores

and the racing of horses up and down the streets, under the stimulus of liquor rather than natural energy, sometimes made me feel quite at home.

On the morning after my arrival I called to see my young friend Jonassen, the Governor's son, and was most hospitably entertained by the family. I had a letter of introduction to the Governor from the Minister of the Judiciary at Copenhagen, but thought it unnecessary to present it. His Excellency is a good specimen of the better class of Icelanders—simple, kind-hearted, and polite. My casual acquaintance with his son was sufficient to enlist his warmest sympathies. I thought he would destroy his equilibrium as well as my own by repeatedly drinking my health and wishing me a hearty welcome to Iceland. He said he had never seen a Californian before, and seemed astonished to find that they had noses, mouths, ears, and skins like other people. In one respect he paid me a practical compliment that I have rarely enjoyed in the course of my travels; he spoke nearly as bad French as I did. Now I take it that a man who speaks bad French, after years of travel on the Continent of Europe, is worthy of some consideration. He is at least entitled to the distinction of having well preserved his nationality; and when any foreigner tries to speak it worse, but doesn't succeed, I can not but regard it as a tribute of respect.

Young Jonassen, I was glad to see, had gotten over his struggle with the sardines, and was now in a fair way to enjoy life. His sister, Miss Jonassen, is a very charming young lady, well

educated and intelligent. She speaks English quite fluently, and does the honors of the executive mansion with an easy grace scarcely to be expected in this remote part of the world. Both are natives of Iceland.

I should be sorry to be understood as intimating, in my brief sketch of Reykjavik, that it is destitute of refined society. There are families of as cultivated manners here as in any other part of the world; and on the occasion of a ball or party, a stranger would be surprised at the display of beauty and style. The University and public library attract students from all parts of the island; and several of the Professors and literary men have obtained a European reputation. Two semi-monthly newspapers are published at Reykjavik, in the Icelandic language. They are well printed, and said to be edited with ability. I looked over them very carefully from beginning to end, and could see nothing to object to in any portion of the contents.

Wishing to see as much of the island as possible during the short time at my disposal, I made application to young Jonassen for information in regard to a guide, and through his friendly aid secured the services of Geir Zöega, a man of excellent reputation.

A grave, dignified man is Geir Zöega, large of frame and strong of limb; a light-haired,

blue-eyed, fresh, honest-faced native, warm of heart and trusty of hand; a jewel of a guide, who knows every rock, bog, and mud-puddle between Reykjavik and the Geysers; a gentleman by nature, born in all probability of an iceberg and a volcano; a believer in ghosts and ghouls. and a devout member of the Church. All hail to thee, Geir Zöega! I have traveled many a rough mile with thee, used up thy brandy and smoked thy cigars, covered my chilled body with thy coat, listened to thy words of comfort pronounced in broken English, received thy last kind wishes at parting, and now I say, in heartfelt sincerity, all hail to thee, Geir Zöega! A better man never lived, or if he did, he could be better spared at Reykjavik.

To my great discontent, I found it indispensable to have five horses, although I proposed making the trip entirely without baggage. It seemed that two were necessary for myself, two for the guide, and one to carry the provisions and tent, without which it would be very difficult to travel, since there are no hotels in any part of the interior. Lodgings may be had at the huts of the peasants, and such rude fare as they can furnish; but the tourist had better rely upon his own tent and provisions, unless he has a craving to be fed on black bread and curds, and to be buried alive under a dismal pile of sods.

The reason why so many horses are required is plain enough. At this time of the year (June) they are still very poor after their winter's starvation, the pasturage is not yet good, and in order to make a rapid journey of any considerable length frequent changes are necessary. Philosophy and humanity combined to satisfy me that the trip could not well be made with a smaller number. I was a little inquisitive on that point, partly on the score of expense, and partly on account of the delay and trouble that might arise in taking care of so many animals.

If there is any one trait common among all the nations of the earth, it is a natural sharpness in the traffic of horse-flesh. My experience has been wonderfully uniform in this respect wherever it has been my fortune to travel. I have



GEIR ZÖEGA.



ICELANDIC HORSES.

had the misfortune to be the victim of horse-jockeys in Syria, Africa, Russia, Norway, and even California, where the people are proverbially honest. I have weighed the horse-jockeys of the four Continents in the balance, and never found them wanting in natural shrewdness. It is a mistake, however, to call them unprincipled. They are men of most astonishing tenacity of principle, but unfortunately they have but one governing principle in life—to get good prices for bad horses.

On the arrival of the steamer at Reykjavik the competition among the horse-traders is really the only lively feature in the place. Immediately after the passengers get ashore they are beset by offers of accommodation in the line of horse-flesh. Vagabonds and idlers of every kind, if they possess nothing else in the world, are at least directly or indirectly interested in this species of property. The roughest specimens of humanity begin to gather in from the country around the corners of the streets near the hotel, with all the worn-out, lame, halt, blind, and spavined horses that can be raked up by hook or crook in the neighborhood. Such a medley was never seen in any other country. Barnum's woolly horse was nothing to these shaggy, stunted, raw-backed, bow-legged, knock-kneed little monsters, offered to the astonished traveler with unintelligible pedigrees in the Icelandic, which, if literally translated, must surely mean that they are a mixed product of cod-fish and brushwood. The size has but little to do with the age, and all rules applicable as a test in other parts of the world fail here. I

judged some of them to be about four months old, and was not at all astonished when informed by disinterested spectators that they ranged from twelve to fifteen years. Nothing, in fact, could astonish me after learning that the horses in Iceland are fed during the winter on dried fish. This is a literal fact. Owing to the absence of grain and the scarcity of grass it becomes necessary to keep life in the poor animals during the severest months of the season by giving them the refuse of the fisheries; and, what is very surprising, they relish it in preference to any other species of food. Shade of Ceres! what an article of diet for horses! Only think of it—riding on the back of a horse partly constructed of fish. No wonder some of them blow like whales.

In one respect the traveler can not be cheated to any great extent; he can not well lose more than twelve specie dollars on any one horse—that being the average price. To do the animals justice they are like singed cats—a great deal better than they look. If they are not much for beauty, they are at least hardy, docile, and faithful; and what is better, in a country where forage is sometimes difficult to find, will eat any thing on the face of the earth, short of very hard lava or very indigestible trap-rock. Many of them, in consequence of these valuable qualities, are exported every year to Scotland and Copenhagen for breeding purposes. Two vessels were taking in cargoes of them during our stay at Reykjavik.

I was saved the trouble of bargaining for my animals by Geir Zöega, who agreed to furnish

me with the necessary number at five Danish dollars apiece the round trip; that is, about two dollars and a half American, which was not at all unreasonable. For his own services he only charged a dollar a day, with whatever *buono mano* I might choose to give him. These items I mention for the benefit of my friends at home who may take a notion to make the trip.

I was anxious to get off at once, but the horses were in the country and had to be brought up. Two days were lost in consequence of the heavy rains, and the trail was said to be in very bad condition. On the morning of the third day all was to be ready; and having purchased a few pounds of crackers, half a pound of tea, some sugar and cheese, I was prepared to encounter the perils of the wilderness. This was all the provision I took. Of other baggage I had none, save my overcoat and sketch-book, which, for a journey of five days, did not seem unreasonable. Zöega promised me any amount of suffering; but I told him Californians rather enjoyed that sort of thing than otherwise.

My English friends were so well provided with funds and equipments that they found it impossible to get ready. They had patent tents, sheets, bedsteads, mattresses, and medicine boxes. They had guns, too, in handsome gun-cases; and compasses, and chronometers, and pocket editions of the poets. They had portable kitchens packed in tin boxes, which they emptied out but never could get in again, comprising a general assortment of pots, pans, kettles, skillets, frying-pans, knives and forks, and pepper-casters. They had demijohns of brandy and kegs

of Port wine; baskets of bottled porter and a dozen of Champagne; vinegar by the gallon and French mustard in patent pots; likewise, colloidum for healing bruises, and mosquito-nets for keeping out snakes. They had improved oil-lamps to assist the daylight which prevails in this latitude during the twenty-four hours; and shaving apparatus and nail-brushes, and cold cream for cracked lips, and dentifrice for the teeth, and patent preparations for the removal of dandruff from the hair; likewise, lint and splints for mending broken legs. One of them carried a theodolite for drawing inaccessible mountains within a reasonable distance; another a photographic apparatus for taking likenesses of the natives and securing fac-similes of the wild beasts; while a third was provided with a brass thief-defender for running under doors and keeping them shut against persons of evil character. They had bags, boxes, and bales of crackers, preserved meats, vegetables, and pickles; jellies and sweet-cake; concentrated coffee, and a small apparatus for the manufacture of ice-cream. In addition to all these, they had patent overcoats and undercoats, patent hats and patent boots, gum-elastic bed-covers, and portable gutta-percha floors for tents; ropes, cords, horse-shoes, bits, saddles and bridles, bags of oats, fancy packs for horses, and locomotive pegs for hanging guns on; besides many other articles commonly deemed useful in foreign countries by gentlemen of the British Islands who go abroad to rough it. This was roughing it with a vengeance! It would surely be rough work for me, an uncivilized Californian, to travel in



ENGLISH PARTY AT REYKJAVIK.

Iceland or any other country under such a dreadful complication of conveniences.

When all these things were unpacked and scattered over the beds and floors of the hotel, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the whole party—including myself, for I really had seen nothing in the course of my travels half so amusing. As an old stager in the camping business, I was repeatedly appealed to for advice and assistance, which of course I gave with the natural politeness belonging to all Californians—suggesting many additions. Warming-pans for the sheets, pads of eider-down to wear on the saddles, and bathing-tubs to sit in after a hard ride, would, I thought, be an improvement; but as such things were difficult to be had in Reykjavik, the hope of obtaining them was abandoned after some consideration. "In fact," said they, "we are merely roughing it, and, by Jove, a fellow must put up with some inconveniences in a country like this!"

To carry all these burdens, which, when tied up in packs, occupied an extra room, required exactly eighteen horses, inclusive of the riders, and to bargain for eighteen horses was no small job. The last I saw of the Englishmen they were standing in the street surrounded by a large portion of the population of Reykjavik, who had every possible variety of horses to sell—horses shaggy and horses shaved, horses small and horses smaller, into the mouths of which the sagacious travelers were intently peering in search of teeth—occasionally punching the poor creatures on the ribs, probing their backs, pulling them up by the legs, or tickling them under the tail to ascertain if they kicked.

At the appointed hour, 6 A.M., Zöega was ready at the door of the hotel with his shaggy cavalcade—which surely was the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever witnessed. The horned horses of Africa would have been commonplace objects in comparison with these remarkable animals destined to carry me to the Geysers of Iceland. Each one of them looked at me through a stack of mane, containing hair enough to have stuffed half a dozen chairs; and as for their tails, they hung about the poor creatures like huge bunches of wool. Some of them were piebald and had white eyes—others had no eyes at all. Seeing me look at them rather apprehensively, Zöega remarked,

"Oh, Sir, you needn't be afraid. They are perfectly gentle!"

"Don't they bite?" said I.

"Oh no, Sir, not at all."

"Nor kick?"

"No, Sir, never."

"Nor lie down on the way?"

"No, Sir, not at all."

"Answer me one more question, Zöega, and I'm done." [This I said with great earnestness.]

"Do these horses ever eat cats or porcupines, or swallow heavy brooms with crooked handles?"

"Oh no, Sir!" answered my guide, with a look of some surprise; "they are too well trained for that."

"Then I suppose they subsist on train oil as well as codfish?"

"Yes, Sir, when they can get it. They are very fond of oil."

I thought to myself, No wonder they are so poor and small. Horses addicted to the use of oil must expect to be of light construction. But it was time to be off.

A cup of excellent coffee and a few biscuit were amply sufficient to prepare me for the journey. Our pack-horse carried two boxes and a small tent—all we required. Before starting Zöega performed the Icelandic ceremony of tying the horses in a row, each one's head to the tail of the horse in front. This he said was the general practice. If it were not done they would scatter outside of town, and it would probably take two hours to catch them again. I had some fear that if one of the number should tumble over a precipice he would carry several of his comrades with him—or their heads and tails.

It was a gray gloomy morning when we sallied forth from the silent streets of Reykjavik. A chilly fog covered the country, and little more was to be seen than the jagged outline of the lava-hills and the boggy sinks and morasses on either side of the trail. The weird, fire-blasted, and flood-scourged wilderness on all sides was as silent as death—save when we approached some dark lagoon, and startled up the flocks of water-fowl that dwelt in its sedgy borders. Then the air was pierced with wild screams and strange cries, and the rocks resounded to the flapping of many wings. To me there was a peculiar charm in all this. It was different from any thing I had recently experienced. The roughness of the trail, the absence of cultivated fields, the entire exemption from the restraints of civilization were perfectly delightful after a dreary residence of nearly a year in Germany. Here, at least, there were no passport bureaus, no meddlesome police, no conceited and disagreeable habitués of public places with fierce dogs running at their heels, no *Verbotener Wegs* staring one in the face at every turn. Here all ways possible to be traveled were open to the public; here was plenty of fresh air and no lack of elbow-room; here an unsophisticated American could travel without being persecuted every ten minutes by applications from distinguished officers in livery for six kreutzers; here an honest Californian could chew tobacco when he felt disposed, and relieve his mind by an occasional oath when he considered it essential to a vigorous expression of his thoughts.

It seemed very strange to be traveling in Iceland, actually plodding my way over deserts of lava, and breathing blasts of air fresh from the summit of Mount Hecla! I was at last in the land of the Sagas—the land of fire and brimstone and boiling fountains!—the land which, as a child, I had been accustomed to look upon as the *ultima Thule*, where men and fish and fire and water were pitted against each other in everlasting strife. How often had the fascinating vision

of Icelandic travel crossed my mind; and how often had I dismissed it with a sigh as too much happiness to hope for in this world! And now it was all realized. Was I any the happier? Was it what I expected? Well, we won't probe these questions too far. It was a very strange reality at all events.

For the first eight miles the weather was thick and rainy; after that the sun began to dissipate the gloom; and we had a very pleasant journey. Though a little chilly in consequence of the moisture the air was not really cold. As well as I could judge the thermometer ranged about 54° Fahrenheit. It frequently rises to 76° at Thingvalla during the months of July and August; and at the Geysers, and in some of the adjacent valleys, the heat is said to be quite oppressive.

Notwithstanding the roughness of the trail, which in many places passed for miles over rugged fields of lava, full of sharp, jagged points and dangerous fissures, we traveled with considerable speed—seldom slackening from a lope. Zöega untied the horses from each other's tails soon after passing the road to Hafuarfiord, as there was no further danger of their separating; and then, with many flourishes of his whip and strange cries, well understood by our animals, led the way. I must confess that, in spite of some pretty hard experience of bad roads in the coast range of California, there were times during our mad career over the lava-beds when visions of maimed limbs and a mutilated head crossed my mind. Should my horse stumble on a stray spike of lava what possible chance of

escape would there be? Falling head foremost on harrows and rakes would be fun to a fall here, where all the instruments capable of human destruction, from razors, saws, and meat-axes down to spike-nails and punches, were duly represented.

In the course of our journey we frequently overtook pack-trains laden with dried fish from the sea-shore. The main dependence of the people throughout the country, during the winter, is upon the fish caught during the summer. When dried it is done up in packs and fastened on each side of the horse, something in the Mexican style; and each train is attended by three or four men, and sometimes by women. About the month of June the farmers and shepherds go down to Reykjavik, or some other convenient fishing-station on the sea-shore, and lay in their supplies of fish and groceries, which they purchase from the traders by exchanges of wool, butter, and other domestic products. After a few days of novelty and excitement they go back to their quiet homes, where they live in an almost dormant state until the next season—rarely receiving any news from the great outer world, or troubling their heads about the affairs which concern the rest of mankind. Those whom we met had in all probability not seen a stranger for a year. They are an honest, primitive people, decently but very coarsely clad in rough woolen garments, manufactured by themselves and shaped much in the European style. On their feet they wear moccasins made of sheepskin. Whenever we met these pack-trains in any convenient place the drivers stopped to have



A ROUGH ROAD.

a talk with Zöega, often riding back a mile or two to enjoy the novelty of his conversation. Being fresh from the capital, he naturally abounded in stirring news about the price of codfish and the value of lard and butter, wool, stockings, mittens, etc., and such other articles of traffic as they felt interested in. He could also give them the latest intelligence by the steamer, which always astonished them, no matter whether it concerned the throwing overboard of three ponies on the last voyage, or the possible resumption of operations on the Icelandic telegraph. In every way Zöega was kind and obliging, and, being well known everywhere, was highly appreciated as a man possessed of a remarkable fund of information. At parting they generally stopped to kiss hands and take a pinch of snuff.

The first time I witnessed the favorite ceremony of snuff-taking I was at a loss to understand what it meant. A man with a small horn-flask, which it was reasonable to suppose was filled with powder and only used for loading guns or pistols, drew the plug from it, and, stopping quite still in the middle of the road, threw his head back and applied the tube to his nose. Surely the fellow was not trying to blow his brains out with the powder-flask! Two or three times he repeated this strange proceeding, snorting all the time as if in the agonies of suffocation. The gravity of his countenance was extraordinary. I could not believe my eyes.

"What an absurd way of committing suicide!" I remarked to Zöega.

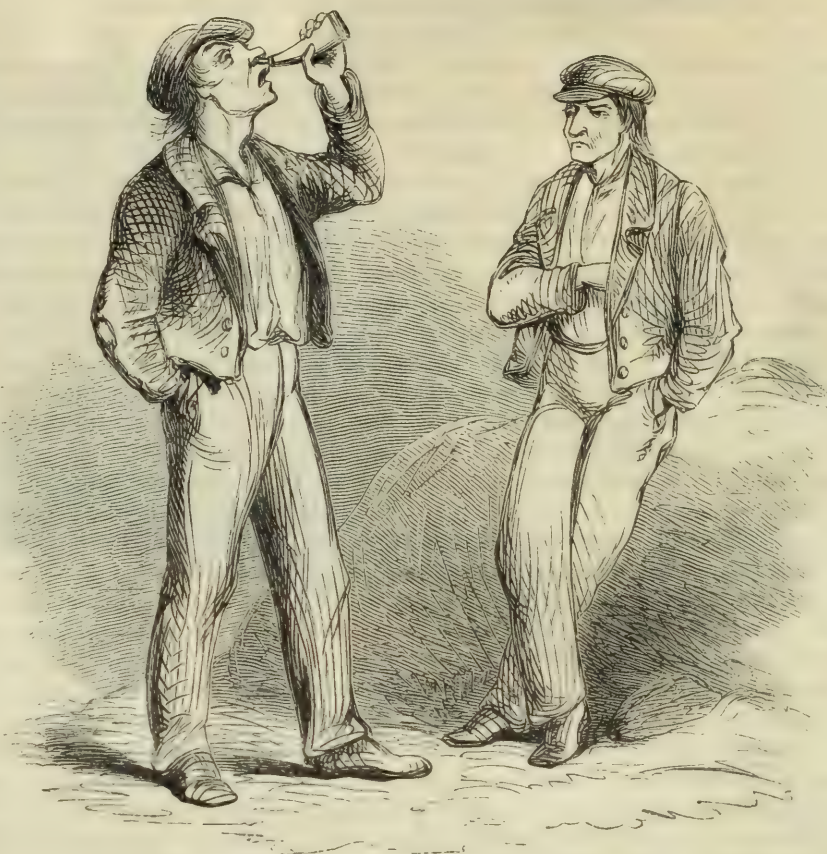
"Oh, Sir, he is only taking snuff!" was the reply.

"But if he stops up both nostrils how is he going to breathe?" was my natural inquiry.

Zöega kindly explained that when the man's nose was full he would naturally open his mouth, and as the snuff was very fine and strong it would eventually cause him to sneeze. In this way it was quite practicable to blow out the load.

"But don't they ever hang fire and burst their heads?" I asked, with some concern.

"Why no, Sir, I've never heard of a case," answered Zöega, in his usual grave manner; "in this country every body takes snuff, but I never knew it to burst any body's head."



TAKING SNUFF.

It was really refreshing the matter-of-fact manner in which my guide regarded all the affairs of life. He took every thing in a literal sense, and was of so obliging a disposition that he would spend hours in the vain endeavor to satisfy my curiosity on any doubtful point.

"Why, Zöega," said I, "this is a monstrous practice. I never saw any thing like it! Are you quite sure that fellow won't kick when he tries to blow his nose?"

"Yes, Sir, they never kick."

"Tell me, Zöega, are their breeches strong?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"That's lucky." I was thinking of an accident that once occurred to a young man of my acquaintance. Owing to a defect in the breech of his gun the whole load entered his head and killed him instantaneously.

The gravity of these good people in their forms of politeness is one of the most striking features in their social intercourse. The commonest peasant takes off his cap to another when they meet; and shaking hands and snuff-taking are conducted on the most ceremonious principles. They do not, however, wholly confine themselves to stimulants for the nose. As soon as they get down to Reykjavik and finish their business they are very apt to indulge in what we call in California "a bender." That is to say, they drink a little too much whisky, and hang around the stores and streets for a day or two in a state of intoxication. At other times their habits are temperate; and they pass the greater part of their lives among their flocks, free from excitement and as happy as people can be with

such limited means of comfort. The uniformity of their lives would of course be painful to a people possessed of more energy and a higher order of intelligence. But the Icelanders are well satisfied if they can keep warm during the dreary winters, and obtain their usual supplies during the summer. Sometimes a plague sets in among their sheep and reduces them to great distress. Fire, pestilence, and famine have from time to time devastated the Island. Still, where their wants are so few, they can bear with great patience the calamities inflicted upon them by an all-wise Providence. Owing perhaps to their isolated mode of life, they are a grave and pious people, simple in their manners, superstitious, and credulous. They attend church regularly, and are much devoted to religious books and evening prayers. No family goes to bed without joining in thanksgiving for all the benefits conferred upon them during the day. Living as they do amidst the grandest phenomena of nature, and tinctured with the wild traditions of the old Norsemen, it is not surprising that they should implicitly believe in wandering spirits of fire and flood, and clothe the desolate wastes of lava with a poetic imagery peculiarly their own. Every rock and river and bog is invested with a legend or story to the truth of which they can bear personal witness. Here a ghost was overtaken by the light of the moon and turned to stone; there voices were heard crying for help, and because no help came a farmer's house was burned the next day; here a certain man saw a wild woman, with long hair, who lived in a cave and never came out to seek for food save in the midst of a storm, when she was seen chasing the birds; there a great many sheep disappeared one night, and it was thought they were killed and devoured by a prodigious animal with two heads—and so on, without end. Nothing is too marvelous for their credulity. One of my most pleasant experiences was to talk with these good people, through the aid of my guide, and hear them tell of the wonderful sights they had seen with their own eyes. Nor do I believe that they had the remotest intention of stretching the truth. Doubtless they imagined the reality of whatever they said. It was very strange to one who had lived so long among a sharp and rather incredulous race of men to hear full-grown people talk with the simplicity of little children.

About half way on our journey toward Thingvalla it was necessary to cross a bog, which is never a very agreeable undertaking in Iceland, especially after heavy rains. This was not the worst specimen of its kind though; we afterward passed through others that would be difficult to improve upon without entirely removing the bottom. A considerable portion of Iceland is intersected by these treacherous stretches of land and water, through which the traveler must make his way or relinquish his journey. Often it becomes a much more difficult matter to find the way out than to get in. Along the sea-coast, to the southward and eastward, some of these

vast bogs are quite impassable without the assistance of a guide thoroughly acquainted with every spot capable of bearing a horse. On the route to the Geysers we generally contrived to avoid the worst places by making a detour around the edges of the hills, but this is not always practicable. In many places the hills themselves abound in boggy ground.

The formation of the Icelandic bog is peculiar. I have seen something similar on the Pacific coast near Cape Mendocino, but by no means so extensive and well-defined. In Iceland it consists of innumerable tufts of earth, from two to three feet high, interwoven with vegetable fibres which render them elastic when pressed by the foot. These tufts stand out in relief from the main ground at intervals of a few feet from each other, and frequently cover a large extent of country. The tops are covered with grass of a very fine texture, furnishing a good pasture for sheep and other stock. So regular and apparently artificial is the appearance of these grassy tufts, that I was at first inclined to think they must be the remains of cultivated fields—probably potato-hills or places where corn had grown in former times. Nor was it altogether unreasonable to suppose that groves of wood might once have covered these singular patches of country, and that they had been uprooted and destroyed by some of those violent convulsions of nature which from time to time have devastated the island. Dr. Dasent produces ample testimony to show that, in old times, not only corn grew in Iceland but wood sufficiently large to be used in building vessels. Now it is with great difficulty that a few potatoes can be raised in some of the warmest spots, and there is not a single tree to be found on the entire island. The largest bushes I saw were only six or eight feet high.

A singular fact connected with the bog-formation is that it is often found in dry places—on the slopes of mountains, for example, in certain localities where the water never settles and where the ground is perpetually dry. I was greatly puzzled by this, and was scarcely satisfied by the explanation given by Zöega, my guide, who said it was caused by the action of the frost. In proof of the fact that they are not of artificial formation, and that the process by which they are developed is always going on, he stated that in many places where they had been leveled down for sheep-corral or some such purpose, a similar formation of tufted hillocks had grown up in the course of a few years.

I was continually troubled by the circuits made by Zöega to avoid certain tracts of this kind which to me did not look at all impracticable. Once I thought it would be a good joke to show him that a Californian could find his way through a strange country even better than a native; and watching a chance when he was not on the look-out—for I suspected what his objection would be—I suddenly turned my horse toward the bog, and urged him to take the short cut. It was such a capital idea, that of beating



AN ICELANDIC BOG.

my own guide about two miles in a journey of little more than half a mile! But, strange to say, the horse was of Zöega's opinion respecting roads through Iceland. He would not budge into the bog till I inflicted some rather strong arguments upon him, and then he went in with great reluctance. Before we had proceeded a dozen yards he sank up to his belly in the mire, and left me perched up on two matted tufts about four feet apart. Any disinterested spectator would have supposed at once that I was attempting to favor my guide with a representation of the colossal statue at Rhodes, or the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Zöega, however, was too warmly interested in my behalf to take it in this way. As soon as he missed me he turned about, and perceiving my critical position, shouted at the top of his voice,

"Sir, you can't go that way!"

"No," said I, in rather a desponding tone; "I see I can't."

"Don't try it, Sir!" cried Zöega; "you'll certainly sink if you do!"

"I'll promise you that, Zöega," I answered, looking gloomily toward the dry land, toward which my horse was now headed, plunging frantically in a labyrinth of tufts, his head just above the ground.

"Sir, it's very dangerous!" shouted Zöega.

"Any sharks in it?" I asked.

"No, Sir; but I don't see your horse!"

"Neither do I, Zöega. Just sing out when he blows!"

But the honest Icelandic saw a better method

than that, which was to dismount from his own horse, and jump from tuft to tuft until he got hold of my bridle. With it of course came the poor animal, which by hard pulling my trusty guide soon succeeded in getting on dry land. Meantime I discovered a way of getting out myself by a complicated system of jumps, and presently we all stood in a group—Zöega scraping the mud off the sides of my trembling steed, while I ventured to remark that it was "a little boggy in that direction."

"Yes, Sir," said Zöega; "that was the reason I was going round."

And a very sensible reason it was too, as I now cheerfully admitted. After a medicinal pull at the brandy we once more proceeded on our way.

I mentioned the fact that there are dry bog-formations on the sides of some of the hills. It should also be noted that the wet bogs are not always in the lowest places. Frequently they are found on elevated grounds, and even high up in the mountains. Approaching a region of this kind, when the tufts are nearly on a level with the eye, the effect is very peculiar. It looks as if an army of grim old Norsemen, on their march through the wilderness, had suddenly sunk to their necks in the treacherous earth, and still stood in that position with their shaggy heads bared to the tempests. Often the traveler detects something like features, and it would not be at all difficult, of a moonlight night, to mistake them for ghostly warriors struggling to get out on dry land. Indeed the simple-minded peas-

ants, with their accustomed fertility of imagination, have invested them with life, and relate many wonderful stories about their pranks of dark and stormy nights, when it is said they are seen plunging about in the water. Hoarse cries are heard through the gusts of the tempest; and solitary travelers on their journey retreat in dismay lest they should be dragged into the treacherous abode of these ghostly old Norsemen.

Not long after our unpleasant adventure we ascended an eminence or dividing ridge of lava, from which we had a fine view of the Lake of Thingvalla. Descending by a series of narrow defiles, we reached a sandy cañon winding for several miles nearly parallel with the shores of the lake. The sides of the hills now began to exhibit a scanty vegetation, and sometimes we crossed a moist patch of pasture covered with a fine grass of most brilliant and beautiful green. A few huts, with sod walls or fences around the arable patches in the vicinity, were to be seen from time to time; but in general the country was very thinly populated. Flocks of sheep, and occasionally a few horses, grazed on the hill-sides.

The great trouble of our lives in the neighborhood of these settlements was a little dog belonging to my guide. Brusa was his name, and the management of our loose horses was his legitimate occupation. A bright, lively, officious little fellow was Brusa, very much like a wolf in appearance, and not unlike a human being in certain traits of his character. Montaigne says that great fault was found with him, when he was mayor of his native town, because he was always satisfied to let things go along smoothly; and though the citizens admitted that they had never been so free from trouble, they could not see the use of a mayor who never issued any ordinances or created any public commotions. Our little dog was of precisely the same way of thinking. He could see no use in holding office in our train without doing something, whether necessary or not. So when the horses were going along all right he felt it incumbent upon him to give chase to the sheep. Stealing away quietly, so that Zöega might not see him at the start, he would suddenly dart off after the poor animals, with his shaggy hair all erect, and never stop barking, snapping, and biting at their legs till they were scattered over miles of territory. He was particularly severe upon the cowardly ewes and lambs, actually driving them frantic with terror; but the old rams that stood to make fight he always passed with quiet disdain. It was in vain Zöega would hold up, and utter the most fearful cries and threats of punishment:—"Hur-r-r-r! Brusa! B-r-r-r-usa!! you B-r-r-usa!!!" Never a bit could Brusa be stopped once he got fairly under way. Up hill and down hill and over the wild gorges he would fly till entirely out of sight. In about half an hour he generally joined the train again, looking, to say the least of it, very sheepish. I have already spoken of the gravity and dignity of Zöega's manner. On occasions of this kind

it assumed a parental severity truly impressive. Slowly dismounting from his horse, as if a great duty devolved upon him, he would unlock one of the boxes on the pack-horse, take therefrom a piece of bread, deliberately grease the same with butter, and then holding it forth, more in sorrow than in anger, invite Brusa to refresh himself after his fatiguing chase of the sheep. The struggle between a guilty conscience and a sharp appetite would now become painfully perceptible on the countenance of Brusa as well as in the relaxation of his tail. As he approached the tempting morsel nothing could be more abject than his manner—stealing furtive glances at the eyes of his master and trying to conciliate him by wagging the downcast tail between his legs. Alas, poor Brusa! I suspected it from the beginning. What do you think of yourself now? Grabbed by the back of the neck in the powerful hands of Geir Zöega! Not a particle of use for you to whine and yelp and try to beg off. You have been a very bad fellow, and must suffer the consequences. With dreadful deliberation Zöega draws forth his whip, which has been carefully hidden in the folds of his coat all this time, and holding the victim of his displeasure in mid-air, thus, as I take it, apostrophizes him in his native language: "O Brusa! have I not fed thee and cherished thee with parental care? (Whack! yelp! and whack again.) Have I not been to thee tender and true? (Whack! whack! accompanied by heart-rending yelps and cries.) And this is thy gratitude! This is thy return for all my kindness! O how sharper than a serpent's tooth is the sting of ingratitude!"



GEIR ZOEGA AND BRUSA.

(Whack.) I warned thee about those sheep—those harmless and tender little lambs! I begged thee with tears in my eyes not to run after them; but thou wert stubborn in thine iniquity; and now what can I do but—(whack)—but punish thee according to my promise. Wilt thou ever do it again? O say, Brusa, wilt thou ever again be guilty of this disreputable conduct? (A melancholy howl.) It pains me to do it (whack), but it is (whack) for thine own good! Now hear and repent, and henceforth let thy ways be the ways of the virtuous and the just!" It was absolutely delightful to witness the joy of Brusa when the whipping was over. Without one word of comment Zöega would throw him the bread, and then gravely mount his horse and ride on. For hours after the victim of his displeasure would run, and jump, and bark, and caper with excess of delight. I really thought it was a kindness to whip him—he enjoyed it so much afterward.

Whenever our loose horses got off the trail or lagged behind the services of our dog were invaluable. Zöega had a particular way of directing his attention to the errant animal. "Hur-r-r-r!—(a roll of the tongue)—Hur-r-r-r Brusa!" and off Brusa would dash, his hair on

end with rage, till within a few feet of the horse, when he would commence a series of terrific demonstrations, barking and snapping at the heels of the vagrant. Backing of ears to frighten him, or kicks at his head had no terrors for him; he was altogether too sagacious to be caught within reach of dangerous weapons.

I know of nothing to equal the sagacity of these Icelandic dogs save that of the sheep-dogs of France and Germany. They are often sent out in the pastures to gather up the horses, and will remain by them and keep them within bounds for days at a time. They are also much used in the management of sheep. Unlike the regular shepherd-dog of Europe, however, they are sometimes thievish and treacherous, owing to their wolfish origin. I do not think we could have made ten miles a day without Brusa. In the driving of pack-trains a good dog is indispensable. I always gave the poor fellow something to eat when we stopped in consideration of his services.

We rode for some time along an elevated plateau of very barren aspect till something like a break in the outline became visible a few hundred yards ahead. I had a kind of feeling that we were approaching a crisis in our journey, but

said nothing. Neither did Zöega, for he was not a man to waste words. He always answered my questions politely, but seldom volunteered a remark. Presently we entered a great gap between two enormous cliffs of lava.

"What's this, Zöega?" I asked.

"Oh, this is the Almannajau!"

"What! the great Almannajau, where the Icelandic Parliament used to camp!"

"Yes, Sir; you see the exact spot down there below."

And in good truth there it was, some hundreds of feet below, in a beautiful little green valley that lay at the bottom of the gap. Never had my eyes witnessed so strange and wild a sight. A great fissure in the earth nearly a hundred feet deep, walled up with prodigious fragments of lava, dark and perpendicular—the bases strewn with molten



ENTRANCE TO THE ALMANNAJAU.



ALMANNAJAU.

masses, scattered about in the strangest disorder; a valley of the brightest green, over a hundred feet wide, stretching like a river between the fire-blasted cliffs; the trail winding through it in snake-like undulation—all now silent as death under the grim leaden sky, yet eloquent of terrible convulsions in by-gone centuries and of the voices of men long since mingled with the dust. Upon entering the gorge between the shattered walls of lava on either side, the trail makes a rapid descent of a few hundred yards till it strikes into the valley. I waited till my guide had descended with the horses, and then took a position a little below the entrance so as to command a view out through the gorge and up the entire range of the Almannajau.

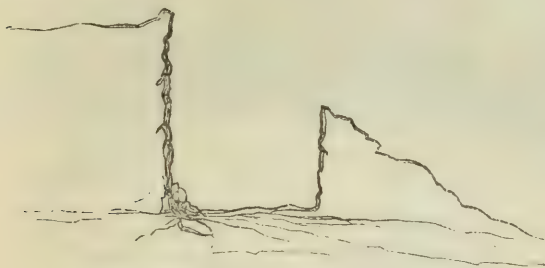
The appended sketch, imperfect as it is, will convey some idea of the scene; yet to comprise within the brief compass of a sheet of paper the varied wonders of this terrible gap, the wild disorder of the fragments cast loose over the earth, the utter desolation of the whole place would be simply impossible. No artist has ever yet done justice to the scene, and certainly no mere amateur can hope to attain better success.

Looking up the range of the great fissure, it resembles an immense walled alley, high on one side and low, broken, and irregular on the other. The main or left side forms a fearful precipice of more than eighty feet, and runs in a direct line toward the mountains, a distance of four or five miles. On the right, toward the plain of Thingvalla, the inferior side forms nearly a parallel line of rifted and irregular masses of lava,

perpendicular in front and receding behind. The greater wall presents a dark, rugged face, composed of immense pillars and blocks of lava, defined by horizontal and vertical fissures, strangely irregular in detail but showing a dark, compact, and solid front. In places it is not unlike a vast library of books, shaken into the wildest confusion by some resistless power. Whole ranges of ink-colored blocks are wrenched from their places, and scattered about between the ledges. Well may they represent the law-books of the old Icelandic Sagas and judges, who held their councils near this fearful gorge! Corresponding in face, but less regular and of inferior height, is the opposite wall. In its molten state the whole once formed a burning flood, of such vast extent and depth that it is estimated by geologists nearly half a century must have elapsed before it became cool. The bottom of this tremendous crack in the sea of lava is almost a dead level, and forms a valley of about a hundred feet in width, which extends, with occasional breaks and irregularities, entirely up to the base of the mountain. This valley is for the most part covered with a beautiful carpeting of fine green grass; but is sometimes diversified by fragments of lava shivered off and cast down from the walls on either side.

The gorge by which we entered must have been impracticable for horses in its original state. Huge masses of lava, which doubtless once jammed up the way, must have been hurled over into the gaping fissures at each side; and something like a road-way cleared out from the

chaos of ruin. Pavements and side-stones are still visible, where it is more than probable the old Icelanders did many a hard day's work. Eight or nine centuries have not yet obliterated the traces of the hammer and chisel; and there were stones cast a little on one side that still bear the marks of horses' hoofs—the very horses in all probability ridden by the old Sagas and lawgivers. Through this wild gorge they made their way into the sheltered solitudes of the Almannajau, where they pitched their tents and held their feasts previous to their councils on the Lögberg. Here passed the members of the Althing; here the victims of the Lögberg never re-passed again.



SKELETON VIEW OF THE ALMANNAJAU.

There are various theories concerning the original formation of this wonderful fissure. It is supposed by some that the flood of lava by which Thingvalla was desolated in times of which history presents no record, must have cooled irregularly, owing to the variation of thickness in different parts of the valley; that at this point, where its depth was great, the contracting mass separated, and the inferior portion gradually settled downward toward the point of greatest depression.

Others, again, hold the theory that there was a liquid drain of the molten lava underneath toward the lake; by means of which a great subterranean cavity was formed as far back as the mountain; that the crust on top being of insufficient strength to bear its own great weight must have fallen in as the whole mass cooled, and thus created this vast crack in the earth.

I incline to the first of these theories myself, as the most conformable to the contractile laws of heat. There is also something like practical evidence to sustain it. A careful examination of the elevations and depressions on each wall of the gap satisfied me that they bear at least a very striking analogy. Points on one side are frequently represented by hollows on the other, and even complicated figures occasionally find a counterpart, the configuration being always rel-

atively convex or concave. This would seem to indicate very clearly that the mass had been forcibly rent asunder, either by the contractile process of heat, or a convulsion of the earth. The most difficult point to determine is why the bottom should be so flat and regular, and what kept the great mass on each side so far intact as to form one clearly defined fissure a hundred feet wide and nearly five miles in length? This, however, is not for an unlearned tourist like myself to go into very deeply.

How many centuries have passed away since all this happened the first man who "gazed through the rent of ruin" has failed to leave on record—if he ever knew it. The great walls of the fissure stood grim and black before the old Icelandic Sagas, just as they now stand before the astonished eyes of the tourist. History records no material change in its aspect. It may be older than the Pyramids of Egypt; yet it looks as if the eruption by which it was caused might have happened within a lifetime, so little is there to indicate the progress of ages. I could not but experience the strangest sensations in being carried so far back toward the beginning of the world.

At the distance of about a mile up the "Jau" a river tumbles over the upper wall of lava, and rushes down the main fissure for a few hundred yards, when it suddenly diverges and breaks through a gap in the inferior wall, and comes down the valley on the outside toward the lake.

During my stay at Thingvalla I walked up to this part of the Almannajau, and made a rough sketch of the waterfall.

From the point of rocks upon which I stood the effect was peculiar. The course of the river, which lies behind the Jau, on the opposite side, is entirely hidden by the great wall in front, and nothing of it is visible till the whole river bursts over the dark precipice, and tumbles, foaming and roaring, into the tremendous depths below, where it dashes down wildly among the shattered fragments of lava till it reaches the outlet into the main valley. A mist rises up from the falling water, and whirls around the base of the cataract in clouds, forming in the rays of the sun a series of beautiful rainbows. The grim, jagged rocks, blackened and rifted with fire, make a strange contrast with the delicate prismatic colors of the rainbows, and their sharp and rugged outline with the soft, ever-changing clouds of spray.

The flocks of the good pastor of Thingvalla were quietly browsing among the rugged de-



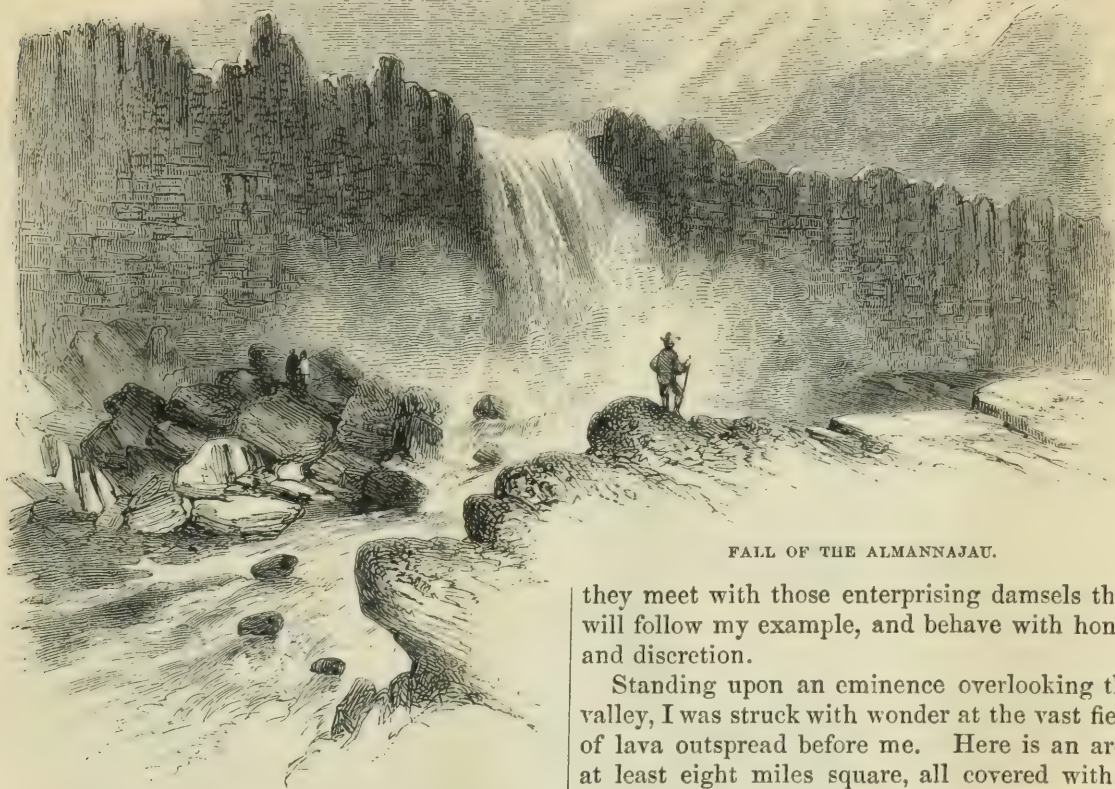
Almannajau.

Church.

Lögberg

Hrafnajau.

OUTLINE VIEW OF THINGVALLA.



FALL OF THE ALMANNAJAU.

clivities where I stood. Here were violence and peace in striking contrast; the tremendous concussion of the falling water; the fearful marks of convulsion on the one hand, and on the other

"The gentle flocks that play upon the green."

As I put away my imperfect sketch, and sauntered back toward the hospitable cabin of the pastor, a figure emerged from the rocks, and I stood face to face with an Icelandic shepherdess.

Well, it is no use to grow poetical over this matter. To be sure, we were alone in a great wilderness, and she was very pretty, and looked uncommonly coquettish with her tasseled cap, neat blue bodice, and short petticoats, to say nothing of a well-turned pair of ankles; but then, you see, I couldn't speak a word of Icelandic, and if I could, what had I, a responsible man, to say to a pretty young shepherdess? At most I could only tell her she was extremely captivating, and looked for all the world like a flower in the desert, born to blush unseen, etc. As she skipped shyly away from me over the rocks I was struck with admiration at the graceful sprightliness of her movements, and wondered why so much beauty should be wasted upon silly sheep, when the world is so full of stout brave young fellows who would fall dead in love with her at the first sight. But I had better drop the subject. There is a young man of my acquaintance already gone up to Norway to look for the post-girl that drove me over the road to Trondhjem; and at least two of my friends are now on the way to Hamburg for the express purpose of witnessing the gyrations of the celebrated wheeling girls. All I hope is, that when

they meet with those enterprising damsels they will follow my example, and behave with honor and discretion.

Standing upon an eminence overlooking the valley, I was struck with wonder at the vast field of lava outspread before me. Here is an area at least eight miles square, all covered with a stony crust, varying from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness, rent into gaping fissures and tossed about in tremendous fragments; once a burning flood, covering the earth with ruin and desolation wherever it flowed; now a cold, weird desert, whose gloomy monotony is only relieved by stunted patches of brushwood and dark pools of water—all wrapped in a death-like silence. Where could this terrible flood have come from? The mountains in the distance look so peaceful in their snowy robes, so incapable of the rage from which all this desolation must have sprung, that I could scarcely reconcile such terrible results with an origin so apparently inadequate.

I questioned Zöega on this point, but not with much success. How was it possible, I asked, that millions and billions of tons of lava could be vomited forth from the crater of any mountain within sight? Here was a solid bed of lava spread over the valley, and many miles beyond, which, if piled up, shrunk and dried as it was, would of itself make a mountain larger than the Skjald-braid Jokul, from which it is supposed to have been ejected.

"Now, Zöega," said I, "how do you make it out that this came from the Skjald-braid Jokul?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know, but I think it came from the inside of the world."

"Why, Zöega, the world is only a shell—a mere egg-shell in Iceland I should fancy—filled with fiery gases."

"Is that possible, Sir?" cried Zöega, in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, quite possible; a mere egg-shell!"

"Dear me, I didn't know that! It is a wonderful world, Sir."

"Very—especially in Iceland."

"Then, Sir, I don't know how this could have happened unless it was done by spirits that live in the ground. Some people say they are great monsters, and live on burned stones."

"Do you believe in spirits, Zöega?"

"Oh yes, Sir;—and don't you? I've seen them many a time. I once saw a spirit nearly as large as the Skjaldbraid. It came up out of the earth directly before me where I was traveling, and shook its head as if warning me to go back. I was badly frightened, and turned my horse around and went back. Then I heard that my best friend was dying. When he was dead I married his wife. She's a very good woman, Sir; and if you please I'll get her to make you some coffee when we get back to Reykjavik."

So goes the world, thought I, from the Skjaldbraid Jokul to a cup of coffee! Why bother our heads about these troublesome questions, which can only result in proving us all equally ignorant. The wisest has learned nothing save his own ignorance. He "meets with darkness in the daytime, and gropes in the noonday as in the night."

The extensive valley called Thingvalla, or the Valley of the "Thing," lies at the head of a lake of the same name, some fifteen miles in length by six or seven in width. The waters of this lake are beautifully clear, and the scenery around it is of the wildest and most picturesque character. Rugged mountains rise from its shores in various directions, and islands reflect their varied outlines in its glassy surface. Cranes, wild ducks, plovers, and occasionally swans, abound in the lagoons that open into it from Thingvalla. The bed of this fine sheet of water corresponds in its configuration with the surrounding country. It is of volcanic formation throughout, and the rifts and fissures in the lava can be traced as far as it is practicable to see through the water.

On passing out of the Almannajau, near the lower fall, where the river breaks out into the main valley, the view toward the lake is exten-



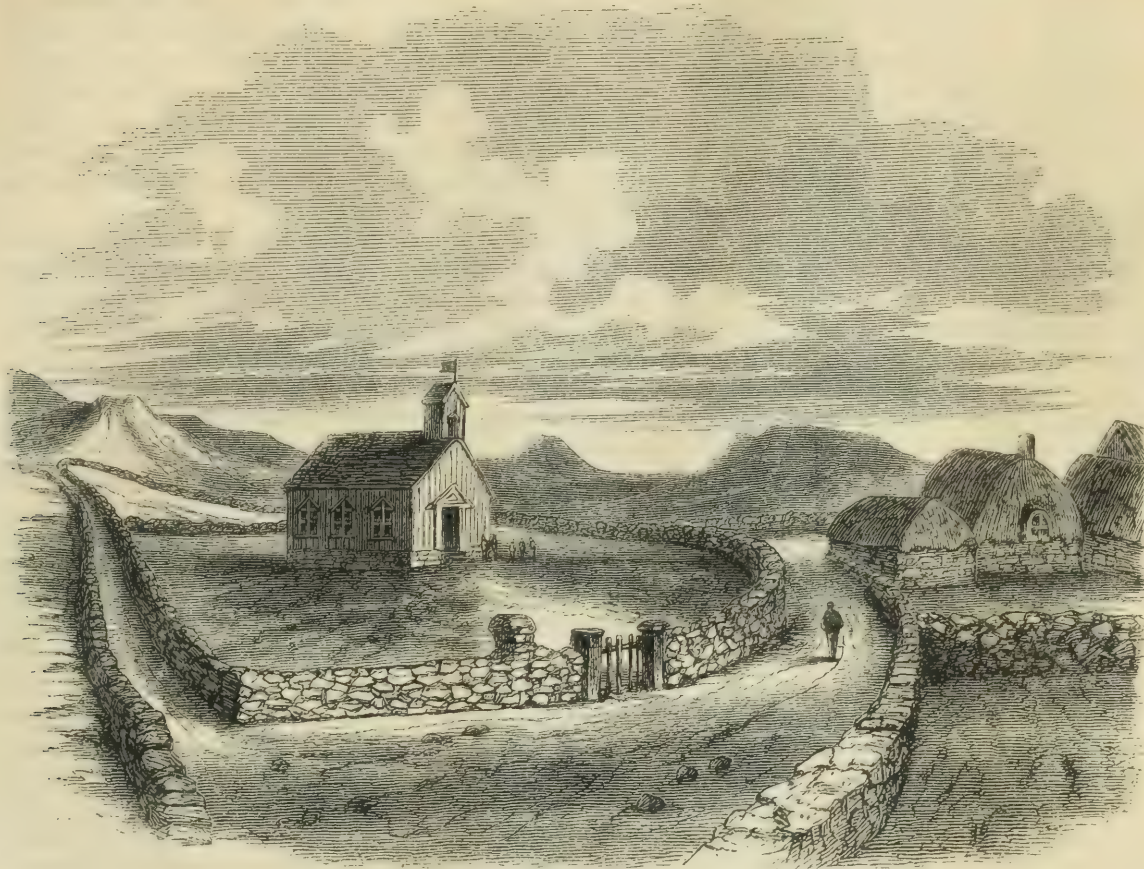
ICELANDIC SHEPHERD-GIRL.

sive and imposing. Along the course of the river is a succession of beautiful little green flats, upon which the horses and cattle of the good pastor graze; and farther down on the left lies the church and farm-house. Still beyond are vast plains of lava, gradually merging into the waters of the lake; and in the far distance mountain upon mountain, till the view is lost in the snowy Jokuls of the far interior.

Descending into this valley we soon crossed the river, which is fordable at this season, and in a few minutes entered a lane between the low stone walls that surround the station.

The church is of modern construction, and, like all I saw in the interior, is made of wood, painted a dark color, and roofed with boards covered with sheets of tarred canvas. It is a very primitive little affair, only one story high, and not more than fifteen by twenty feet in dimensions. From the date on the weather-cock it appears to have been built in 1858.

The congregation is supplied by the few sheep-ranches in the neighborhood—consisting at most of half a dozen families. These unpretending little churches are to be seen in the vicinity of every settlement throughout the whole island.



CHURCH AT THINGVALLA.

Simple and homely as they are, they speak well for the pious character of the people.

The pastor of Thingvalla and his family reside in a group of sod-covered huts close by the church. These cheerless little hovels are really a curiosity—none of them being over ten or fifteen feet high, and all huddled together without the slightest regard to latitude or longitude—like a parcel of sheep in a storm. Some have windows in the roof, and some have chimneys; grass and weeds grow all over them; and crooked byways and dark alleys run among them and through them. At the base they are walled up with big lumps of lava, and two of them have board fronts, painted black, while the remainder are patched up with turf and rubbish of all sorts, very much in the style of a stork's nest. A low stone wall encircles the premises, but seems to be of little use as a barrier against the encroachments of live stock, being broken up in gaps every few yards. In front of the group some attempt has been made at a pavement, which, however, must have been abandoned soon after the work was commenced. It is now littered all over with old tubs, pots, dish-cloths, and other articles of domestic use.

The interior of this strange abode is even more complicated than one would be led to expect from the exterior. Passing through a dilapidated door-way in one of the smaller cabins, which you would hardly suppose to be the main entrance, you find yourself in a long dark passage-way, built of rough stone, and roofed with wooden rafters and brushwood covered with sod.

The sides are ornamented with pegs stuck in the crevices between the stones, upon which hang saddles, bridles, horse-shoes, bunches of herbs, dried fish, and various articles of cast-off clothing, including old shoes and sheepskins. Wide or narrow, straight or crooked, to suit the sinuosities of the different cabins into which it forms the entrance, it seems to have been originally located upon the track of a blind boa-constrictor, though Bishop Hatton denies the existence of snakes in Iceland. The best room, or rather house—for every room is a house—is set apart for the accommodation of travelers. Another cabin is occupied by some members of the pastor's family, who bundle about like a lot of rabbits. The kitchen is also the dog-kennel, and occasionally the sheep-house. A pile of stones in one corner of it, upon which a few twigs or scraps of sheep-manure serve to make the fire, constitute the cooking department. The beams overhead are decorated with pots and kettles, dried fish, stockings, petticoats, and the remains of a pair of boots that probably belonged to the pastor in his younger days. The dark turf walls are pleasantly diversified with bags of oil hung on pegs, scraps of meat, old bottles and jars, and divers rusty-looking instruments for shearing sheep and cleaning their hoofs. The floor consists of the original lava-bed and artificial puddles composed of slops and offal of divers unctuous kinds. Smoke fills all the cavities in the air not already occupied by foul odors, and the beams and posts and rickety old bits of furniture are dyed to the core with the dense and varie-

gated atmosphere around them. This is a fair specimen of the whole establishment, with the exception of the travelers' room. The beds in these cabins are the chief articles of luxury. Feathers being abundant, they are sewed up in prodigious ticks, which are tumbled topsy-turvy into big boxes on legs that serve for bedsteads, and then covered over with piles of all the loose blankets, petticoats, and cast-off rags possible to be gathered up about the premises. Into these comfortable nests the sleepers dive every night, and, whether in summer or winter, cover themselves up under the odorous mountain of rags, and snooze away till morning. During the long winter nights they spend on an average about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in this agreeable manner. When it is borne in mind that every crevice in the house is carefully stopped up in order to keep out the cold air, and that whole families frequently occupy a single apartment not over ten by twelve, the idea of being able to cut through the atmosphere with a cleaver seems perfectly preposterous. A night's respiration in such a hole is quite sufficient to saturate the whole family with the substance of all the fish and sheep-skins in the vicinity; and the marvel of it is that they don't come out next day wagging their fins or bleating like sheep. I wonder they ever have any occasion to eat. Absorption must supply them with a large amount of nutriment; but I suppose what is gained in that way is lost in the fattening of certain other members of the household. Warmth seems to be the principal object, and certainly it is no small consideration in a country where fuel is so scarce.

I can not conceive of more wretched abodes for human beings. They are indeed very little better than fox-holes—certainly not much sweeter. Yet in such rude habitations as these the

priests of Iceland study the classical languages, and perfect themselves in the early literature of their country. Many of them become learned, and devote much of their lives to the pursuits of science. In the northern part of the country the houses are said to be better and more capacious; but the example I have given is a fair average of what I saw.

The passionate devotion of the Icelanders to their homes is almost inconceivable. I have never seen any thing like it. The most favored nations of the earth can not furnish examples of such intense and all-absorbing love of home and country. I traveled with a native of Reykjavik, some weeks after my visit to Thingvalla, and had an opportunity of judging what his impressions were of other countries. He was a very intelligent man, well versed in Icelandic literature, and spoke English remarkably well. Both himself and wife were fellow-passengers on the *Arcturus* from Reykjavik to Grangemouth. I was curious to know what a well-educated man would think of a civilized country, and watched him very closely. He had never seen a railway, locomotive, or carriage of any kind, not even a tree or a good-sized house. We stopped at Leith, where we took passage by the train to Edinburgh. As soon as the locomotive started he began to laugh heartily, and by the time we reached Edinburgh he and his wife, though naturally grave people, were nearly in convulsions of laughter. I had no idea that the emotion of wonder would be manifested in that way by civilized beings. Of course I laughed to see them laugh, and altogether it was very funny. We took rooms at the same hotel, opposite to Sir Walter Scott's monument. Now it is needless to say that Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Even Constantinople can scarcely sur-



THE PASTOR'S HOUSE.

pass it in picturesque beauty. The worthy Ic-lander, be it remembered, had never seen even a town, except Reykjavik, of which I have already attempted a description. It was night when we arrived at Edinburgh, so that I had no opportunity of judging what his impressions would be at that time. Next morning I knocked at his room-door. His wife opened it, looking very sad, as I thought. At the window, gazing out over the magnificent scene, embracing the Monument, the Castle, and many of the finest of the public buildings, stood her husband, the big tears coursing down his face.

"Well," said I, "what do you think of Edinburgh?"

"Oh!" he cried, "oh, I am so home-sick! Oh, my dear, dear native land! Oh, my own beautiful Iceland! Oh that I were back in my beloved Reykjavik! Oh, I shall die in this desert of houses! Oh that I could once more breathe the pure fresh air of my own dear, dear island home!"

Such were literally his expressions. Not one word had he to say about the beauties of Edinburgh! To him it was a hideous nightmare. The fishy little huts of Reykjavik, the bleak lava-deserts of the neighborhood, and the raw blasts from the Jokuls, were all he could realize of a Paradise upon earth. Yet he was a highly-cultivated and intelligent man, not destitute of refined tastes. Truly, I thought to myself,

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own."

While I waited outside the pastor's house, enjoying the oddity of the scene, Zöega busied himself unsaddling the horses. I sat down on a pile of fagots, and, with some trouble and a little assistance from my guide, succeeded in getting off my overalls, which had been thoroughly drenched with rain and saturated with mud. The occasional duckings we had experienced in crossing the rivers did not add to my comfort. I was chilled and wet, and would have given a Danish dollar for the privilege of sitting at a fire. All this time there was no sign of life about the premises save the barking of an ill-favored little dog that was energetically disclaiming any acquaintance with Brusa. I regret to say that Brusa lost much of his bravado air in the presence of this insignificant cur, but it was quite natural; the cur was at home and Brusa wasn't. At first our dog seemed disposed to stand his ground, but upon the near approach of the house-dog he dropped his tail between his legs and ingloriously sneaked between the legs of the horses, which of course gave the gentleman of the house a high opinion of his own prowess—so much so, indeed, that the craven spirit of Brusa never before appeared in such a despicable light. He cringed and howled with terror, which so flattered the vanity of the other that a ferocious attack was the immediate consequence. Fortunately a kick from one of the horses laid Brusa's aggressor yelping in the mud, an advantage of which

Brusa promptly availed himself; and the pastor's dog would have fared badly in the issue but for the interference of Zöega, who separated the contending parties, and administered a grave rebuke to the party of our part respecting the impropriety of his conduct.

Though it occurred to me that I had seen the retreating figure of a man as we rode up, I was at a loss to understand why nobody appeared to ask us in or bid us welcome, and suggested to Zöega that I thought this rather an unfriendly reception. Now, upon this point of Icelandic hospitality Zöega was peculiarly sensitive. He always maintained that the people, though poor, are very hospitable—so much so that they made no complaint when a certain Englishman, whose name he could mention, stopped with them for days, ate up all their food and drank up all their coffee, and then went off without offering them even a small present. "No wonder," said Zöega, "this man told a great many lies about them, and laughed at them for refusing money, when the truth was he never offered them money or any thing else. It was certainly a very cheap way of traveling."

"But what about the pastor, Zöega? I'm certain I caught a glimpse of him as he darted behind the door."

"Oh, he'll be here directly; he always runs away when strangers come."

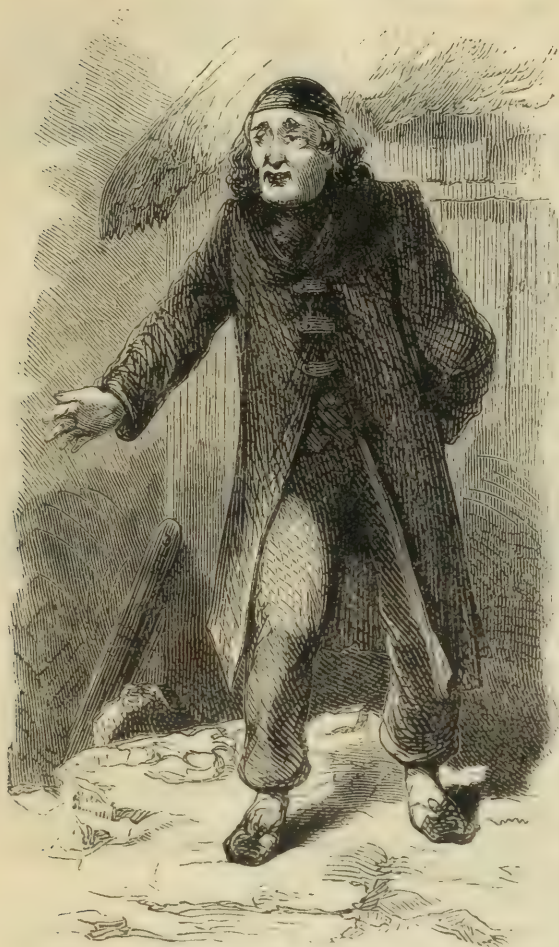
"What does he run away for?"

"Why, you see, Sir, he is generally a little dirty, and must go wash himself and put on some decent clothes."

While we were talking the pastor made his appearance, looking somewhat damp about the face and hair, and rather embarrassed about the shape of his coat, which was much too large for him, and hung rather low about his heels. With an awkward shuffling gait he approached us, and having shaken hands with Zöega, looked askant at me, and said something, which my guide interpreted as follows:

"He bids you welcome, Sir, and says his house is at your service. It is a very poor house, but it is the best he has. He wishes to know if you will take some coffee, and asks what part of the world you are from. I tell him you are from California, and he says it is a great way off, clear down on the other side of the world, and may God's blessing be upon you. Walk in, Sir."

Pleased with these kind words, I stepped up to the good pastor and cordially shook him by the hand, at the same time desiring Zöega to say that I thanked him very much, and hoped he would make it convenient to call and see me some time or other in California, which, I regret to add, caused him to look both alarmed and embarrassed. A queer, shy man was this pastor—a sort of living mummy, dried up and bleached by Icelandic snows. His manner was singularly bashful. There was something of the recluse in it—a mixture of shyness, awkwardness, and intelligence, as if his life had been spent chiefly among sheep and books,



THE PASTOR OF THINGVALLA.

which very likely was the case. All the time I was trying to say something agreeable he was looking about him as if he desired to make his escape into some Icelandic bog, and there hide himself during my stay. I followed him through the passage-way already mentioned into the travelers' room, where he beckoned me to take a seat, and then awkwardly seating himself on the edge of a chair as far away as he could get without backing through the wall, addressed me in Danish. Finding me not very proficient in that tongue, he branched off into Latin, which he spoke as fluently as if it had been his native language. Here again I was at fault. I had gone as far as *Quosque tandem* when a boy, but the vicissitudes of time and travel had knocked it all out of my head. I tried him on the German, and there, to use a familiar phrase, had the "dead-wood on him." He couldn't understand a word of that euphonious language. However, a slight knowledge of the Spanish, picked up in Mexico and California, enabled me to guess at some of his Latin, and in this way we struggled into something of conversation. The effort, however, was too great for the timid recluse. After several pauses and lapses into long fits of silence, he got up and took his leave. Meantime Zöega was enjoying himself by the fire in the kitchen, surrounded by the female members of the family, who no doubt were eagerly listening to the latest news from Reykjavik. Whenever their voices be-

came audible I strongly suspected that the ladies were asking whether the steamer had brought any crinoline from Copenhagen.

The pastor's family appeared to be composed entirely of females. Like all the Icelandic women I had seen, they do all the work of the establishment, attend to the cows, make the cheese, cut the hay, carry the heavy burdens, and perform the manual labor generally. This I found to be the case at all the farm-houses. Sometimes the men assist, but they prefer riding about the country or lying idle about the doors of their cabins. At Reykjavik, it is true, there is a population of Danish sailors and fishermen, and it would be scarcely fair to form an opinion from the lazy and thriftless habits of the people there. But I think the civilization of Iceland is very much like that of Germany in respect to women. They are not rated very high in the scale of humanity. Still, overworked and degraded as they are, the natural proclivities of the sex are not altogether obliterated. In former times their costume was picturesque and becoming, and some traces of the old style are yet to be seen throughout the pastoral districts; a close body, a jaunty little cap on the head, with a heavy tassel, ornamented with gold or silver bands, silver clasps to their belts, and filigree buttons down the front, give them a very pleasing appearance. Of late years, however, fashion has begun to assert her sway, even in this isolated part of the world, and the native costume is gradually becoming modernized.

The pastor having joined the more congenial circle of which Zöega was the admired centre, I was left alone in the chilly little room allotted to travelers to meditate upon the comforts of Icelandic life. It was rather a gloomy condition of affairs to be wet to the skin, shivering with cold, and not a soul at hand to sympathize with me in my misery. Then the everlasting day—when would it end? Already I had been awake and traveling some fourteen hours, and it was as broad daylight as ever. Nothing could be more wearying than the everlasting daylight that surrounded me—not bright and sunshiny, but dreary and lead-colored, showing scarcely any perceptible difference between morning, noon, and night.

The coffee soon came to my relief, and the pastor followed it to wish me a good appetite and ask if I wanted any thing else. I again renewed the attempt at conversation, but it was too much for his nervous temperament and shrinking modesty. He always managed, after a few words, to slip stealthily away up into the loft or out among the rocks to avoid the appearance of intrusion, or the labor of understanding what I said, or communicating his ideas—I could not tell which.

After a slight repast I walked out to take a look at the Lögberg, or Rock of Laws, which is situated about half a mile from the church. This is, perhaps, of all the objects of historical association in Iceland, the most interesting. It was here the judges tried criminals, pronounced



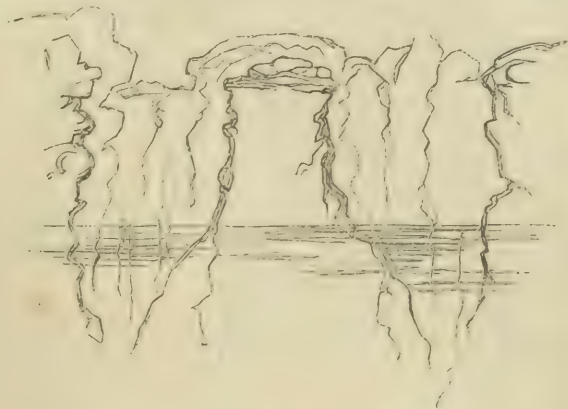
THINGVALLA, LÖGBERG, ALMANNAJAU.

judgments, and executed their stern decrees. On a small plateau of lava, separated from the general mass by a profound abyss on every side, save a narrow neck barely wide enough for a foothold, the famous "Thing" assembled once a year, and, secured from intrusion in their deliberations by the terrible chasm around, passed laws for the weal or woe of the people. It was only necessary to guard the causeway by which they entered; all other sides were well protected by the encircling moat, which varies from thirty to forty feet in width, and is half filled with water. The total depth to the bottom, which is distinctly visible through the crystal pool, must be sixty or seventy feet. Into this yawning abyss the unhappy criminals were cast, with stones around their necks, and many a long day did they lie beneath the water, a ghastly

spectacle for the crowd that peered at them over the precipice.

All was now as silent as the grave. Eight centuries had passed, and yet the strange scenes that had taken place here were vividly before me. I could imagine the gathering crowds, the rising hum of voices; the pause, the shriek, and plunge; the low murmur of horror, and then the stern warning of the lawgivers and the gradual dispersing of the multitude.

The dimensions of the plateau are four or five hundred feet in length by an average of sixty or eighty in width. A diagram, taken from an elevated point beyond, will give some idea of its form. The surface is now covered with a fine coating of sod and grass, and furnishes good pasturage for the sheep belonging to the pastor.



SKELETON VIEW OF THE LÖGBERG

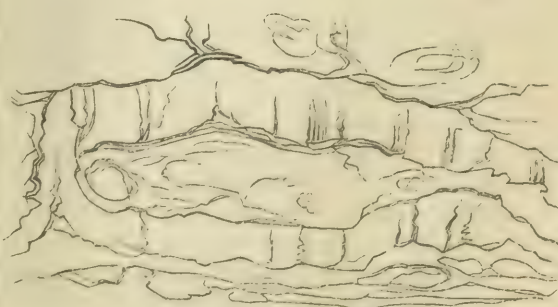


DIAGRAM OF THE LÖGBERG

DOCTOR HAWLEY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



THE DOCTOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

am so glad! Nobody ever deserved it better than you."

"I don't know why I deserve it, unless it is because I have an extravagant daughter to support," said the Doctor, caressing the girl's soft curling hair.

"Well, I *will* be extravagant now; I *may* be extravagant now. A quarter of a million! Oh, papa, I want a pony this summer, and I want a splendid set of furs next winter, and ever so many things more that you must help me think of.—A quarter of a million! a quarter of a million!" Shelaughed, waltzing about the room. "Oh, papa, stop looking so wise, and let us be foolish to-day. Here comes mamma. My dear Mrs. Hawley, shall I have the honor of polking with you, or must I ask the permission of your husband first? Papa, don't you for-

IT was one of the brightest May mornings that ever shone upon the trees and gardens which embower and perfume New Haven. Doctor Hawley stood at one of the front windows of his parlor, looking out upon the public square, or Green, and admiring, as if for the first time, the delicate freshness of its turf, the majesty of its ranked elms, and the graceful interlacing of shadows and sunlight which dropped from their branches. A handsome girl of eighteen stole up to him from behind and laid her healthy cheek on his shoulder.

"How you look at the Green!" she said, laughing. "Are you going to buy it, papa? Of course you will do something foolish, now that you are rich. But you sha'n't take that old stucco-sticco State-house, at any money."

"My dear, I wish I could take it and throw it into the bottom of the sea."

"But you *are* rich now, ain't you, papa? I

get that we are to have two hundred dollars to spend in New York to-morrow. As for the college—now don't be too generous to the college—ten thousand dollars is too much for the college. There is the new house, you know. There is my pony, my furs, and hosts of other things, you know."

"How you go on, you little spendthrift!" said the Doctor, turning round and pretending to shake his daughter. "You will have the fortune spent before I get it."

"But you have got it already. A year and a day, you remember. The time is up. If you let the fortune go now, mamma and I will have you put in the lunatic asylum."

"My dear, I am afraid that you will be there before me," smiled the Doctor. "Well, kiss me now, and let me go to walk. Yes, you shall have the pony; yes, and the furs too, though not in this warm weather; yes, and the two

hundred dollars shall be ready for to-morrow. The college? Why I must give at least ten thousand to the college. It would be shabby to offer less to my *Alma Mater*, when I have been blessed so beyond my wants. There, little one [a kiss], I'll be back in an hour."

It was on this same May morning that the young man, Zedekiah Hull, was first observed in New Haven. When discovered by that venerable but alert and ever-watchful individual, the Oldest Inhabitant, he sat upon the marble steps of our brick and plaster State-house, devouring in extreme haste what looked like his luncheon, but might have been his breakfast. Our inquisitive fellow-citizen improved the occasion so far as to discover that this repast, whatever its name might be, consisted of perhaps half a pound of soda crackers, two red herrings, and one red apple. Zedekiah performed wonders of mastication, or rather of deglutition, for it would be an abuse of the public faith to give out the idea that he chewed. Solids went down as if they were fluids—two ravenous snaps sufficed to annihilate the driest cracker—there was a stretching forward of the head, an anaconda writhing, and the mouthful was in the stomach. The Oldest Inhabitant, native American as he was, had never seen any thing like it in the whole course of his experience.

"I guess the young chap is in a hurry," said he to himself. "I guess he's got to go somewhere or do some errand right away. He keeps looking round as though he expected somebody or something."

Our worthy neighbor was mistaken, for Zedekiah showed no haste to quit the scene of his gorging exploits, thereby proving that he had eaten thus rapidly, not from necessity, but from hunger or habit. Having finished his dessert—first a bite of apple and then a bite of herring—he drew a long breath, unbuttoned his vest, picked his teeth with his fingers, surveyed the college and adjacent buildings, and at last, gathering up the fragment of newspaper which had contained his food, commenced reading it. Meantime the Oldest Inhabitant, leaning on his ivory-headed cane and looking over his silver-bowed spectacles, took a note of the young man's appearance. At this momentous era of his life Zedekiah was a tall, lean creature of inharmonious proportions, clad in baggy, countryfied raiment of that economical reddish-brown broadcloth which holds so much dirt without showing it. His hat was a beaver, once round, but now many-sided; his boots were foxy, muddy, down at the heels, and out at the toes. His hair was a dry, thick, kinky mop; his mouth was usefully large, but showed his gums too much; his light-gray eyes contrasted unpleasantly with his dark, sun-burnt complexion. To be plain, he was not by any means a comely youth to look upon; and yet our social patriarch was right in surveying him with attention; for without him this story could not have been. And here permit me to remark, such is life, my reader. The

most unpromising person whom we meet in a day's walk may be the fruitful bough from which we are soon to gather the richest apples of experience.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Zedekiah. "Hullo! that's me!" he repeated, starting up, and glaring at a particular spot in the fragment of newspaper. Glancing around him now, and settling his small eyes upon the Oldest Inhabitant for one inquiring instant, he made a rush down the steps, and approached that ancient pride of our city.

"Haow air ye, mister?" said he. "Hold on a minit. Want to speak to ye."

Our friend did not find much difficulty in holding on, having done little else for the last twenty years, and being, as is well known, of a most sympathetic, not to say inquisitive, disposition. There he stood, bowing over his spectacles, and smiling under them with that blandness for which he is celebrated. He rather hoped, as I have since gathered from him, that Zedekiah was about to show him the bit of newspaper; but the cautious youth folded it up as he came near, and sticking it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat over it.

"Mister, know a man by the name of Hawley—Alfred Hawley?" he asked.

"Certainly, Sir. Doctor Hawley, you mean, suppose? One of our leading citizens, and a very particular friend of mine, Sir," responded the Inhabitant.

"Is, eh? Ain't rich, is he?" continued Zedekiah.

"He had a large fortune fall to him a year ago, Sir. It came from a cousin whom he hadn't seen for twenty years. One of the most remarkable incidents that I ever knew in the whole course of my experience, and I am an old man, Sir."

"That's the feller, I guess—that must be the very feller," observed Zedekiah, showing his gums with pleasure. "Where's his house, eh? Any wheres in sight?"

"Oh yes, certainly. You are a stranger here, I presume. From the country, perhaps?" inquired our insinuating old friend.

"Waal, like enough," admitted Zedekiah, wryly; for your real rustic hates to have his countryhood guessed. "But I'd be much obleeged if yeou'd show me his house. I'm in an all-fired hurry to see him."

"He intends building very soon," observed the Inhabitant, tranquilly. "Of course he would, with that splendid fortune, Sir."

"Jes so," conceded Zedekiah. "But where's he live neow? That's the question."

"Do you see that white wooden house on the corner there, Sir, facing this way? That's the place. You are acquainted with the Doctor, perhaps?"

"Yes—no—much obleeged," hastily responded Zedekiah, turning away with a curt nod, and making direct for the indicated dwelling. The Primitive Inhabitant looked after him with a

sigh expressing disappointment, and perhaps some slight annoyance, but no reproach; for with all his curiosity he is a gentleman. How little did the creamy old soul suspect that he had set upon his good friend that friend's direst and mightiest enemy! Again I beg leave to remark that such is life, at least very often. At every turn of our daily walk, at every word of our conversation, we may do chance harm to some respected friend, or chance good to some hateful enemy.

Zedekiah's eager boots shuffled athwart the Green, roused the dust of the street, and grated on the Doctor's scraper. To gain entrance was a matter of time; for there was no knocker, and the young man had not yet been initiated into the mystery of door-bells. How could mere mother-wit ever guide him to take hold of that shining silver knob and pull it? Perhaps he never would have got in; perhaps he would have worn out his knuckles and his patience together; but just then the Doctor, for his ill-luck, came to the door with the intention of sallying out on his constitutional. There stood our model gentleman face to face with his enemy, neither of them aware that he was of much consequence to the other.

"Mornin'," remarked Zedekiah, scraping a boot and swinging his hands in so doing.

"Good-morning, Sir," answered the mild voice of the Doctor, while his gray uncovered head inclined courteously.

"This ain't Doctor Hawley, is it—Doctor Alfred Hawley?"

"It is, Sir. What can I do for you? Will you walk in?"

"Guess I will," said Zedekiah, as he sidled through the door-way. "Guess yeou want to see me. Advertised for me, didn't ye?"

"What name?" inquired the Doctor, with a quick breath, as he turned short upon the stranger.

"Hull—Zedekiah Hull. Shouldn't wonder if I was yeour nephew, kinder. Didn't you marry my Aunt Huldy, step-daughter to old Lifelet Hull, of Coventry?"

The Doctor's face flushed crimson, and he lifted his hand to his brows, as if that sudden whirl of blood had made him dizzy. The next moment he was just a little paler than his wont, but collected and courteous.

"Is it possible?" said he. "Are you the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry?"

"Jes so—that's a fact; got the bull by the horns neow."

"Then you are my nephew, in a manner; and I—I am glad to see you," observed the Doctor, shaking hands and looking in Zedekiah's face with a smile that did not show how much effort those words cost him. "Yes, I have been wishing to find you. I have been advertising for you during the whole year past. But come into the parlor. Let me introduce you to your aunt and Cousin Hatty."

"No, no, not neow—not before the women

folks," stammered Zedekiah. "Ain't dressed for it. Left my good clothes down to—"

He did not finish the sentence, for in fact he had left his good clothes so far off, and so long ago, that it would have been difficult to speak accurately of the circumstance.

"Hain't ye got a private place where we can talk it eout free and easy, Doctor?" he inquired, showing his gums beseechingly.

"Certainly, if you wish it. Come into my study, if you please."

In a moment more Doctor Hawley and his visitor were in the study alone. Zedekiah was urged into accepting the hospitality of a vast morocco-lined arm-chair; but his spirit had been awed by a passing glimpse into a tastefully furnished parlor, and he had not the moral courage to fall back at his ease; he sat on the extreme edge of the cushion, his body bent forward, and his bony hands resting on his *alto relievo* knee-pans. His many-angled beaver had remained on his head thus far, but he now slipped it off, and put it on the floor behind him, where the Doctor could not see it; his feet he drew up close under his chair, to conceal, no doubt, the decayed condition of his boots.

"Yes, I have something of great importance to communicate to you," began the Doctor, suppressing a mild sigh. "But first let me ask you, had you an own uncle?"

"Yes, Uncle Abner—that is, Abner Hull—farther's oldest brother. Farther lost a monstrous lot of money by him—two or three thousand dollars, I guess. That's what made farther poor; he never got up from it. Of course he and Uncle Abner always fit after that. Uncle went off to China, or some of them places. Hain't had a letter from him, I hain't, since—Waal, fact is, never did have a letter from him. Farther and he fit awful hard, and I guess uncle feels kinder shamed; oughter—don't yeou think so?—after cheatin' so."

"He is dead," was the Doctor's mild reply.

"Thunder! don't say?" exclaimed Zedekiah. "Waal, all got to die—every body's time comes. S'pose Aunt Huldy feels dreadful, don't she?"

Evidently the Doctor did not know how to handle this question; for, after a perplexed twist of the lips, he passed it by in silence.

"I take it for granted," said he, "that you are my—my nephew; and I shall tell you my story under that supposition. You will then see how necessary it is for you to prove that you are the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry."

"Prove! that's a good 'un! Don't I know? Oh, if it's a law case—'tis, eh? Waal, I can prove it. Don't you be skeered. Got the old Bible, with my name in it. Then there's lots o' folks in Coventry that'd know me yit, if I did cut and run from there five year ago. Ain't forgot so easy, I can tell ye."

"Very well. Now, then, to my story," returned the Doctor. "Your Uncle Abner did not cheat your father; he simply lost money for

him; they were unfortunate together.—They quarreled, as you say. Alas! we are all apt to do that when we are in trouble. Adversity, while it is fresh, tries the temper painfully.”

He looked just then as if his own temper were sorely tried, but he quelled it bravely, and did not even smile bitterness.

“Your uncle went to China as a common sailor,” he continued; “left his vessel at Canton, and got a clerkship in a large tea-house; he was honest, industrious, capable, and won his employers’ confidence. Yes, he was a worthy man—as good, at least, as the average of us.—Well, at last he was taken into the partnership; and, to make a long story short, he gained a fortune. When he left Canton for America, a year and a half ago, he was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

“Thunder! Two—hundred—and—fifty—thousand—dollars! Good—gracious—glory!” gasped Zedekiah, mentally crushed by this enormity of wealth. Then he added, eagerly, ravenously: “Waal, what ’d he do with ’t?”

“He brought it home with him. He hoped to enjoy it here, but it was too late—heart complaint,” resumed Doctor Hawley, tenderly. “He only lived a fortnight after he reached New York. I attended him, along with Strothers, and we did what we could to make him comfortable; for it was useless to try to save him. He showed me his will, and appointed me his executor. Having neither wife nor child he was at liberty to repay many times over the loss which he had caused to your father. He was anxious also to make the name of Hull wealthy, as well as—as respectable. In short, he had left to Nathan Hull, of Coventry, and to his rightful heirs, the whole of that immense fortune. There was, indeed, a codicil—”

“O Lord!” groaned Zedekiah, looking white and sick as he fell back in the great morocco chair. “Oh, uncle! I’m dizzy—I’m afraid I’m going to die.”

The Doctor ran to a cupboard, produced a



UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

glass of sherry, and held it to Zedekiah’s lips; but the youth could only gasp at it as he sank into a merciful unconsciousness. Imagination, intellect, emotions, had been overtaken by the astounding intelligence, and he lay there helpless, a swooning heap of good fortune. To the door hurried the compassionate Doctor, and shouted down the hall: “Bridget! Bridget! Mrs. Hawley! Hatty! here, some of you! bring a tumbler of cold water!”

In another instant Mrs. Hawley, Hatty, and Bridget were bending over the senseless Zedekiah, and spilling upon him more or less of three tumblers of cold water. The Doctor directed a portion of the fluid to the ashy forehead, and untied the greasy checkered cravat which encircled the grimy neck.

“What is the matter with him, papa?” asked Hatty. “Was it a tooth? Isn’t he ugly?”

“Hush, my child, he is coming to,” responded papa, wiping the wet face with a clean towel, which thereby lost a trifle of its whiteness. “Aha! you are better now, Sir. Take a sip of the wine.”

Zedekiah swallowed the sherry at a gulp, as he was accustomed to swallow. Then looking up at the respectable pug-nosed Bridget, who,

muttering, "Poor crater, to be sure," was glowering at him with evident compassion, he inquired, faintly, "Is this my aunt?"

"His aunt, is it?" cried Bridget. "Blessed Mother, and he's my nephew, thin! Oh, darlint! But sure an' ye've changed wonderfully now."

"No, no, not you, Bridget. He's hardly himself yet. No relation of yours," whispered the Doctor. "You can go now, Bridget."

He closed the door after her and came back slowly, his head a little bent with thought, until, lifting it suddenly, he looked in the eyes of his wife and daughter with an expression which contained something of pain but more of pity.

"Mrs. Hawley, my dear," said he, "this is your nephew, Zedekiah Hull. Hatty, child, this is your cousin."

Perhaps it is very rare that a sober, respectable man sees his wife and daughter turn so pale as Mrs. Hawley and Hatty turned at this endearing announcement. Not a word did either of them utter, and not a hand did they put forth to their so-called relative. If he had been drowning at the instant, I am afraid that he would have gone under for the third time before they could have found presence of mind enough to scream for assistance. Hatty recovered herself first, and gave Zedekiah the tips of her shrinking fingers.

"Glad to see ye," he observed, favoring her with a bony gripe. "S'pose ye didn't know me? Heerd o' my good fortin, though, hain't ye?"

Hatty sent her father an alarmed look, and retreated out of Zedekiah's reach, stammering, "Very happy, I'm sure. Hope you are well?"

"Not quite yit. Feel putty pokerish 'bout the head. Uncle, jest another glassful o' that, will ye? Goes right to the spot. Thank'ee."

Just at this moment Mrs. Hawley advanced two steps, with a stilted, sliding stride, like that of tragic actors and puppet figures, thereby bringing herself directly in front of the interesting convalescent. It was not this worthy and decorous lady's usual manner of locomotion; but she had been half paralyzed by the unexpected advent of her nephew, and, as a consequence, her muscular action was somewhat spasmodic, if not downright jerky. In a voice of sepulchral glumness and solemnity she enunciated these four words:

"How—do—you—do?"

"Comin' reound," returned Zedekiah. — "That's a prime article, that drink. So yeou're my Aunt Huldy, then? Waal, haow yeou been? But I can't talk, that's a fact, 'bout any thing 'cept that fortin. Where's the will, Doctor? Let's have a sight on't. Any way, I've got the hull, hain't I? Farther's dead, and mother's dead, and I'm the only child."

The young brute really seemed to be glad that it was so, for there was a smile on his lips, and his little gray eyes sparkled. "Where's the will, uncle?" he repeated. "I want that the first thing."

The Doctor hesitated, and seemed about to reply, but turned away at last in grave silence. Stepping to a closet he unlocked a safe which stood within it, took out a small iron casket, and brought it to the table at Zedekiah's elbow. "My dear, and Hatty," said he, "perhaps you had better step into the other room. This is business."

The two ladies retired quietly, but not without giving the lord of their creation a glance of intense significance. By this time the sherry had warmed the blood of Zedekiah, and favored him with a delightfully brisk sense of his own opulence. The women folks out of the way, he leaped up and curveted round the room in a shuffling, informal dance, not known to ball-rooms of my acquaintance, slapping his pockets, rubbing his palms, and ending his demonstrations of gladness with a prolonged rooster crow.

"That's the dockymment, is it?" he cried, snatching the paper from the Doctor's hands. "That's old Uncle Ab's will, is it? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Lord, uncle, I shall be the richest man in the State! Won't I roll up the dollars, though? Ain't a-goin' to stop at two hundred and fifty thousand. Make it twice that in five year. Corner lots, water privileges, Western lands! Darned if I don't buy a State!"

"You will observe that there is a codicil to the will," remarked the Doctor, gravely. "I was about to mention it to you when you fainted. It might have been of some importance; but now—"

"Codicil? What's that? Where is't?" interrupted Zedekiah, unfolding the paper.

"There. You will see that the property goes first to Nathan Hull and his heirs; but if they do not appear within a year after the death of the testator, why then—why in that case it goes—to me."

While the Doctor talked the young man read, his face growing longer in proportion as his eyes wandered down the page.

"When did Uncle Ab die?" he asked, with a quick, suffocated utterance.

"On the fifteenth of May, 1847."

"And what day is't to-day?" inquired Zedekiah, almost voiceless.

"It is the seventeenth of May, 1848," said the Doctor, slowly and almost sadly.

"Then yeou—yeou—yeou git the money?" stammered the youth, as white as ashes once more.

"According to the law," replied Doctor Hawley, coloring up to his gray hair.

Zedekiah dropped the paper, and sank into the arm-chair with a look of utter misery. There was a dead silence of half a minute, during which the features of both men worked painfully.

"Oh! it's a cussed shame," groaned Zedekiah, starting up, and stamping about the room. "Yeou've got it all for yeourself. Darn yeou,

yeou cussed old sneak, yeou've managed it! Why didn't yeou find me? Why didn't yeou look for me? Yeou didn't want to. Yeou didn't try to. Oh, yeou mean old serpent, I wish I dared choke ye! Yeou oughter be choked for cheatin' so."

Incoherent exclamations of despair, sobs, tears, curses followed. The young fellow was almost beside himself with fury and grief at the loss of wealth which he had never possessed. A rich miser is wretched enough; but a miser without a penny!

"Listen to me, listen to me, I beg of you," cried the Doctor, repeatedly.

"I won't, I won't!" screamed Zedekiah. "Cuss ye! cuss ye! cuss ye! old swindler!"

"I order you to stop this, and listen," thundered the Doctor, clutching the arm of the semi-lunatic.

Zedekiah dropped into the chair, and became silent, exhausted with his violence.

"Now, then, hear me," continued Doctor Hawley, sternly. "I did my best to find some one of your family. I had you searched for by police detectives. I advertised for you in more than fifty papers."

"Yeou might have found me if you'd tried; yeou didn't want to," sniveled Zedekiah.

"You shall see whether I wanted to find you or not," said the Doctor, drawing himself up with a noble pride. He stopped a moment, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, cast one glance heavenward for strength, and then came close to his blubbing companion.

"I give up all my claims," he said, in a low but steady voice; "I demand nothing. The property is yours, if you are the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry."

Conceive, if you can, the amazement of a thoroughly selfish, vulgar spirit at such an exhibition of sublime generosity and fastidious honor. Zedekiah looked like a galvanized corpse as he rose to his feet with a jerk, his arms straight by his side, his knees bent, and glared upon the Doctor with open mouth, but dry and speechless throat. He gasped and stuttered; he found words at last; he hardly knew what he said; but he accepted.

It was just like our noble Doctor—this astonishing self-sacrifice—and he could not have done otherwise without turning off his own soul and calling in that of some other person. Doubtless he did hope that Zedekiah would not take all; but however that might be he felt bound to surrender all. There, facing his despicable rival, he stood, an impoverished man once more, and an old man to recommence the struggle of life, but rich in a pure conscience and shining honor, young in spirit as the immortal seraphs. Since the day that Adam fell from his primal nobility of nature earth has seen no truer, grander gentleman. And there stood, or rather crouched, Zedekiah Hull, blinking at an honest man as an owl blinks at the sun, scarcely believing yet in his good fortune, whimpering forth a mean, dis-

gusting gratitude, and accepting the entire quarter of a million without even the grace to be ashamed of himself. Well, let us not berate the groveling lout very angrily for following out the instincts of his contemptible nature. If there were not base-minded people the moral average of humanity would be too high, and some great spiritual equilibrium which we do not comprehend would be lost, to the irretrievable injury of the universe. Zedekiah's soul, perhaps, was made up of those very shortcomings which could not be found in Dr. Hawley's character.

"You will want a lawyer, I suppose?" said the Doctor. "I can introduce you to one."

"No, Sir-ree!" returned the courteous youth. "Set o' cussed cheats. Charge like thunder and lightnin'. Chuse to manage it myself. All I've got to do is to put back to Coventry and git people to swear to me, and then come for the money. But I *should* like a leetle ready cash, uncle. 'Shamed to say so, but I ha'n't got a red cent. Didn't have much breakfast, nuther. So, if yeou could lend me a few dollars, I'll pay up the very day I git my fortin'."

The Doctor drew out his pocket-book and handed a bill to Zedekiah.

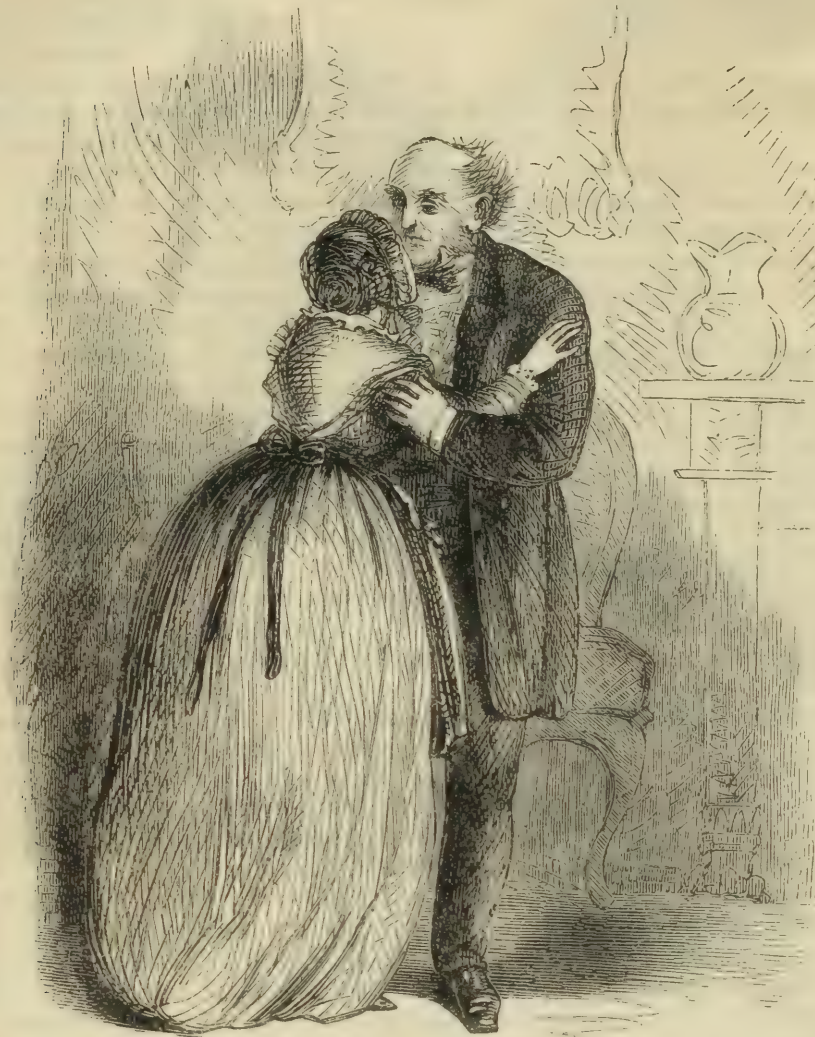
"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed the latter. "Thunder! Much obleeged. Didn't expect more'n five. Waal, yeou jes charge it, and it'll be all right. Good-by!"

This affectionate and grateful farewell was uttered at the gate, under the shadow of the great elm which blessed Dr. Hawley's door-yard. When the good gentleman returned into his house he had to undergo another interview as trying to his feelings, if not as stormy in language, as the one through which he had just struggled. Mrs. Hawley had been transformed into a rock of sulkiness, from which nothing flowed for some time but a copious fountain of tears; and it was evident to her husband that she had permitted her auricles to linger round the study door during his conversation with Zedekiah. He put his hand gently on her arm, and tried to draw her to a place on the sofa beside him; but she jerked away spitefully, and persisted in keeping her legs—if I may be allowed to use such an absurd and indelicate expression concerning an American lady.—Accordingly he seated himself alone and looked at her kindly, pityingly, while his generous heart poured forth its confessions and sentiments.

"My dear, I see that you know what has happened. I have given up this great fortune, which yesterday seemed ours, to the rightful heir of the man who made it."

Loud sniffs, sobs, and a renewed lachrymal gushing shook all the woman in Mrs. Hawley.

"I have always been an honest man, and have tried hard to be an honorable one," pursued the Doctor. "At sixty I am ashamed to commence a different course. The gray head must not conceive a thought that the brown head would have scorned. Zedekiah Hull is the man whom the dying Abner Hull desired for his heir;



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

the name of Hull is the name that he wished to enrich; with his last breath he recommended that work to me; and, my dear, I promised to do it. It is true the time allotted for the duty is past, but is that the fault of this young man? Ought he to suffer because I fail to fulfill my word within a day or so of the hour agreed upon? Besides, how could I bear the ignominious suspicion that I made no earnest effort to discover him? 'You might have found me if you had tried; you didn't want to.' Did you hear him say that? Would you have the whole world repeating it after him? *Now* no one can say it. Oh, I should die of shame if I did not surrender this money. My dear, you promised at the altar to honor me as well as love me; do not wish me to do what would lose me your respect and my own."

"It's not his money; it's ours," whimpered the desperate lady. "It was my brother Abner made it, and he was willing I should have it."

"Sarah, you must remember that you are not a blood-relative of this Abner Hull; you are simply the daughter of a widow who became the second wife of Abner Hull's father. Abner and Nathan always loved you, and treated you as a sister, it is true; but you had no claims on

them by law or nature. And then, dear, the money was not left to you; it was left to me. It is to me that the blood-heir and all the world will turn for an account of it. My wife, the laws of honor and the laws of God must change before I can bring myself to keep it."

"You don't keep any thing," moaned Mrs. Hawley. "You don't keep your own money. Three years ago you had thirty thousand dollars, and now you haven't fifteen."

The Doctor with-
ed and his face work-
ed dolorously, but he answered with a tender calmness:—
"How could I let my poor brother's name be dishonored? He died in debt to honest, hard-working men, to widows and orphans. How could I let them suffer because of him, when it was in my

power to prevent it? And then the life-annuity which I bought for his widow—you surely would not have had her—starve?"

"I know who'll starve: we shall," was Mrs. Hawley's retort. "Wait till you haven't a cent; then see who'll stand forward for you."

"God," replied Doctor Hawley, reverently bowing his head; "that is, if we be truly His children."

Mrs. Hawley quitted her isolation in the middle of the room and made a sobbing rush to her husband's bosom. A noble, stainless, loving bosom it was, not a whit inferior to Abraham's except in size; and there, if any where, pressed against its kindly throbbings, could the tossed and sorrowful woman find peace.

"Dear one! good wife!" he whispered, putting his arm around her, drawing her close to him and kissing her wet cheeks—"I knew that you would be of my mind. I knew that you would be willing to give up this fortune to the man for whom it was meant."

"Oh, my husband!" she sobbed, looking up pleadingly; "but—but not *all*. Why should we give up *all*?"

"If I owe him the first dollar, I owe him the two hundred and fifty thousandth," said the Doc-

tor. "I must resign every penny; then, if he chooses to divide with me, well; if not, well!"

Alas, poor Doctor! he will have to say all this a great many times, and still he will not effectually convince nor satisfy Mrs. Hawley. I foresee that, to her latest breath, she will never be converted to his views for more than a moment at a time, nor ever cease longer than two consecutive hours to reproach him with having reduced her to beggary. Numerous were the painful labors which she and Hatty took up with him during the rest of that week.

"But oh, my pony and my furs, papa," reasoned Miss Hatty. "I was to have such a love of a pony and such beautiful furs; and now—"

"And now Mr. Hull will have them, I suppose," said the Doctor, smiling a little.

"You are too bad, papa," pouted Hatty. "You keep making fun when I am ready to cry. Well, there was the college: you were going to give ever so many thousand dollars to the college; and now—"

"And now Mr. Hull will give them, let us hope," responded the incorrigible papa.

"He give them! he-he!" giggled Mrs. Hawley, with hysterical irony. "You know he won't, Doctor; you know it as well as I do."

"Just as well," smiled her husband, with the merest dash of kindly satire.

"And he'll take me to New York shopping, I suppose," continued the lady. "He'll give me those two hundred dollars, I suppose. And then there was the new house. I and Hatty had got all the plans made. Oh! I can't talk about it," concluded Mrs. Hawley, who had in fact been able to talk a great deal about it.

"My dear wife, do not let us despair so soon," urged the Doctor. "Mr. Hull may not prove to be the heir; or, if he is, he may divide with us."

"But what if he won't, papa?" supposed Hatty. "I am sure he looks just mean enough to keep every cent. Then how will you live? Fifteen thousand dollars won't support us?"

"No, child; certainly not. Of course I must go to practicing again."

"But you can't practice; you gave up your patients to Dr. Burnham."

"Very true, pussy; but we can leave New Haven. There are sick people in other places."

Leave New Haven! This was the last turn to the rack—the last pinch of the thumb-screw; and both ladies protested—yea, wept and bewailed themselves—as they felt the new twinge. Not live in New Haven, my dear, obstinate husband! my dear, bewildered papa! Mrs. Hawley was unreasonably but unconvertibly of the opinion that New Haven was the only place where people could live—unless, indeed, mere unhappy drawing one's breath might be called life. New York was a great, rich city, of course; but then it was only good for New Haven ladies to shop in. She could not live in New York; and, if not there, certainly not otherwheres. As for Hatty, I am obliged to confess her chief trouble lay in thinking how she should miss the college.

Forgive her; she was only eighteen; she still believed that students married!

All this time the new turn of the legacy affair was kept as secret as possible, in order to avoid the questions and observations of the neighbors. The Doctor took his diurnal constitutional as usual; smiled as benevolently on humanity as before that selfish Zedekiah stepped between him and fortune; and humored as gently as ever the whimsies of the few old patients who still insisted on his daily presence, and would not put up with his juvenile successor. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, as he passed you in the street, except the spotless neatness of his unpretending dress and the kindly, urbane dignity of his manner. His hair was very gray, his large blue eyes frank and mild, his cheeks slightly ruddy, his person somewhat stout, and his steps short. When he halted to shake hands with the Oldest Inhabitant, and congratulate that venerable being on his wonderful state of preservation, you observed that his utterance was slow, and indeed a little hesitating, but marked by the friendliest tones and an irreproachable grammar. As he passed on he smiled upon every one he met; and you saw that every one had kept a smile for him. A worthy, worshipful man, who walked amidst the public respect like a priest amidst swinging censers of veneration, but was not uplifted thereby; and ascribed all the praise to Him who maketh his children pure. I must confess that he did once in his life comfort himself with a little tender morsel of vanity. There was a sparkle of grateful pride visible in his eye as he privately told a dear friend that he never had been obliged to incur a debt, nor to offer a note at bank, nor to seek more than six per cent. on his investments. It was the merest, mildest zephyr of a boast; and yet he afterward felt mortified to think that he had let it blow through his spirit.

Returning homeward from one of these walks, and passing the station-house, the Doctor was startled by a rude slap on the shoulder, and the sound of a well-remembered voice, shrill and audacious as the skreel of a bagpipe. "Waal, haow are ye, uncle? And how's Aunt Huldny and Hatty?"

"Oh, Mr. Hull! How do you do, Sir? I hope you have been very well," responded the Doctor, shaking hands with his sham kinsman and real enemy.

Zedekiah had not changed in dress since they parted, but he had changed greatly in manner. There was a flash of conceit in his ugly little eyes, an elevation to his pug nose, a sort of crippled strut in his shambling gait, and a swagger in his talk, which were even more disagreeable than his slouching meanness of port when last in New Haven. Altogether he reminded one of a shabby draggled-tailed rooster, who, having succeeded in reaching the top of an uncommonly high fence, feels moved to proclaim the fact to the world by ruffling his rusty feath-



IN FULL COSTUME.

ers and blurting forth a series of husky cock-a-doodle-doos. A cold chill ran through the Doctor's kind and cheerful heart, as he saw, or thought he saw, that this man had come back triumphant. He longed to ask him outright concerning the results of his journey, for the sake of cutting short the misery of uncertainty; but that course did not exactly seem to him good manners, and so he talked of things that were far enough from interesting him at the moment. Meantime Zedekiah revealed his secret only by his air of boastful enjoyment. A secret is in itself a species of riches, and the sense of monopolizing one is very delicious to certain persons, more especially when the fact of that monopoly is supposed to fret and tantalize some one else. Perhaps no creature in the world has a more exquisite relish for a secret than that inquisitive individual, the country Yankee; for, judging his neighbors by himself, he has an exaggerated idea of their curiosity, and supposes that they are dying to have him open his knowing lips.

"Waal, now I oughter spruce up a little," remarked Zedekiah, halting to take a deliberate survey of his ungainly person. "'Twon't do to be goin' reound in these old clothes. I ain't

one of your miserly sort. Guess I'll strike right in somewhere and buy a suit ready made. Uncle, couldn't ye show a feller an honest store, where they don't charge too darnation high?"

"Of course I could. We have plenty of worthy people among our tradesmen."

"Guess yeou ain't mighty sharp, uncle," observed Zedekiah, with a grin of mingled incredulity, pity, and scorn. — "Waal, let's trot."

At the first shop they entered Zedekiah was mightily taken with a suit of black, which he said in a whisper was just the thing, because it would answer for both week-days and Sundays. The price of it, however, was forty dollars, and he swore that he would not give above thirty. After twenty minutes of haggling he beat the trades-

man down to thirty-seven dollars, but, still unsatisfied, he made a pretense of leaving the shop, audibly muttering his profane indignation at the attempted swindle.

"No, no!" whispered the Doctor, catching his arm, "it can not be a swindle. Mr. Smile is a most worthy man; a member of my own church."

"Waal, pitch into him, then!" returned Zedekiah. "Beat him down, can't ye? By thunder, I'd do as much for a dog any day."

"Mr. Smile, is that the least you can take for the suit?" asked the poor Doctor, crimson with mortification.

"It is, really, I assure you, Sir," replied Mr. Smile respectfully, though with an injured air. In fact he had begun the barter by silently dropping five dollars from the asking price, merely because the gentleman appeared to be a friend of Doctor Hawley.

"Then, old cock, I sha'n't trade," shouted Zedekiah, reddening with rage, and stamping out of the door. The Doctor was violently tempted to quit the despicable boor, but he resisted the temptation, for the thought came across him that we had been commanded to bear with one another's infirmities. From shop

to shop they went, renewing every where the immemorial controversy between buyer and seller. At last, piece by piece, here a garment and there a garment, Zedekiah collected an entire suit, at a price so moderate that it would seem incredible to one who had not witnessed the bearish pertinacity with which he fought down the market. At every shop he took off some portion of his old raiment, and substituted the article which he had just purchased. Behold him now, dressed in a hat of last year's fashion (only \$2 50), a light-green frock-coat with brass buttons, a sky-blue vest of figured silk, black pantaloons, mixed worsted stockings, and stout low shoes. In his arms he carries his cast-off clothes tied up in a huge bundle; for he has not been able to believe that the shop-keepers would honestly send them to him.

"Waal, guess I'd better be flyin' reound for my dinner," he observed, as they came upon the Green.

"Of course you will go home and dine with us," said the poor Doctor, fairly bullied into the invitation by his ideas of courtesy. "My wife and daughter have hardly seen you yet. They will be happy to—to—"

The honest man stopped and choked, for he could not conscientiously say that they would be happy to welcome the creature.

"Can't do it, nohow," responded Zedekiah. "Expect to find some friends to the tavern. Got a lot of business on hand. Good-by."

A wounded man, whose surgeon addresses to him a few vague words concerning the operation which is shortly to be performed on his suffering person, feels very much as Doctor Hawley did at hearing that allusion to multifarious business. But he walked away with a countenance so courageously cheerful, that one or two of his friends absolutely stopped to compliment him on his healthy and youthful appearance. Such is life, my readers: we look on a man and say, "You have not changed these ten years;" when behold since yesterday the world is a new world to him, either for grief or gladness.

The next morning a rumor got out and ran like a lamplighter through the city, proclaiming that Doctor Hawley had lost his great fortune in consequence of the advent of the blood-heir. The Oldest Inhabitant was ubiquitous that day, whispering in his impressive manner, that it was the most remarkable thing which had occurred in the whole range of his experience, he being an old man at the time of speaking. Not a person received the intelligence who did not respond with a blank, troubled stare, and then say heartily that he was very, very sorry to hear it. And when Doctor Hawley took his customary constitutional that afternoon, he received lower bows and kinder looks than ever before, notwithstanding that for thirty years he had been an exalted mark for his fellow-townsmen's respect and affection. Ah, ye cynics and satirists, this human nature of ours is a most respectable composition in the average, and I for

one feel proud of it. It is not perfect; it has its little failings and its great ones; but after all it is the best nature that we have ever seen; it is better than horse nature, monkey nature, or any other that inhabits earth.

One thing which every body said was, that the Doctor had been too magnanimous by just one half, and that he ought to have reserved one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for himself. Another universal opinion was, that this blood-heir would be guilty of unspeakable meanness, if he did not share equally with his benefactor, or at least force upon him a comfortable fortune. Certain worthy gentlemen who held these views determined to express them to Mr. Hull, and appointed the Oldest Inhabitant their spokesman. The old man eloquent undertook the mission with that cheerful alacrity which he throws into every enterprise that implies talking; but if he might have attained the age of his great prototype and forerunner, Methuselah, he would not have lived long enough to talk generosity into Zedekiah. The fellow's heart was a stone, a solid boulder of pure skinflint—no precious metal discoverable in it.

"No, Sir-ree!" he declared. "I ain't a going to give away no fifty thousand nor five thousand dollars of my money. I've got to pay him fifteen hundred for playin' executor, and that's enough. I tell yeou that I've known what it is to be poor, and now I mean to know what it is to be rich. I don't keer a leather dam what folks say. As long as I've got the rhino I can git waited on."

Zedekiah had to take a lawyer into his counsels; yes, I am happy to say that he was driven to that expense; but he made out his proofs. He had left Coventry at the full-grown age of eighteen, and he was now only twenty-three, so that he had not changed out of men's memories. Perhaps it would be well to dip a modest penful out of his history. When he was in his eighteenth year his father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, leaving him sole heir to a farm which was immediately devoured before his orphan eyes by three anacondas of mortgages. The next important event in his existence was a thrashing which he administered to the gray-headed schoolmaster of the place, in reprisal for flagellations inflicted, years before, upon his remiss and mulish boyhood. Having thus fulfilled an ancient oath, he left Coventry suddenly, before the sheriff could find him, and made his obscure way to the wildernesses of Eastern Maine, where he hired himself out as a log-cutter. Finding the wood there too hard for him, he migrated to Nova Scotia and set himself up for a schoolmaster. Still mindful of his own educational sorrows, he avenged them anew upon humanity by welting his pupils till their backs were as blue as their noses; and hence at last a *coup d'école*, struck by the indignant mothers of the parish, which resulted in

the belaborment and flight of the brutal pedagogue. It was shortly after this misfortune that he wandered penniless and purposeless into New Haven, and became possessed of the fragment of old newspaper which contained the Doctor's advertisement. During the year that he spent in Nova Scotia he had scarcely seen an American paper, which accounts for his dumb silence amidst all the calls that were made upon him to appear.

Well, at last Zedekiah's witnesses and documents came to a full hearing in Doctor Hawley's

study, and were adjudged by him and other competent persons to have made out a case which nothing could overthrow. The Doctor listened, read, and then quietly signed the prepared papers of transfer. The two hundred and fifty thousand dollars passed out of hands which did them honor, into the hands of a graceless booby who could not decently use the power contained in one of them. Will the reader forgive me if, before proceeding with my story, I snatch the opportunity to observe once more, that such is life?

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

WHILE Tito was hastening across the bridge with the new-bought armor under his mantle, Romola was pacing up and down the old library, thinking of him and longing for his return.

It was but a few fair faces that had not looked forth from windows that day to see the entrance of the French king and his nobles. One of the few was Romola's. She had been present at no festivities since her father had died—died quite suddenly in his chair, three months before.

"Is not Tito coming to write?" he had said, when the bell had long ago sounded the usual hour in the evening. He had not asked before, from dread of a negative; but Romola had seen by his listening face and restless movements that nothing else was in his mind.

"No, father, he had to go to a supper at the cardinal's: you know he is wanted so much by

every one," she answered, in a tone of gentle excuse.

"Ah! then perhaps he will bring some positive word about the library; the cardinal promised last week," said Bardo, apparently pacified by this hope.

He was silent a little while; then, suddenly flushing, he said,

"I must go on without him, Romola. Get the pen. He has brought me no new text to comment on; but I must say what I want to say about the New Platonists. I shall die and nothing will have been done. Make haste, my Romola."

"I am ready, father," she said, the next minute, holding the pen in her hand.

But there was silence. Romola took no note of this for a little while, accustomed to pauses in dictation; and when at last she looked round inquiringly there was no change of attitude.

"I am quite ready, father!"

Still Bardo was silent, and his silence was never again broken.

Romola looked back on that hour with some indignation against herself, because even with the first outburst of her sorrow there had mingled the irrepressible thought, "Perhaps my life with Tito will be more perfect now!"

For the dream of a triple life with an undivided sum of happiness had not been quite fulfilled. The rainbow-tinted shower of sweets, to have been perfectly typical, should have had some invisible seeds of bitterness mingled with them; the crowned Ariadne, under the snowing roses, had felt more and more the presence of unexpected thorns. It was not Tito's fault, Romola had continually assured herself. He was still all gentleness to her, and to her father also. But it was in the nature of things—she saw it clearly now—it was in the nature of things that no one but herself could go on month after month, and year after year, fulfilling patiently all her father's monotonous exacting demands. Even she, whose sympathy with her father had made all the passion and religion of her young years, had not always been patient, had been inwardly very rebellious. It was true that before their marriage, and even for some

time after, Tito had seemed more unwearying than herself; but then, of course, the effort had the ease of novelty. We assume a load with confident readiness, and up to a certain point the growing irksomeness of pressure is tolerable; but at last the desire for relief can no longer be resisted. Romola said to herself that she had been very foolish and ignorant in her girlish time: she was wiser now, and would make no unfair demands on the man to whom she had given her best woman's love and worship. The breath of sadness that still cleaved to her lot while she saw her father month after month sink from elation into new disappointment as Tito gave him less and less of his time, and made bland excuses for not continuing his own share of the joint work—that sadness was no fault of Tito's, she said, but rather of their inevitable destiny. If he staid less and less with her, why, that was because they could hardly ever be alone. His caresses were no less tender: if she pleaded timidly on any one evening that he should stay with her father instead of going to another engagement which was not peremptory, he excused himself with such charming gayety, he seemed to linger about her with such fond playfulness before he could quit her, that she could only feel a little heartache in the midst of her love, and then go to her father and try to soften his vexation and disappointment, while inwardly her imagination was busy trying to see how Tito could be as good as she had thought he was, and yet find it impossible to sacrifice those pleasures of society which were necessarily more vivid to a bright creature like him than to the common run of men. She herself would have liked more gayety, more admiration: it was true, she gave it up willingly for her father's sake—she would have given up much more than that for the sake even of a slight wish on Tito's part. It was clear that their natures differed widely; but perhaps it was no more than the inherent difference between man and woman that made her affections more absorbing. If there were any other difference she tried to persuade herself that the inferiority was on her side. Tito was really kinder than she was, better tempered, less proud and resentful; he had no angry retorts, he met all complaints with perfect sweetness; he only escaped as quietly as he could from things that were unpleasant.

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon. And Romola was urged to doubt herself the more by the necessity of interpreting her disappointment in her life with Tito so as to satisfy at once her love and her pride. Disappointment? Yes, there was no other milder word that would tell the truth. Perhaps all women had to suffer the disappointment of ignorant hopes, if she only knew their experience. Still, there had been something peculiar in her lot: her relation to her father had claimed unusual sacrifices from

her husband. Tito had once thought that his love would make those sacrifices easy; his love had not been great enough for that. She was not justified in resenting a self-delusion. No! resentment must not rise: all endurance seemed easy to Romola rather than a state of mind in which she would admit to herself that Tito acted unworthily. If she had felt a new heartache, in the solitary hours with her father through the last months of his life, it had been by no inexcusable fault of her husband's; and now—it was a hope that would make its presence felt even in the first moments when her father's place was empty—there was no longer any importunate claim to divide her from Tito; their young lives would flow in one current, and their true marriage would begin.

But the sense of something like guilt toward her father, in a hope that grew out of his death, gave all the more force to the anxiety with which she dwelt on the means of fulfilling his supreme wish. That piety toward his memory was all the atonement she could make now for a thought that seemed akin to joy at his loss. The laborious simple life, pure from vulgar corrupting ambitions, embittered by the frustration of the dearest hopes, imprisoned at last in total darkness—a long seed-time without a harvest—was at an end now, and all that remained of it besides the tablet in Santa Croce and the unfinished manuscript, long rambling commentary on Tito's text, was the collection of manuscripts and antiquities, fruit of half a century's toil and frugality. The fulfillment of her father's lifelong ambition about this library was a sacramental obligation for Romola.

The precious relic was safe from creditors, for when the deficit toward their payment had been ascertained, Bernardo del Nero, though he was far from being among the wealthiest Florentines, had advanced the necessary sum of about a thousand florins—a large sum in those days—accepting a lien on the collection as a security.

"The State will repay me," he had said to Romola, making light of the service which had really cost him some inconvenience. "If the cardinal finds a building, as he seems to say he will, our Signoria may consent to do the rest. I have no children, I can afford the risk."

But within the last ten days all hopes in the Medici had come to an end: and the famous Medicean collections in the Via Larga were themselves in danger of dispersion. French agents had already begun to see that such very fine antique gems as Lorenzo had collected belonged by right to the first nation in Europe; and the Florentine State, which had got possession of the Medicean library, was likely to be glad of a customer for it. With a war to recover Pisa hanging over it, and with the certainty of having to pay large subsidies to the French king, the State was likely to prefer money to manuscripts.

To Romola these grave political changes had gathered their chief interest from their bearing

on the fulfillment of her father's wish. She had been brought up in learned seclusion from the interests of actual life, and had been accustomed to think of heroic deeds and great principles as something antithetic to the vulgar present, of the Pnyx and the Forum as something more worthy of attention than the councils of living Florentine men. And now the expulsion of the Medici meant little more for her than the extinction of her best hope about her father's library. The times, she knew, were unpleasant for friends of the Medici, like her godfather and Tito: superstitious shop-keepers, and the stupid rabble, were full of suspicions; but her new keen interest in public events, in the outbreak of war, in the issue of the French king's visit, in the changes that were likely to happen in the State, was kindled solely by the sense of love and duty to her father's memory. All Romola's ardor had been concentrated in her affections. Her father's learning had remained for her a pedantry that was tolerable for his sake; and Tito's more airy brilliant faculty had no attraction for her that was not merged in the deeper sympathies that belong to young love and trust. Romola had had contact with no mind that could stir the larger possibilities of her nature; they lay folded and crushed like embryonic wings, making no element in her consciousness beyond an occasional vague uneasiness.

But this new personal interest of hers in public affairs had made her care at last to understand precisely what influence Fra Girolamo's preaching was likely to have on the turn of events. Changes in the form of the State were talked of, and all she could learn from Tito, whose secretaryship and serviceable talents carried him into the heart of public business, made her only the more eager to fill out her lonely day by going to hear for herself what it was that was just now leading all Florence by the ears. This morning, for the first time, she had been to hear one of the Advent sermons in the Duomo. When Tito had left her she had formed a sudden resolution, and after visiting the spot where her father was buried in Santa Croce, had walked on to the Duomo. The memory of that last scene with Dino was still vivid within her whenever she recalled it, but it had receded behind the experience and anxieties of her married life. The new sensibilities and questions which it had half awakened in her were quieted again by that subjection to her husband's mind which is felt by every wife who loves her husband with passionate devotedness and full reliance. She remembered the effect of Fra Girolamo's voice and presence on her as a ground for expecting that his sermon might move her in spite of his being a narrow-minded monk. But the sermon did no more than slightly deepen her previous impression, that this fanatical preacher of tribulations was after all a man toward whom it might be possible for her to feel personal regard and reverence. The denunciations and exhortations simply arrested her attention. She felt no terror, no pangs

of conscience: it was the roll of distant thunder, that seemed grand, but could not shake her. But when she heard Savonarola invoke martyrdom, she sobbed with the rest: she felt herself penetrated with a new sensation—a strange sympathy with something apart from all the definable interests of her life. It was not altogether unlike the thrill which had accompanied certain rare heroic touches in history and poetry; but the resemblance was as that between the memory of music, and the sense of being possessed by actual vibrating harmonies.

But that transient emotion, strong as it was, seemed to lie quite outside the inner chamber and sanctuary of her life. She was not thinking of Fra Girolamo now; she was listening anxiously for the step of her husband. During these three months of their double solitude she had thought of each day as an epoch in which their union might begin to be more perfect. She was conscious of being sometimes a little too sad or too urgent about what concerned her father's memory—a little too critical or coldly silent when Tito narrated the things that were said and done in the world he frequented—a little too hasty in suggesting that by living quite simply as her father had done, they might become rich enough to pay Bernardo del Nero, and reduce the difficulties about the library. It was not possible that Tito could feel so strongly on this last point as she did, and it was asking a great deal from him to give up luxuries for which he really labored. The next time Tito came home she would be careful to suppress all those promptings that seemed to isolate her from him. Romola was laboring, as every loving woman must, to subdue her nature to her husband's. The great need of her heart compelled her to strangle, with desperate resolution, every rising impulse of suspicion, pride, and resentment; she felt equal to any self-infliction that would save her from ceasing to love. That would have been like the hideous nightmare in which the world had seemed to break away all round her, and leave her feet overhanging the darkness. Romola had never distinctly imagined such a future for herself; she was only beginning to feel the presence of effort in that clinging trust which had once been mere repose.

She waited and listened long, for Tito had not come straight home after leaving Niccolò Caparra, and it was more than two hours after the time when he was crossing the Ponte Rubaconte that Romola heard the great door of the court turning on its hinges, and hastened to the head of the stone steps. There was a lamp hanging over the stairs, and they could see each other distinctly as he ascended. The eighteen months had produced a more definable change in Romola's face than in Tito's: the expression was more subdued, less cold, and more beseeching, and, as the pink flush overspread her face now, in her joy that the long waiting was at an end, she was much lovelier than on the day when Tito had first seen her. On that day any on-looker would have said that Romola's nature was made

to command, and Tito's to bend; yet now Romola's mouth was quivering a little, and there was some timidity in her glance.

He made an effort to smile, as she said,

"My Tito, you are tired; it has been a fatiguing day: is it not true?"

Maso was there, and no more was said until they had crossed the ante-chamber and closed the door of the library behind them. The wood was burning brightly on the great dogs; that was one welcome for Tito, late as he was, and Romola's gentle voice was another.

He just turned and kissed her, when she took off his mantle, then went toward a high-backed chair placed for him near the fire, threw himself into it, and flung away his cap, saying, not peevishly, but in a fatigued tone of remonstrance, as he gave a slight shudder,

"Romola, I wish you would give up sitting in this library. Surely our own rooms are pleasanter in this chill weather."

Romola felt hurt. She had never seen Tito so indifferent in his manner; he was usually full of lively solicitous attention. And she had thought so much of his return to her after the long day's absence! He must be very weary.

"I wonder you have forgotten, Tito," she answered, looking at him, anxiously, as if she wanted to read an excuse for him in the signs of bodily fatigue. "You know I am making the catalogue on the new plan that my father wished for; you have not time to help me, so I must work at it closely."

Tito, instead of meeting Romola's glance, closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over his face and hair. He felt he was behaving unlike himself, but he would make amends to-morrow. The terrible resurrection of secret fears, which, if Romola had known them, would have alienated her from him forever, caused him to feel an alienation already begun between them—caused him to feel a certain repulsion toward a woman from whose mind he was in danger. The feeling had taken hold of him unawares, and he was vexed with himself for behaving in this new cold way to her. He could not suddenly command any affectionate looks or words; he could only exert himself to say what might serve as an excuse.

"I am not well, Romola; you must not be surprised if I am peevish."

"Ah, you have had so much to tire you to-day," said Romola, kneeling down close to him, and laying her arm on his chest while she put his hair back caressingly.

Suddenly she drew her arm away with a start and a gaze of alarmed inquiry.

"What have you got on under your tunic, Tito? Something as hard as iron."

"It is iron—it is chain armor," he said at once. He was prepared for the surprise and the question, and he spoke quietly, as of something that he was not hurried to explain.

"There was some unexpected danger to-day, then?" said Romola, in a tone of conjecture.

"You had it lent to you for the procession?"

"No; it is my own. I shall be obliged to wear it constantly for some time."

"What is it that threatens you, my Tito?" said Romola, looking terrified, and clinging to him again.

"Every one is threatened in these times who is not a rabid enemy of the Medici. Don't look distressed, my Romola; this armor will make me safe against covert attacks."

Tito put his hand on her neck and smiled. This little dialogue about the armor had broken through the new crust, and made a channel for the old sweet habit of kindness.

"But my godfather, then," said Romola; "is not he, too, in danger? And he takes no precautions—ought he not? since he must surely be in more danger than you, who have so little influence compared with him."

"It is just because I am less important that I am in more danger," said Tito, readily. "I am suspected constantly of being an envoy. And men like Messer Bernardo are protected by their position and their extended family connections, which spread among all parties, while I am a Greek that nobody would avenge."

"But, Tito, is it a fear of some particular person, or only a vague sense of danger that has made you think of wearing this?" Romola was unable to repel the idea of a degrading fear in Tito which mingled itself with her anxiety.

"I have had special threats," said Tito, "but I must beg you to be silent on the subject, my Romola. I shall consider that you have broken my confidence if you mention it to your godfather."

"Assuredly I will not mention it," said Romola, flushing, "if you wish it to be a secret. But, dearest Tito," she added, after a moment's pause, in a tone of loving anxiety, "it will make you very wretched."

"What will make me wretched?" he said, with a scarcely perceptible movement across his face, as from some darting sensation.

"This fear—this heavy armor. I can't help shuddering as I feel it under my arm. I could fancy it a story of enchantment—that some malignant fiend had changed your sensitive human skin into a hard shell. It seems so unlike my bright, light-hearted Tito!"

"Then you would rather have your husband exposed to danger when he leaves you?" said Tito, smiling. "If you don't mind my being poniarded or shot, why need I mind? I will give up the armor; shall I?"

"No, Tito, no. I am fanciful. Do not heed what I have said. But such crimes are surely not common in Florence? I have always heard my father and godfather say so. Have they become frequent lately?"

"It is not unlikely they will become frequent, with the bitter hatreds that are being bred continually."

Romola was silent a few moments. She shrank from insisting further on the subject of the armor. She tried to shake it off.

"Tell me what has happened to-day," she

said, in a cheerful tone. "Has all gone off well?"

"Excellently well. First of all, the rain came and put an end to Luca Corsini's oration, which nobody wanted to hear, and a ready-tongued personage—some say it was Gaddi, some say it was Melema, but really it was done so quickly no one knows who it was—had the honor of giving the Cristianissimo the briefest possible welcome in bad French."

"Tito, it was you, I know," said Romola, smiling brightly, and kissing him. "How is it you never care about claiming any thing? And after that?"

"Oh! after that there was a show of armor, and jewels, and trappings, such as you saw at the last Florentine *giostra*, only a great deal more of them. There was strutting, and prancing, and confusion, and scrambling, and the people shouted, and the Cristianissimo smiled from ear to ear. And after that there was a great deal of flattery, and eating, and play. I was at Tornabuoni's. I will tell you about it to-morrow."

"Yes, dearest; never mind now. But is there any more hope that things will end peaceably for Florence—that the Republic will not get into fresh troubles?"

Tito gave a shrug. "Florence will have no peace but what it pays well for; that is clear."

Romola's face saddened, but she checked herself, and said, cheerfully, "You would not guess where I went to-day, Tito. I went to the Duomo to hear Fra Girolamo."

Tito looked startled; he had immediately thought of Baldassarre's entrance into the Duomo. But Romola gave his look another meaning.

"You are surprised, are you not? It was a sudden thought. I want to know all about the public affairs now, and I determined to hear for myself what the Frate promised the people about this French invasion."

"Well, and what did you think of the prophet?"

"He certainly has a very mysterious power, that man. A great deal of his sermon was what I expected; but once I was strangely moved—I sobbed with the rest."

"Take care, Romola," said Tito, playfully, feeling relieved that she had said nothing about Baldassarre; "you have a touch of fanaticism in you. I shall have you seeing visions like your brother."

"No; it was the same with every one else. He carried them all with him; unless it were that gross Dolfo Spini, whom I saw there making grimaces. There was even a wretched-looking man, with a rope round his neck—an escaped prisoner, I should think, who had run in for shelter—a very wild-eyed old man: I saw him with great tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked and listened quite eagerly."

There was a slight pause before Tito spoke.

"I saw the man," he said, "the prisoner. I was outside the Duomo with Lorenzo Torna-

buoni when he ran in. He had escaped from a French soldier. Did you see him when you came out?"

"No, he went out with our good old Piero di Cosimo. I saw Piero come in and cut off his rope, and take him out of the church. But you want rest, Tito? You feel ill?"

"Yes," said Tito, rising. The horrible sense that he must live in continual dread of what Baldassarre had said or done pressed upon him like a cold weight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PAINTED RECORD.

FOUR days later Romola was on her way to the house of Piero di Cosimo, in the Via Gualfonda. Some of the streets through which she had to pass were lined with Frenchmen who were gazing at Florence, and with Florentines who were gazing at the French, and the gaze was not on either side entirely friendly and admiring. The first nation in Europe, of necessity finding itself, when out of its own country, in the presence of general inferiority, naturally assumed an air of conscious pre-eminence; and the Florentines, who had taken such pains to play the host amiably, were getting into the worst humor with their too superior guests.

For after the first smiling compliments and festivities were over—after wondrous Mysteries with unrivaled machinery of floating clouds and angels had been presented in churches—after the royal guest had honored Florentine dames with much of his Most Christian ogling at balls and suppers, and business had begun to be talked of—it appeared that the new Charlemagne regarded Florence as a conquered city, inasmuch as he had entered it with his lance in rest, talked of leaving his viceroy behind him, and had thoughts of bringing back the Medici. Singular logic this appeared to be on the part of an elect instrument of God! since the policy of Piero de' Medici, disowned by the people, had been the only offense of Florence against the majesty of France. And Florence was determined not to submit. The determination was being expressed very strongly in consultations of citizens inside the Old Palace, and it was beginning to show itself on the broad flags of the streets and piazze wherever there was an opportunity of flouting an insolent Frenchman. Under these circumstances the streets were not altogether a pleasant promenade for well-born women; but Romola, shrouded in her black veil and mantle, and with old Maso by her side, felt secure enough from impertinent observation.

And she was impatient to visit Piero di Cosimo. A copy of her father's portrait as *Œdipus*, which he had long ago undertaken to make for her, was not yet finished; and Piero was so uncertain in his work—sometimes, when the demand was not peremptory, laying aside a picture for months; sometimes thrusting it into a corner

or coffer, where it was likely to be utterly forgotten—that she felt it necessary to watch over his progress. She was a favorite with the painter, and he was inclined to fulfill any wish of hers, but no general inclination could be trusted as a safeguard against his sudden whims. He had told her the week before that the picture would perhaps be finished by this time; and Romola was nervously anxious to have in her possession a copy of the only portrait existing of her father in the days of his blindness, lest his image should grow dim in her mind. The sense of defect in her devotedness to him made her cling with all the force of compunction as well as affection to the duties of memory. Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

Romola, by special favor, was allowed to intrude on the painter without previous notice. She lifted the iron slide and called Piero in a flute-like tone, as the little maiden with the eggs had done in Tito's presence. Piero was quick in answering, but when he opened the door he accounted for his quickness in a manner that was not complimentary.

"Ah, Madonna Romola, it is you! I thought my eggs were come; I wanted them."

"I have brought you something better than hard eggs, Piero. Maso has got a little basket full of cakes and *confetti* for you," said Romola, smiling, as she put back her veil. She took the basket from Maso, and stepping into the house, said,

"I know you like these things when you can have them without trouble. Confess you do."

"Yes, when they come to me as easily as the light does," said Piero, folding his arms and looking down at the sweetmeats as Romola uncovered them and glanced at him archly. "And they are come along with the light now," he added, lifting his eyes to her face and hair with a painter's admiration, as her hood, dragged by the weight of her veil, fell backward.

"But I know what the sweetmeats are for," he went on; "they are to stop my mouth while you scold me. Well, go on into the next room and you will see I've done something to the picture since you saw it, though it's not finished yet. But I didn't promise, you know: I take care not to promise:

"Chi promette e non mantiene
L'anima sua non va mai bene."

The door opening on the wild garden was closed now, and the painter was at work. Not at Romola's picture, however. That was standing on the floor, propped against the wall, and Piero stooped to lift it, that he might carry it into the proper light. But in lifting away this picture he had disclosed another—the oil-sketch of Tito, to which he had made an important addition within the last few days. It was so much smaller than the other picture that it stood far within it, and Piero, apt to forget where he had placed any thing, was not aware of what he had revealed as, peering at some detail in the paint-

ing which he held in his hands, he went to place it on an easel. But Romola exclaimed, flushing with astonishment,

"That is Tito!"

Piero looked round, and gave a silent shrug. He was vexed at his own forgetfulness.

She was still looking at the sketch in astonishment; but presently she turned toward the painter and said, with puzzled alarm,

"What a strange picture! When did you paint it? What does it mean?"

"A mere fancy of mine," said Piero, lifting off his skull-cap, scratching his head, and making the usual grimace by which he avoided the betrayal of any feeling. "I wanted a handsome young face for it, and your husband's was just the thing."

He went forward, stooped down to the picture, and, lifting it away with its back to Romola, pretended to be giving it a passing examination before putting it aside as a thing not good enough to show.

But Romola, who had the fact of the armor in her mind, and was penetrated by this strange coincidence of things which associated Tito with the idea of fear, went to his elbow and said,

"Don't put it away; let me look again. That man with the rope round his neck—I saw him—I saw you come to him in the Duomo. What was it that made you put him into a picture with Tito?"

Piero saw no better resource than to tell part of the truth.

"It was a mere accident. The man was running away—running up the steps, and caught hold of your husband: I suppose he had stumbled. I happened to be there and saw it, and I thought the savage-looking old fellow was a good subject. But it's worth nothing—it's only a freakish daub of mine," Piero ended, contemptuously, moving the sketch away with an air of decision, and putting it on a high shelf. "Come and look at the *Cedipus*."

He had shown a little too much anxiety in putting the sketch out of her sight, and had produced the very impression he had sought to prevent—that there was really something unpleasant, something disadvantageous to Tito, in the circumstances out of which the picture arose. But this impression silenced her: her pride and delicacy shrank from questioning further, where questions might seem to imply that she could entertain even a slight suspicion against her husband. She merely said, in as quiet a tone as she could,

"He was a strange, piteous-looking man, that prisoner. Do you know any thing more of him?"

"No more: I showed him the way to the hospital, that's all. See, now, the face of *Cedipus* is pretty nearly finished; tell me what you think of it."

Romola now gave her whole attention to her father's portrait, standing in long silence before it.

"Ah!" she said at last, "you have done what

I wanted. You have given it more of the listening look. My good Piero"—she turned toward him with bright moist eyes—"I am very grateful to you."

"Now that's what I can't bear in you women," said Piero, turning impatiently, and kicking aside the objects that littered the floor—"you are always pouring out feelings where there's no call for them. Why should you be grateful to me for a picture you pay me for, especially when I make you wait for it? And if I paint a picture I suppose it's for my own pleasure and credit to paint it well, eh? Are you to thank a man for not being a rogue or a noodle? It's enough if he himself thanks Messer Domeneddio, who has made him neither the one nor the other. But women think walls are held together with honey."

"You crusty Piero! I forgot how snappish you are. Here, put this nice sweetmeat in your mouth," said Romola, smiling through her tears, and taking something very crisp and sweet from the little basket.

Piero accepted it very much as that proverbial bear that dreams of pears might accept an exceedingly mellow "swan-egg"—really liking the gift, but accustomed to have his pleasures and pains concealed under a shaggy coat.

"It's good, Madonna Antigone," said Piero, putting his fingers in the basket for another. He had eaten nothing but hard eggs for a fortnight. Romola stood opposite him, feeling her new anxiety suspended for a little while by the sight of this naïve enjoyment.

"Good-by, Piero," she said, presently, setting down the basket. "I promise not to thank you if you finish the portrait soon and well. I will tell you, you were bound to do it for your own credit."

"Good," said Piero, curtly, helping her to fold her mantle and veil round her with much deftness.

"I'm glad she asked no more questions about that sketch," he thought, when he had closed the door behind her. "I should be sorry for her to guess that I thought her fine husband a good model for a coward. But I made light of it; she'll not think of it again."

Piero was too sanguine, as open-hearted men are apt to be when they attempt a little clever simulation. The thought of the picture pressed more and more on Romola as she walked homeward. She could not help putting together the two facts of the chain armor and the encounter mentioned by Piero, between her husband and the prisoner, which had happened on the morning of the day when the armor was adopted. That look of terror which the painter had given Tito, had he seen it? What could it all mean?

"It means nothing," she tried to assure herself. "It was a mere coincidence. Shall I ask Tito about it?" Her mind said at last, "No: I will not question him about any thing he did not tell me spontaneously. It is an offense against the trust I owe him." Her heart said, "I dare not ask him." There was a terri-

ble flaw in the trust: she was afraid of any hasty movement, as men are who hold something precious and want to believe that it is not broken.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

"THE old fellow has vanished; went on toward Arezzo the next morning; not liking the smell of the French, I suppose, after being their prisoner. I went to the hospital to inquire after him; I wanted to know if those broth-making monks had found out whether he was in his right mind or not. However, they said he showed no signs of madness—only took no notice of questions, and seemed to be planting a vine twenty miles off. He was a mysterious old tiger. I should have liked to know something more about him."

It was in Nello's shop that Piero di Cosimo was speaking, on the twenty-fourth of November, just a week after the entrance of the French. There was a party of six or seven assembled at the rather unusual hour of three in the afternoon; for it was a day on which all Florence was excited by the prospect of some decisive political event. Every lounging-place was full, and every shop-keeper who had no wife or deputy to leave in charge stood at his door with his thumbs in his belt; while the streets were constantly sprinkled with artisans pausing or passing lazily like floating splinters, ready to rush forward impetuously if any object attracted them.

Nello had been thrumming the lute as he half sat on the board against the shop window, and kept an outlook toward the piazza.

"Ah," he said, laying down the lute, with emphasis, "I would not for a gold florin have missed that sight of the French soldiers waddling in their broad shoes after their runaway prisoners! That comes of leaving my shop to shave magnificent chins. It is always so: if ever I quit this navel of the earth something takes the opportunity of happening in my piazza."

"Yes, you ought to have been there," said Piero, in his biting way, "just to see your favorite Greek look as frightened as if Satanasso had laid hold of him. I like to see your ready smiling *Messeri* caught in a sudden wind and obliged to show their lining in spite of themselves. What color do you think a man's liver is who looks like a bleached deer as soon as a chance stranger lays hold of him suddenly?"

"Piero, keep that vinegar of thine as sauce to thy own eggs! Suffocation! What is it against my *bel erudito* that he looked startled when he felt a pair of claws upon him and saw an unchained madman at his elbow? Your scholar is not like those beastly Swiss and Germans whose heads are fit for nothing but battering-rams, and who have such large appetites that they think nothing of taking a cannon-ball before breakfast. We Florentines count some other qualities in a man besides that vulgar

stuff called bravery, which is to be got by hiring dunderheads at so much per dozen. I tell you, as soon as men found out they had more brains than oxen they set the oxen to draw for them; and when we Florentines found out that we had more brains than other men we set them to fight for us."

"Treason, Nello!" a voice called out from the inner sanctum; "that is not the doctrine of the State. Florence is grinding its weapons; and the last well-authenticated vision announced by the Frate was Mars standing on the Palazzo Vecchio with his arm on the shoulder of San Giovanni Battista, who was offering him a piece of honey-comb."

"It is well, Francesco," said Nello. "Florence has a few thicker skulls that may do to bombard Pisa with; there will still be the finer spirits left at home to do the thinking and the shaving. And as for our Piero here, if he makes such a point of valor, let him carry his biggest brush for a weapon and his pallet for a shield, and challenge the widest-mouthed Swiss he can see in the Prate to a single combat."

"Va, Nello," growled Piero, "thy tongue runs on as usual, like a mill when the Arno's full—whether there's grist or not."

"Excellent grist, I tell thee. For it would be as reasonable to expect a grizzled painter like thee to be fond of getting a javelin inside thee as to expect a man whose wits have been sharpened on the classics to like having his handsome face clawed by a wild beast."

"There you go, supposing you'll get people to put their legs into a sack because you call it a pair of hosen," said Piero. "Who said any thing about a wild beast, or about an unarmed man rushing on battle? Fighting is a trade, and it's not my trade. I should be a fool to run after danger, but I could face it if it came to me."

"How is it you're so afraid of the thunder then, my Piero?" said Nello, determined to chase down the accuser. "You ought to be able to understand why one man is shaken by a thing that seems a trifle to others—you who hide yourself with the rats as soon as a storm comes on."

"That is because I have a particular sensibility to loud sounds; it has nothing to do with my courage or my conscience."

"Well, and Tito Melema may have a peculiar sensibility to being laid hold of unexpectedly by prisoners who have run away from French soldiers. Men are born with antipathies; I myself can't abide the smell of mint. Tito was born with an antipathy to old prisoners who stumble and clutch. Ecco!"

There was a general laugh at Nello's defense, and it was clear that Piero's disinclination toward Tito was not shared by the company. The painter, with his undecipherable grimace, took the tow from his scarsella and stuffed his ears, as a sign of indignant contempt, while Nello went on triumphantly:

"No, my Piero, I can't afford to have my

bel erudito decried; and Florence can't afford it either, with her scholars moulting off her at the early age of forty. Our Phoenix Pico just gone straight to Paradise, as the Frate has informed us; and the incomparable Poliziano, not two months since, gone to— Well, well, let us hope he is not gone to the eminent scholars in the Malebolge."

"By-the-way," said Francesco Cei, "have you heard that Camilla Rucellai has outdone the Frate in her prophecies? She prophesied two years ago that Pico would die in the time of lilies. He has died in November. 'Not at all the time of lilies,' said the scorners. 'Go to!' says Camilla; 'it is the lilies of France I meant, and it seems to me they are close enough under your nostrils.' I say, 'Euge, Camilla!' If the Frate can prove that any one of his visions has been as well fulfilled, I'll declare myself a *piagnone* to-morrow."

"You are something too flippant about the Frate, Francesco," said Pietro Cennini, the scholarly. "We are all indebted to him in these weeks for preaching peace and quietness, and the laying aside of party quarrels. They are men of small discernment who would be glad to see the people slipping the Frate's leash just now. And if the Most Christian King is obstinate about the treaty to-day, and will not sign what is fair and honorable to Florence, Fra Girolamo is the man we must trust in to bring him to reason."

"You speak truth, Messer Pietro," said Nello, "the Frate is one of the firmest nails Florence has to hang on—at least, that is the opinion of the most respectable chins I have the honor of shaving. But young Messer Niccolò was saying here the other morning—and, doubtless, Francesco means the same thing—there is as wonderful a power of stretching in the meaning of visions as in Dido's bull's hide. A dream may mean whatever comes after it, *mi pare*. As our Franco Sacchetti says, a woman dreams overnight of a serpent biting her, breaks a drinking-cup the next day, and cries out, 'Look you, I thought something would happen—it's plain now what the serpent meant.'"

"But the Frate's visions are not of that sort," said Cronaca. "He not only says what will happen—that the Church will be scourged and renovated, and the heathens converted—he says it shall happen quickly. He is no slippery pretender who provides loopholes for himself, he is—"

"What is this? what is this?" exclaimed Nello, jumping off the *desco*, and putting his head out at the door. "Here are people streaming into the piazza, and shouting. Something must have happened in the Via Larga. Aha!" he burst forth with delighted astonishment, stepping out, laughing, and waving his cap.

All the rest of the company hastened to the door. News from the Via Larga was just what they had been waiting for. But if the news had come into the piazza, they were not a little surprised at the form of its advent. Carried above

the shoulders of the people, on a bench apparently snatched up in the street, sat Tito Melema, in smiling amusement at the compulsion he was under. His cap had slipped off his head, and hung by the *beccchetto* which was wound loosely round his neck; and as he saw the group at Nello's door he lifted up his fingers in beckoning recognition. The next minute he had leaped from the bench on to a cart filled with bales that stood in the broad space between the Baptistery and the steps of the Duomo, while the people swarmed round him with the noisy eagerness of poultry expecting to be fed. But there was silence when he began to speak in his clear mel-low voice—

"Citizens of Florence! I have no warrant to tell the news except your will. But the news is good, and will harm no man in the telling. The Most Christian King is signing a treaty that is honorable to Florence. But you owe it to one of your citizens, who spoke a word worthy of the ancient Romans—you owe it to Piero Capponi!"

Immediately there was a roar of voices.

"Capponi! Capponi! What said our Piero?" "Ah! he wouldn't stand being sent from Herod to Pilate!" "We knew Piero!" "*Orsù!* Tell us what did he say?"

When the roar of insistence had subsided a little, Tito began again:

"The Most Christian King demanded a little too much—was obstinate—said at last, 'I shall order my trumpets to sound.' Then Florentine citizens! your Piero Capponi, speaking with the voice of a free city, said, 'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells!' He snatched the copy of the dishonoring conditions from the hands of the secretary, tore it in pieces, and turned to leave the royal presence."

Again there were loud shouts—and again impatient demands for more.

"Then, Florentines, the high majesty of France felt, perhaps for the first time, all the majesty of a free city. And the Most Christian King himself hastened from his place to call Piero Capponi back. The great spirit of your Florentine city did its work by a great word, without need of the great actions that lay ready behind it. And the King has consented to sign the treaty, which preserves the honor, as well as the safety, of Florence. The banner of France will float over every Florentine galley in sign of amity and common privilege, but above that banner will be written the word 'Liberty!'

"That is all the news I have to tell; is it not enough?—since it is for the glory of every one of you, citizens of Florence, that you have a fellow-citizen who knows how to speak your will."

As the shouts rose again, Tito looked round with inward amusement at the various crowd, each of whom was elated with the notion that Piero Capponi had somehow represented him—that he was the mind of which Capponi was the mouth-piece. He enjoyed the humor of the incident, which had suddenly transformed him, an

alien and a friend of the Medici, into an orator who tickled the ears of the people blatant for some unknown good which they called liberty. He felt quite glad that he had been laid hold of and hurried along by the crowd as he was coming out of the palace in the Via Larga with a commission to the Signoria. It was very easy, very pleasant, this exercise of speaking to the general satisfaction: a man who knew how to persuade need never be in danger from any party; he could convince each that he was feigning with all the others. The gestures and faces of weavers and dyers were certainly amusing when looked at from above in this way. Tito was beginning to get easier in his armor, and at this moment was quite unconscious of it. He stood with one hand holding his recovered cap, and with the other at his belt, the light of a complacent smile in his long lustrous eyes, as he made a parting reverence to his audience, before springing down from the bales—when suddenly his glance met that of a man who had not at all the amusing aspect of the exulting weavers, dyers, and wool-carders. The face of this man was clean shaven, his hair close-clipped, and he wore a decent felt hat. A single glance would hardly have sufficed to assure any one but Tito that this was the face of the escaped prisoner who had laid hold of him on the steps. But to Tito it came not simply as the face of the escaped prisoner, but as a face with which he had been familiar long, long years before.

It seemed all compressed into a second—the sight of Baldassarre looking at him, the sensation shooting through him like a fiery arrow, and the act of leaping from the cart. He would have leaped down in the same instant, whether he had seen Baldassarre or not, for he was in a hurry to be gone to the Palazzo Vecchio: this time he had not betrayed himself by look or movement, and he said inwardly that he should not be taken by surprise again; he should be prepared to see this face rise up continually like the intermittent blotch that comes in diseased vision. But this reappearance of Baldassarre so much more in his own likeness tightened the pressure of dread: the idea of his madness lost its likelihood now he was shaven and clad like a decent though poor citizen. Certainly, there was a great change in his face; but how could it be otherwise? And yet, if he were perfectly sane—in possession of all his powers and all his learning—why was he lingering in this way before making known his identity? It must be for the sake of making his scheme of vengeance more complete. But he did linger: that at least gave an opportunity for flight. And Tito began to think that flight was his only resource.

But while he, with his back turned on the Piazza del Duomo, had lost the recollection of the new part he had been playing, and was no longer thinking of the many things which a ready brain and tongue made easy, but of a few things which destiny had somehow made very difficult, the enthusiasm which he had fed contemptuously was creating a scene in that piazza in grand

contrast with the inward drama of self-centred fear which he had carried away from it.

The crowd, on Tito's disappearance, had begun to turn their faces toward the outlets of the piazza in the direction of the Via Larga, when the sight of *Mazzieri*, or mace-bearers, entering from the Via de' Martelli, announced the approach of dignitaries. They must be the syndics, or commissioners, charged with the effecting of the treaty; the treaty must be already signed, and they had come away from the royal presence. Piero Capponi was coming—the brave heart that had known how to speak for Florence. The effect on the crowd was remarkable; they parted with softening, dropping voices, subsiding into silence—and the silence became so perfect that the tread of the syndics on the broad pavement, and the rustle of their black silk garments, could be heard, like rain in the night. There were four of them; but it was not the two learned doctors of law, Messer Guidantonio Vespucci and Messer Domenico Bonsi, that the crowd waited for; it was not Francesco Valori, popular as he had become in these late days. The moment belonged to another man, of firm presence, as little inclined to humor the people as to humor any other unreasonable claimants—loving order, like one who by force of fortune had been made a merchant, and by force of nature had become a soldier. It was not till he was seen at the entrance of the piazza that the silence was broken, and then one loud shout of "Capponi, Capponi! Well done, Capponi!" rang through the piazza.

The simple, resolute man looked round him with grave joy. His fellow-citizens gave him a great funeral two years later, when he had died in fight: there were torches carried by all the magistracy, and torches again, and trains of banners. But it is not known that he felt any joy in the oration that was delivered in his praise, as the banners waved over his bier. Let us be glad that he got some thanks and praise while he lived.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AVENGER'S SECRET.

It was the first time that Baldassarre had been in the Piazza del Duomo since his escape. He had a strong desire to hear the remarkable monk preach again, but he had shrunk from reappearing in the same spot where he had been seen half naked, with neglected hair, with a rope round his neck—in the same spot where he had been called a madman. The feeling, in its freshness, was too strong to be overcome by any trust he had in the change he had made in his appearance; for when the words "some madman, surely," had fallen from Tito's lips, it was not their baseness and cruelty only that had made their viper sting—it was Baldassarre's instantaneous bitter consciousness that he might be unable to prove the words false. Along with

the passionate desire for vengeance that possessed him had arisen the keen sense that his power of achieving the vengeance was doubtful. It was as if Tito had been helped by some diabolical prompter, who had whispered Baldassarre's saddest secret in the traitor's ear. He was not mad; for he carried within him that piteous stamp of sanity—the clear consciousness of shattered faculties: he measured his own feebleness. With the first movements of vindictive rage awoke a vague caution, like that of a wild beast that is fierce but feeble—or like that of an insect whose little fragment of earth has given way, and made it pause in a palsy of distrust. It was this distrust, this determination to take no step which might betray any thing concerning himself, that had made Baldassarre reject Piero di Cosimo's friendly advances.

He had been equally cautious at the hospital, only telling, in answer to the questions of the brethren there, that he had been made a prisoner by the French on his way from Genoa. But his age, and the indications in his speech and manner that he was of a different class from the ordinary mendicants and poor travelers who were entertained in the hospital, had induced the monks to offer him extra charity—a coarse woolen tunic to protect him from the cold, a pair of peasant's shoes, and a few *danari*, smallest of Florentine coins, to help him on his way. He had gone on the road to Arezzo early in the morning; but he had paused at the first little town, and had used a couple of his *danari* to get himself shaved and to have his circle of hair clipped short, in his former fashion. The barber there had a little hand-mirror of bright steel: it was a long while, it was years, since Baldassarre had looked at himself; and now, as his eyes fell on that hand-mirror, a new thought shot through his mind. "Was he so changed that Tito really did not know him?" The thought was such a sudden arrest of impetuous currents that it was a painful shock to him: his hand shook like a leaf as he put away the barber's arm and asked for the mirror. He wished to see himself before he was shaved. The barber, noticing his tremulousness, held the mirror for him.

No; he was not so changed as that. He himself had known the wrinkles as they had been three years ago; they were only deeper now: there was the same rough, clumsy skin, making little superficial bosses on the brow, like so many cipher marks; the skin was only yellower, only looked more like a lifeless rind. That shaggy white beard—it was no disguise to eyes that had looked closely at him for sixteen years—to eyes that ought to have searched for him with the expectation of finding him changed, as men search for the beloved among the bodies cast up by the waters. There was something different in his glance, but it was a difference that should only have made the recognition of him the more startling; for is not a known voice all the more thrilling when it is heard as a cry? But the doubt was folly: he had felt that Tito knew him. He put out his hand and pushed the mirror away.

The strong currents were rushing on again, and the energies of hatred and vengeance were active once more.

He went back on the way toward Florence again, but he did not wish to enter the city till dusk; so he turned aside from the high-road, and sat down by a little pool shadowed on one side by alder-bushes still sprinkled with yellow leaves. It was a calm November day, and he no sooner saw the pool than he thought its still surface might be a mirror for him. He wanted to contemplate himself slowly, as he had not dared to do in the presence of the barber. He sat down on the edge of the pool, and bent forward to look earnestly at the image of himself.

Was there something wandering and imbecile in his face—something like what he felt in his mind?

Not now; not when he was examining himself with a look of eager inquiry: on the contrary, there was an intense purpose in his eyes. But at other times? Yes, it must be so: in the long hours when he had the vague aching of an unremembered past within him—when he seemed to sit in dark loneliness, visited by whispers which died out mockingly as he strained his ear after them, and by forms that seemed to approach him and float away as he thrust out his hand to grasp them—in those hours, doubtless, there must be continual frustration and amazement in his glance. And, more horrible still, when the thick cloud parted for a moment, and, as he sprang forward with hope, rolled together again and left him helpless as before, doubtless then there was a blank confusion in his face, as of a man suddenly smitten with blindness.

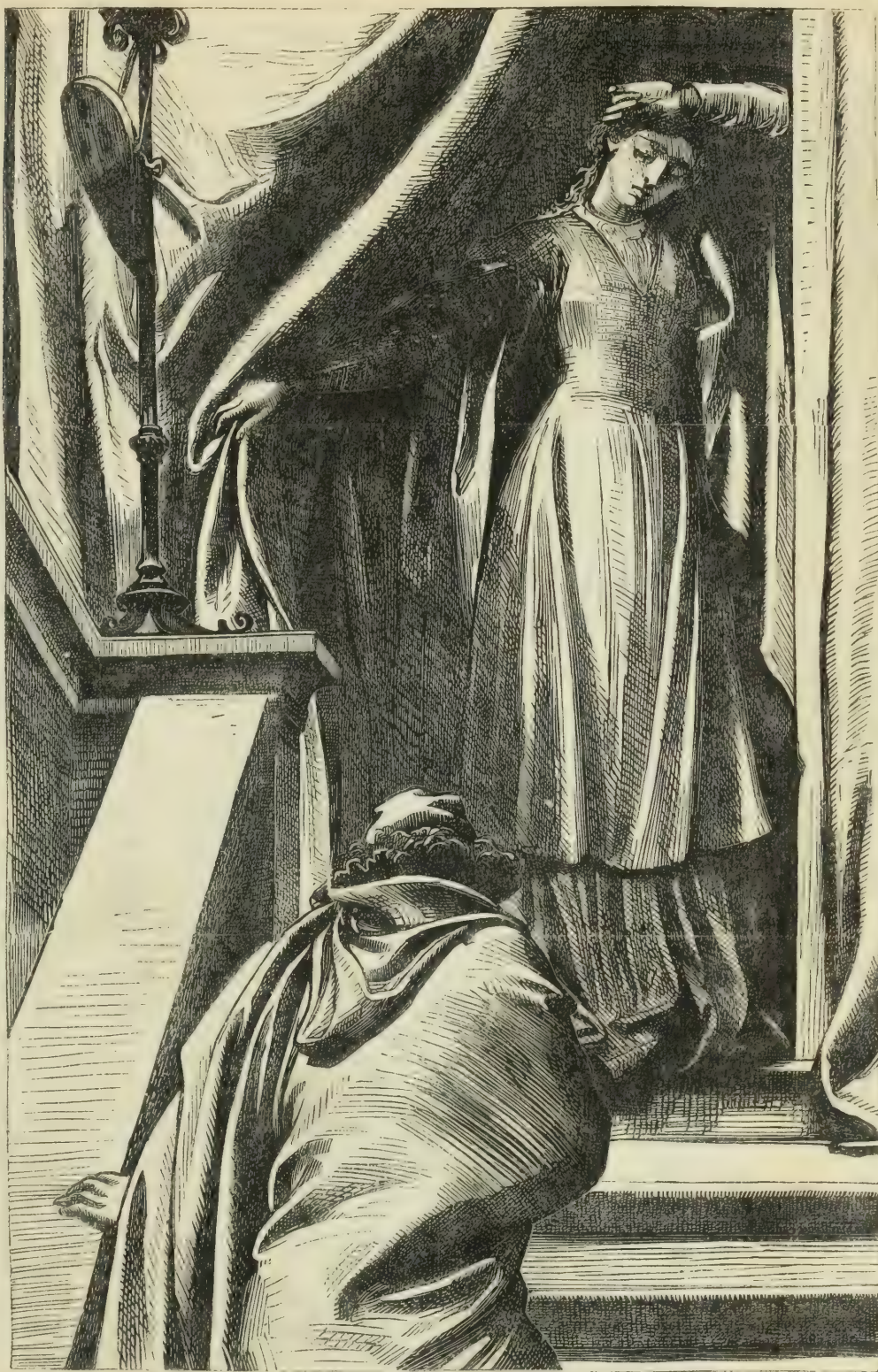
Could he prove any thing? Could he even begin to allege any thing with the confidence that the links of thought would not break away? Would any believe that he had ever had a mind filled with rare knowledge, busy with close thoughts, ready with various speech? It had all slipped away from him—that laboriously-gathered store. Was it utterly and forever gone from him, like the waters from an urn lost in the wide ocean? Or was it still within him, imprisoned by some obstruction that might one day break asunder?

It might be so; he tried to keep his grasp on that hope. For, since the day when he had first walked feebly from his couch of straw and had felt a new darkness within him under the sunlight, his mind had undergone changes, partly gradual and persistent, partly sudden and fleeting. As he had recovered his strength of body he had recovered his self-command and the energy of his will; he had recovered the memory of all that part of his life which was closely intertwined with his emotions; and he had felt more and more constantly and painfully the uneasy sense of lost knowledge. But more than that—once or twice, when he had been strongly excited, he had seemed momentarily to be in entire possession of his past self, as old men doze for an instant and get back the consciousness of their youth: he seemed again to see Greek pages and

understand them, again to feel his mind moving unbenumbed among familiar ideas. It had been but a flash, and the darkness closing in again seemed the more horrible; but might not the same thing happen again for longer periods? If it would only come and stay long enough for him to achieve a revenge—devise an exquisite suffering, such as a mere right arm could never inflict!

He raised himself from his stooping attitude, and, folding his arms, attempted to concentrate all his mental force on the plan he must immediately pursue. He had to wait for knowledge and opportunity, and while he waited he must have the means of living without beggary. What he dreaded of all things now was, that any one should think him a foolish, helpless old man. No one must know that half his memory was gone: the lost strength might come again; and if it were only for a little while, that might be enough.

He knew how to begin to get the information he wanted about Tito. He had repeated the words Bratti Ferravecchj so constantly after they had been uttered to him that they never slipped from him for long together. A man at Genoa, on whose finger he had seen Tito's ring, had told him that he bought that ring at Florence, of a young Greek, well dressed, and with a handsome dark face, in the shop of a *rigattiere* called Bratti Ferravecchj, in the street also called Ferravecchj. This discovery had caused a violent agitation in Baldassarre. Until then he had clung with all the tenacity of his fervid nature to his faith in Tito, and had not for a moment believed himself to be willfully forsaken. At first he had said, "My bit of parchment has never reached him; that is why I am still toiling at Antioch. But he is searching: he knows where I was lost; he will trace me out, and find me at last." Then, when he was taken to Corinth, he induced his owners, by the assurance that he should be sought out and ransomed, to provide securely against the failure of any inquiries that might be made about him at Antioch; and at Corinth he thought joyfully, "Here, at last, he must find me. Here he is sure to touch, whichever way he goes." But before another year had passed the illness had come from which he had risen with body and mind so shattered that he was worse than worthless to his owners except for the sake of the ransom that did not come. Then, as he sat helpless in the morning sunlight, he began to think, "Tito has been drowned, or they have made him a prisoner too. I shall see him no more. He set out after me, but misfortune overtook him. I shall see his face no more." Sitting in his new feebleness and despair, supporting his head between his hands, with blank eyes and lips that moved uncertainly, he looked so much like a hopelessly imbecile old man, that his owners were contented to be rid of him, and allowed a Genoese merchant, who had compassion on him as an Italian, to take him on board his galley. In a voyage of many months in the Archipelago and along the sea-board of Asia Minor, Baldas-



COMING HOME.

sarre had recovered his bodily strength, but on landing at Genoa he had so weary a sense of his desolateness that he almost wished he had died of that illness at Corinth. There was just one possibility that hindered the wish from being decided: it was that Tito might not be dead, but living in a state of imprisonment or destitution; and if he lived, there was still a hope for Baldassarre—faint, perhaps, and likely to be long deferred, but still a hope, that he might find his child, his cherished son again; might yet again

clasp hands and meet face to face with the one being who remembered him as he had been before his mind was broken.

In this state of feeling he had chanced to meet the stranger who wore Tito's onyx ring, and though Baldassarre would have been unable to describe the ring beforehand, the sight of it stirred the dormant fibres, and he recognized it. That Tito nearly a year after his father had been parted from him should have been living in apparent prosperity at Florence, selling the gem

which he ought not to have sold till the last extremity, was a fact that Baldassarre shrank from trying to account for; he was glad to be stunned and bewildered by it rather than to have any distinct thought; he tried to feel nothing but joy that he should behold Tito again. Perhaps Tito had thought that his father was dead; somehow the mystery would be explained. "But at least I shall meet eyes that will remember me; I am not alone in the world."

And now again Baldassarre said, "I am not alone in the world; I shall never be alone, for my revenge is with me."

It was as the instrument of that revenge, as something merely external and subservient to his true life, that he bent down again to examine himself with hard curiosity—not, he thought, because he had any care for a withered, forsaken old man, whom nobody loved, whose soul was like a deserted home, where the ashes were cold upon the hearth, and the walls were bare of all but the marks of what had been. It is in the nature of all human passion, the lowest as well as the highest, that there is a point at which it ceases to be properly egoistic, and is like a fire kindled within our being to which every thing else in us is mere fuel.

He looked at the pale black-browed image in the water till he identified it with that self from which his revenge seemed to be a thing apart; and he felt as if the image too heard the silent language of his thought.

"I was a loving fool—I worshiped a woman once, and believed she could care for me; and then I took a helpless child and fostered him; and I watched him as he grew, to see if he would care for me only a little—care for *me* over and above the good he got from me. I would have torn open my breast to warm him with my life-blood if I could only have seen him care a little for the pain of my wound. I have labored, I have strained to crush out of this hard life one drop of unselfish love. Fool! men love their own delights—there is no delight to be had in me. And yet I watched till I believed I saw what I watched for. When he was a child he lifted soft eyes toward me and held my hand willingly: I thought, this boy will surely love me a little: because I give my life to him and strive that he shall know no sorrow, he will care a little when I am thirsty—the drop he lays on my parched lips will be a joy to him.Curses on him! I wish I may see him lie with those red lips white and dry as ashes, and when he looks for pity I wish he may see my face rejoicing in his pain. It is all a lie—this world is a lie—there is no goodness but in hate. Fool! Not one drop of love came with all your striving—life has not given you one drop. But there are deep draughts in this world for hatred and revenge. I have memory left for that, and there is strength in my arm—there is strength in my will—and if I can do nothing but kill him—"

But Baldassarre's mind rejected the thought of that brief punishment. His whole soul had

been thrilled into immediate unreasoning belief in that eternity of vengeance where he, an undying hate, might clutch forever an undying traitor, and hear that fair smiling hardness cry and moan with anguish. But the primary need and hope was to see a slow revenge under the same sky and on the same earth where he himself had been forsaken and had fainted with despair. And as soon as he tried to concentrate his mind on the means of attaining his end the sense of his weakness pressed upon him like a frosty ache. This despised body, which was to be the instrument of a sublime vengeance, must be nourished and decently clad. If he had to wait he must labor, and his labor must be of a humble sort, for he had no skill. He wondered whether the sight of written characters would so stimulate his faculties that he might venture to try and find work as a copyist: *that* might win him some credence for his past scholarship. But no! he dared trust neither hand nor brain. He must be content to do the work that was most like that of a beast of burden: in this mercantile city many porters must be wanted, and he could at least carry weights. Thanks to the justice that struggled in this confused world in behalf of vengeance, his limbs had got back some of their old sturdiness. He was stripped of all else that men would give coin for.

But the new urgency of this habitual thought brought a new suggestion. There was something hanging by a cord round his bare neck; something apparently so paltry that the piety of Turks and Frenchmen had spared it—a tiny parchment bag blackened with age. It had hung round his neck as a precious charm when he was a boy, and he had kept it carefully on his breast, not believing that it contained any thing but a tiny scroll of parchment rolled up hard. He might long ago have thrown it away as a relic of his dead mother's superstition; but he had thought of it as a relic of her love, and had kept it. It was part of the piety associated with such *brevi*, that they should never be opened, and at any previous moment in his life Baldassarre would have said that no sort of thirst would prevail upon him to open this little bag for the chance of finding that it contained, not parchment, but an engraved amulet which would be worth money. But now a thirst had come like that which makes men open their own veins to satisfy it, and the thought of the possible amulet no sooner crossed Baldassarre's mind than with nervous fingers he snatched the *breve* from his neck. It all rushed through his mind—the long years he had worn it, the far-off sunny balcony at Naples looking toward the blue waters, where he had leaned against his mother's knee; but it made no moment of hesitation: all piety now was transmuted into a just revenge. He bit and tore till the doubles of parchment were laid open, and then—it was a sight that made him pant—there *was* an amulet. It was very small, but it was as blue as those far-off waters; it was an engraved sapphire, which must be worth some gold ducats. Bal-



THE PAINTED RECORD.

dassarre no sooner saw those possible ducats than he saw some of them exchanged for a poniard. He did not want to use the poniard yet, but he longed to possess it. If he could grasp its handle and feel its edge, that blank in his mind—that past which fell away continually—would not make him feel so cruelly helpless: the sharp steel that despised talents and eluded strength would be at his side, as the unfailing friend of feeble justice. There was a sparkling

triumph under Baldassarre's black eyebrows as he replaced the little sapphire inside the bits of parchment and wound the string tightly round them.

It was nearly dusk now, and he rose to walk back toward Florence. With his *danari* to buy him some bread, he felt rich: he could lie out in the open air, as he found plenty more doing in all corners of Florence. And in the next few days he had sold his sapphire, had added to

his clothing, had bought a bright dagger, and had still a pair of gold florins left. But he meant to hoard that treasure carefully: his lodging was an out-house with a heap of straw in it, in a thinly inhabited part of Oltrarno, and he thought of looking about for work as a porter.

He had bought his dagger at Bratti's. Paying his meditated visit there one evening at dusk, he had found that singular rag-merchant just returned from one of his rounds, emptying out his basketful of broken glass and old iron among his handsome show of heterogeneous second-hand goods. As Baldassarre entered the shop, and looked toward the smart pieces of apparel, the musical instruments, and weapons that were displayed in the broadest light of the window, his eye at once singled out a dagger that hung up high against a red scarf. By buying that dagger he could not only satisfy a strong desire, he could open his original errand in a more indirect manner than by speaking of the onyx ring. In the course of bargaining for the weapon he let drop, with cautious carelessness, that he came from Genoa, and had been directed to Bratti's shop by an acquaintance in that city who had bought a very valuable ring there. Had the respectable trader any more such rings?

Whereupon Bratti had much to say as to the unlikelihood of such rings being within reach of many people, with much vaunting of his own rare connections, due to his known wisdom and honesty. It might be true that he was a peddler; he chose to be a peddler, though he was rich enough to kick his heels in his shop all day. But those who thought they had said all there was to be said about Bratti when they had called him a peddler were a good deal further off the truth than the other side of Pisa. How was it that he could put that ring in a stranger's way? It was because he had a very particular knowledge of a handsome young signor, who did not look quite so fine a feathered bird when Bratti first set eyes on him as he did at the present time. And by a question or two Baldassarre extracted without any trouble such a rough and rambling account of Tito's life as the peddler could give since the time when he had found him sleeping under the Loggia de' Cerchi. It never occurred to Bratti that the decent man (who was rather deaf, apparently, asking him to say many things twice over) had any curiosity about Tito; the curiosity was doubtless about himself, as a truly remarkable peddler.

And Baldassarre left Bratti's shop, not only with the dagger at his side, but with a general knowledge of Tito's conduct and position—of his early sale of the jewels, his immediate quiet settlement of himself at Florence, his marriage, and his great prosperity.

"What story had he told about his previous life—about his father?"

That was a question to which it would be difficult for Baldassarre to discover the answer. Meanwhile he wanted to learn all he could about Florence. But he found, to his acute distress,

that of the new details he learned he could only retain a few, and those only by continual repetition; and he began to be afraid of listening to any new discourse lest it should obliterate what he was already striving to remember.

The day he was discerned by Tito in the Piazza del Duomo he had the fresh anguish of this consciousness in his mind, and Tito's ready speech fell upon him like the mockery of a glib, defying demon.

As he went home to his heap of straw, and passed by the booksellers' shops in the Via del Garbo, he paused to look at the volumes spread open. Could he by long gazing at one of those books lay hold of the slippery threads of memory? Could he by striving get a firm grasp somewhere, and lift himself above these waters that flowed over him?

He was tempted, and bought the cheapest Greek book he could see. He carried it home and sat on his heap of straw, looking at the characters by the light of the small window; but no inward light arose on them. Soon the evening darkness came, but it made little difference to Baldassarre. His strained eyes seemed still to see the white pages with the unintelligible black marks upon them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRUIT IS SEED.

"My Romola," said Tito the second morning after he had made his speech in the Piazza del Duomo, "I am to receive grand visitors to-day; the Milanese Count is coming again, and the Seneschal de Beaucaire, the great favorite of the Cristianissimo. I know you don't care to go through smiling ceremonies with these rustling magnates, whom we are not likely to see again; and as they will want to look at the antiquities and the library, perhaps you had better give up your work to-day and go to see your cousin Brigida."

Romola discerned a wish in this intimation, and immediately assented. But presently, coming back in her hood and mantle, she said, "Oh, what a long breath Florence will take when the gates are flung open and the last Frenchman is walking out of them! Even you are getting tired, with all your patience, my Tito; confess it. Ah, your head is hot."

He was leaning over his desk, writing, and she had laid her hand on his head, meaning to give a parting caress. The attitude had been a frequent one, and Tito was accustomed, when he felt her hand there, to raise his head, throw himself a little backward, and look up at her. But he felt now as unable to raise his head as if her hand had been a leaden cowl. He spoke instead, in a light tone, as his pen still ran along:

"The French are as ready to go from Florence as the wasps to leave a ripe pear when they have just fastened on it."

Romola, keenly sensitive to the absence of

the usual response, took away her hand and said, "I am going, Tito."

"Farewell, my sweet one. I must wait at home. Take Maso with you."

Still Tito did not look up, and Romola went out without saying any more. Very slight things make epochs in married life, and this morning, for the first time, she admitted to herself not only that Tito had changed, but that he had changed toward her. Did the reason lie in herself? She might perhaps have thought so if there had not been the facts of the armor and the picture to suggest some external event which was an entire mystery to her.

But Tito no sooner believed that Romola was out of the house than he laid down his pen and looked up, in delightful security from seeing any thing else than parchment and broken marble. He was rather disgusted with himself that he had not been able to look up at Romola and behave to her just as usual. He would have chosen, if he could, to be even more than usually kind; but he could not, on a sudden, master an involuntary shrinking from her, which, by a subtle relation, depended on those very characteristics in him that made him desire not to fail in his marks of affection. He was about to take a step which he knew would arouse her deep indignation. He would have to encounter much that was unpleasant before he could win her forgiveness. And Tito could never find it easy to face displeasure and anger; his nature was one of those most remote from defiance or impudence, and all his inclinations leaned toward preserving Romola's tenderness. He was not tormented by sentimental scruples which, as he had demonstrated to himself by a very rapid course of argument, had no relation to solid utility; but his freedom from scruples did not release him from the dread of what was disagreeable. Unscrupulousness gets rid of much, but not of toothache, or wounded vanity, or the sense of loneliness, against which, as the world at present stands, there is no security but a thoroughly healthy jaw, and a just, loving soul. And Tito was feeling intensely at this moment that no devices could save him from pain in the impending collision with Romola; no persuasive blandness could cushion him against the shock toward which he was being driven like a timid animal urged to a desperate leap by the terror of the tooth and the claw that are close behind it.

The secret feeling he had previously had that the tenacious adherence to Bardo's wishes about the library had become under existing difficulties a piece of sentimental folly, which deprived himself and Romola of substantial advantages, might perhaps never have wrought itself into action but for the events of the past week, which had brought at once the pressure of a new motive and the outlet of a rare opportunity. Nay, it was not till his dread had been aggravated by the sight of Baldassarre looking more like his sane self, not until he had begun to feel that he might be compelled to flee from Florence, that he had brought himself to resolve on using his

legal right to sell the library before the great opportunity offered by French and Milanese bidders slipped through his fingers. For if he had to leave Florence he did not want to leave it as a destitute wanderer. He had been used to an agreeable existence, and he wished to carry with him all the means at hand for retaining the same agreeable conditions. He wished among other things to carry Romola with him, and *not*, if possible, to carry any infamy. Success had given him a growing appetite for all the pleasures that depend on an advantageous social position, and at no moment could it look like a temptation to him, but only like a hideous alternative, to decamp under dishonor, even with a bag of diamonds, and incur the life of an adventurer. It was not possible for him to make himself independent even of those Florentines who only greeted him with regard; still less was it possible for him to make himself independent of Romola. She was the wife of his first love—he loved her still; she belonged to that furniture of life which he shrank from parting with. He winced under her judgment, he felt uncertain how far the revulsion of her feeling toward him might go; and all that sense of power over a wife which makes a husband risk betrayals that a lover never ventures on, would not suffice to counteract Tito's uneasiness. This was the leaden weight which had been too strong for his will, and kept him from raising his head to meet her eyes. Their pure light brought too near him the prospect of a coming struggle. But it was not to be helped: if they had to leave Florence they must have money; indeed, Tito could not arrange life at all to his mind without a considerable sum of money. And that problem of arranging life to his mind had been the source of all his misdoing. He would have been equal to any sacrifice that was not unpleasant.

The rustling magnates came and went, the bargains had been concluded, and Romola returned home; but nothing grave was said that night. Tito was only gay and chatty, pouring forth to her, as he had not done before, stories and descriptions of what he had witnessed during the French visit. Romola thought she discerned an effort in his liveliness, and attributing it to the consciousness in him that she had been wounded in the morning, accepted the effort as an act of penitence, inwardly aching a little at that sign of growing distance between them—that there was an offense about which neither of them dared to speak.

The next day Tito remained away from home until late at night. It was a marked day to Romola, for Piero di Cosimo, stimulated to greater industry on her behalf by the fear that he might have been the cause of pain to her in the past week, had sent home her father's portrait. She had propped it against the back of his old chair, and had been looking at it for some time, when the door opened behind her and Bernardo del Nero came in.

"It is you, godfather! How I wish you had

come sooner: it is getting a little dusk," said Romola, going toward him.

"I have just looked in to tell you the good news, for I know Tito is not come yet," said Bernardo. "The French king moves off to-morrow; not before it is high time. There has been another tussle between our people and his soldiers this morning. But there's a chance now of the city getting into order once more and trade going on."

"That is joyful," said Romola. "But it is sudden, is it not? Tito seemed to think yesterday that there was little prospect of the king's going soon."

"He has been well barked at, that's the reason," said Bernardo, smiling. "His own generals opened their throats pretty well, and at last our Signoria sent the mastiff of the city, Fra Girolamo. The Cristianissimo was frightened at that thunder, and has given the order to move. I'm afraid there'll be small agreement among us when he's gone, but, at any rate, all parties are agreed in being glad not to have Florence stifled with soldiery any longer, and the Frate has barked this time to some purpose. Ah, what is this?" he added, as Romola, clasping him by the arm, led him in front of the picture. "Let us see."

He began to unwind his long scarf while she placed a seat for him.

"Don't you want your spectacles, godfather?" said Romola, in anxiety that he should see just what she saw.

"No, child, no," said Bernardo, uncovering his gray head, as he seated himself with firm erectness. "For seeing at this distance my old eyes are perhaps better than your young ones. Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off."

"It is better than having no portrait," said Romola, apologetically, after Bernardo had been silent a little while. "It is less like him now than the image I have in my mind, but then that might fade with the years." She rested her arm on the old man's shoulder as she spoke, drawn toward him strongly by their common interest in the dead.

"I don't know," said Bernardo. "I almost think I see Bardo as he was when he was young, better than that picture shows him to me as he was when he was old. Your father had a great deal of fire in his eyes when he was young. It was what I could never understand, that he, with his fiery spirit, which seemed much more impatient than mine, could hang over the books and live with shadows all his life. However, he had put his heart into that."

Bernardo gave a slight shrug as he spoke the last words, but Romola discerned in his voice a feeling that accorded with her own.

"And he was disappointed to the last," she said, involuntarily. But immediately fearing lest her words should be taken to imply an accusation against Tito, she went on almost hurriedly, "If we could only see his longest, dearest wish fulfilled just to his mind!"

"Well, so we may," said Bernardo, kindly, rising and putting on his cap. "The times are cloudy now, but fish are caught by waiting. Who knows? When the wheel has turned often enough, I may be Gonfaloniere yet before I die; and no creditor can touch these things." He looked round as he spoke. Then, turning to her, and patting her cheek, said, "And you need not be afraid of my dying; my ghost will claim nothing. I've taken care of that in my will."

Romola seized the hand that was against her cheek, and put it to her lips in silence.

"Haven't you been scolding your husband for keeping away from home so much lately? I see him every where but here," said Bernardo, willing to change the subject.

She felt the flush spread over her neck and face as she said, "He has been very much wanted; you know he speaks so well. I am glad to know that his value is understood."

"You are contented, then, Madonna Orgogliosa?" said Bernardo, smiling as he moved to the door.

"Assuredly."

Poor Romola! There was one thing that would have made the pang of disappointment in her husband harder to bear: it was, that any one should know he gave her cause for disappointment. This might be a woman's weakness, but it is closely allied to a woman's nobleness. She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REVELATION.

THE next day Romola, like every other Florentine, was excited about the departure of the French. Besides her other reasons for gladness, she had a dim hope, which she was conscious was half superstitious, that those new anxieties about Tito, having come with the burdensome guests, might perhaps vanish with them. The French had been in Florence hardly eleven days, but in that space she had felt more acute unhappiness than she had known in her life before. Tito had adopted the hateful armor on the day of their arrival, and though she could frame no distinct notion why their departure should remove the cause of his fear—though, when she thought of that cause, the image of the prisoner grasping him, as she had seen it in Piero's sketch, urged itself before her and excluded every other—still, when the French were gone, she would be rid of something that was strongly associated with her pain.

Wrapped in her mantle she waited under the loggia at the top of the house, and watched for the glimpses of the troops and the royal retinue passing the bridges on their way to the Porta San Piero, that looks toward Siena and Rome. She even returned to her station when the gates had been closed, that she might feel herself vi-

brating with the great peal of the bells. It was dusk then, and when at last she descended into the library, she lit her lamp, with the resolution that she would overcome the agitation that had made her idle all day, and sit down to work at her copying of the catalogue. Tito had left home early in the morning, and she did not expect him yet. Before he came she intended to leave the library, and sit in the pretty saloon, with the dancing nymphs and the birds. She had done so every evening since he had objected to the library as chill and gloomy.

To her great surprise, she had not been at work long before Tito entered. Her first thought was, how cheerless he would feel the wide darkness of this great room, with one little oil-lamp burning at the farther end, and the fire nearly out. She almost ran toward him.

"Tito, dearest, I did not know you would come so soon," she said, nervously putting up her white arms to unwind his *becchetto*.

"I am not welcome then?" he said, with one of his brightest smiles, clasping her, but playfully holding his head back from her.

"Tito!" She uttered the word in a tone of pretty, loving reproach, and then he kissed her fondly, stroked her hair, as his manner was, and seemed not to mind about taking off his mantle yet. Romola quivered with delight. All the emotions of the day had been preparing in her a keener sensitiveness to the return of this habitual manner. "It will come back," she was saying to herself, "the old happiness will perhaps come back. He is like himself again!"

Tito was taking great pains to be like himself; his heart was palpitating with anxiety.

"If I had expected you so soon," said Romola, as she at last helped him to take off his wrappings, "I would have had a little festival prepared to this joyful ringing of the bells. I did not mean to be here in the library when you came home."

"Never mind, sweet," he said, carelessly. "Do not think about the fire. Come—come and sit down."

There was a low stool against Tito's chair, and that was Romola's habitual seat when they were talking together. She rested her arm on his knee, as she used to do on her father's, and looked up at him while he spoke. He had never yet noticed the presence of the portrait, and she had not mentioned it—thinking of it all the more.

"I have been enjoying the clang of the bells for the first time, Tito," she began. "I liked being shaken and deafened by them: I fancied I was something like a Bacchante possessed by a divine rage. Are not the people looking very joyful to-night?"

"Joyful after a sour and pious fashion," said Tito, with a shrug. "But, in truth, those who are left behind in Florence have little cause to be joyful; it seems to me, the most reasonable ground of gladness would be to have got out of Florence."

Tito had sounded the desired key-note with-

out any trouble, or appearance of premeditation. He spoke with no emphasis, but he looked grave enough to make Romola ask, rather anxiously,

"Why, Tito? Are there fresh troubles?"

"No need of fresh ones, my Romola. There are three strong parties in the city, all ready to fly at each other's throats. And if the Frate's party is strong enough to frighten the other two into silence, as seems most likely, life will be as pleasant and amusing as a funeral. They have the plan of a great Council simmering already; and if they get it, the man who sings sacred lauds the loudest will be the most eligible for office. And besides that, the city will be so drained by the payment of this great subsidy to the French king, and by the war to get back Pisa, that the prospect would be dismal enough without the rule of fanatics. On the whole, Florence will be a delightful place for those worthies who entertain themselves in the evening by going into crypts and lashing themselves; but for every thing else the exiles have the best of it. For my own part, I have been thinking seriously that we should be wise to quit Florence, my Romola."

She started. "Tito, how could we leave Florence? Surely you do not think I could leave it—at least, not yet—not for a long while." She had turned cold and trembling, and did not find it quite easy to speak. Tito must know the reasons she had in her mind.

"That is all a fabric of your own imagination, my sweet one. Your secluded life has made you lay such false stress on a few things. You know I used to tell you, before we were married, that I wished we were somewhere else than in Florence. If you had seen more places and more people, you would know what I mean when I say that there is something in the Florentines that reminds me of their cutting spring winds. I like people who take life less eagerly; and it would be good for my Romola, too, to see a new life. I should like to dip her a little in the soft waters of forgetfulness."

He leaned forward and kissed her brow, and laid his hand on her fair hair again; but she felt his caress no more than if he had kissed a mask. She was too much agitated by the sense of the distance between their minds to be conscious that his lips touched her.

"Tito, it is not because I suppose Florence is the pleasantest place in the world that I desire not to quit it. It is because I—because we have to see my father's wish fulfilled. My godfather is old—he is seventy-one—we could not leave it to him."

"It is precisely those superstitions which hang about your mind like bedimmed clouds, my Romola, that make one great reason why I could wish we were two hundred leagues from Florence. I am obliged to take care of you in opposition to your own will: if those dear eyes, that look so tender, see falsely, I must see for them, and save my wife from wasting her life in disappointing herself by impracticable dreams."

Romola sat silent and motionless: she could

not blind herself to the direction in which Tito's words pointed: he wanted to persuade her that they might get the library deposited in some monastery, or take some other ready means to rid themselves of a task, and a tie to Florence; and she was determined never to submit her mind to his judgment on this question of duty to her father; she was inwardly prepared to encounter any sort of pain in resistance. But the determination was kept latent in these first moments by the heart-crushing sense that now at last she and Tito must be confessedly divided in their wishes. He was glad of her silence, for, much as he had feared the strength of her feeling, it was impossible for him, shut up in the narrowness that hedges in all merely clever, unimpassioned men, not to overestimate the persuasiveness of his own arguments. His conduct did not look ugly to himself, and his imagination did not suffice to show him exactly how it would look to Romola. He went on in the same gentle, remonstrating tone.

"You know, dearest—your own clear judgment always showed you—that the notion of isolating a collection of books and antiquities, and attaching a single name to them forever, was one that had no valid, substantial good for its object: and yet more, one that was liable to be defeated in a thousand ways. See what has become of the Medici collections! And, for my part, I consider it even blameworthy to entertain those petty views of appropriation: why should any one be reasonably glad that Florence should possess the benefits of learned research and taste more than any other city? I understand your feeling about the wishes of the dead; but wisdom puts a limit to these sentiments, else lives might be continually wasted in that sort of futile devotion—like praising deaf gods forever. You gave your life to your father while he lived; why should you demand more of yourself?"

"Because it was a trust," said Romola, in a low but distinct voice. "He trusted me, he trusted you, Tito. I did not expect you to feel any thing else about it—to feel as I do—but I did expect you to feel that."

"Yes, dearest, of course I should feel it on a point where your father's real welfare or happiness was concerned; but there is no question of that now. If we believed in purgatory, I should be as anxious as you to have masses said; and if I believed it could pain your father to see his library preserved and used in a rather different way from what he had set his mind on, I should share the strictness of your views. But a little philosophy should teach us to rid ourselves of those air-woven fetters that mortals hang round themselves, spending their lives in misery under the mere imagination of weight. Your mind, which seizes ideas so readily, my Romola, is able to discriminate between substantial good and these brain-wrought fantasies. Ask yourself, dearest, what possible good can these books and antiquities do stowed together under your father's name in Florence, more than they would do if they were divided or carried elsewhere?"

Nay, is not the very dispersion of such things in hands that know how to value them one means of extending their usefulness? This rivalry of Italian cities is very petty and illiberal. The loss of Constantinople was the gain of the whole civilized world."

Romola was still too thoroughly under the painful pressure of the new revelation Tito was making of himself for her resistance to find any strong vent. As that fluent talk fell on her ears there was a rising contempt within her, which only made her more conscious of her bruised despairing love, her love for the Tito she had married and believed in. Her nature, possessed with the energies of strong emotion, recoiled from this hopelessly shallow readiness which professed to appropriate the widest sympathies and had no pulse for the nearest. She still spoke like one who was restrained from showing all she felt. She had only drawn away her arm from his knee, and sat with her hands clasped before her, cold and motionless as locked waters.

"You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet grateful memories no good? Is it no good that we should keep our silent promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honored? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions."

Her voice had gradually risen till there was a ring of scorn in the last words; she made a slight pause, but he saw there were other words quivering on her lips, and he chose to let them come.

"I know of no good for cities or the world if they are to be made up of such beings. But I am not thinking of other Italian cities and the whole civilized world—I am thinking of my father, and of my love and sorrow for him, and of his just claims on us. I would give up any thing else, Tito—I would leave Florence—what else did I live for but for him and you? But I will not give up that duty. What have I to do with your arguments? It was a yearning of *his* heart, and therefore it is a yearning of mine."

Her voice, from having been tremulous, had become full and firm. She felt that she had been urged on to say all that it was needful for her to say. She thought, poor thing! there was nothing harder to come than this struggle against Tito's suggestions as against the meaner part of herself.

He had begun to see clearly that he could not persuade her into assent: he must take another course, and show her that the time for resistance was past. That, at least, would put an end to further struggle; and if the disclosure were not made by himself to-night, to-morrow it must be made in another way. That necessity nerved his

courage; and his experience of her affectionateness and unexpected submissiveness, ever since their marriage until now, encouraged him to hope that, at last, she would accommodate herself to what had been his will.

"I am sorry to hear you speak in that spirit of blind persistence, my Romola," he said, quietly, "because it obliges me to give you pain. But I partly foresaw your opposition, and as a prompt decision was necessary, I avoided that obstacle, and decided without consulting you. The very care of a husband for his wife's interest compels him to that separate action sometimes—even when he has such a wife as you, my Romola."

She turned her eyes on him in breathless inquiry.

"I mean," he said, answering her look, "that I have arranged for the transfer, both of the books and antiquities, where they will find the highest use and value. The books have been bought for the Duke of Milan, the marbles and bronzes and the rest are going to France: and both will be protected by the stability of a great Power, instead of remaining in a city which is exposed to ruin."

Before he had finished speaking Romola had started from her seat, and stood up looking down at him, with tightened hands falling before her, and, for the first time in her life, with a flash of fierceness in her scorn and anger.

"You have *sold* them?" she asked, as if she distrusted her ears.

"I have," said Tito, quailing a little. The scene was unpleasant—the descending scorn already scorched him.

"You are a treacherous man!" she said, with something grating in her voice, as she looked down at him.

She was silent for a minute, and he sat still, feeling that ingenuity was powerless just now. Suddenly she turned away, and said, in an agitated tone, "It may be hindered—I am going to my godfather."

In an instant Tito started up, went to the door, locked it, and took out the key. It was time for all the masculine predominance that was latent in him to show itself. But he was not angry; he only felt that the moment was eminently unpleasant, and that when this scene was at an end he should be glad to keep away from Romola for a little while. But it was absolutely necessary first that she should be reduced to passiveness.

"Try to calm yourself a little, Romola," he said, leaning in the easiest attitude possible against a pedestal under the bust of a grim old Roman. Not that he was inwardly easy; his heart palpitated a little with a moral dread, against which no chain-armor could be found. He had locked in his wife's anger and scorn, but he had been obliged to lock himself in with it; and his blood did not rise with contest—his olive cheek was perceptibly paled.

Romola had paused and turned her eyes on him as she saw him take his stand and lodge the

key in his scarsella. Her eyes were flashing, and her whole frame seemed to be possessed by impetuous force that wanted to leap out in some deed. All the crushing pain of disappointment in her husband, which had made the strongest part of her consciousness a few minutes before, was annihilated by the vehemence of her indignation. She could not care in this moment that the man she was despising as he leaned there in his loathsome beauty—she could not care that he was her husband; she could only feel that she despised him. The pride and fierceness of the old Bardi blood had been thoroughly awakened in her for the first time.

"Try at least to understand the fact," said Tito, "and do not seek to take futile steps which may be fatal. It is of no use for you to go to your godfather. Messer Bernardo can not reverse what I have done. Only sit down. You would hardly wish, if you were quite yourself, to make known to any third person what passes between us in private."

Tito knew that he had touched the right fibre there. But she did not sit down; she was too unconscious of her body voluntarily to change her attitude.

"Why can it not be reversed?" she said, after a pause. "Nothing is moved yet."

"Simply because the sale has been concluded by written agreement; the purchasers have left Florence, and I hold the bonds for the purchase-money."

"If my father had suspected you of being a faithless man," said Romola, in a tone of bitter scorn, which insisted on darting out before she could say any thing else, "he would have placed the library safely out of your power. But death overtook him too soon, and when you were sure his ear was deaf, and his hand stiff, you robbed him." She paused an instant, and then said, with gathered passion, "Have you robbed somebody else, who is *not* dead? Is that the reason you wear armor?"

Romola had been driven to utter the words as men are driven to use the lash of the horsewhip. At first Tito felt horribly cowed; it seemed to him that the disgrace he had been dreading would be worse than he had imagined it. But soon there was a reaction: such power of dislike and resistance as there was within him was beginning to rise against a wife whose voice seemed like the herald of a retributive fate. Her, at least, his quick mind told him that he might master.

"It is useless," he said, coolly, "to answer the words of madness, Romola. Your peculiar feeling about your father has made you mad at this moment. Any rational person looking at the case from a due distance will see that I have taken the wisest course. Apart from the influence of your exaggerated feelings on him, I am convinced that Messer Bernardo would be of that opinion."

"He would not!" said Romola. "He lives in the hope of seeing my father's wish exactly fulfilled. We spoke of it together only yester-

day. He will help me yet. Who are these men to whom you have sold my father's property?"

"There is no reason why you should not be told, except that it signifies little. The Count di San Severino and the Seneschal de Beaucaire are now on their way with the king to Siena."

"They may be overtaken and persuaded to give up their purchase," said Romola, eagerly, her anger beginning to be surmounted by anxious thought.

"No, they may not," said Tito, with cool decision.

"Why?"

"Because I do not choose that they should."

"But if you were paid the money?—we will pay you the money," said Romola. No words could have disclosed more fully her sense of alienation from Tito; but they were spoken with less of bitterness than of anxious pleading. And he felt stronger, for he saw that the first impulse of fury was past.

"No, my Romola. Understand that such thoughts as these are impracticable. You would not, in a reasonable moment, ask your godfather to bury three thousand florins in addition to what he has already paid on the library. I think your pride and delicacy would shrink from that."

She began to tremble and turn cold again with discouragement, and sank down on the carved chest near which she was standing. He went on in a clear voice, under which she shuddered, as if it had been a narrow cold stream coursing over a hot cheek.

"Moreover, it is not my will that Messer Bernardo should advance the money, even if the project were not an utterly wild one. And I beg you to consider, before you take any step or utter any word on the subject, what will be the consequences of your placing yourself in opposition to me, and trying to exhibit your husband in the odious light which your own distempered feelings cast over him. What object will you serve by injuring me with Messer Bernardo? The event is irrevocable, the library is sold, and you are my wife."

Every word was spoken for the sake of a calculated effect, for his intellect was urged into the utmost activity by the danger of the crisis. He knew that Romola's mind would take in rapidly enough all the wide meaning of his speech. He waited and watched her in silence.

She had turned her eyes from him and was looking on the ground, and in that way she sat for several minutes. When she spoke her voice was quite altered—it was quiet and cold.

"I have one thing to ask."

"Ask any thing that I can do without injuring us both, Romola."

"That you will give me that portion of the money which belongs to my godfather, and let me pay him."

"I must have some assurance from you, first, of the attitude you intend to take toward me."

"Do you believe in assurances, Tito?" she said, with a tinge of returning bitterness.

"From you, I do."

"I will do you no harm. I shall disclose nothing. I will say nothing to pain him or you. You say truly, the event is irrevocable."

"Then I will do what you desire to-morrow morning."

"To-night, if possible," said Romola, "that we may not speak of it again."

"It is possible," he said, moving toward the lamp, while she sat still, looking away from him with absent eyes.

Presently he came and bent down over her, to put a piece of paper into her hand. "You will receive something in return, you are aware, my Romola?" he said, gently, not minding so much what had passed, now he was secure; and feeling able to try and propitiate her.

"Yes," she said, taking the paper, without looking at him. "I understand."

"And you will forgive me, my Romola, when you have had time to reflect." He just touched her brow with his lips, but she took no notice, and seemed really unconscious of the act.

She was aware that he unlocked the door and went out. She moved her head and listened. The great door of the court opened and shut again. She started up as if some sudden freedom had come, and going to her father's chair where his picture was propped, fell on her knees before it, and burst into sobs.

PHILIP RAYNOR'S SACRIFICE.

I.

"I MUST put a stop to this nonsense, positively; it has gone quite far enough." And Mr. Philip Raynor walked on, with a rapid step and cold resolution quite out of kin with the sweet languid air and the flickering light which the moon filtered down upon him through the tall trees. But he was not accustomed to a solitary walk home from the college exercise on Friday night, nor from social exercise on any night. And now his niece, Eulalie, to whom he had been sufficient for ten years, came, at very lingering leisure, just out of sight behind, on the arm of a tall young prig of a college student, who had only departed from his house the evening previous, as he, Mr. Raynor (so he persuaded himself), meant coming in to invite him, sarcastically, to take a bed. Not that he had any thing against this special student, an "respectable" youth enough, and one who acquitted himself second to no man on the college floor. But a young fellow of twenty-three, preparing to starve at law, is not of great account with thirty-five, whose race is over and won. Such a man would not be apt to place in those unearning hands the best pleasure out of his own life. Lalie Raynor was all that to Uncle Phil. He had accepted her as she came to him in the year of his own great sorrow as the partial recompense possible.

She suited his mood well always. A thor-

ough child, with no eerie precocious penetration to look in and see how he furnished forth his heart. No cool, calculating ways, she never trimmed and tacked to win the favor others found so well worth having. When she thought him "cross old Uncle Phil" she called him so, and found herself disproved, close held in arms both strong and tender.

As she grew from little girlhood she did not fail out of his love, but possibly it was that she added the growths and graces of the years to her old self without obliterating it, and stood at twenty a winsome little woman to such eyes as Chester Greenough's; but "baby-girl" to Uncle Phil, with a better than babyhood or girlhood subtly superadded. He had never thought of her as other than his in all years to come, never added another to their number, or saw them separate. He had filled her life abundantly so far; then why not always? It had given him a bitterness which surprised himself to find her putting off of late one and another kitten freak; growing chary of her voice, whose careless trill announced her whereabouts all hours of the day. Her caresses were no less frequent, but the merry trick of them was lost a little; she leaned her head on his shoulder silently instead of giving him "Scotch kisses" and pulling his hair. Uncle Philip forgot that other lives might have still to experience what, ten years ago, had dropped out of his own, with that sense of loss which made another ask, with bitter, half rebellious surprise—

"So the great joys of the Lord do not last?"

He did not think of it on the way home, but, passing up the garden walk, an old-remembered scent in the still, retentive air stole up and made his heart bound with the appeal we have all felt from such things. He had never met it before since a time long gone. Eulalie had planted mignonnette, unwitting that it was the saddest fragrance that could meet her uncle's sense. Yet it pleaded well for her to-night.

Philip Raynor did not enter his house, but paced up and down the moonlit walks, and remembered now that he was not two years older than Chester Greenough when he had loved with a passion no added years could have excelled in strength; and the reward of possession not being his, there was no day of years since passed in which he had not felt the lack. And was his heart so much unlike the hearts of other men? He knew that, on Lalie's part, this affair had not gone so far but she might very possibly soon forget it. To bless or ban was his entirely, and he had nothing to love but his child.

But the child—the woman rather—how would her life be as years went on and blooms faded, and found her life not broadened and brightened by husband's and child's dear love? Could he fill her heart and hope of a woman? He knew such hearts too well to answer selfishly; he blamed himself for not thinking sooner of what stuff they were made, and fortifying his own for a day he might have seen surely com-

ing. And yet he could not resolve upon it. Was it, after all, so necessary? Lalie was such a childlike little puss, it could not make much difference whether it was Chester Greenough's or Uncle Philip's face which, "Rising duly as the sun, with its 'good-day,' made each day good." Still, if that were so, why had she, possessing already the one needed, to love the other? There was the question. Finally, argument and walk came to a stand. He had lived through a loss ten-fold more bitter; and if this last of his own happiness were required of him to add to the world's stock, it should have it, whether or no he gained, with the German seer, "instead thereof, blessedness."

Lalie had long ago reached her white chamber, her uncle being hidden by the shrubbery down a distant walk as she came home. Feeling, possibly, the declared incompatibility of "love and rest," she slipped out of bed and sat in the moonlight by the window, and presently below, to her utmost surprise, saw her uncle at his unusual vigil. She had felt a little remorseful before, and now trebly so; and when at length he entered she stole down the staircase with bare white feet, and laid her young face, tear-wet, against his grave, handsome one. Each saw how it was with the other; and as he held her on his broad, kind breast, his question was not, as she half dreaded, "Will you give him up for me?" but she felt both consent and benediction in his one sentence of "God bless you, my dear child Lalie!"

II.

And what was the chance which found, at thirty-five, so amply capacious a life as Philip Raynor's unfilled by kith or kin save this little kitten of a niece? What had made it so happen that there was no hand of all the world's fair daughters his own felt it joy to enfold—no lips he cared at all to kiss?

Let us have the scene the mignonnette in the garden walk revived before him:

He was a banker's clerk, and dimly prospective partner then, in a great city with a quiet second story room for posting books. The window commanded the entrancing prospect, across a five foot alley, of a brick house side with the window opposite his impenetrable to all save imagination, by an opaque shutter always closed. He wasted no imagination on it, though his young man's heart was open, finely enough strung and receptive, for all those influences which come to young men. But he never looked for romance in Stone Street. It held only a ledger for him. The other field was beyond it, always.

Yet one summer day as he sat with the window open there stole in through it the faint, clean smell of mignonnette. What had evolved it among those bricks and stones? He looked down upon the flags half expecting to see some traditional flower-girl; but a tattered young imp, locomotive under a bundle of shavings, alone met his view; and drawing his handsome young head listlessly back, he saw the opposite window

unshuttered, uncurtained, at last, with broad clean panes behind which was a picture.

No human tableau, as you think, but a picture upon an easel; a brush working at it under the motive supplied by a firm white hand. What impelled that hand Philip by no effort could see. The easel was so placed, by intention or otherwise, at its window that no position taken in the other could command more of the artist than the active hand.

Phil satisfied himself of this, and then a little dissatisfiedly proceeded to detail what he could see. The picture was not a master-piece; but it was being done well, gaining a fine careful finish under that smooth hand; a nice one, it occurred to Phil, to lay on a fellow's forehead to exorcise headache or blues. But that, after all, would depend on its owner: he had seen regular witches of Endor with handsome hands; was this one? What did he care: he could see fair ladies complete, any hour, in any parlor in the city; and he went back to his desk, which took him out of sight, with a slight pleasure that if he could not see his neighbor she could not see him.

He did not look out again till he rose to go home to tea; and then the picture was turned face to easel and the hand gone. Forgetting the whole matter till the next afternoon, when the mignonnette stealing in, in fresh fairy visit, he looked out anew with the old result—and the old result always, all the days of that week.

Now no young man can record the transactions of Messrs. Doe and Roe, with entire indifference to all but their interesting detail, when a white hand a few feet off announces that one of the fairest among women may be within winning distance. So Phil added a few minutes daily to his survey at the window.

"Why the mischief can't she look out for just a second? It is aggravating to have so near a neighbor and not know what kind of a being she is." And he fell to studying the hand afresh, and when he had got all its supple curves by heart, looked at its work—the picture—which finally began to develop the most airy resemblance to something or other. It seemed not a picture, but a word-picture of one. Did it stand columnar in prose or deliquesce into rhyme? He could not tell; but on going home he did not forget to run his eye over the book-shelves, and it resting on "Mrs. Browning," he knew what he wanted, and taking down the book found it at once.

"I should not wonder if she is painting from these very words. I mean to take the book down to-morrow and see how they suit." And with this thought he pocketed the book, and producing it next day at his window, he proceeded with animation to divide his eyes between the page-picture and the canvas one, detailing its objects as the poet has placed them, thus:

"On your left the sheep are cropping
The slant grass and daisies pale,
While fine apple-trees stand drooping
Separate shadows down the vale.
Over all in choral silence the bells peal you their all hail,

While far out in the distance shining hills on hills arise;
Close as brother leans to brother as they press beneath
the eyes,

Of some father asking blessings from the gifts of Paradise."

Lo, a little rustle across the way, and instead now of the hand the owning face—in it a commingling of surprise, amusement, yet reticent recognition of circumstance as she said, smiling,

"You have found my copy, Sir, I see!"

The hand replaced the face again, and there was no more to be said. He went back to his desk, for there he could review the momentary vision clearer:—A face, like the hand, young, smooth, and firm of outline; not all white, but richly tinted; a great coil of brown hair at the back of a very noble head. He knew the type of woman at once—One of the world's crown princesses.

"Crown princesses do not flirt across alleyways with unknown bankers' clerks, as this one knew; and so he spent the next day and the one after still more discontentedly than while the face was unseen. But on the third day—O rare, kind chance!—hand and face and figure stood complete before him in Mrs. Willard's parlor, where the chess-playing intellectuals were convened; and there was pronounced in the "Miss Claudia Leferige allow me to present Mr. Philip Raynor," and *vice versa*, as perfect a warrant, in its province, for all further acquaintance as the marriage service is in its own. It was with a curious sense of privilege and satisfied wish that he found himself face to face with her over a chess-board—the artist-hand, with a waft of mignonnette in it, guiding the pieces with the same calm certainty it had done the brush, or lying quiet with its mate upon the silken lap.

"You admire 'Mrs. Browning,'" said she at length, smiling, with a flicker of a blush. "You quite electrified me the other day. It half seemed as if the picture had found the soul and speech some artists seem to think they possess."

"Yours might have it, if any, Miss Leferige; it is so exquisite a transcript of the poet's order. But in my ignorance of whether you are most artist or woman, I shall risk your displeasure by telling you I watched your picture for a week, and grew heartily tired of it, because it stood in the place I wanted held by its owner."

Whatever the artist may have felt it was the woman who blushed, and, a little reservedly, changed the subject.

The situation at the studio underwent no change, save that, the picture being finished, a new canvas was substituted, upon which Miss Leferige must have been specially intent, since it was mid afternoon before thoughts of him appeared to the new acquaintance, in the shape of her look from the window and quiet "Good-day, Mr. Raynor." Then ensued some little further talk of the difficulty of getting any day's *best* down a city alley-way.

"The day's quality doesn't so much matter when human sunshine can be infused into these

dens," said Phil, looking radiant enough for two.

"Yes, but one likes to superadd the other;" and Miss Claudia returned to its canvas representation, and Phil to the Doe and Roe estimates.

So things went on for many days; the talks growing a little more frequent, and the acquaintance progressing duly and righteously; till, at old Painter Gilbert's chance invitation, Phil had the pleasure of seeing how his own solitary "den" appeared to the tenant of "the window over the way." But the tenant being the nearer object, he naturally looked more at her, and found that the royal air and outline did not fail on close, open day inspection.

We have an engraving whose day of comment being over has passed into our art treasures, well-approved. We have almost all of us traced a resemblance to one beloved or admired in his rare Evangeline; and there are women who, if not special resemblances, are of her type of woman and spirit. You will know Claudia Leferige best when I tell you it was the Evangeline face which sat upon her wide, full shoulders. It had the same blending of high impulse and calm rule. A great vital life, its every issue guarded well, and by no negative childish purity, but the purity of knowledge, which is power. So she seemed.

A most magnetic presence this for a free young man, as this one readily found it.

With girls like Claudia Leferige there always seems to be a question whether the impatient powers the years are perfecting shall expend themselves in writing books or painting pictures, or in earnest efficiency in the world's work. This latter was Claudia's ultimatum, Art being no specialty, but pursued in righteous hours of necessary leisure and recreation, when she wanted to do something which would bring her nearer to the outside natural world's warm pulse than crochet-work, or that canvas Art whose agent is Berlin wool. Thus Claudia found out Master Gilbert, to whom form, color, chiaroscuro, were the worthy objects of life. He did not pretend to teach her: such artists seldom can teach; but it was enough that her easel might stand at his spare window, and her observant eye watch and imitate his processes in whatever order he chose to give them. She had caught spirit and rudiment; and now sat in application of the remaining requisites—skill and patience.

And now, at whiles, as the old painter dreamed and glowed over his work at the far end of the room, young Raynor read aloud to her across the way, secure in brick and stone seclusion. More rarely, and so, perhaps, more precious, sat at her side and threaded the rhymed analysis of her who had furnished the order for the picture. Finding rare things, such as they and other readers have *felt* but never *thought*. Dangerous reading for two young strong spirits, who felt that for their own experience the great joys, no less than drear sorrows, so well described, were pos-

sible. Stone Street was coming to contain more than a ledger. Cold angles began to round up rosily under the halo which has rested every where in some months of all our lives.

Young Raynor came to be a guest in Claudia's home parlor, gaining Madame Leferige's high good graces over the chess-board, as well as, with less mental effort, those of Claudia's little belle cousin, Rosa Leferige, for whom the crochet-hook was altogether sufficient. These three ladies composed the family. A picture on the wall of a manly presence alone showed that Claudia's father had been worthy his orphan.

And so it all came about that the richest gift of Philip Raynor's humanity was laid, fresh and final, of price uncountable, yet suppliant, for Claudia Leferige's acceptance.

There are women, walking even in the crown-princess guise, whose rare eyes—speaking all things to all men—do not even bate the "I love you" till coming to be asked by manly tones. Then lo! what graceful surprise; what serene regret; what a dainty quaver in the voice which bids you go and forget them—as they certainly will you when the next coming man appears.

The shadows of such possibilities lurk grimly on the outskirts of lovers' hopes often; but if Philip Raynor was not wholly free from them, he was indignantly sure they were no less base than miserable here. One certainly never could fail him. In answer to a passion which had shown itself in every form but words, she had given—subtly, indescribably, as a woman may—a recognition which was not refusal.

And yet what man can be *sure*? If this one had been, those days and weeks would not have slipped away, tinged with the sweet sadness of a hopeful uncertainty, until they brought the news of the death of the brother whose loss completed Lalie's orphanage.

Thus the time in which Philip left the city for a two-months' stay in his native village was not one for love-making.

But the first grief and occupation with his brother's affairs abated, thoughts of Claudia returned with a force doubled by temporary check. He began to feel the most feverish impatience to return to her. In all former days of presence he had not proved her so inexpressibly dear. And so he began the long car-journey back. Lacking nothing of tenderness to the childish figure, sably clad, which nestled, a little sadly yet, but with great content, beside him. But within, crowned and serene, Claudia Leferige sat, queen of the fair, many-colored autumn day, regnant in the clear, star-pricked night.

But as a new day flushed up they neared the city, and there came in at a way-station Alfred Willard, a dawning lawyer, son of the lady who had introduced Claudia. With a glad handshake he sat down by him and began to detail the doings of their "set" in Raynor's absence. Finally, the name he waited for came in, and this was its connection.

"And, by-the-way," said Alfred, "of course

you must have heard of Miss Leferige's last flirtation."

"Her last flirtation!"

"Her last, and, by all accounts, her decisive and her final one. The messenger of the insatiate archer comes in the person of a certain Colonel Eugene Darley, who, uniting good looks with the rare addenda of brains, has contrived, I suppose, to convince her that he is earning the snug salary he draws in the service—a fact open to proof nowadays when an officer has nothing to do but keep his buttons in polish."

Raynor listened with the sense of painful dream we all feel at sudden announcement of what every nerve of our hearts cry out shall not be true. Was it indeed then over? He was going right to her with the question on the moment's desperate spur. They had just reached the city and were leaving the cars. Young Willard resumed:

"We're going to have a social evening to-night. All the folks are to be there. Don't you fail us, as you value mother's good graces."

"All the folks" he knew included Claudia; possibly this Colonel Darley. He would go and prove with his own love-sharpened eyes how it was with these two, for on sober second thought he in nowise despaired. If she were a true woman she loved no other man after what had passed between them.

From some accidental detention the evening was half spent before he entered Mrs. Willard's light and company-brilliant house. Socialness was at its height; the numerous guests moved to and fro freely, seeking congenials without restraint. Claudia had found hers in the young officer, as Raynor quickly observed—himself unseen. His jealous pride was up, of course. He would not present himself for the interruption of greeting when she was so absorbingly engaged. For Colonel Darley's head was inclined toward her, talking with continuous earnestness, while she listened, pleased, assenting, evidently. He was talking as men talk who are venting some subject very much at heart; Raynor could have sworn the one which glowed so in his own.

Miss Leferige did not change her seat for what remained of the evening; and did not see Philip for the reason that he, not choosing to be seen, kept from her sight in another parlor, very feignedly gay, of course, with some little flirt, for whom he did not care a fig.

Finally, the party breaking up, he shawled this lady in the ante-room, and was putting her in the carriage when, at a little distance, somewhat in the shadow, he observed Eugene Darley, who, having ended this office for Claudia, arrested her white hand, before it could receive its glove, and pressed it close against his mustached lips, and bowed himself away in the light of her blush and smile.

Philip Raynor's heart nearly burst in the struggle between yearning love and indignant contempt. He had felt that the time had not yet come in their friendship, close as it had

been, for the rare liberty this man had so freely taken.

What was the inference? Only that Colonel Eugene Darley had taken the one step beyond him which rendered all further of his own needless. He felt as if some great structure had fallen from summit to base and lay around his feet; for staking the truth of all humanity on that of Claudia Leferige, and she failing, where was truth to be found on the earth?

The stung pride blinded the love, as it will at first in men, and he determined to show her the foot with which she had trod on a heart was but of the lightest.

So he stood for the last time at the door of Painter Gilbert's studio, and entering, as the custom was, without a knock, saw at first glance Claudia, most intent upon a picture, which the instant she saw him vanished off the easel and disappeared behind a larger one, face toward the wall; but not before he had discerned the oval shape of a photograph, and had a glimpse of short crisp hair and dark mustache.

She rose to greet him with a real seeming, though faintly embarrassed gladness which changed in the same delicate intangible fashion to a hurt and then indignant surprise at Philip's cool, trifling air and talk, so far different from the reticent yet real passion which glowed silently but most visibly to her woman's eye as they parted last.

We see Philip was showing her the ice-surface, placid and sparkling enough, with which a proud man can crust his heart, no matter how heavily the surge is moving below. It had nearly broken up wildly when he rose to depart—finally, as he knew and she seemed to feel. There was such a fine womanly sadness in this flirt's figure and beautiful half-drooped head, that he could not possibly help the rush of a fierce kind of longing to press her in his arms close, in spite of all. But he only bowed and said, "Good-day, Miss Leferige."

When, after a few days, he resumed office-work he found the window, out of which had looked such brightness and bane, once more shutter-darkened, and he felt much at heart as if the one oriel there through which full sunshine ever entered had met some like obscurity.

So the Stone Street romance was over. The glow all lifted, and left bleaker angle and atmosphere there and every where than he had ever known could exist. He did not remain in the city many months more; and during them did not meet her face to face; yet otherwise often enough to keep sore remembrance fresh which he would gladly have foregone. Thus, though not wholly, but largely, for this reason he returned to his native town, and establishing himself there, went seldom to the city, staying briefly when there.

Unconfessedly he was waiting for the marriage announcement of Claudia Leferige to bring the final crumbling shock to the temple of hope, which passion had reared and refused to wholly destroy.

Instead thereof he heard, with some surprise, during a day in the city, that she had just sailed for England. Now he found his mind following her over the far waters till time for a voyage was overpast, when he pictured her standing in rare scenes they had talked of together, her eyes alight with the well-remembered light which alone might have made him love her. Fair, false eyes.

Then came one of those fateful paragraphs which city papers bring to some. Of the bark *Ariadne*, long due but uncoming at her English wharf; of a great light seen on the horizon by men in fishing-smacks; of gun-shot notes of distress sharp enough at hand no doubt, but changing to fitting moan as they traveled over hopeless reaches of water, which the fishermen at greatest speed could not pass in time to find more than charred timbers floating in drear memorial of that great store of life quenched now and vanished for all time.

Raynor would not believe it; like hundreds of others refusing to admit the lamentable truth till weeks had run into months, all lacking word or sign of the *Ariadne*. Then the heart-sickness of hope's long deferment settled into the visible sorrow we feel for the dead. She had been virtually lost to Philip Raynor long ago; but physically dead he could not make her even in thought.

With the unselfishness of real love he grieved now for her sake and not his own. That so bright a world as her high vital life had made of this should be shut away from her forever under those salt depths was most mournful.

Three months after the ship's loss there came to him a letter and package closely sealed. Glancing at once at the bottom of the former he found the writer to be Claudia's mother.

She wrote, she said, to forward him a package which she had found in Claudia's desk, with the direction that it be sent him if she died abroad. Mrs. Leferige wrote upon the presumption that he had heard of that sad event, and explained that Claudia had originally intended accompanying her cousin Rosa, now Mrs. Eugene Darley, on her wedding tour in the regular line steamship; but being detained to see her mother safely through a slight illness, had taken the fated vessel which bore her only to death.

Rosa Leferige Mrs. Eugene Darley! And Claudia's kindness to the man was mere cousinly friendship! Merciful Heaven! had he ruined his life by his own mistake, and no fault of hers?

He would not believe it; he turned to the package and tore the wrapping from it. It was a Bible in rich dark binding. Why had she sent him that? As the one solace possible in the woe she felt would come.

With numb, mechanical fingers he turned the pages over, and found on one of them a little gold hand, formed to clasp the leaf and indicate certain passages. Upon the pointing finger the tiny gem, emblem of constant fire and fidelity, smouldered redly as it rested upon the second sentence of a verse in the 31st Chapter of Jere-

miah. The words were marked around, and contained the vindication of one woman's utmost truth in the words, "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*"

Poor Philip! It seemed as if the whole weight of waters which held her down out of his sight were pressing on his own breast. Oh rare true girl! And he, blind fool, to let it take death to prove her so!

He remembered the peerless form out of which this pure soul was rent with a grief past any expression. Day after day he thought of her as she lay, the long brown hair uncoiled in its bright length, and floating far and free in the slow surge which washed with gradual sureness one of the fairest types of humanity forever out of creation and beyond all reproduction. For he knew that Nature, in her inexorable rule of breaking the mould in which she has cast a face irremediably at the day of death, would never produce him another Claudia, though he waited for her on the earth a thousand years.

Love's messenger had been well chosen. Lifted on the wave of sorrow high above the level life of literature and its minor solace, the Bible was the only book he could read. He did not fail to find in it that he had manful share in the world's work and working.

As the years went pain faded out of them, and peace and pleasure came in. Eulalie supplied him the object for immediate and everyday love; for the higher there was no earthly replacement. The even flow of his life was disturbed for the first time by Lalie's affairs as we have related, and he had so included her in the settled plan of his life that it was a very real sacrifice to give her up.

III.

In less than a year from that time all rooms of Uncle Phil's house presented indications which no observant eye can ever mistake, even if the ear fails to catch the voices pitched in that undertone of consultation used only at weddings and funerals. And no funeral baked meats were ever brought to light, like saints "perfect from oven ordeal," with the same cheerful bustle though the defunct united the age of Methuselah with the qualities of Blue Beard and Croesus.

Lalie's own room was whipped to a perfect foam of tulle and tarlatan, and precious freights of talk floated above it. You can generally tell among all young faces seriously gay in these delightful solemnities which is the bride-to-be. Across her face will flit flushings and fadings, cast by alternate glows of great near delights and the shadows of griefs to come.

Thus Lalie sat with two "eternally dear" young lady friends—as young lady eternities last. Lalie was going to be married; and the abysmal West, which has engulfed so many bright faces to give them up no more forever, or else with bloom and brightness washed away, waited to receive her.

"Poor uncle!" said she, sighing for the fiftieth time; "what *will* he do when I am gone?"

"Lalie," said Miss Virginia Pierson, a chief belle in that region, "if I were in your place I should not care one snap. Poor Uncle Phil indeed! Why don't he marry, I should like to know? I think it's right selfish in him to be single when the 'social bell glass' of this town is so crowded with fair asphyxiated subjects longing for love's oxygen. He might take his pick, too, within bounds." And Miss Virginia gave a little toss and mirrorward glance to convince herself and Lalie that there *were* certain bounds.

"Uncle Phil selfish!" replied Lalie, indignantly. "That is an idea! Why, Ginny Pierson, if he had been a selfish man he would have married long ago. He must know his wife would idolize him; and if he couldn't return her love with interest, do you suppose he would take it and give her nothing? If Uncle Phil weren't the most generous man alive he never would have let me marry Chester and go West, for he loves me dearly." And Lalie, in the closet door, just now gives a little spring which leaves the trailing white silk on the topmost hook with a consecrating tear in its soft folds; while Miss Virginia wondered if somebody could not make Uncle Phil love "with interest." One could but try.

And Uncle Phil beheld all this preparation, and saw the high glee and enjoyment of the bevy of young unresponsibles, to whom Lalie's wedding was only a delightful excitement; feeling that he was the sole one who could take, or cared to take, the graver view.

As he watched her little figure, more childly than womanly, earnest in little affairs of work, he thought of David Copperfield's Dora. Lalie, though of course less infantile, was the same type of woman precisely, and he could have wept with sadness as he followed the child-wife's story through all its length, and saw her as she lay at last, with "the little form that never grew" stretching its tiny length beside her cold young breast.

All things culminated finally on one indoor brilliant evening, and Philip Raynor, gravely giving the white-robed bride away to the joyous fellow at her side, gave the best gift it was in his power to bestow on any man.

So she went in her bridal cheer and parting sadness; and the house had that emptiness houses feel when brides go out of them, making the remaining sit closer together as they talk it over.

Thinking it over alone by silent fire-lights is less heartsome. Philip Raynor found it so as he took up the very single thread of his life to spin out through winter days and evenings.

All physical household things went well, as they were used under the virtuous, elderly automaton who had discharged them of old. But every room in the house missed a presence which had been and was not; the very hall looked empty without the old trail of shawls, and scarfs, and streamers. Uncle Phil wanted back the disorder he had once but half approved. He missed

small shoes kicked off by the fireside, and forgotten to be taken up stairs; much other miscellany; and sorely young arms about his neck on rainy days, and a head whose very weight was restful on his shoulder.

But he was getting on charmingly, he wrote for her comfort, in reply to long regretful pages, in fast running hand. He would wager—what with Misses Ginny and Georgie Pierson, and the bevy of other consolers, she had left him—he did not miss her half as much as she did Uncle Phil, for all Chester's insane persistence in honey-moon fooleries so long after the allotted time for finding the difference between shavings and sardines.

So Lalie—as of old never looking into shady corners of her uncle's heart for continuing skeletons of past joys—took it for granted none were there; and even had a jealous pang or two that he should get along so well without her.

IV.

The months had worn out one year and were making large inroads into another since Lalie's departure. She had not dreamed of being gone so long without seeing Uncle Phil, nor he, indeed. But all those cobweb walls of delay which keep us from distant friends had intervened. Now in one of Lalie's many letters—this one more than commonly full of wishings for his presence—Uncle Phil's eyes saw, though she nowhere wrote it, that the sacred sorrow of womanhood was come upon her. He prepared his journey then at once. He held, as he felt in no vanity, for Lalie the stay of father and mother in one. They could scarcely have felt a more tender anxiety than this which hastened the long winter journey.

In long days and nights of travel, breaking the quiet level of home thought and life, we bring up old experiences with a boldness we did not dare while there was nothing to break their vividness. As the cars surged on and on in the weirdly monotonous fashion of night-journeying, Philip recalled the one which had borne him with such high heart to bitter grief. From thence he glided through all the short sad detail, over which finally stood the one sentence of the Holy Book, which if it did not ray back into the past cast a far-off cheering light ahead.

And as if in fitting conclusion to this resurrection of past things, he met once more the old sweet mignonnette. He had left the cars, and was taking the two remaining miles of the way in a sleigh which carried passengers from the dépôt to the town. As they rode rapidly he felt in the wind the waft of a silken veil against his face, and its folds faintly evolved the ancient fragrance. Unconsciously to its owner, who sat in front of him, it touched him again and again; and he felt strangely its soft caress, like the brushing wing of an angel. They rode on in clear cold air, and under the sharp moon, which glittered down upon the chance phenomena of ice-branched trees, one clump of these drawing his own attention, and some faint

exclamation from the lady with the veil, as they stood on a hill-side in defined and broken brilliance against a broad back-ground of hemlocks, like rare jewels darkly cushioned.

He forgot all as they reached the town in the fair face of his darling at the door; and her head was soon in its old place, with such abundance of content that the young husband, pleased for her sake, was half jealous for his own.

"Mr. Raynor," said kind elderly Mrs. Graham, two weeks after his coming, and two hours after a very great event, "would you mind going four doors down the street on the other side for a bottle of arnica? The stupid nurse has just broken it up stairs. I walk so uncertainly in the dark I fear a fall, and Mr. Greenough is taking Dr. Andrews home; and no one can be spared to send."

"Most certainly, Madam," replied Philip, seizing his hat with the cheerful alacrity a man feels in being of use at such a time. And very unlike Mrs. Graham's steps were those which bore him, as he thought, to her door, but in fact two doors below. But the night being late and dark, and this being the only lighted house, he thought of course they were awaiting its mistress there. The idea was confirmed by a servant answering his ring and showing no surprise when, in Mrs. Graham's name, he made known his errand.

Showing him into the parlor she went for the arnica. He sat here for a few moments in a dim half-light, observing through a door ajar a brighter flame of gas, and in this light he saw that which, though the room was apparently private, attracted him beyond resistance.

For there hung, framed in a massive oval, his own picture—himself, and none other; his young self, with a great hope riant in his eyes and face. He had looked away one like it years ago, since it copied nothing now in the world; that expression having vanished out of its original's face. He never knew the picture had a duplicate; and here was one with the exquisite finish of an oil-painting such as only a skillful hand can give to photographs.—And the one which painted that?—There was a sharp flash of coincidence. Good Heavens! he had seen it at its work upon it, and it now lay, fleshless, fathoms under sea.

"Oh Claudia! Claudia!" And with this name for the first time in long years uttered aloud in forgetful bitterness, he flung his arm over the mantle and leaned his head upon it.

Lo! a step in the door broken off short by a great surprise. He raised his head instantly in grave composure. It was no menial figure. In full womanhood's unfaded perfection Claudia Leferige stood there in utmost silence.

And he before her no less quiet, in the still tension of a dream which will not for its own sake bear waking. But he saw that it was so. No single outline had failed out of the form whose old earthly dearness grew upon him mightily. He stretched out his hands to her passionately, suppliant:

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"I wronged you miserably, Claudia. But I loved you so! And the years have atoned—surely the years have atoned!"

She read their whole sad, faithful story in his voice, and coming forward to the aching hand laid her own silently therein.

But as in the old time hand alone did not satisfy, and he held her close over his tumultuous heart, and felt her there in no cold contrast, but with the great returning thrill of an everlasting love.

And now I see you, reader, looking, a little incredulous, for solvement of such high romance. Just as all mysteries show unraveled, it is plain and simple.

Claudia sailed in the *Ariadne*, as has been said. The ship had met rough weather from the first, and coming down from the deck some unforeseen plunge had caused Claudia to fall, dislocating and slightly fracturing her arm. The surgeon, fearing the effect of the ship's motion, persuaded her to go on shore at St. Johns and await the next regular steamer. She did so; and the *Ariadne* sped on to her fiery fate.

It was a month before she was again *en route* for England, which reaching, she found her friends in great alarm at the non-coming of the *Ariadne*. She wrote instantly for her mother's relief, and her mother receiving the letter in the West, whither she had gone at once to reside with friends, announced to Claudia her wish to make it their permanent home. So she, in due time returning to America, went directly there, and it was not the great sea but the great West which had hidden her from Philip Raynor all these years, and—kinder than the waters—delivered her up to him alive.

And how could he have escaped all knowledge of her continued existence? By no more wonderful a chance than a thousand other such. He had no correspondents in the city, and did not visit it for two years after the loss of the ship. He made no social calls while there; and the few acquaintances he saw, never dreaming that Miss Leferige was any thing to him, did not chance to mention her name among others.

Personally there was naught for her to do. Unwittingly in her life the avowal had reached him, which she meant only death should reveal. Why had he never come to claim the truth? Question of most keen ordeal even to a love which had declared itself eternal; all the more that proud hands made her humble offering, as she held her right royally in the fair Western city.

What need for me, bright fancied reader, to go further into details which you can so much better guess?

Only a minute now I linger with you to think how the blessed promise and analogy was once more carried out by Philip Raynor, in that he, going forth and adding, though it were with tears, precious seed of happiness to the world's stock, should return so surely in due season bringing full sheaves of great joys with him.

A TILT AT THE WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BECAUSE there is war, shall we no more argue the old questions? Because there is virtue, shall there be no cakes and ale? Heaven forbid! I am determined to stir up one of the old grievances, if only to show our Southern brethren that there are still Yankees in the land.

Shall women vote? shall women sell dry-goods? shall women till the fields? practice medicine? save murderers from the halter, or their victims from the grave? I am not prepared to say yes or no at once to these questions; but, as a free-trader, I hold that women ought to have a fair chance; and I confess that it is difficult to tell, if old women are to command in the field and prevail in the Cabinet in these times, why they should be chosen all from the male sex. Somebody called this, the other day, the "era of grandmothers;" why not try a few grannies in petticoats?

A fool can ask more questions in an hour than a wise man—or woman—can answer in a lifetime. I am not to be aggravated into answers by any multitude or torrent of fools' questions. So, if you want to know definitely whether women ought to help elect the next President—by their votes at the polls, I mean—you must apply at some other shop than this. Like the famous Irishman, I stick my head out of the window and resolutely cry out, "Not at home!"

It always struck me that those termagant philosophers who, in our grass days, used once or twice a year to debate the Woman's Question—all on one side, unfortunately—neglected one thing. They were ready enough to deliver judgment, but they took no pains to hear testimony. It was as though the jury should go out before the witnesses were examined, and make up their verdict from the statements of the prosecuting attorney. I don't mean to say the verdict was wrong; only it is but fair to hear what the witnesses have to say on both sides, and it adds a kind of respectability to the decision, in the eyes of a stupid world, when it knows that it is—or, at least, seems to be—founded on facts.

Let no one accuse me of a vulgar reverence for facts. Facts are not only stubborn things; they are stupid, cross—I think them useless. No; no facts for me. But then, the world will have them; and so, as we are sure that it will not alter the verdict, why not, in trying this old and often referred and re-referred case of Adam *vs.* Eve, call the witnesses?

That is what I mean to do. Gentlemen of the jury open your ears; and try to keep open your eyes also.

Somebody—Mr. Froude, I think—has been for some time white-washing Henry the Eighth of England. This kind of historical revision is the fashion abroad; it has been attempted to prove Bacon an honest man—as though it made any difference, after two centuries, wheth-

er the author of the "Novum Organum" took bribes or not. If the pear is sweet and mellow and sound, need you go pottering about the orchard to see if the tree that bore it is troubled by the *Scolytus pyri*, or the *Conotrachelus nenuphar*, or any other thing with six legs and a hideous name? If I did not despise these new readings, I could give you a few little-known facts about Adam which would effectually black-wash that worthy, and make you rather ashamed of claiming descent from him. The fact is, gentlemen of the jury, that the eminently respectable old fellow, who has been plaintiff in this celebrated case for the last five or six thousand years, ought to be in the dock himself; and if Eve had not been the most angelic and long-suffering of women, she would never have tolerated that hag Lilith about her house. There are stories about Adam in the Talmud which would make even Sir Creswell Creswell blush. It is not only that he spent one hundred and thirty years of his married life in company with Lilith and a number of other she-devils, to the great grief of his faithful wife; there are stories about him even worse than that. And does not Rabbi Salomon Jarchi assure us, on his word of honor as a gentleman and a scholar, that Joseph was not so guileless, nor Mrs. Potiphar so guilty, as we have been accustomed to believe—citing in evidence thereof a very circumstantial, and, I am sorry to say, extremely damaging passage in the Gemarra?

If you are weaker than your enemy, attack him. That is what Lee has done; and that has been the course of Adam and all his trowser-wearing descendants toward the daughters of Eve. For instance, she tempted Adam. But what was the gender of the serpent who tempted Eve? Answer me that. However, it is not necessary at this stage of the trial to introduce testimony as to character, and, indeed, I hope to clear the defendant without in any such way begging the question.

And now what is the charge? That women are inferior to men, or, perhaps, only that they are subject to "the nobler sex." "Nature," says a Chinese proverb, "has made women subject to men—but Nature abhors slavery." And what do we, defendants, rejoin? That women are not lower, but different; and not subject, but equal.

The negro is different from the white man, and therefore he ought to be sold to the highest bidder: so argues the Reverend Dr. Palmer, lately of New Orleans; and if his Reverence should chance to be cast away on the coast of Madagascar the same argument would be used by the logical subjects of King Radama to justify his exposure in the market-place. I don't mean to say it is fallacious; it may be sound, but it has its inconveniences. So has the other. Women are different from men, and therefore they are subject. But why? Men are different from women: are men therefore subject? I say men are, or ought to be, subject to women; but not for that pitiful reason.

Women are, as Tennyson says:

"Not less, but different."

How do they differ? Let us see. And here I mean to cite not those points of difference produced by condition—by barbarism or by high civilization, by wealth or poverty, education or ignorance, but, so far as I can collect and present them, those radical and natural differences which circumstances may exaggerate but can not entirely efface. How are women different from men?

Physically, the woman is less in stature than the man; her form is more rounded; her bones are smaller; her muscles are not so hard. Her voice is soft, the man's coarse; her glance modest and diffident, his forward and daring; her motions graceful, his powerful; her step light, his firm. She arrives at maturity sooner than man, and her life is by some years shorter, according to the best tables of mortality. But it is tedious and unprofitable to consider separately the physical and psychological differences, because they can not properly be separated. For instance, man commands and woman persuades; man has, accordingly, the Roman nose, but a woman with that form of nose is avoided by prudent men as carefully as a Roman-nosed horse. A man with a pug nose is a creature despised by gods and his fellow-men; he may be a counter-jumper—he may be a dandy—he will never command in the field or in the council. But a woman with a pug nose—consider: Did you ever know such a one that did not in every thing have her own way? that did not rule her husband, her children, her servants, her house, her shop-keepers, her whole world?

And herein lies one of the evident proofs of the superiority of women to men—they are superior to accidents. A man born into the world with a pug nose is at once and forever an abject and contemptible creature: he is a dunce at school; he is a vainglorious peacock in society; his beard is sure to be a failure; and, unless he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he is the sport of circumstances all his life. Is it so with women? Look at Lady Blessington's nose; it is the most marked of pugs. No; woman is the superior creature. She lives above the influence of those accidents which bind and fetter the lives of men. She rules not by virtue of a Roman nose, but in spite of it; not by permission of an accident, but independently of all accidents.

And this is the being who is pronounced "subject," "inferior," and all that!

Compare closely the natures of man and woman, and you will see "weakness" written in every line of man's character, and "strength" in every mark of woman's. Men claim that they are the more courageous, but women every day look cheerfully in the face the most terrible of sufferings, the most cruel of deaths. Men are venturesome—all fools are; but see how this poor creature, Man, when in the face of the danger he has invited, at once takes to stimulants. Who smokes tobacco? Men. Who drinks

all the whisky and other pernicious liquors, which afford half the revenues and fill seven-eighths of the jails of Christian nations? Men. Their weak natures need such artificial aids. But women—equal to all conditions, to every trial—scorn such helps.

Scarcely one man in twenty millions is fit to command an army; not a hundred men in a million can conduct prosperously a great business. Yet they are trained to it; they are educated for it. But women command in every house. Ignorant, falsely educated, flattered as inferior beings, young, with their bones scarcely hardened and no more notion of life than can be got out of some man-milliner's foolish novel, they are married, and at once burdened with cares, with responsibilities, the very thought of which makes conscientious men shudder—the slightest glimpse of which makes every man lose his temper. Talk of a campaign against the enemy! The General in the field has his staff; but here is a young creature of twenty, who is not only commander-in-chief, but commissary, and quarter-master, and adjutant-general into the bargain; whose campaigns are not relieved by winter-quarters; whose eyes must be in every part of the field all the time; whose pitched battles, called house-cleanings, are not followed by long periods of inactivity and rest, but are merely notable incidents in the daily and uninterrupted routine of vigilant and fatiguing skirmishes and minor engagements. And yet how few of these young Napoleons fail! How few but manage to beat the enemy! How bravely they lead in the very front of battle! How gallantly they cheer on their forces! How quickly they redeem their blunders! How circumspect; what vigilance, what skill, what genius they display! I protest I would rather plan a dozen campaigns than devise the breakfasts of a single month in any decent house.

It would not be difficult to show that all the qualities for which men most value men—which are exceptional in the male creature—are natural to and every where found in woman. For instance, the best part of courage is endurance; it is this quality which makes the noblest and most admired soldiers. But the first frail, tender woman you meet in the street has more of that than any dozen men. She will go to the dentist and have half her teeth pulled out and the remainder of them hammered, scraped, and filled, without a murmur. Ask any dentist who makes him the most trouble, and he will tell you the men. When a great steamer was burned on Lake Erie, some years ago, it was a woman who gave up to a man, her husband, the spar which could not float both, and sank, with only a "Good-by!" to her death. The woman who is ready to faint at sight of a spider has courage and presence of mind enough to scare off a tiger with her parasol.

That women are instinctively different from men every mother knows who has watched her boy and girl at play. It is not only that the boy is rough and the girl is gentle. The boy's

toys are different from the girl's. The boy scorns dolls; the girl finds the drum a tiresome nuisance. The girl develops earlier than the boy, not only physically but mentally; she is "brighter," as we call it; she is arch where the boy is mischievous; more easily moved to tears of sympathy; readier witted—as she ought to be, being the weaker; less violent in temper. She develops at an astonishingly early period the maternal instinct, and fondles and dresses her dolls long before the boy exhibits a desire for a horse or a gun. Girls, I have observed, like flowers at an age when boys care only to pick them to pieces; they have a natural love for ribbons and other finery, which boys have not; and, so far as I have noticed, they care nothing for boots. In this last particular there would seem to be a radical difference between the sexes. Little girls, too, are more cleanly and neater than boys. They may have the same fondness for mud-pies, but in constructing them they soil their clothes less. A little girl's long locks are generally in better order than her brother's close-cut crop.

I think, too, that it would be difficult to make boys take to the needle and to quiet work, as girls do, without great violence to their natures. They pine for outdoor life, as though their blood required more oxygen. Girls, too, earlier learn the use of language; and I have noticed that they better understand the meaning and place of words than boys of the same age.

Nor can it be said that the love of dolls and like playthings is a result of modern civilization. The little girls of Rome amused themselves with dolls, as do those of New York; in Pompeii the doll is of frequent occurrence; and thousands of years ago, as to-day, the boy acted the soldier, while his sister played with toy-dishes and a baby-house.

Modesty is the distinguishing attribute of woman, as courage is said to be that of man. No traveler among savages has reported seeing women in a state of nudity. The barbarous Australian walks the earth as naked as when he came upon it; but his "gin," whether young or old, is covered.

The love of ornament is another distinctive trait of woman. It is shown in the child, and goes with her to old age. It is an instinct, and not a habit, and an instinct which the man has not, or but in a very small degree. There is here among mankind a curious reversal of the order of nature among the animals. There the male is always the most beautiful. The hen is plain, and almost slovenly; the cock gaudy, proud, and beautiful. This is so among all birds, and, so far as I know, among quadrupeds as well. See, for instance, the lioness, how unobtrusive, how plain, compared with the magnificence of the lion!

The love of ornament is found in women, even in the most savage races. It is the instinct which gives civilization its first hold upon barbarians—and very properly it is given to women, the guardians of civilization. Every where

women wear the hair long: it is their first ornament. In the Pacific Islands the women come down to the beach, wearing flowers in their hair—the men look on and admire. It may be objected that tattooing among these Islanders is confined to men—but tattooing is not by way of ornamentation; it is a mark of rank, the equivalent of the stars and orders of a European noble.

Women are tender-hearted and humane, men savage. The story of Pocahontas is, with variations, repeated a dozen times in the history of our Indian wars in the West; and Mungo Park found women in the heart of Africa as kind and sympathizing as Cook and his companions found them among the cannibals of the Pacific. And here I may remark that no instance of female cannibalism is recorded by travelers. Cook indeed positively records that the women of the man-eating tribes he met were innocent of the practice; and it is known that among the Feejees and New Zealanders human flesh was *taboo*, or forbidden to the sex. Pork is in like manner *taboo* in New Zealand.

Finally, it may be said that men admire courage, but women adore it; men love gentleness, but women despise it in the other sex, and scarce do it justice in their own. To the man the greatest reproach is cowardice, to the woman impurity; and rightly, for to her farther-seeing vision, no splendor of achievement, no magnificence of genius, can make up for lack of virtue. Women are conservative, men destructive; men create, women preserve; men kill, women save life; the courage of men leads to enterprise, but the greatest enterprises have been saved from ruin by the quick wit or the courage of a woman. Men temper their pity with judgment; women give theirs for sweet pity's sake alone, neither inquiring nor caring as to the merits of the case. Thus, I have noticed, the unsuccessful villain of a novel has generally the sympathies of the lady-reader—if only his misfortunes are great enough; and in real life your unsuccessful man is mostly found—by some divine law of compensation—the husband of a jewel of a woman, who fondly sees in him all the virtues which Dame Fortune delights in disappointing of reward. Women are quicker witted than men. They jump at a conclusion by instinct, which the man slowly and painfully reasons out. Mr. Buckle, in an admirable lecture on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," argued that "Women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men;" and he remarks that, "when you are in a foreign country, and speaking a foreign language, women will understand you quicker than men will; and for the same reason, if you lose your way in a foreign town, it is always best to apply to a woman, because a man will show less readiness of apprehension." Dr. Currie mentions in one of his letters that "when a laborer and his wife came together to consult him, it was always from the woman he gained the clearest and most precise information."

Men may have talent, but women have tact; men accomplish much with great exertion, but women move the world by unseen influence, and by work which neither shows nor exhausts. It is admitted that women are better judges of character than men; and this I conceive is partly owing to the fact, that in their instinctive judgment the question of morality has greater influence on the judgment than with men. A woman can not give you reasons for her decision, but it is generally correct; a man will overwhelm you with reasons in favor of an erroneous conclusion. Women have, all, many of the prominent traits or qualities which make up what we call genius in men; the great poets, the great artists, even the great conquerors, had all the woman's side of their nature strongly developed; and it has been often observed that almost every really great man owed his best points of character, those which made him powerful, to the mother.

Women live by faith; men by works. Women believe; men wait for proof. Mary went to the grave to seek the risen Saviour; but Thomas must lay his finger in the wounds before his stubborn doubts gave way. Men take the world by storm; women gain their point by slow and careful approaches. Men are impetuous—women persistent. Men are easily discouraged—women are patient and tenacious. Men are ready for change; the nomadic nature is strong within them. Women suffer by change; they do not bear transplanting well. Men are like dogs, they have a regard more for persons; women are like cats, who have a stronger affection for places. It would have been a trifle for a man to say to the widowed Naomi what Ruth said; and he who forgets this misses half the noble sublimity of her faithful sacrifice.

These differences are radical and characteristic. They are not the result of education or training, but inborn. There are others which may be set to the account of woman's physical weakness—and here come in her peculiar vices. Women are cunning, which is the fault of weak men also. They abhor the sight of blood more than men do; though this instinct is strong also in men, and even leads the pirate to force his victims to "walk the plank" in preference to shooting or stabbing them. So the woman bent on murder oftenest uses poison; and the notorious poisoners have been women. The learned jurist Hieronimus de Cavallos, caused to be printed in 1664, at Cologne, a work in which he gives a formal catalogue of the vices of women. The misogynist philosopher accuses them of inconstancy, love of scandal, pride, vanity, maliciousness, envy, curiosity, superstition, flattery, falsehood, suspiciousness, subserviency, hypocrisy. The list condemns itself, for there is scarce a vice mentioned, except the love of scandal, which is not common to men and women; and it may be added that women can not be accused of flattery, drunkenness, lasciviousness, quarrelsomeness, and other of the vices in

which the hot blood and grosser nature of the man show themselves.

The crimes of women are in general caused either by love, jealousy, or vanity; those of men by covetousness, ferocity, and recklessness of character. The woman displays more cunning and ingenuity in their commission; the man, inferior animal that he is, works here, as in every thing else, by main strength and stupidity. The woman, with doubtless greater temptations, contributes vastly fewer to the number of criminals than the man; and it has been noticed in England, as well as here, that of reformed criminals the greater number are women—and this in spite of the fact that it is much more difficult for a woman once fallen, than for a man, to recover a place in society. Nor should I omit to notice here the fact, that in many countries acts have been counted criminal in women which were not noticed in men. Thus scandal-mongery, quarrelsomeness, and scolding, were punishable once all over Europe in women; and how many hundreds have suffered for the imaginary crime of witchcraft!

If I have taken pains to set forth in some detail the radical differences between man and woman, it is because I believe they have not received sufficient attention from those who discuss what is called the "Woman's Question;" and they are, after all, the facts on which we must base all reasoning. Nor must I omit to mention two more, which are in truth the most important of all. Women, at least in civilized countries, are not aggressive in their passions—while men are; and women have an instinct, that of motherhood, which men have not. The one makes women the conservators of virtue and morality, the other inspires them with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and is the corrector of every fault and vice in their character.

If now we ask what influence women have had on civilization, the simple answer is that they have made it—made it, that is to say, what it is. It is their peculiar qualities which make civilization possible; it is their love of ornament which gives employment to at least one half of the human race, and impels inventions and discoveries all over the world; it is their love of home which preserves and improves what at their demand is created; it is their love of virtue and morality which makes society possible. And it seems to me clear that women are influential not as they are like but as they are different from men. Mr. Buckle asserts that the women of Sparta who were educated in common with their brothers, and taught in the same exercises, had more influence than those of Athens, who were confined to the houses. I think it would be more correct to say that they had louder voices. But it is clearly not the women who cry aloud in the market-places who most trenchantly mould the character of society. Else must we give to Lais, Phryne, Aspasia, and Sappho, courtesans one and all, and public women in every sense, a merit above the quiet mothers who moulded the characters of Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes, and

the other sages, long before these consorted with the women whom their companionship made famous. And who will say that Socrates did not gain more from the ill-conditioned Xantippe than from the most brilliant of the *hetærae*? Nor are we to forget that the love of the Greeks was purely physical. Women had no real or elevating part in their civilization. The Greeks mocked at women; "instead of valuing them as companions they looked on them as toys," says Buckle, who goes on to remark that "in modern Europe the influence of women and the spread of civilization have been nearly commensurate, both advancing with almost equal speed." But among the ancient Greeks, "so far from women participating in this movement [the advance of civilization], we find that in the state of society exhibited by Plato and his contemporaries they had evidently lost ground; their influence being less than it was in the earlier and more barbarous period depicted by Homer."

As to the influence of the loud-mouthed and somewhat dissolute women of Sparta—if I may return to that point for a moment—what was it? In what way did it improve, humanize, civilize those devourers of black broth? Did they ever succeed in improving even the black broth itself?

Women have made modern civilization. Without them society could not endure: without the influence of their pure and correct instincts all would go to wreck. That is the corrective—not the only one, but certainly the most powerful, for all the evils our civilization brings in its train. Woman is the conservative element in modern society. That country which has been called the modern Sodom—if to-day it is to be saved, it will be by the few pious women who remain, and whose influence is already, within two or three years, felt as a power—not in their own direct and manifest work, but in the results of their teachings and their prayers, upon the men, their sons, brothers, and husbands, who are beginning to speak, here and there, in corrupt France, in a language strange to many of their countrymen, but nevertheless full of force and bearing the seeds of great results—the hope of a moral regeneration. If this France, from which all moral purity seemed to have departed, is ever converted and purified, it will be saved by the unseen influence of a few good and noble women. In Sodom of old were not found ten righteous men; perhaps if Lot had been told to seek for a hundred pure women he could easily have found them.

But if women have made our civilization, it is worth while to ask what has their creature done for them? How has it rewarded them? There are who believe that it has given but little, and that grudgingly. But consider, for a moment, the places which woman has held from the beginning. Among the lowest savages she is the drudge. Ascending to the next stage of human development, we find her the breeder of

children, valued chiefly for the quality of fecundity—to multiply and replenish the earth was the work assigned her. A stage higher, and she became the toy of man's passions and of his leisure. Yet another stage—a half stage rather—and we reach the Middle Ages, when woman was half toy, half idol, worshiped and defiled in the same breath. Then came the great Protestant Reformation; born, as Tetzels was fond of saying, of the wedding of a monk with a nun (Catherine Von Bora, Luther's wife), and assuredly never carried through had it not been for the courage and the wisdom of brave and wise women. From that day the place of woman has been that assigned her by God in Paradise—the companion of man.

And the equal? We can not make equals and superiors; Nature is the truest Democrat. You can not, by any thing you can do, by laws or enactments, *make* Smith the equal of Jones. You may indeed force them to be equal—but then they cease to be free. Why should women cry out to be equal when they are already superior?

Is this avoiding the question? Drudge, breeder, toy, idol, companion—is there no gain to woman from her work? The mistake which many make is to think that man has given all this to woman; that she is what he chooses to make her; that she accepts what he consents, for his own advantage and from his own goodness, to give. So women take with bitterness of heart their place in life—and well they may, if they feel themselves beggars, and their life the bone flung to a dog. But the world *gives* nothing; the ancients pictured Fortune as a woman, partly because her favors are not given but must be conquered. What women are they have made themselves; their place they have achieved; they owe no thanks to men. What they are to be, is for women and not for men to decide. In the Journal of Master Albrecht Dürer (1521) is this passage: "Master Gerhardts, illuminist in Antwerp, has a daughter about eighteen years old; her name is Susannah, and she has illuminated a parchment of a Saviour's head, for which I gave a florin. *It is a great marvel that a woman could do so much!*" Three centuries later, and Rosa Bonheur hangs her master-pieces in the places of honor in every Exhibition; but no one wonders "that a woman could do so much." Why? because she has done it. I said a while back that the stupid world had a curious reverence for facts; see here a proof. "Shall women be painters?" you ask the world, and it calmly replies, "Yes, if they will paint well." That is all. But if you insist that they shall paint, be it master-pieces or daubs, then the world shrugs its shoulders and says you lack common sense. For a painter, to the world, is a painter, a writer a writer, a worker a worker, and so far as the work goes, the world, which is extremely practical, and looks only to the results, does not want to know any thing about the sex of the producer. Those ingenious political economists, the bees, give us a

curious example here. The workers in the busy hive are all neuter or sexless.

This is where certain women fall out with the world and exclaim against it. They want to work, not as workers but as women; but when they enter the arena they must lay aside that armor. In the fight of life there must be fair play. The world does not force women to it; if they will enter the lists, it demands that they shall submit to the conditions. They choose to be Marthas—but we remember that profound saying of Jesus, “Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.” But Mary “sat at Jesus’ feet and heard his word.” There will be Marthas; there will be women, moved of their spirit to take upon themselves the work of the world; and the world accepts their services, and is grateful according to the excellence of what is accomplished. But it is grateful to the worker and not to the woman; and with an instinct as true as truth it still declares that “Mary hath chosen the better part.”

What is that better part? Is it to sell dry-goods, to lecture, to paint, to plead in court? Is it to plow and hoe, to dig, to write novels? Is it better to be drudge? If I say that the one main advantage which women have gained from that advance in civilization of which they are the moving cause is exemption from the bitter struggle for bread, you will at once reply that in England, in America, in the countries we call most highly civilized, women are not thus exempt. But is this true? Consider for a moment why it is that women do not with us form a regular and constant part of the producing class. Why are they not workers as men are? Ask an engraver why he does not employ women; inquire why there are so few women composers; why girls are not apprenticed as boys are; why master tradesmen, with the best will, yet refuse, after due trial, to train girls as they do boys to special occupations? All who have tried—and they are more numerous in this country than is suspected—will tell you that it is because when a girl has, with much care, been taught a trade, she marries and is at once lost to the laboring community. I have received this reply in a dozen cases. Does it not prove the truth of my assertion? If you say, women do work—and at less advantage, that their labor is not for the most part skilled labor—I can only reply that they are the exceptions, and that the rule is still that women are exempt, in modern society, from the great struggle for bread and life.

Is it not good that they should be? The single effective argument for an aristocracy, inheriting wealth, exalted position, and political power, is that it perpetuates a class in the state which is placed above the temptations which assail those who can attain these only by their own efforts. An aristocracy is therefore, it is said, conservative of honor and honesty; it stands

ready to condemn the faults and to check the vices engendered in the struggles of the mass. It is in this sense that women are the conservators of morals and manners in modern society. They do not enter into the fight, but stand aside in the shade; they are not carried away by the heat and turmoil of battle, but sit at home composed, unruffled, ready to wipe the fevered brow, to soothe the fervid blood, to heal the wounds, to send forth their heroes, on the morrow, refreshed, invigorated, calm, and equal to the conflict of the day. They are interested in the result, but not as those who bear arms and meet the enemy face to face; to them temptations come not, as to men who stand in the marketplace. They have time for thought; they have room for aspiration; the solitude of their lives forces them to look upward; and to many a poor tempted, beset, and troubled man the calm and holy face of his wife is a daily saviour from perdition. From her he draws that trust, that faith, that courage to do right, and to avoid wrong, which keep and guide him on his daily way, which preserve his soul from destruction.

It is not good for man to be alone. Never was this truer than now, in these latter days, when the battle of life grows more and more ardent; when business takes up so many daily hours of every man's life; when the passions are excited in the eager race, and the blood boils daily. In this nineteenth century, when woman is more than ever before mistress and creator of the home, it is more than ever before necessary that there should be somewhere, for each one of us who take part in the great struggle for life, a monitor, calm, unmoved by the din and dust of the strife, to guide, to warn, to calm, and to inspire men to holier thoughts and less selfish works.

This is the place which woman has achieved in the nineteenth century. She does not fill it, do you say? So much the worse for her. It is the best she can do—the highest, the most beneficent work she can labor at. And who that has penetrated the life of our people, that knows what has maintained the moral tone, the virtue of the American nation—what true observer of our life, but sees that what is good in us we owe to our women, at whose knees we were taught, whose prayers surrounded our youth and manhood—the fragrance of whose unselfish and quiet virtues has lured us back from the fierce and selfish struggle for wealth—whose patient and pious wisdom has been, from the days of the mother of Washington to the present time, the safeguard and the real conservator of American society?

Foreigners complain that our women are petted and spoiled. But they mistake the deference we pay them for servility; and they do not perceive how important is the share which women have had in our rapid development—how vast the influence the mothers and sisters and wives of America have wielded, more especially in the free States, where they have been the civilizers of the rudest backwoods homes,

the teachers of manners as well as morals. Had they been other or less than they were, American society, in many ways forced to rude and savage expedients, would have been despicable indeed, and free government would have become impossible in our States long ago.

Who raises the church and the school-house around which every new-born Western village is gathered? It is the women of the new settlement. Who has carried the arts and refinements of civilization from the East to the farthest West of far-off Minnesota? Our women. And in this hour of national trial, who has sent our million of men to the field but the women? And at what sacrifices to themselves! Nowhere in the world was ever a whole nation's womankind so tenderly cared for as with us; nowhere did women give up so much when they gave up husbands, brothers, and fathers, for their country. And yet, though merchants groan, though politicians cry out, though cowardly male creatures of every kind weep and wail over their woes and their sufferings, we have yet to hear the first word of repining from American women. They have suffered, they are suffering; they have lost not only those they loved best, but with these all that made life easy, endurable to them—and yet their brave hearts do not falter.

While our women are thus true, thus brave, thus wise, thus generous, thus self-sacrificing, let no one say they are spoiled by indulgence. And more, seeing what they have done for this nation, as mothers and wives, let no one think that as artists, in professions, or in the daily drudgery of business life they can do a better work. With us, they have chosen the better part. If there are Marthas still, who would be busy, the world is open, and each day public opinion grows more just to them who care to take part in affairs as workers. But let these not complain if men still give the preference to Mary.

THOMAS ELLIOTT'S SPECULATIONS.

THOMAS ELLIOTT rang at the front door of Mr. Abijah Grigg, at five o'clock P.M. A livery-stable hostler meanwhile held, hard by, two very correct steeds, duly equipped with saddle and side-saddle. A curiously big, red, full-eyed Irish damsel, very frowzy about the hair, opened the door.

Thomas is an impatient man. As the door opened he said, "Come, Lily! Hurry! Every minute—"

"An' it's not Miss Lily that's in at all," said the Celtic lady, with a grin, and in a harsh, dry, rasping voice, as if her throat was lined with best double-B sand-paper. And there was a queer look in her big, bold, prominent eyes, as she added, "The misthress sez Miss Lily won't see yez thin." And therewithal she sedulously framed in her very solid person into the opening of the door. Thomas Elliott is a good young man certainly. But he certainly used a bad

word at about this time—no matter what. He, however, speedily showed his self-control by extracting from his pocket a shining half-dollar, which he inserted into the hand of the Princess Margaret—for such, at least with him and Lily, was the lofty style and title of the damsel of the door. And withal he winked. A certain visible mollification might now be seen to pervade the hard face of the Princess Margaret, and she grinned. Then the enterprising Thomas, with barefaced assumption, said, in a loud voice, "Not ready yet? I'll wait in the hall." And thus pretending, he thrust forward in such wise that the Princess was in a manner obliged to make way, and he entered. But with a disagreeable sensation he said to himself, "There's something wrong." And there was.

What may be termed a simultaneous dialogue was in progress at the head of the stairs, executed in duetto by the strident soprano of Mrs. Grigg and the low-pitched, full, clear alto of Miss Lily; both earnest and half audible; in that smothered tone which we use when we are apprehensive that an inappropriate third party may hear us, but when we are too angry to care much if he does.

Tom stood, half-hearing and uncertain, in the pure receptivity of an unexpecting spectator. The Princess Margaret had disappeared to her depths. An angry beauty, in riding-habit and cap and feather, holding up her long skirts, tripped hurriedly down stairs, her face flushed and eyes sparkling and dewy with anger and tears; too exalted in mingled passions to care for forms.

"Come, Tom!" she said, and held out her hand, "I *will* see you once!"

And she led him into the parlor and shut the door. It is a mortification to be obliged to add that Mrs. Grigg came softly down stairs and listened at the keyhole; but a satisfaction to add further that, in spite of her listening, she could hear nothing at all.

Old Grigg—it would be in vain to deny that he is known in the street as Pig Grigg—is in the general commission business, and worth money; a big man, oldish, fat, with pendulous jowls, heavy of eyelid, bald of head, wigged, thick of neck, florid, full-blooded, as hot as ginger, as obstinate as a pyramid, harsh, vulgar, a greasy eater, uneducated, yet withal of shrewd, energetic, strong, large faculties, and successful in business. Mrs. Grigg shows the frame of a good face and figure; is dry and sharp and thin and pale as cheapest Rheinwein; a sad scold, I'm afraid; penurious and imperious. She and her husband are good bad examples of the American social and business life perversions of first-rate natural gifts, physical and mental.

But violets may grow in a barn-yard. These two pernicious elders certainly introduced into this world, and long maintained upon their premises, one of the most delightful daughters ever known—Lily Grigg. The daughter's graceful baptismal name was, perhaps, the last faint floweret of the romance of her poor, dried-up

mother's departed youth. She is of middle size, plump; with long, abundant, wavy dark-brown hair, having a warm bright gleam in it where the light strikes it, as if it had dreamed of being a clear gold-red. Her skin is thin and fine and clear, and she has plenty of swift warm blood; so that her complexion is rosy, pure, translucent—like melted glass and red roses all mingled. It is a rare complexion. I never saw but two others like it; and one belonged to a Clerk of a Court, and the other to a strong-minded female lecturer. How inscrutable is the distribution of things! There never were such red perfect sculptured lips as Lily's—the mouth is most seldom beautiful of American features; nor such clear white pearls of teeth; nor such wonderful large, grand eyes, deep hazel, under eyebrows marked, but not heavy; and arched, but not too much—that indicates shallowness and fickleness; nor such a perfect arm and hand, down even to the minute finish of the finger-tips and the settings of the nails; nor such lithe, easy grace of figure and motion. She has all the perfection of step and form and gesture that belong to a splendid *physique*, perfect organisms, and strong, rich, pure, full-flowing vitality animating all. How the mischief those obnoxious old parents of hers— Well, never mind! she is their daughter, and that's enough.

But now, after all, it is somewhere here that I must have meant to begin—as thus:

In these present fearful times; in the midst of business troubles, war, taxation, and almost every thing else; in these hard, hard times did Thomas Elliott win, as it were at the same moment, a most lovely wife and eke a most lovely sum of money. For it was done within the year 1862.

Elliott, please to understand, was clerk to Pig Grigg, and a very good clerk was he; with all his employer's business abilities, and a large supply of natural, good-natured politeness besides, and a good salary, and a few thousand dollars of his own by this time, and considerable musical talent, and very correct costume. A tall, good-looking chap is Master Thomas withal, with keen blue eyes and an intelligent look. So, in consideration of all this, and of his consequent convenience as a beau, and certain prepossessions in the bosom of Madam Grigg in favor of Tom's undeniable "good family," and since—as it appeared to the numskulls of parents—he certainly was not in danger of aspiring to the large wealth of the only child of the great commission-merchant!—in consideration of all this, I say, Elliott often escorted the old lady or the young one, or both, to public or private festivities, and sometimes passed an evening at the Griggish mansion.

But Master Tom, who often made Miss Lily laugh, and saw her splendid white teeth gleam between her red lips like a pearls' nest in the cleft of a ruby, notwithstanding all the proprieties, and "against the peace and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided," made up his resolute masculine mind to

become the proprietor of teeth, lips, and Lily altogether; and we hasten to add—for this is far from being a love-story—she was substantially consenting unto the same at this time.

Writing letters is always dangerous. Henry Clay lost the Presidency of the United States thereby; and Talleyrand would always agree to hang you if he could get one line of your handwriting. Thomas Elliott had not sufficiently laid these things to heart that fine morning when he indited that perhaps reprehensibly-enthusiastic note to Lily, which Mrs. Grigg seeing, and knowing the handwriting, could not resist the temptation to open—pleading to herself her duty to her daughter, and impelled by vague suspicions based on many minute signs, for some time past the cause of uneasiness to her and to her lean bosom's fat lord. So this little document, as Tom afterward observed, in what he said was Wall Street slang, "blew every thing higher than Gilderoy flew his kite"—a phrase suggestive of infinite queries about the diversions of that gentleman.

All this time Thomas and Lily are in the parlor, and Mrs. Grigg in a silent "feese" (it's a good word, but not in Webster) outside.

Lily said, softly, "Oh, Tom, you mustn't come any more!"

"What is it?" queried the gentleman.

"They read your note!" exclaimed Lily, coloring high with vexation at her parents, and shame for them too. "They are *so* angry!"

The young persons were silent for a moment. Lily's tones were fervent and resolute, and Tom was too much of a man to dispute her. And he felt besides that she meant "at present." Besides, did not his cunning man's instinct make him know surely that the beautiful girl was his own? Yes, indeed. A man knows the love that is his as surely and as quickly as a woman, and more so. But the passion and the fervid will of a strong man moved him to require and receive—none the less because it was not needed—an outward token before he departed. And he half lifted Lily, who was crying a little now, to a seat, and knelt close by her—and she did not resist at all. And he put his arms about her, and whispered,

"I will go, Lily. But you do not mean that I shall lose you, Lily? Kiss me once. You never gave me a kiss."

So she lifted her face to his, and lightly laid her arms around his neck and kissed him once. Then he rose quickly and departed, riding away with the hostler.

When, next morning—it was April 25, A.D. 1862—Thomas Elliott entered the store of Abijah Grigg his usually bright face wore a somewhat resolved and preoccupied look. The eminent merchant gruffly greeted the obscure clerk. Like a true vulgarian, he did not administer with plain directness the awful and confounding admonition with which he felt himself charged, but transfused his ill-nature into the general

texture of his conduct. He was sour of face and rude of manner. He found fault with the rate of commission which Tom had accepted on that last lot of guano; was inclined to charge upon Tom the non-return of a certain customer of yesterday; quite snarled over various letters; and, after sundry other nagglings, at last squarely charged that it was Tom's fault that the harbor-master had not berthed the *Sea Nymph* (with salted hides) right in front of the store, but had laid her across the end of a dock two blocks away.

Upon this Tom, who had answered him not a word, quietly wiped his pen, put up the blotter he had been writing in, turned down the lid of his inkstand, dismounted his Faber No. 2 from its clerkly perch over his right ear and put it on the rack, turned the key in his desk, took off and hung up his venerable office-coat, and put on a very neat "dress-sack," took his hat, and, turning to his respected and rather puzzled employer, said, not without a certain loftiness of manner,

"Mr. Grigg, let's not have any unnecessary difficulty. I have no particular expectation of coming to your house again that I know of."

Here the old merchant looked relieved, but his face clouded again as Tom added,

"I meant to have given you more notice, but things that have happened within a day or two have hurried me. I'm through with my work for you, Mr. Grigg. I'm to see a man at eleven this morning about a partnership. I can recommend William Waters for my place, if you don't think of any better man."

He held out his hand, saying, good-naturedly, "Good-by, Sir! success to you."

Mr. Grigg shook hands without at all meaning to. He was badly upset. He had fully intended to administer a mild but firm reproof, and thought he had been paving the way to it very skillfully; and now he found himself suddenly thrown on the defensive by the manner and the language of the young man. Thus there jumbled about in his mind an incongruous mess of satisfaction at the discontinuance of Tom's visits, dissatisfaction at losing him, irritation at being "talked to," and that pompous, reproving state of mind that he had been nursing. And between the humbug sentiments which he had been meaning to express without feeling them, and these genuine sentiments which he had not expected to feel and did not mean to express, he mumbled and gobbled in his talk quite pitifully. The rich but vulgar New York merchant is seldom a great extempore orator of the feelings.

"Good-morning!" said he; "good-morning, then, Elliott!—Ah hem!—Ah'm!—I'm sorry—I'm glad—I hope that in future you—It's very proper—It's very improper—Well, just as you say—I'm sure—I was intending—Very well—very well!"

And with this lucid exposition of the moral bearings of things in general Tom left. After he was gone Pig Grigg very quickly and natu-

rally heated up into a great rage. Why should he not? He had been caused to look ridiculous—to himself, at least; and in about fifteen minutes he agreed with himself, with more heartiness of determination than accuracy in costume, that he would "sit in that young puppy's skirts. Just as sure," he said, with a ludicrous habitual asseveration of his, which wasn't meant to be true but sometimes was—"just as sure as I'm a goose!"

"Young puppy," he said, and Tom was a well-grown fellow of twenty-four. But he had risen up under the eyes of Pig Grigg for ten years, and we seldom see the growth that goes on before our eyes. The old gentleman had, in fact, never thought of Tom as a man, and had therefore felt toward him as toward an impertinent boy—a false position which had really exposed him to be outflanked, as he actually was in the conversation just recited.

Tom felt the same state of things; indeed he had long felt it. As he left the store he said to himself, "Can't an old man believe any body can be less than fifty years of age and more than fifteen?"

Thomas Elliott, thus cast loose from the social and financial ties of so many years, roamed meditatively along the bustling sidewalk of South Street, gliding with the instinct of the experienced New Yorker through knots, tangles, eddies, whirlpools of hurrying men that would have swamped a countryman, with half-unconscious feet turned up Burling Slip, and by Liberty and Nassau streets rambled into Wall Street—having no particular business before his appointment at eleven, when he was to meet his friend; intending to hold sweet converse with him, if he could; and at any rate to have a good deliberate lunch with him at noon, within the gastronomic retreat of the William Street Delmonico. This friend was one Jaggles, a man of considerable culture, immense business energy and shrewdness, and much good-nature too; a friend of Tom's for some time, and already managing Tom's small means to the joint profit of both. His business, in which Tom was to join, was "General Speculating"—if you know what that is. The general speculator must have all his money ready at any moment, and some credit; must be ready to say Yes instantaneously, and No ten times quicker; must be ready to buy and sell any thing in the world except his wife and children; and is equally likely, on any given day, to be the exulting owner of a cargo of bananas and oranges, a monkey and barrel-organ, a "job lot" of gilt-edged Bibles, a pile of calicoes "warranted fast colors," a new patent, or of the ordinary commodities of real estate, stock, bonds, scrip, or "good business paper."

As Tom, having turned eastward again, passed deliberately by that curious silent *cul-de-sac*, or "vermiform process," known as Jauncey Court, he was met by one in extreme haste, who seized him unceremoniously, and whispered, in an eager voice,

"Step in here a moment!"

"Ah! Mr. Wickwire," said Tom, "how goes it?"

But Wickwire—an old fellow in the broking line, a frequent coadjutor of Mr. Grigg in speculations—was in too much haste to be polite. He hauled Tom violently within the quiet precinct of the Court, and hurriedly whispered in his ear the words,

"New Orleans is open! They're past the forts!"

Tom stared. "How do you know?"

"Private dispatch through Pobbles at Richmond, *via* Baltimore," replied Wickwire. "Fully reliable! City taken yesterday! Be all over town to-morrow—perhaps this afternoon! We've just got to-day! See?"

Thomas Elliott thought he did. This dry old broker, with his score of hasty words, set up a great golden image in the young man's brain; whose glow, however, to do justice to him, did by no means obscure the rosy and more celestial light of that other lovelier figure hard by the yellow one! And no matter whether or not it would have been more chivalrous to run straightway back and tell Pig Grigg, as old Wickwire expected. Business is business. Every man for himself! Besides, Master Tom *may* have thought, "If I make it for Lily—" In fact, he undoubtedly did.

But all this flashed through his mind in one instant.

"I do see!" he cried. "Big thing, Mr. Wickwire!"

And he staid not upon the order of his going, but jumped forth out of Jauncey Court as if he had been shot out, and sped furiously eastward toward the Exchange, leaving old Wickwire to find out for himself why Mr. Grigg should fail to communicate with him. Past the Exchange flew Thomas, short round into Hanover Street, and headlong down into a small, dim, dingy, comfortless little cellar of an office, where wrote like lightning at a dirty desk a high-dried, hungry-faced man, all steel and whalebone.

"Howdo?" he snapped, as Elliott plunged in.

"All right!" replied Tom, as quickly. "Jaggles, I must have every cent! And there's an immense chance! Honor bright now; if you like it go in! Shall it be all on the square between us?"

Jaggles looked at him a moment, and seemed infected with the young man's enthusiasm. His level bushy eyebrows moved a little above his keen steel-gray eyes. He smiled, jumped up, struck his hand into Elliott's, and with the same intense swift utterance said,

"Allonthesquare! honorbright! how'll you have it? Whatis't!"

"In bank—check it all out again. What's the figure?"

The speculator looked into his pocket-memorandum, and answered,

"Eightfivetwentythreenaught."

That is, \$8523—all Elliott was worth.

"You'll go \$15,000 or \$20,000, if worth while, won't you, besides credits?" asked Tom.

Jaggles nodded, and Tom continued,

"Private news, and sure—*New Orleans is open!*"

Jaggles stared at Tom; but his stare quickly spread into a smile of intense satisfaction.

"I'm your man, Elliott! The *Superior* is not chartered. I'll secure her instantly. Flour and provisions. She'll carry—never mind; all we want to send. We must work like beavers, though. That cargo must be going in there all night. Grigg—?"

"Left him this morning," said Tom. "Got the news half an hour after."

"He'll be after us in short order," said Jaggles.

"Let him," said Tom.

They briefly conferred upon the character and nature of their respective purchases. That done,

"Jump now, you beggar!" cried Jaggles. "I'll see to the steamer. Come here at five."

Off they went; and a good deal of a stir they made that day among the flour and grocery men.

They met at five, as per agreement.

"All right!" sung out Jaggles. "The bread-stuffs are flying into the old *Superior* as if she had a real appetite. Tell you what! Betwixt buying one day in advance in the New York market, and selling in that empty New Orleans market, it's the neatest thing of the season!"

"Yes," said Tom. "And did you by chance meet Squire Grigg in your travels?"

"Some," answered the slangy speculator. "He has been flying about this burg after the manner of a bee in a tar-bucket." And Mr. Jaggles laughed. "It's unfortunate, but my charter-party was signed about two minutes before he came into the steamer office. He offered me \$5000 for my bargain. I was not at leisure to negotiate. He's got the *Sea Dragon*, though, he and Wickwire. But she can't finish discharging before to-morrow or next day morning."

"I met him up by the Corn Exchange," quoth Tom, demurely. "He turned so red! I think he can't have heard from Wickwire until one or two o'clock. Says he, 'Elliott, I'll pay you for using that news against me, you ungrateful rascal, as sure as I'm a goose!' I told him I should have stepped round with the information, but I had not time; and he grew too angry to say one other word. Let's go and get some dinner."

And they went.

It was four days later. The news had rung all over the North of that terrible glory of fire and blood through which our brave sailors bore the old Flag in triumph back to its place over New Orleans; and while it thrilled and palpitated in the arteries of New York, the sons of commerce tried with all their might to see the white gleam of dollars through the red glare of

victory. But Elliott and Jaggles were before Grigg and Wickwire, and they of all the rest of the crowd of shippers to the new port. With triumphant swiftness the barrels and bales and boxes trundled down the wharves, and swung up over the lofty black sides of the *Superior* and the *Sea Dragon*, and disappeared in their great dark holds. The incessant labor of day and night gangs rapidly filled up the steamers; and now the time draws nigh for the *Superior's* clearance to be granted by the scribes of the Custom-house, and Jaggles is writing like lightning, as he always does, in his dreary shrine in Hanover Street. To him enter Thomas Elliott in a blaze of unpleasant excitement, scarce able to keep his feet on the floor for temper; all but dancing with disgust.

"Jag!" he sings out, "they've detained her on suspicion of contraband. Barney says he's sorry; and I believe he is. But he says that, under the information he has, she must discharge cargo. It's ruin, Jaggles! We're played out!"

At Elliott's first words the speculator sat bolt upright and stopped writing. As Tom went on, his broad sallow forehead flushed faintly, his heavy eyebrows gathered doom, his dull eyes grew brighter, and he replied,

"I perceive the hand of Joab in this thing. Grigg and Wickwire have done that." Then he paused a moment, and added, "It certainly hurts us; but we can save discharging, I think."

He hastily explained his plan to Tom. In pursuance of it they both went to work like madmen; procured strong indorsements from three eminent commanders, who were influential politicians, just then in camp near by with their brigades, and knew the Collector. They also procured full lists of each separate purchase for shipment; and a memorandum of the politics and business-standing of every seller. Armed with this formidable mass of documents, they spent parts of a day and a half with good-natured Collector Barney, and at last succeeded in convincing him how unreasonable was the accusation that had wrought them so much woe. The clearance was granted; and, for various reasons, they spent no time in tracing out their slanderer. But when the fasts were cast loose, and the vast bulk of the *Superior* moved slowly away from the dock, the *Sea Dragon* had been rushing southward under a full head of steam for about thirty hours. Jaggles insisted on going out as supercargo, and on leaving Tom as his deputy at home.

It was four weeks and more before Tom heard a word about his venture. The letter that Jaggles wrote is too characteristic not to be given in full; besides, it contains certain information about our story not elsewhere to be found:

"NEW ORLEANS, May 30, 1862.

"My Boy,—Not to confound figures of speech with figures of arithmetic, see in the first place the sum-totals of the inclosed account-sales, as per which take notice that our

speculation is a grand success. I get most; but I'm oldest. You get enough.

"Such larks!" as J. Gargery hath it. Also remember the case of the unprincipled gentleman in the Psalm:

"He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother;
But for his sin he tumbled in
The pit he made for t'other."

"Such, my hearer, was the little fate of our brethren, Grigg and Wickwire. All the voyage out I groaned to think of their skimming the cream off that market. When we hauled up to the levee I spied gun-boats, 'darks,' Zouaves, secesh, blue uniforms, all sorts of things except *Sea Dragons*. It can't be possible, said I, that she's discharged and gone! But not a bit of it. We were first cargo. And if it hadn't been for that excessive tender-heartedness of mine, I really don't know but I should have sold the goods for their weight in specie. All the while I was gathering in the money I was saying, What's become of the *Sea Dragon*? for my kind heart was stirred within me. Well, after almost a week she came crawling along. She caught some heavy weather; and besides, gayest of all! she ran aground in one of those blessed keys up in the West Indies somewhere (overhaul your Atlas, and, when found, make a note of), and staid in that delightful and salubrious spot (to which I mean to make a pilgrimage when I have time, with boiled pease in my shoes, *secundum artem*). One Week! I was so tickled, and am yet, that I want you to run up at once and kiss Grigg, and Wickwire too, and charge same to my account.

"Well, it's all right. Every thing comes out right, if you only wait long enough! Another thing. I'm earning other moneys under the clause in the charter-party about keeping the steamer six months, etc. I shall stay and come back in her. Yours truly,
JAGGLES."

When, a few days after the receipt of this letter, Thomas Elliott called upon Pig Grigg, that worthy gentleman received him with considerable stiffness. But business is business; and Tom had some business propositions to make. Besides, it is a fact that if Abijah had realized that Tom was a man he would have been far less uncivil. It required this squall of disagreement to clear up the atmosphere of their relations to each other; and Tom's absence had proved his value, and his successful speculation had shown him well able to "paddle his own canoe." Neither of them raked up any past offenses, and the junior gentleman first exhibited to the senior the state of his bank account, and then proposed himself to him for a junior partnership. It is a fact that both interlocutors thought of another proposition, involving a young lady; but they spoke not of it. Mr. Grigg opened his eyes at Tom's cash account; said he would think of the partnership plan; did think of it; agreed to it.

After all, Pig Grigg has a good deal of kindness in his old pecuniary heart—to a successful business man. For he never said one word at home about the matters in hand until one night, when it was all arranged, he took Tom home, hauled him into the parlor, bawling out, with pretended gruffness,

"Here, mother! here, Lil! here's that impertinent Elliott again!" and heartily enjoying the prim, cold, sour phiz of his spouse, and the blushing perplexity of Lily. So did that mischievous Tom himself.

For all that Mrs. Grigg is a capital mother-in-law, because Tom keeps her in good order when she comes to see Mrs. Lily Elliott.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

AMONG the many faithful and useful, but unrecognized and unhonored servants of the public, the reporter for the press is especially distinguished. Next to the ubiquitous but anonymous policeman, he is at once the best and the least known public character of our acquaintance. Hundreds of thousands of persons read his articles in the newspapers, day after day, without ever being aware of his existence. Beyond a small professional circle he is almost wholly unknown; for, unlike most writers, he has not the privilege of attaching his name to his published productions. Copies of the *Acta Diurna*, those embryo newspapers of Rome spoken of by Seneca and quoted by Tacitus, have come down to us containing reports of cases of assault, of fires on Mount Coelius, of brawls at the Hog-in-Armor tavern, of arrests for giving light weight, of the proceedings in the Senate, and of the pleadings at the courts—reports which show us that the ancient Romans were really men and women, and not such stately oratorical burlesques of humanity as some dramatists and novelists would have us believe; but the reporters who collected these news items and indited the *Acta Diurna* are lost forever in oblivion. A library at Florence is enriched by several volumes of the Venetian *Gazette*, the first newspaper issued in the world; but the reporters of the *Gazette* have shared the fate of their Roman predecessors. A few of the names of those English reporters, who, from 1622 until 1826, labored devotedly to give the English press existence, freedom, respectability, and position have been fortunately preserved to us; but the majority of them were long since forgotten. A single number of the first newspaper printed in America, and published at Boston, in 1690, is deposited in the State Paper Office at London, and our own libraries contain specimens of the first paper regularly issued here, called the *Boston News Letter*, and printed, in 1704, by John Allan, Pudding Lane; but we have no record of the reporters for these early sheets. Obscurity and oblivion are, therefore, the legitimate inheritance of our modern reporters. With very few exceptions they enjoy their inheritance undisturbed. The credit and fame to which they are justly entitled are divided between the newspapers for which and the editors for whom they write. Readers of newspapers remark: "The *Herald* says so-and-so, this morning;" or else: "Mr. Greeley has a fine article in to-day's *Tribune*." In the former case, the identity of the reporter is completely lost in that of the newspaper. In the latter case, the avowed editor is presumed to write every article in his journal, even though he may be absent in California or Europe; just as General Jackson, though dead, is supposed by certain rare old Democrats to be a candidate at every presidential election. In both cases the fact that there is such a person as the reporter is practically ignored. He lives to give the world the latest news, at the earliest

moment, and in his best possible style. He dies unknown and unregretted by those for whom he has written every day for years: or rather he never dies; for a new reporter rises, Phoenix-like, from his ashes and continues his unhonored labors. He makes other men famous, but is himself unnoticed. He is, as Macaulay says, the historian of the times; but his own achievements are unrecorded. Every one profits by his work; but all are ignorant of or do not appreciate his labors. Like the sun, he is a universal, indispensable, but commonly unnoticed benefactor.

The organization of the literary—and, indeed, of every other—department of a first-class daily paper, like the *Times* of London, or the *Herald*, *Tribune*, or *Times* of New York, is as varied and complex as that of an army. The chief editor, who is usually the proprietor or one of the proprietors, has the general direction of the whole journal and the especial control of the editorial columns. The chief editor is rarely accessible to the public, and is seldom seen by the majority of his subordinates. In England his very name is never officially known even to the employés of his establishment. One of the best reporters of the London *Times*, while on a professional visit to this country, stated that he had never seen the chief editor of that paper, and addressed all his letters to "The Editor of the London *Times*," and not to Charles Delane, Esq., the chief of the editorial staff. In this country, however, no such reserve is attempted, and Messrs. Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, and others publicly announce themselves as the editors and proprietors of their respective journals; although Mr. Raymond has a partner or two in the *Times*, and the *Tribune* is the property of an Association. Next in rank to the chief editor is the managing or business editor, who receives and transacts business with the public; opens and reads all letters and communications addressed to the paper; decides what is, and what is not, to be published; arranges and assigns the daily duties of the reportorial staff; carefully revises, corrects, or amends, the proofs or manuscripts of all articles intended for publication; gives all important reports proper and attractive headings; and, in short, embraces in his multifarious duties a complete supervision of the entire establishment.

Ranking after the managing editors are the assistant editors or editorial writers, who write out the editorials upon subjects selected, and often from notes dictated by the editor-in-chief. The assistant editors are generally highly educated men and very able writers. The editor, whose powerful articles gained for the London *Times* the synonym of "The Thunderer," was one of these assistants, and had to be carefully crammed with facts and dates before he could begin writing. This done, however, the words, the illustrations, the logic, and the rhetoric were his own and unrivaled. The assistant editors are not at all responsible for the statements made or the opinions expressed in their articles, and are

not allowed, therefore, to claim the credit or discredit of their authorship. On the *London Times*, if an editorial writer publicly acknowledges that he has written an editorial he is immediately discharged. Two of the assistant editors have special duties: one being the financial editor, with charge of the money articles, and the other, the dramatic and musical critic. The sub-editors, who are practically the assistants of the managing editor, are next in order, and comprise the night editor, who receives and arranges the latest telegraphic and other reports, and has charge of the paper after about eleven o'clock P.M.; the news (or scissors) editor, who looks over the domestic exchanges, marks important articles for the notice of the chief editor, and clips all interesting news items either for publication or for his carefully-indexed scrap books; the foreign news editor, who goes through the same routine with the foreign exchanges; the ship-news editor, who collects and arranges the marine reports; the military and naval editors, who attend to the miscellaneous matters of their respective departments, and revise all articles connected with the army and navy; the commercial editor, who writes up the city commercial and market reports; the city editor, who collects city items and is properly the head of the reporters' corps; the translators, who inspect the French, Spanish, German, South American, and other foreign papers, and translate all noticeable articles; and, lastly, the biographical editor, who keeps the sketches of the lives of all distinguished contemporaries in readiness for instant use in case an obituary is hastily demanded, or some new success makes the biography of a hero or statesman of interest to the public.

The remainder of the literary attachés of a newspaper are included under the generic name of reporters for the press; but are usually divided into foreign, domestic, and special correspondents and local reporters. The regular foreign correspondents are stationed at the capitals of foreign countries, and are generally hangers-on of the legations, sometimes with, but oftener without, an official position. The domestic correspondents are regularly appointed to the home capitals and larger cities. The Washington, Albany, Boston, and Philadelphia correspondents of the New York papers are examples of this class of reporters, as are also the Liverpool and Manchester correspondents of the London journals. Besides these there are occasional correspondents in every city and town in the country, who write when they have any thing of interest to transmit, and are paid accordingly. The special correspondents are not stationary, but are liable to be sent off at any time to any place at an hour's notice. They travel with and report the doings of any distinguished personages, as the Prince of Wales, President Lincoln, or the Japanese Princes. They report important trials in distant courts, or describe processions, parades, or remarkable funerals in other cities. At present the special reporters of the American papers are all at the

wars, and are called war correspondents. The corps has also been largely but not permanently increased, and our leading papers have one or more representatives at every important military post, and with every division of our numerous armies. The reporters with special departments rank after the special reporters, and are the law, the day and night police, the fire and the common council reporters, whose titles sufficiently indicate the work they have to perform. Last of all are the local reporters, whose province embraces every thing of interest about the city and its suburbs, from a public meeting to a dog-fight. Certain of these local reporters are detailed for Jersey City, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, etc., when connected with New York papers, and are employed as special correspondents when necessary. Besides all these there are the telegraphic correspondents of the Associated Press—an association of seven New York papers; the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Sun*, and *Express*—which has its agents in every part of this country and Canada in telegraphic communication with New York city; and also at St. Johns, Newfoundland, Cape Race, and Father Point, where they intercept and obtain the latest news from foreign steamers. If the reader will take up any of our leading journals he can at once trace the labors of every one of these species of journalists, from the chief editor down to the local reporter. He will see the distinction between the telegrams from regular or special correspondents and those of the Associated Press; the letters from foreign and our national and State capitals; the clippings of the sub-editors; the work of the translators and biographers; the money, commercial, market, fire, musical, police, law, local, dramatic, short-hand and common council report; the editorial articles, inspired by the chief and written by the assistant editors, and the evident marks of the combination and arrangement of the managing editor throughout all, and giving consistency to all these varied departments. He can thus understand, at once and without difficulty, the complicated but necessary organization of a daily newspaper, as far as the literary department is concerned; and we can assure him that the business and mechanical departments are equally systematized, and their work as thoroughly classified, subdivided, and regulated.

A history of the newspaper press and of those who originated and established it is not within the province of this article. Those interested in that subject will find almost all the accessible information concerning it in Hunt's "Fourth Estate: A Contribution to the History of Newspapers," or in Andrew's later, more complete and authentic, and better-arranged "History of the British Press"—books which can be obtained at any of our public libraries. We propose to treat only of the modern reporter for the press, who is almost peculiar to England and America. In France the editors of newspapers are universally regarded as gentlemen, and have

a better recognized social position than in any other country. This arises partly from the fact that the French press is a recognized Government organ, and its editors share its official character; and partly from the fact that the French newspaper writers are not anonymous, but each prints his name at the end of his articles, and is ready to account for his statements in any manner the aggrieved person may prefer, from a suit at the courts of law to a duel in the Bois de Boulogne. The French papers have no reporters of any note, however. Their local news is very brief, and its publication very much delayed. Just as Washington is ignorant of its own doings until it reads the New York journals, so Paris generally receives its first information upon local topics from the London papers. Reports of fires, murders, robberies, and other interesting items, so dear to our reporters, reach the French papers through the police authorities, and are published whenever and in whatever form the police authorities choose. The proceedings of the Corps Legislatif are furnished to the press by an official Government reporter. The speeches and addresses of distinguished orators are printed from the manuscripts. In a word, France has a rigorous Government censorship of the press, and enterprising and original reporters are therefore impossible; for, during the present war, our own experience has demonstrated the fact that perfect freedom of the press is absolutely necessary to accurate, reliable, and complete reports. In other European countries the same state of affairs exists as in France; although in Russia and Germany there are a few excellent newspapers and admirable reporters.

Only in England and America, where the press is regarded as the safeguard of liberty, the organ of the people, the terror of evil-doers, the praise of them that do well, the mirror of the age and times, and the familiar history of the country—does the newspaper reporter fully develop his peculiar characteristics. In this country especially the reporter is in his element, and displays his greatest powers. The differences between an English and an American reporter are, in brief, the differences between England and America, or between the New York *Herald* and the London *Times*. The English reporters are better paid than our reporters, do much less work, and, when employed on the leading dailies of London, receive pensions when incapacitated for further service either by age or by injuries received in the discharge of their duties. Our own reporters are generally much younger men than the English; for, as they grow old, they either rise to editorial dignities, or relinquish the note-book and pencil for more lucrative avocations. The English reporters are usually men of more finished education and greater literary ability than those of the American press. No regular American reporter ever made such a splendid reputation as Russell brought with him to this country, or as Woods won by his Crimean letters, his description of the *Agamemnon* in a storm, and his report of the Heenan and Sayers prize-fight.

This superior literary merit of the English reporters is aided by (and in part accounts for) the superior standing and influence of the first-class English papers. Most of the best literary men of both countries have been newspaper writers; but in America these gentlemen have contributed mainly to the editorial or miscellaneous departments, while in England such authors as Dickens and Thackeray have enlisted as reporters, and taken their places in the gallery at Parliament or their desks at the police courts. The consequence is, that in America these talented but occasional literary journalists are known and receive the credit of their work; in England this credit is added to the reputation of the newspaper.

We dwell long upon this literary superiority, because in every thing else the English reporters are surpassed by the American. Especially is this the case in regard to the celerity with which news is obtained, transmitted, and published. The English reports are well written, but tardy. The American reports are often bad specimens of composition, but they always place the news before the public speedily. The English reporters use the telegraph seldom, and but for very brief dispatches. The American reporters always employ the telegraph when it is accessible, and transmit column after column of reports daily. The London *Times* sent Mr. Woods to America, at an enormous expense, to report the progress of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Woods's reports were nicely written, though often inaccurate, but few of them were ever published in the *Times* except as historical records; for their news was regularly anticipated by the telegraphic dispatches of the New York papers, which often reached England weeks in advance of Woods's letters.

But the reporter for the press not only represents the characteristics of the country but also those of the newspaper to which he belongs. At least three-fourths of the reporters for the New York press are Englishmen and Irishmen, and yet their reports are very different from those which they would write for the London or Dublin papers. Indeed so marked are the distinctive peculiarities of different newspapers, and so strongly are they reflected in the style and deportment of the employés, that no professional journalist would confound a reporter for the *Herald* with a reporter for the *Tribune*; nor could he, in most instances, fail to identify a report written for one of these journals, even though it should happen by some accident to be printed in the other. Thus the reporters of one paper are remarkable for audacity, enterprise, and independence; those of another paper for eccentricity of dress, style, and opinion; those of a third paper for their gentlemanly and reserved deportment, their industry, and the fairness of their articles.

During the Prince of Wales's visit to this country some of the best reporters of the New York press were pitted against each other, and a most intense, bitter, and often amusing rivalry was

maintained. At Niagara Falls an incident occurred during the Prince's stay, which illustrates some of the peculiarities of reporters, and which has been frequently, but never correctly, related by the English papers as a proof of American enterprise. The special reporter of a New York journal had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one Sunday evening, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports along came the reporter of another New York journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in fine working order, asserted his right to have his dispatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first resisted. Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operators decided that both reports must be telegraphed. Reporter the second was calmly triumphant and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second thereupon obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was or had been President, Vice-President, or a Director—he really could not tell which—of the Telegraph Company, and that by virtue of this authority he ordered both dispatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American reporter? Never! Meanwhile the moments slipped hurriedly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a dispatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers. Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company that “dispatches must be sent in the order in which they were received, and that one dispatch must be finished before another could be transmitted.” This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law. Reporter the first then claimed priority for his report. This point was also conceded. The reporter then briefly but eloquently informed the bystanders that they might as well go to bed as his report could never be concluded while a chance of a dispatch reaching New York that night remained to his competitor. Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been dispatched he jotted down every item worth sending, and ransacked his brain for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click—click—click—the operator hurried off page after page almost as rapidly as the reporter

could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office, despairing but unconquered. To him the minute-hand of the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed shod with lead. Every item being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and flashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause. Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully and nervously finger his detained dispatches. Alas! Reporter the first again writes—this time a note to the Rochester operator: “Which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible or a chapter of Claude Duval the highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel.” The lightning dashes off with the query and returns with the answer: “It is quite immaterial which you send.” The Reporter seizes the Bible; transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard, genealogical names; adds this to his previous dispatches; tacks portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation—describing the various precious stones—to the incongruous report; hands it all to the operator; sends his blessing and an injunction to be careful of the spelling to the Rochester office, and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock. Before this Scriptural news is fully transmitted the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; but although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published. Reporter the second telegraphed his news and his indignation the next morning, and then good-naturedly acknowledged his defeat.

Until very recently a strong prejudice existed against reporters for the press. The early English newspaper men endured a martyrdom of arrests, fines, and imprisonments before they succeeded in forcing the Government to allow them to report the proceedings of public bodies. At first they were not granted admittance to either House of Parliament, a noble lord declaring that if the proceedings of Parliament were reported that body would be looked upon as one of the most contemptible on the face of the earth. Guthrie and Doctor Johnson, the first Parliamentary reporters, used to pick up the leading ideas of the debates by hearsay, and then write out the speeches in their own words for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The accuracy of these reports may be judged from the fact that Doctor Johnson once remarked of them: “You may be sure that I took care that the Whig dogs should never have the best of the argument.” This mode of reporting Parliament was continued for years; but during the greater part of the time publishers of newspapers and magazines were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to print the names of the speakers, and therefore invented all sorts of classical and fanciful titles

by which to describe and distinguish the different members. The introduction of short-hand made Doctor Johnson's style of reporting obsolete, and in 1826 reporters were at last permitted in Parliament. Still, they were obliged to sit or stand with the rest of the unofficial spectators of the proceedings, no accommodations whatever being provided for the press. While Pitt was Premier all the reporters consulted together, and agreed that, upon a certain day, they would omit to notice the Premier's speech. The day came; Pitt delivered a great and important oration; the next morning's papers contained no record of his remarks. Highly incensed, the Premier sent for the editors, and demanded the reason of this remarkable omission. The editors referred him to the reporters. The reporters represented that they were so crowded and inconvenienced, and at such a distance from the speakers, that it was almost impossible to hear, much less to report, the speeches. The result of this novel protest was the order of the Premier that benches should be reserved for the reporters; and afterward a portion of the gallery was railed in for them, with a lattice-work in front, so that they could see and hear, but be unseen by the members. Thus the reporters, by a thoroughly British fiction, were present in, but not actually in the presence of, Parliament, and were therefore allowed to remain in spite of the old rule against them. As recently as 1849 Daniel O'Connell attempted to revive this rule, because of a pique against the *London Times*; but the effort signally failed, and usage—that chief law of England—now protects the reporters in their privileges, which are so essential to public welfare.

In this country the attendance of the reporter is cordially invited at all meetings of public bodies, and the best places are uniformly reserved for him. When the New York press first began publishing reports of the religious anniversaries in New York city, however, it had to contend with the same prejudice as that encountered by the English press, and every possible effort was made to exclude the reporters from anniversary meetings. Many of our public men also objected to the publication of reports of their speeches; some urging that they intended to deliver the same speech over and over again in different places, but were prevented by the reporters; and others resenting the reports as personal insults, because the too-faithful chroniclers recorded the speeches just as they were spoken, and not as they were intended to be uttered, before the *bon vivant* got the better of the orator, and wine transformed wisdom into nonsense, and wit into buffoonery. Both these classes of objectors have long since disappeared—although some public lecturers still request that no report shall be made of their discourses—and newspaper reports are now so accurate that they are introduced into courts of law as evidence; and only a short time ago the proceedings against a noted Philadelphia politician, upon the grave charge of treason, were

based upon a phonographic report of his speech published in a morning journal.

For a long while, however, the American reporters followed the example of Doctor Johnson, and reported no speech which they did not adorn or spoil. Daniel Webster complained bitterly of this habit, and frequently demanded that his speeches should be reported as delivered or not at all. Of all reporters, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, then connected with the *Courier* and now the chief editor of the *New York Times*, pleased Daniel Webster most. The classical quotations in which Webster indulged were always remarkably *apropos*, and he felt considerable pride in having them reported correctly. Mr. Raymond, with an equal pride in his profession, never depended upon his notes or his memory for these quotations, but took the trouble of looking them out in the books and copying them *verbatim et literatim*. In those days it was a great feat to report and publish a long speech. Upon one occasion, Webster delivered an address at Washington, and Mr. Raymond was among the reporters present. Webster concluded his remarks but a few moments before the mail closed, and the reporters were therefore unable to write out their notes for transmission to the New York papers before the next day. Mr. Raymond, however, being an exceedingly rapid writer, had taken down the speech in long hand, with only a few simple abbreviations, and observing the perplexity of the other reporters, he determined to send off his notes as they were, and trust to the compositors to decipher them. This plan was successful; the *Courier* received and published the speech in advance of its contemporaries, and its reputation for enterprise was measurably increased. The first long speech ever telegraphed in full was one delivered by Senator Calhoun, whose speeches seemed always prepared and intended for the telegraph. He was, indeed, the telegraphic orator of his day. His sentences were brief, compressed, epigrammatic, contained no superfluous words, and were so knit and welded together that not one could be omitted without destroying the entire oration. Nowadays we read—or rather we see but do not read—full reports by telegraph of all the important speeches delivered in Congress; but until 1840 the proceedings of Congress were never regularly reported for the newspapers, and were but briefly referred to in the letters of Washington correspondents. During 1840 Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, organized a corps of Congressional reporters for his paper, and the other journals, one after another, were gradually adopting the same system, when the introduction of telegraphic reports, in 1848, forced them all into the arrangement. The proceedings of Congress are now reported by the Associated Press; but the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and other leading papers still maintain their separate Congressional corps. Mr. Sutton, now the chief of the official reporters for the *Congressional Globe*, was also the chief of the original *Herald* corps. One of the first instances of telegraphing reports for long

distances occurred at the delivery of Clay's great speech, at Lexington, Kentucky. This speech was taken down by the *Herald* reporters, expressed by relays of horses to Cincinnati, and from thence telegraphed to New York. The report was not *verbatim*, however. The greatest reportorial feat of ante-telegraphic journalism was performed by Mr. Attree, of the *Herald*. Daniel Webster delivered a speech one afternoon at Patchogue, Long Island, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. Mr. Attree went down to Patchogue, took full notes of the speech, rode the entire distance to New York on relays of horses, wrote out his report, and published it complete in the next morning's *Herald*. For reportorial skill and physical endurance combined this achievement is unsurpassed.

The greatest recent reportorial enterprises have been the reports of the visit of the Japanese Princes, of the tour of the Prince of Wales, and of the journey of President Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. The custom of sending reporters to accompany distinguished personages was introduced by the *Herald*, in 1837, when President Van Buren's tour was fully chronicled; and this was afterward followed up by reports of President Polk's trip through the Atlantic States from North Carolina to Maine. During this latter affair a most remarkable speech was delivered by an army officer, at Trenton, New Jersey. Major S——, U.S.A., the hero referred to, had been stationed for a long time on the Western frontiers, and had there acquired, in addition to his natural candor and simplicity, the habit of speaking his mind freely, regardless of circumstances. The Major was one of President Polk's suite, and had participated in all the festivities of the tour. For some reason or other the ladies of Portland, Maine, had eclipsed all the other ladies of all the other cities in the estimation of the honest Major, whether because their white dresses were whiter, their gay ribbons gayer, and their bright eyes brighter than those of the other damsels, could never be satisfactorily determined. Arrived at Trenton, the Presidential party proceeded in procession to the State House, and sat down to a bountiful repast, the ladies looking upon the diners from the galleries around the hall. Dinner over, toasts and speeches were in order, and at last Major S—— was called upon to respond to the ever-welcome and standard benison, "The ladies, God bless them!" The Major would rather have faced a flaming battery than made a speech, but in the presence of his Commander-in-Chief he considered it his duty to comply. "Gentlemen and ladies," said he, looking around the table and up at the galleries, "I have felt since I've been on this trip as if I had been drawn through two long lines of beautiful women. [Applause.] I never had an idea that there were so many angels in this wicked world. [Applause.] But I think the women of one city are more beautiful than any of the rest, and I wonder that justice has never been done to them. [Applause, and a decidedly agree-

able sensation among the ladies in the gallery.] I mean, my friends, the ladies of Portland, Maine, the handsomest women I ever saw. Gentlemen, I give you the health of the ladies of Portland, Maine!" The excitement, confusion, and roars of laughter which followed this unexpected conclusion of the Major's remarks must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Returning to our muttons, we notice that these early trips were reported exclusively by letter, while in the modern instances the telegraph played a most conspicuous part. The Prince of Wales was met at St. Johns, Newfoundland, by a *Herald* reporter, and a full account of his arrival and the attendant festivities was immediately telegraphed to New York. The reporters of the other papers awaited the Prince at Halifax, and from the time of his arrival there until he left the continent at Portland, he was always accompanied by representatives of the New York press. The *Tribune* reports were chiefly by mail, and those of the *Herald* and *Times* by both mail and telegraph. The *Herald* reports especially were unrivaled specimens of telegraphic correspondence. Every incident of travel, every speech delivered, every feature of the scenery, the decorations and details of every ball, reception, and levee were telegraphed regardless of expense. The other papers, however, kept up a generous and well-sustained rivalry, and published voluminous telegrams and letters daily, during the three months of the Prince's visit. It would be impossible for us to refer at present to any of the numerous instances of individual enterprise during this trip; but when the cost, duration, extent, and completeness of the labors of the reporters during this tour are considered, certainly the report of the Prince's visit must be admitted as unequalled in the history of the press. The Japanese Princes were met at Panama, and accompanied through the country and back to China by New York reporters. One of the *Herald* corps journeyed to Kansas with Secretary Seward, reporting all his speeches in brief by telegraph. Another *Herald* reporter rode across the plains to San Francisco in the first stage dispatched by the Overland Route. The journey of President Lincoln from Springfield to the national capital, with all the incidents, processions, and speeches, was reported for and regularly telegraphed to New York papers. In a few years more, if designs now nearly perfected can be practically carried out, the leading journals of this country will altogether discard the mails and the expresses, and receive all their news, foreign and domestic, by telegraph alone. Then will a new era of journalism dawn upon the world. The line of direct communication just completed between New York and San Francisco, and the numerous overland and submarine telegraphs in progress, or in contemplation throughout the Old World, are but means to this end. The trans-oceanic telegraph will follow soon. The first Atlantic cable was an experiment; the next will be a success. This age has not completed, but has only just begun its miracles.

We have by no means exhausted the subject of this article; but we have space left for only a mere mention of the connection of the reporters of the press with the present war. The New York *Herald* initiated the present style of war reporting during the campaign in Mexico. The London *Times*' famous report of the battle of Waterloo, received in advance of the Government dispatches, was but intelligence of the result of the battle and not a description of the combat. Our newspapers frequently rivaled this feat during the Mexican war, and, only a few months ago, the telegrams *via* New York informed the President and the War Department of the battle at Shiloh a day before the receipt of the Government reports. The news from Mexico, during Taylor and Scott's campaign, was conveyed by boat across the Gulf from Vera Cruz to New Orleans; from thence by mail to Mobile; thence by horse express to Montgomery, Alabama; thence by mail to Wilmington, Delaware; and thence by telegraph to the *Herald* office at New York. The whole journey by this route occupied about eight or ten days, and the news thus transmitted was received two days in advance of that by the through mail from New Orleans. The *Herald* had its regular correspondents with the armies in Mexico, and for some time maintained this costly line of communication exclusively; but the other papers afterward shared the expense and the news. The London papers had reporters at the Crimea during the war with Russia, but no paper ventured to send more than one representative. Several of the American journals had correspondents in the Crimea also; and during the Italian war the New York *Times* had two reporters with the French army, and established its reputation for enterprise by its admirable accounts of the great battles of that campaign.

All former war reports, however, are insignificant when compared with those published by the New York papers during this rebellion. The Associated Press does most of the telegraphic reporting; but all of our leading journals have correspondents with every division of the army and navy, East, West, and South. These reporters share the perils of the fight, and the fatigues and hardships of the march, the bivouac, or the voyage, with our soldiers and seamen. Most of them have had numerous hairbreadth escapes, and know by experience the dangers of the imminent, deadly breach. Many of them have entered the army and navy, and have shown that they can handle the sword as well as the more powerful pen; and quite a number of military and naval officers have resigned their positions and joined the reportorial corps. To these war correspondents the public is most deeply indebted. They describe every battle; faithfully chronicle every skirmish, scout, and siege; report the incidents of every march and camp; send on the names of the killed, wounded, and missing; draw and forward reliable maps of the scenes of conflict; and, in short, fully inform the people of every chance and mis-

chance, hap and mishap, fortune and misfortune, success and defeat, during the war. In spite of the restrictions of the Government censor, their criticism is generally free and just, and has done much good by exposing abuses and ridding the service of incompetent or corrupt officers. Their praise of skill, courage, and good conduct has rewarded many a hero unnoticed in official reports, encouraged the brave, stimulated the indifferent, inspired the discouraged, and brought tears of joyful pride to many a mother's eye and many a father's. Those who have husbands, sons, brothers, relatives, or friends at the wars—and who of us has not?—can not be too grateful to the press correspondents who lift the cloud of painful uncertainty from every battlefield, and reveal to them their loved ones gloriously safe or gloriously dead, wounded, or in prison. Besides their published reports these correspondents regularly supply their chief editors with facts, which prudence or the censorship withholds from the public, but upon which are based important editorial predictions of future events or censures of past or present errors. Thus the war reporters are writing the history of this war as it occurs, and supplying the materials for intelligent commentary and criticism upon contemporaneous events. Their usefulness can not be overestimated, nor can any praise be too great for their deserts.

JUMPING JACK'S DAUGHTER.

I.

IT was the morning of a bright cloudless day in June, and the soft fresh air was full of song and perfume, when Fanny Berrian, a fair and delicate girl of sixteen years, the only daughter of the Rev. Francis Berrian, the clergyman of Chester, was returning from her morning walk, and as she passed the head of Brier Lane, it looked so cool, and green, and shady, that a sudden whim prompted her to turn into it.

Brier Lane was, as its name would indicate, rather a lonely and unfrequented road; the only dwelling it could boast being a large and substantial, but rather dilapidated, old stone farmhouse which stood some distance back from the street, and was nearly hidden by a high fence and the tall neglected trees which surrounded it. The old house had been so long without a tenant that common report in the village said that it was haunted, although by whom or by what seemed rather an unsettled question, even among the most zealous propagandists of the report; but Fanny Berrian was no believer in ghosts, at least not in broad daylight, and she tripped merrily along the almost untrodden pathway without fear or misgiving.

But as Fanny reached the fence which separated what had once been a garden from the roadside, a loud, shrill "whoop," something between a bird-call and an Indian war-whoop, startled her; she looked round but saw no one; a loud burst of laughter succeeded, and then a merry young voice called out, "Hullo!"

but still Fanny failed to discover the speaker.

"Hullo, I say; look up!" cried the voice, and looking up, Fanny saw a young girl, apparently some years younger than herself, standing perfectly erect, without any visible means of support, upon the horizontal branch of a tree far above her head. She was a girl of slight, graceful figure, with oval face, and delicate, finely-cut features; her dark olive complexion, clear and brilliant, being relieved by heavy braids of glossy dark hair, a small scarlet mouth, and eyes and teeth which glittered like cut steel.

"Hullo, I say!" she repeated again, with a familiar nod, when she saw she had gained Fanny's attention.

"Are you speaking to *me*?" asked Fanny, in some surprise at the unusual style of the address.

"To be sure I am—who else? I want to see you; hold on a minute, can't you? I'll come down," and suiting the action to the word, she began to descend; skipping from bough to bough, and swinging herself from branch to branch in sailor fashion, hand over hand, in what seemed, in the eyes of gentle, quiet Fanny a frightful temerity (reckless and fool-hardy in itself, and wholly unbecoming a young lady), lowering herself thus, rapidly, to the fence, where she alighted, roosting upon the top rail, where she balanced herself in a sitting attitude so decidedly bird-like that Fanny felt as if her feet must have been claws to make her to maintain her strange position.

"Well!" she said, when she had settled herself—"How de do?—you're Fanny Minister, ain't you?"

"I am the minister's daughter Fanny, if that is what you mean," said Fanny, who could not help laughing.

"Oh well, all right—that's it; means the same, I suppose, or pretty near it."

"And what did you want of me?" asked Fanny.

"Well, I thought I'd like to be acquainted with you."

"Oh!" said Fanny, rather doubtful on her part of the eligibility of such a singular acquaintance.

"Well, yes! I don't know any body round here; it's a dismal, dull hole, and I thought I should like to know you; I met you once down at the store, and I took a fancy to you then."

"I do not remember meeting you," said Fanny.

"Well, maybe not; I don't suppose you do. I don't know as you saw me; I rather guess you didn't; but I saw you: don't you know that day when that little Irish gal came in and tripped on the step and fell, and broke her milk jug, and cut her arm and cried? Oh my soul and body, how she did howl! Why, don't you remember that?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "I do remember that."

"Well, I was there, if you didn't see me. You picked her up, and bought her another

pitcher, and comforted her up, and told her you'd go home with her; and I thought it was real kind in you, for she was a hateful, dirty little thing—just as dirty as a little pig. I couldn't have touched her, but I liked it in you; and I thought—if you didn't mind—I'd like to be friends with you."

"Thank you," said Fanny, smiling at this frankly proffered friendship. "But I should like to know something about you. You forget I do not even know your name."

"Well, that's easy told, and it won't be a long job either—it's Beatrice."

"Beatrice! that's a pretty name—Beatrice *what*?"

"Well, I guess there ain't any more of it; if there is, I never heard of it."

"But what is the name of your parents?" asked Fanny.

"Haven't got any."

"What, neither father nor mother?"

"Neither! I guess my mother died when I was born, and I don't know any thing about my father; s'pose I had one once, because it's customary, I believe; but I don't know whatever became of him. I s'pose he's dead, long ago. He must be, or he'd have come to light before now, wouldn't he?"

"And don't you even know his name?"

"No! I suppose my grandmother does, but if she does she won't tell me; but she always says he was a 'foreign Jumping Jack,' so I guess he was a dancing master: but I never heard so."

"Poor child!" said Fanny, compassionately.

"Poor child, indeed!" repeated the young girl, sadly. "I guess you'd say so if you knew all; for that ain't the worst of it, I can tell you."

"And do you live here, Beatrice?"

"Yes; I live here," said the girl, her expressive features wrinkling up as she spoke with a look of ineffable disgust; "ain't it a jolly place? As cheerful as a rat hole, only not quite so sociable."

"And who do you live with?" asked Fanny, taking no notice of the expressive look, though she could not fail to observe it.

"Oh! with my grandmother—Grandmother Gray—but not 'without tooth or tongue,' as the old song used to say. I wish to the Lord she *was*; but she has got both, and awful long ones too, I tell you; and don't she know how to use 'em? 'specially the latter."

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" said the gentle listener, who was shocked at this irreverence for an older person; "who are you speaking of? Not your own grandmother!"

"Yes I am," said the girl, bitterly; "and good enough for her: I hate her!"

"Hate your grandmother? Oh! Beatrice, I'm afraid you are not a good girl then."

"Yes I am too; but I guess you don't know. Maybe if you had a grandmother you'd hate her too."

"No, indeed, I should not," said Fanny, her soft eyes filling with tears as she spoke; "I'm

sure I shouldn't; I did have a grandmother once, and I loved her dearly, dearly; but she is dead."

"Well, mine ain't," said Beatrice; "I wish she was, that's all; I'd like to change with you; come, how'll you swap? My grandmother is always sick, and says she's going to die, but I guess there's no hopes of it—I've heard it too often. I only wish she would."

"Oh, don't say so," said Fanny. "It's wicked, I'm sure it is; and you will be sorry enough when she is dead and gone."

"Not a bit of it; don't you believe any such nonsense; I'll be a deal better off."

"You silly child! why, what would you do?"

"Do? I'd know what to do quick enough. I'd leave this horrid, lonely old place and go back to New York. I'd go now; I'd run away only I haven't got a cent, and I couldn't walk there, you know; and I suppose if I did go off she'd come after me like vengeance and scold like sixty. Don't you suppose she would?"

"Go to New York?" repeated Fanny, to whose rustic ears that city had always sounded like a mighty Babel. "Why, you poor child! what would you do in New York? have you any friends there?"

"No," said Beatrice, slightly shifting her rather trying position on the fence; "I haven't got any friends there or any where else that I know of."

"Then what would become of you in New York—what would you do?"

"Oh! I guess I'd know what to do fast enough. Did you ever go to the circus?"

"No," said Fanny, smiling; "never!"

"Well, I did once, and it's just heavenly!"

"And how came you to go to such a place?" asked Fanny.

"*Such a place*, indeed! You don't know any thing about it; if you never went there, how could you? and you're the more to be pitied, for it's splendid! Well, grandmother she was sick (sicker than usual, I mean), and poor Janey she had her hands full tending her, for she's a real dragon when she's sick, I can tell you, and wears Janey off her legs tending her; Janey says sometimes she guesses she'll have to get a tinker to patch up her patience for her, for she says it's 'most worn to rags! And so, while Janey was busy, I ran down to Mr. Smith's the grocer's (it was when we lived in New York), and he and his children were all going, and he said he'd take me with 'em, he was a real good sort of a man and kind, and so I went; but when grandmother found it out wasn't she mad? But she couldn't take it away from me *then*, you know; and if I didn't have a splendid time I don't know! Didn't you ever go to a circus—never, any one?"

Fanny shook her head.

"Oh, what a pity! And you never saw Zamperlinda? Oh, that's too bad! Well, I must tell you about her. In the first place, you see, she's the most beautiful creature, Zamperlinda is, that you ever laid your eyes on. She is not

much bigger than you (well, maybe a little taller), and she is jest as white as a lily, and her cheeks as red as roses! Yes, and she had her hair done up full of flowers and feathers, and beautiful shining things hanging down behind; and oh! she had such beautiful little wings, just like a butterfly, shining like silver. I wonder did they grow there, really, truly; do you suppose they did?"

"Oh! no; I guess not," said Fanny, laughing.

"Oh! well, no; they couldn't, could they? Pshaw! no, I don't suppose they did, but they looked jest as natural as natural could be! And then her dress—oh! I must tell you about that, it was so splendid! beautiful white lacy-looking stuff, all ruffles, and covered with little shiny things, just for all the world like dew. Why, it was just delightful to look at her. And she sung, but I didn't think much of her singing; to tell the truth that was rather squeaky. But then she danced—oh, so splendidly! see here—she did this way."

And springing from her roosting-place on the fence into the street Beatrice performed an exaggerated pirouette, which, though exceedingly graceful and artistic, and well-calculated to "bring down the house" on the boards of a circus, was so remarkably out of keeping with the present time, place, and audience that meek little Fanny looked at her in shuddering horror.

"Oh! don't, don't, don't, Beatrice—for mercy sake don't do so," she said, imploringly; "and right out in the street too. Oh, Beatrice, only think—what if somebody should come by and see you?"

"Well, and what if they should?" said Beatrice, stopping suddenly in the midst of her swift gyrations, and standing poised on the tips of her toes, in true ballet style, while a look of sublime contempt for Fanny's unappreciative ignorance passed across her handsome features. "What if they should? See me? I expect folks to see me—I want them to see me—I hope they will come, hundreds and thousands, from miles and miles to see me when I'm at the circus, just as they did Zamperlinda. And you must come very often, Fanny; I'll give you a free ticket any time."

"Thank you," said Fanny, not so much elated by this prospective generosity as she should have been. "But, Beatrice, what do you mean by when you are at the circus? Surely your grandmother will never let you go onto the stage!"

"Just as if I should ask her," said Beatrice, twirling round on her toes again; "I'm not such a fool as to expect she would. But if she ever should die, and she must some time or other, you know, won't I go in less than no time? Oh, it must be such a gay, easy life, all light, and flowers, and music, and dancing! Why, I have been practicing for it ever since that night. Zamperlinda had a great wreath of roses, as big as a cart-wheel, hanging up, and she stood up on the back of a horse and rode

round full gallop; and every time she came to the ring of flowers she'd jump right through and come down on the horse's back again just as nice! I can't quite come it. I got a great hoop and put it up in the barn, and I hadn't any horse, you know, but I just run round full speed, and when I come to the hoop I'd try to jump through; well, sometimes I did, and sometimes I missed. But then you see petticoats are so in the way; I guess if I had a short light dress like Zamperlinda's I could get to do it first-rate! And then she walked on the tight-rope, but that's easy enough; I got Jim to put me up a rope and cut me a balance-pole, and I could do that tip-top in less than no time—that's nothing! But grandmother found it out, and it was all my own fault too; I forgot (great goose as I was!) to wipe the chalk off my shoes, and so she told Jim to lock the barn-door and keep it locked just to keep me out; spiteful, wasn't it? But where there's a will there's a way; and it's ten times more fun to climb into the barn-window than it was to march in at the door; so I worked her that time, didn't I?"

"Beatrice," said Fanny, "you said your grandmother was sick; is she *very* sick?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes, I guess so."

"And does she have the doctor?"

"Oh! no; she never does."

"But does she keep her room?" inquired Fanny.

"Keep her room? why, she's kept her bed for a week or more."

"And have any of the neighbors been in to see her?"

"Well, no; not lately. They did come when we first lived here; but grandmother wouldn't see them, nor ask them to come again; so nobody comes now, and I shouldn't think they would."

"Do you think she would like to see my father if he should call?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I expect it would be just as the whim took her."

"Well, you know he is the minister here, and as she is a stranger and sick, I will ask him to call upon her."

"Do, do," said Beatrice, clapping her hands in glee; "that will be prime. You ask him to call and talk brimstone at her, will you? I guess it will do her good."

"Oh! Beatrice, I am ashamed of you; how can you talk so of the only friend you have in the world? You ought to love her."

"She isn't my friend," said Beatrice, passionately: "Janey is my friend; I do love her, for she is kind to me."

"And who is Janey?" asked Fanny.

"Well, she's the woman that does for us; she washes, and cooks, and makes the beds, and tends grandmother, and is good to me. Dear, old Janey! she's just as good as pie. Oh! if it wasn't for her I think I'd just hang myself. No, I don't know as I would either; for I don't suppose it would be very pleasant, and I can use a rope to better purpose. But I wouldn't stay

here another day; I would go and complain to the overseers, and get them to put me into the work-house. I'm sure it would be lively and sociable there, compared to this old rat hole!"

"Why, I think it's a rather pretty place," said Fanny, looking round. "At least, I think it might be."

"Do you? I should have liked to have had you try it last winter. Why the horrid snow was over the gate, banked up for six weeks, and grandmother wouldn't let Jim dig a path. Oh, my soul and body! if you could hear the windows shake, and the old blinds rattle, and the rats and mice tramping round, squeaking and fighting, I guess you'd think it *was* rather pretty!"

"Well," said Fanny, "I must go now, if my father is willing I will come again and see you."

"Do, oh! *do*," said Beatrice, with an earnest kiss. "And let it be soon, that's a dear."

"Oh yes, if I can. So good-by, Beatrice."

"Well, good-by, Fanny; and be sure you come again very soon." And the two young girls separated; but when Fanny had nearly reached the end of the lane, a loud "*Ship-ahoy!*" made her turn round, and she saw Beatrice kissing her hand to her from the very top of a cherry-tree.

Parting from her strange little companion, Fanny Berrian hastened homeward, impatient to relate to her father the adventure of the morning, and ask his sympathy and interest for Grandmother Gray and the strange, wild, but interesting little girl. But we will avail ourselves of our privilege of ubiquity and invisibility, and hasten on to precede her and give the reader some knowledge of the home and the father to whom her steps are tending.

II.

The Reverend Francis Berrian was the only surviving child of a gay and fashionable pair, whose career through life had been neither vicious nor unlawful, but simply selfish, worldly-minded, and superficial. Good-tempered and amiable where self-love did not interfere, living wholly upon the surface of things, floating upon the current of events and rocked by the tide, they had swept along with no more of purpose or intention than the drift-wood which floats by the shore. Living wholly in the Present, gaining no experience from the Past, forming no plans for the Future,

"What Nature made them for, or God designed, They never knew, and never sought to find."

Francis, the only one of their many children who struggled through the perils of childhood, was a bright, loving, and handsome boy; and was, of course, as near to his parents' hearts as any thing had ever been, but that was not very near. Having no plans and purposes for themselves, it was not to be wondered at that they formed none for him. Responsibilities they always shook off; and thus the character and acquirements of the boy were, as far at least as they were concerned, the mere matters of chance. They

clothed and fed him, and sent him to school—because all boys are clothed and fed and schooled. And when the boy, who really had some taste for study, grew older, and expressed a wish to go to college, they did not object—other boys went to college; why shouldn't he? But they never asked themselves or him for what purpose he was acquiring an education.

So Francis Berrian, going to college simply because other boys went, naturally did as other boys did, and committed those boyish indiscretions which seem such gallant exploits to young men, and such ridiculous folly to older ones; and for one of these—thoughtless in the act, but graver in its consequences—he was rusticated, and sent into the family of a country clergyman, to bide his three months' disgrace and exile.

Here his destiny met him in the form of the parson's daughter—a fair, fragile, girl, with soft blue eyes, willowy curls, and a character of much insipid sweetness. Francis, of course, fell madly in love, and of course it was reciprocated, and a hasty engagement formed. The young man could not be expected to look forward to consequences; he had never been taught to do so; it was not the habit of his family. The news was transmitted to his parents, who were, to say the least, not pleased. They wrote a letter of disapproval and remonstrance; and it had all the effect which might have been expected. The young couple were married at once, to put a stop to all interference; and Francis made choice of his father-in-law's profession, and settled down to study under him.

He was a young man of fair talents, and a clever student; and when his mental powers were turned to one point, and no longer suffered to fritter themselves away over all sciences and all pursuits, he made rapid progress, and by the time his studies were over a good parish was awaiting him.

But long before that time came he had become aware of the grand mistake he had made, and saw too plainly the utter desolation of his "land of promise." The grave nature of his studies had matured and elevated his mind; his growing knowledge of human nature had revealed to him his own sad folly; and he saw clearly that, like too many men of his profession, he had married too early in life—before he understood the requirements of his own nature. His poor Mary was gentle and loving; but she was weak and inefficient physically and mentally. She had no sort of faculty, and no energy; and a great amount of both are requisite in the wife of a country clergyman, who is never a sinecurist. She always had a young baby, a sore mouth, a weak back, and poor help; and surely one half of that dreary catalogue might be sufficient to make up the sum of female infelicity! What wonder was it if the light faded from her eyes, the gloss dropped from her hair, the smile fled from her lips, and the sweetness departed, leaving only the insipidity behind? She was never ungentle; but she became nervous, exacting, and querulous. To her husband's

honor be it said, that though his own eyes were opened he never opened hers—never pointed out to her the mistake they had made. He bore bravely and in silence the lot he had so unwisely incurred. He soothed and sympathized, pitied and aided, and took upon himself the cares to which she was unequal; he made a nursery of his study, and turned from his writing-table to answer household demands, and lived on in patient discomfort. Fortunately poverty was not added to his other burdens; he was a fine writer and an eloquent preacher, and had a wealthy and appreciative parish. But few of those who listened to his earnest and forcible sermons, rich in thought and polished in diction, guessed that they were elaborated while he sat in a darkened chamber, soothing the irritability of his sickly wife, or paced the night away, with weary steps, beneath the burden of a teething baby.

But this could not last forever. Poor Mary lingered on until she had neither soul nor body enough to live any longer, and then the attenuated thread of life broke, and Mr. Berrian was left a widower with one daughter and two little boys. Three children!—the usual number. We have sometimes been led to wonder why it is that widowers are commonly left with three children! Is there any philosophical explanation of this remarkable fact in natural history? We know of none; but we could count up, of our own personal acquaintance, scores of widowers left with the inevitable three.

Mrs. Berrian had now been dead about four years, and affairs were a little more comfortable. Not that there was any more order in the house, but things had got into a dead-lock of disorder; and that was rather better than when poor Mary's spasmodic and ineffectual attempts at reformation had riled the whole household into chaos, which usually subsided without producing any good results.

Upon the day in which we have chosen to introduce him to the reader Mr. Berrian was sitting in a large chamber which, though not exclusively study, bedchamber, or sitting-room, partook of the characteristics of all three; the room was at the back of the house, the windows overlooking the yard, from which the dull flap of a wet sheet or table-cloth hanging on the lines, and the chatter of two women over their wash-tubs, came distinctly to his ear, and told him it was washing-day. To be sure it was Wednesday; and "Job's birth-day" is usually held to fall due on Monday; but the family at the Parsonage had long been independent of system, and their washes rarely began before the middle of the week, or ended before Saturday night.

Mr. Berrian, a handsome man, of forty, possibly, with pale, intellectual features, and a slight scholarly stoop in his tall person, was sitting at a writing-table, which, from the number of its quaint, twisted legs, would no doubt have set up a claim to have "come over in the *Mayflower*"—that wonderfully capacious little vessel, which seems, like Noah's ark, to have brought to the

shores of the New World a specimen of all that there was in the old one. This table was heaped with a mass of incongruous things—books, papers, boots and shoes, children's toys, hats, caps, gloves, and shaving things; the extinguished candle of the night before, bending like the tower of Pisa under the weight of the extinguisher; a cup and saucer, with the cold remains of some unhappy-looking coffee; and a bowl of paste with a kitchen spoon in it—very iron-rusty round the spoon and very blue-mouldy on the top.

The minister himself was robed in a dressing-gown which had once been handsome; but it had seen long, hard service; it was faded, and stained, and out at the elbows; and from its many rents the white wool of the wadding had protruded, and suggested the idea that the shepherd had sheared his flock rather extensively. Still, under and notwithstanding these absurd disadvantages, the Rev. Francis Berrian looked what he was—a gentleman and a scholar.

He was busily writing at a rickety old portable desk, so crowded with sermons that its hinges had given way to the rush of knowledge, after a vain attempt to retain all committed to its keeping; and sermons, new and old, finished and unfinished, were bulging and tumbling from its folds, while a dire accumulation of ink and dust spoke negligence in the past and hopelessness in the future of any attempt at cleaning.

Still the worthy man, so long used to all this discomfort as not to know how uncomfortable he was, wrote on. He had encountered and successfully demolished some knotty theological difficulty, and he was trying to find fitting words to convey to other minds the light which opened so clearly to his own. Half a dozen times had his retirement been invaded. The cook had flashed in, like a fiery comet, to tell him the potatoes were out; he had been called down to hold a consultation with the butcher; Eddie had brought him a cut finger for surgical aid; the grocer's bill had been thrust between his paper and his eyes; the washer-woman made a demand for starch; and two parishioners had called upon church matters. Meekly had Mr. Berrian met these various demands upon his time and patience, although each time he left his writing he felt that

—“his brain let slip

The chain of pearls which he just had strung.”

And now Fanny flung open the door, and, tossing her hat on to the half-made bed, advanced with eager steps and a “Well, papa!” upon her lips.

But Mr. Berrian raised his left hand slightly in warning deprecation, and continued to write on, while a pleasant smile hovered about the quiet mouth; and Fanny, who was well used to his ways, stood waiting his leisure in loving patience, thoughtlessly amusing herself by picking the horse-hair out of the rents in the old easy-chair in which her father sat.

A few moments' silence; and then, when the fugitive thought was caught and secured, Mr. Berrian flung down the pen, and turned to his

daughter with a pleasant “Now, then, my darling!” And Fanny, seating herself on the arm of his chair, began her little narrative.

“Well, papa, I went to Mrs. Adams's, and she was very much obliged to you indeed; and John is better; and she thinks he won't have a fever, after all. And Mrs. Jones says we can have the butter; but you must send for it. And I met Mary Symms, and she wants to see you—something about the pulpit-cushion, I don't know what. And Mrs. Briggs says if you will let her have the buttons and twist to-day she can finish Eddie's suit by to-morrow night. And Judge Williams sent you this book; there's something in it he thought you'd like to read—here, this is it, where he turned down the leaf. Oh! and I got you two letters from the post-office; but please, papa, don't read them now, I've got something to tell you. And Mrs. James Carr called me in to say if it makes no odds to you she don't want the baby christened next Sunday, because it's got the rash. And oh! papa, don't you know that old stone house in Brier Lane? Did you know any body lived there, and had lived there for a year nearly? No? There, I thought not! Well, there does; and it is a Mrs. Gray and her grand-daughter—such a queer, funny little girl! And her grandmother is very sick, papa; and I told her (the little girl, I mean) that I'd ask you to call and see them.” And here Fanny related the little adventure of the morning, concluding with, “Won't you go and see them, papa? The little girl seemed so lonely; and she is so pretty and so droll—will you go?”

“Certainly, my dear; I will go this afternoon, when I take my walk. I did not know that house was occupied. I seldom go through Brier Lane.”

“Oh! thank you, papa; and may I go with you?”

“I think not, my dear; as you saw the little girl only this morning it does not seem necessary; and from what you tell me the young lady is not all one could choose as a companion, I am afraid.”

“Well, no, papa, I don't suppose she is; but she is so pretty and so interesting I want to see her again.”

True to his word, the afternoon saw Mr. Berrian on his way to Brier Lane. As he entered the neglected little front yard the utter desolation and forlornness of the place would have been evident to almost any one else; but the good pastor was too much used to discomfort and neglect at home to notice them. He only thought, as the gate swinging open on a broken hinge pinched his fingers, that perhaps it would be better not to shut it at all.

Walking up the green, untrimmed pathway, something touched his arm, and turning, he found Beatrice by his side. Fanny's description of her rather remarkable person had been too accurate to admit of a doubt as to who his companion was; but the child's whole manner was so subdued and gentle, her bearing so quiet

and self-possessed, that he felt Fanny must have exaggerated the morning's interview.

"If you please, Sir," she said, in low, sweet tones, but with a hurried tremble in her breath, "are you Fanny minister's father?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Berrian, "I am the minister; and it was my daughter Fanny who was here this morning."

"And you've come to see my grandmother?"

"Yes, if she would like to see me."

"Did Fanny tell you I wanted you to come?"

"Yes, I understood her to say so. Do you think your grandmother will be able to see me this afternoon?"

"I don't know, Sir; I hope so; but if she should, please not to say I asked you to come—please don't; grandmother might be angry with me."

"Oh no, my child," said Mr. Berrian, kindly; "I will be very careful, do not fear."

"Thank you, Sir; that's all." And even as it seemed to Mr. Berrian while she was speaking, she had disappeared.

The minister's summons at the door was answered by a neat-looking woman, middle-aged, short, stout, and cheery-looking in face and manner.

"Is Mrs. Gray well enough to see me?" asked the gentleman.

"I guess not, Sir," was the ready answer. "She's ill in bed and does not see any one, unless," she added, with an inquiring look, "your business is very important."

"Oh no," said Mr. Berrian; "I only called from a wish to be of use. I am the clergyman of this place, and hearing to-day she was here, ill, and a stranger, I called to see if I could do any thing for her. Had you not better take up my name and say I am here to offer my services in any way?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I will if you wish; but I doubt if she will see you. Who shall I say?"

"Say, if you please, that Mr. Francis Berrian, the minister of this place, has just heard of her illness, and has called to ask if he can be of service to her in any way."

But the woman didn't move. Slowly ejaculating the words, "For the pity's sake!" she stood gazing at him, with open mouth and wide eyes, as if incapable of motion.

"Had you not better take up my name to Mrs. Gray?" mildly suggested the parson.

"My soul and body! goodness gracious!" said the woman, still earnestly regarding him. "Well, and if that don't beat all! I do declare! Who—*who* did you say?"

"The Reverend Francis Berrian."

"Well there—I want to know—I *never*! Why, Francis Berrian! My soul and body! Don't you know me?"

"No!" said Mr. Berrian, regarding her more attentively, "I do not think I do; there is something familiar in your face, too, but I can not recall your name. When, and where, did I ever meet you?"

"Sakes alive! Why, Francis Berrian! don't

you remember Jane Mathews, who lived with your pa and ma, when you was a boy, and tended you in that typhus fever you had?"

"Jane Mathews? Yes, indeed! to be sure I do; I've thought of you many and many a time; I wonder I did not know you," said Mr. Berrian, warmly returning her cordial shake of the hand.

"But that was a good while ago, Jane!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mathews, "it's nigh upon thirty years, I guess. But you do look kind'er nat'ral after all. You see, I kep' a looking and a looking at you, and I sez to myself, How much he does look like somebody or other! and, sure enough, it was *yourself* you looked like. Why, I declare! now I look at you, knowing it's you. Why, you look jest as nat'ral as all out-doors!"

"And I think you look very natural too, Jane; considering how many years have gone by."

"Me? oh laws yes; I look jest as nat'ral as a nat'ral fool, don't I? I always did. But do walk in. And so you're the Minister here. I declare and vow, if I'd have knowed it, I'd have contrived to come and hear you preach just for the fun of it! My soul! Why, Master Frank (there, excuse me, I couldn't help it, calling you so, for it's as good as a dinner to see you), do you remember that day you drank up all the tamerine water at once, and Dr. White, how he scolded me for it?"

"Oh no! I do not remember about the tamarinds, Jane; but I *do* remember how kind and patient you were, and how you used to sing to me 'Young Johnny the Miller' and 'The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day.'"

"So I did, so I did; I declare I had forgot all about them old songs. I must try to come down to your house I guess, and see all your folks, and have a good talk, all about old times, only I don't know how to get away from here, really."

"Why, is Mrs. Gray so very ill?"

"Well, I guess she'll never be any better; that's my opinion; and I guess it's hers."

"What does the Doctor say of her case?"

"Don't have any—never does—*won't*! I wish to the mercy she would, for I feel awful oneasy to be here, with only a dying woman and a little gal; it ain't what I hired for. But she won't send for any body else, and I hain't the heart to go off, and leave her with ony poor little Beatrice, poor child!"

"What sort of a girl is this little Beatrice?"

"As good a gal as ever lived if folks ony knew how to treat her right. But her grandmother don't; she's always grabbing at her, and hectoring her; the poor thing leads the life of a toad under a harrow. I believe she and her grandmother hate each other."

"This is very terrible, Jane. What is the cause of it?"

"Well, it's easy enough to see why Beatie hates her; she'd be an angel if she didn't; for she never gives her a pleasant word or kind look."

"But what is the reason? Does Beatrice provoke her in any way?"

"Not a bit! She never gives her a saucy answer; I wonder she don't sometimes. I don't see how she can stand it; but she keeps out of her way as much as she can, and is cutting round outdoors most of the time, poor little soul! You see, Sir, as near as I can make it out, Beatrice's mother was Mrs. Gray's only child, and married against her will; and so she was mad with the man for marrying her daughter, and mad with her daughter for being married, and maddest of all with poor Beatie, for being born; jest as if it was her fault, poor little soul! I dare say she didn't want to be born more'n the rest of us. I didn't want to be born; you didn't want to be born; folks don't have their choice in that matter as ever I heard of; and I'm sure if Beatie had known what a more'n dog's life she was coming to, she'd never have undertook it. But there! I'm keeping you standing listening to my gabble. You jest sit down, won't you, and I'll see if the old lady will see you? I doubt if she will though."

In a few moments Mrs. Mathews returned, in evident surprise, to say Mrs. Gray would see Mr. Berrian; and following her up stairs the Pastor entered a large chamber, scrupulously neat indeed, but bare and desolate looking. It was not the mere want of comfort which struck the visitor; that would scarcely have been felt by him—he was used to that. It was the utter cheerlessness, the sense of gloom and desolation which seemed to haunt the very air, and crept round him, and enveloped him like a fog—and that he was not used to. His home, ever full of sunshine, and the glad voices of happy, loving children, was always cheerful, if disorderly.

He found Mrs. Gray—a tall, gaunt, stern-featured woman, with wildly-flashing, hollow eyes, and sallow complexion—sitting erect and stiff in bed; a dark blanket-shawl being put over her head and pinned closely beneath the chin, like a hood, from whence its ample folds fell around her, enveloping her whole person, except the bony and emaciated hands which were clasped about her knees.

There was something so repellent and forbidding in the whole air and aspect of the woman that for one moment Mr. Berrian almost regretted his intrusion. But stepping quietly to the bedside, he briefly informed her he had recently learned that Brier Lane had an occupant, and hearing of her illness, he had called to offer his services. Mrs. Gray's replies were curt and almost repulsive at first, but Mr. Berrian was a true gentleman and a Christian. His naturally kind heart, and his knowledge of the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature, had given him tact, and in his frequent visits among the sick and suffering he had gained a useful experience. He asked about her health, and learned she was the victim of a cureless disease, rapidly gaining upon her. He expressed interest and sympathy, and his gentle manner and soothing words had an influence beyond his expectations. It is

often the case that reserved persons, when they do cast aside their reserve and become confidential at all, are more open and communicative than those of a more genial character; and Mrs. Gray, long unused to the language of kindness, and who had for months past held communication with no being but her attendant and unloved grandchild, could not resist his persuasive voice and gentle manner. Gradually and imperceptibly to herself, led on rather by her own deep need of human sympathy than by any inquiries on his part, she told him the history of her life.

She told him of her motherless and neglected childhood; of the disappointment of her early and unhappy marriage; of her husband's alienation and unkindness; of his heartless desertion, when her only child was six months old; how her heart had then become bound up in her child, her idol, her all; how beautiful her Alice was, how lovely, how loving, and how good; how she had determined to save her from sorrows like her own; and remembering her own sad, unloved childhood, she had lavished every endearment upon her child, gratifying every wish, denying her nothing; that she had decided Alice should never marry, to be, like her, the slave of a tyrant husband; and how for years they had lived thus, mother and child, all in all to each other; and then (and here the trembling, husky voice, grew fierce and high)—a hateful foreigner, "an Italian Jumping Jack"—she used the very word little Beatrice had repeated—stole her child's heart away from her. How she had wept, and prayed, and counseled, and warned, and threatened Alice, in vain; and how, when she refused to listen to their mad folly, Alice fled from her, "and left her for the stranger;" and then how, in the rage of her great grief, she had spurned her child and cursed her son-in-law.

And then she told him that a year after this ill-omened marriage Alice's husband was called home by his mother's death; and when Beatrice was born, during his absence, Alice had sent to ask her mother to come to her, and she in her indignant scorn had refused her. And then, when she heard of Alice's danger, her mother's heart gave way, and she went—alas! too late! too late! Alice had only lived to see her child baptized into the faith of its father, and had named it Beatrice for his mother. "And then," she said, "I was mad—mad with remorse and rage. I determined to pay back to him the bitter wrong he had done to me: he had stolen my child; I would steal his. A poor exchange, his miserable, wailing baby, for my beautiful and loving girl! I collected together all I was worth; I took the child and fled, and hid myself, my wrongs, and my revenge, in the heart of a great city. But what then? I had bereft him of his child—that was something. But what had I gained? His child bore no look of my lost Alice. She was all father; and the hated resemblance was a daily curse to me."

Then she said that, not knowing if the man

she so hated was in this country or not, she had feared that Beatrice, who was fast outgrowing her control, might, from her resemblance to her father and her Italian name, be discovered by some of her father's friends; and she had removed to the country, to keep her still in retirement. But her own life was failing fast—she wanted some legal adviser; could Mr. Berrian recommend some one to her?

This Mr. Berrian readily promised; and then, feeling her time was indeed short, he spoke to her, kindly but plainly, pointing out to her the deep sin of her life, and urging upon her repentance and reparation, so far as it was now in her power to effect. Then he asked if there was any thing against the character of Beatrice's father?

Mrs. Gray paused a while before replying to this question. She had so hated the man—so long regarded him as an enemy—that it was hard to bear a fair testimony in regard to him. But though blinded by passion she was truthful, and acknowledged it was jealous love for her child which had prejudiced her so much against him.

After a long and earnest conversation, in which Mr. Berrian had the satisfaction of finding her feelings much less vehement than at first, he rose to leave her, promising to call the next day.

"But you have not told me yet the name of little Beatrice's father," he said, as he bade her good-by; "have you any objection to my knowing it?"

"Only that I hate to speak it," she said. "It has not passed my lips for years. His name was Orsini; he called himself a Count, but all foreigners do *that*, I believe—don't they?"

"Count Orsini! What! Not Count Leopold Orsini?" said Mr. Berrian.

"Yes; that is what he called himself."

"Is it possible? Why, I knew him well. He was my early friend and class-mate, and a better man or a truer gentleman I never knew! Is it possible that Beatrice is my old friend's child? But I have made you a long call, and I fear a fatiguing one. Good-by; I will call again, if you would like to see me; and I will send a lawyer to you to-morrow."

III.

For nearly two weeks Mr. Berrian and Fanny were almost daily visitors at Brier Lane, where, by Mr. Berrian's active kindness, a good nurse and physician were now in attendance, and the worthy clergyman had the deep satisfaction of knowing that under his gentle ministrations, as Mrs. Gray's life ebbed away, the fierce vindictive rancor of her resentment subsided. She even, at his request, allowed him to write a letter to the once hated Orsini, to be given to him *after her death*, in which she asked and accorded forgiveness for their mutual wrong-doing; for no argument of her friendly adviser could convince her he had not wronged her as much in marrying her child as she had him in kidnapping his. But, though stubbornly obtuse

upon this one point, she was penitent and resigned, and Mr. Berrian felt that the close of her life was far more peaceful and more hopeful than could have been expected from the first interview.

When the last sad scene was over Mr. Berrian found she had left a will, giving all the little property she had to Beatrice, and naming him as executor and guardian; and he took her at once to his own house till her father should be found and summoned. Thither Jane Mathews accompanied her, as she expressed a wish to be near Beatrice until she found her father. "For though she's a real good child," she said, "and don't mean the least mite of harm, yet she has queer ways, and ain't a bit like other gals. And I'd like to hang round till her father comes; and I guess I can contrive to make myself useful in your family. I can 'most always work my passage, in one way or another, while I've got my ten fingers."

And useful, indeed, Mrs. Mathews did make herself in the minister's disorderly house; always cheerful and pleasant-tempered, her quiet energy was daily spent in bringing order out of confusion, and neatness out of topsy-turvyness.

Beatrice, under her training, had already acquired habits of neatness which would last her a lifetime. And poor, motherless Fanny only needed example and stimulus to make her a clever little housekeeper; while, in return, her quiet, gentle ways were fast subduing the hoydenish rudeness of Beatrice. Day by day, without annoyance or encroachment, the house began to wear a new aspect; and while Jane stood between the master and his servants and tradespeople, she saved him from the wastefulness of the one and the peculations of the others, and frugal, but orderly, well-served meals took the place of coarse profusion. At last the ambition of the zealous and affectionate reformer reached even to the person of the minister himself (and not before it was needed).

"Fanny, dear," she said, one day, as he came from his room equipped for his walk, and looking even more forlorn and shabby than usual—"Fanny, dear, you ain't going to let your pa go down the street such a figure as he is, be you?"

"Figure!" said Fanny, looking up in consternation, with partial eyes which could see nothing wrong in the father she loved and venerated.

"Figure!" said the impulsive Beatrice, jumping up. "Why, Janey! what do you mean? I'm sure he's the handsomest man in town, and the best."

"What is the matter with me, Jane?" said the amused parson, turning from the admiring girls to the friendly critic. "What is amiss?"

"Well, excuse me, Sir, but you do look like the very old Scramtum, begging your pardon! Why, your coat is all dusty, and it's real threadbare all round the collar and cuffs; and it's lost two buttons, and one button-hole is all tore out—see here! And who under the canopy ever saw a Christian minister in low-cut shoes and

blue yarn stockings before? I'm sure I never did in all my days. And I don't really think, Sir, you've shaved to-day, or yesterday either, have you?"

"No," said Mr. Berrian, rubbing his chin, "I haven't. It is some trouble to have the water brought up, and I don't shave every day."

"Trouble!" said Mrs. Mathews; "no it ain't; no trouble in the world; not a mite of trouble. I'll see to that. But really I wonder how your people have any respect for you if you go among them looking so. Why, your collar looks as though you'd slept in it. Fanny, dear, hain't your pa got a better suit?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Berrian, "I have; but I thought this would do."

"Do to work in the garden with, but not to walk out in. Fanny, dear, you jest git out his best suit, and I'll brush 'um. I guess he can afford to dress like a gentleman, your pa can. And here, Beatie, your fingers can go like a steam-engine, you jest sew up the rips in these old black gloves, won't you? Now, Mr. Berrian, if you'll step up stairs I'll bring up the water, and you jest shave, and spruce up a bit, while Joe brushes your shoes. And Fanny, hain't he got any black stockings? You jest get him out a pair, won't you?"

When Mrs. Mathews took up the water she stopped to lay out fresh linen, and such an array of ragged, buttonless garments rarely graced the domestic museum of any man, bachelor or benedict.

"My soul and body!" soliloquized the zealous little woman as she shook them out one after another, and laid them aside in a hopeless state of raggedness. "Why goodness o' man! it's enough to make a body's hair stand on end to see such a set of raggified ruins! I wonder how he ever got into 'um. There ain't one fit for a chimney-sweeper to put on. I guess he had to turn the corner sudden when he see the ragman coming. I declare a sewing-machine that would run itself and find its own thread wouldn't more'n meet the wants of this family!"

But thinking this, she only said: "I guess you want some new shirts, Mr. Berrian; if you'll give me the money I'll go to the store and get the linen, and I and these gals can make you a set jest as well as not while I'm here; and I'll bet they'll wear as long agen as these boughten store things."

By the time Mr. Berrian, shaved, combed, and brushed, and in his better suit, came down from his chamber, Jane handed him a pair of nicely-polished shoes. "There!" she said; "them look something like! Why, they was as red as a copper. Now, Fanny, get him a clean handkerchief. Lord, child! not a red one, for the pity's sake! Do get a white one, dear!"

"He hasn't got any others," said Fanny, laughing; "he never has."

"Why, Fanny Berrian! you don't mean to say your pa takes one of them red silk things to church with him, and lays it on the pulpit cushions close to the Holy Bible, do you?"

"I guess he does," said Fanny.

"Why, is it very wicked, Jane?" asked the amused object of her cares.

"Well, I should think so, Sir," said Jane, gravely. "Warn't the old Levites in the Bible times forbid to serve in the Temple without clean white linen? You ought to know best; but I should think you might be as nice as one of them old Jews any how!"

"It would seem so," said the minister, meekly, although he could not help smiling at the quaint authority.

"Fanny dear, you jest run and get him one of your handkerchiefs jest for to-day, won't you? I suppose *you* don't carry red ones, though I don't know as it would be a bit worse if you did! And if you please, Sir, I'll get you a dozen when I get the linen."

"Very well, Jane, get just what you think best, and thank you, too; only don't make quite a beau of me in my old age."

"Oh, don't he look a picture!" cried Beatrice, impulsively, as the really handsome parson, in trim attire and much improved by his careful toilet, walked forth almost like a new creation. "Is not he a beauty, and the best man in the world too! Oh, Fanny! if you'll sell me half your right in him I'll give you all my grandmother has left, and think I'd made a blessed good bargain too. Oh, if my new father would only be like *him* I wouldn't say a word against him."

"Say a word against him!" said Mrs. Mathews; "I should think not, indeed! - Why, Beatie, most girls would be wild with delight to find a father."

"Well, I am not," said Beatrice, frankly. "I suppose it is because I am not used to having fathers, and it comes awkward to me; and it is rather hard on me—now you must both allow that—just as I have got rid of my grandmother."

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" said Fanny, reproachfully.

"Well, I know, I did not mean to, Fanny. I won't. I mean just as I thought I was going to be my own mistress, and have my own way, and do what I choose, and be just as happy as a duck in a mud-puddle, I am told I've got this unnecessary father knocking about the world somewhere; and of course he'll come and put a stop to every thing. Now what need is there of my having a father at this late day? I did without so long I guess I could worry through alone. And then, when he does come, what a fussy time that will be! I sha'n't know what to say or do. I shall appear like a fool, I know I shall. I've tried half a dozen times to make up a speech, and I can't. What *must* I say? I can't get beyond 'Oh, my beloved father!'—and *that's* a fib!"

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Mathews. "Don't bother your silly little head in that way. He won't want a speech from you, I'll bet."

"But what must I say and do? Do tell me!"

"Don't say or do nothing. Wait and see what he says and does. He is the one to say and do, not you."

"Well, now," said Beatrice, "is he? There's some sense in that. Janey, you are a darling; you always come to my relief. I never thought of that before; it's quite an idea. And so he is to be the chief actor then, is he? I thought it must be me. Heigh-ho! I do wish it was over, it makes me fidgety."

At this moment Mr. Berrian re-entered the room, and behind him came, with hasty steps, a tall, dignified, handsome man.

"Beatrice, my dear child, your father!" he said.

Taken wholly by surprise, poor Beatrice clung, blushing and trembling, to Fanny, with her dark, gazelle-like eyes fixed with a beseeching gaze upon the advancing stranger with an air like that of a startled fawn, half fear half confidence, and the rich color mantling her cheeks. Never had she looked more beautiful. But as he silently opened his arms to her Nature asserted her claim. The intended speech was forgotten; not even "Oh, my beloved father!" came from the trembling red lips, as, springing forward, she was clasped to the heart of the parent who had so long and so vainly sought for his lost child.

"There, now; you see I was right after all," said Mrs. Mathews, confidentially to Fanny, half an hour afterward. "You see there wasn't no need of speechifying, and I knowed there wouldn't be. Laws, no! words ain't nothing at sich times. There wasn't a word spoke between 'um; and I'll wage they are both just as well satisfied as if each of 'um had delivered a Fourth of July oration at the other."

THE RAREY METHOD.

I.

AMONG the many attentive spectators of Mr. Rarey's performances none was more conspicuous than Mrs. Moody. Indeed, she looked and listened with so rapt an interest that you might have supposed her about to try in person the business of horse-taming, and bent on acquiring the secret. The truth was, however, that she had a very unmanageable partner to deal with at home; and during the accounts of Cruiser's former viciousness, of the way in which he had defied all laws of stable and saddle, bitten and trampled his grooms, and rendered himself a terror to all who had to do with him, she drew certain parallels in her own mind. This fiendish courser now walked about the stage docile as a kitten; he obeyed each look and tone of the master-spirit without resistance or delay. Might not the treatment which had answered so well in the one case prove efficacious also in the other? She must bend all her powers to the task, and find out how to do it.

As the result of her attention two things impressed themselves on her mind as needful to success, and these were *Firmness* and *Gentleness*.

Firmness—that part was easy enough; any

woman bent on having her own way would find no difficulty there. But Gentleness—persevering gentleness—there was the trial! How *could* you be gentle when some one else was a perfect bear? Her spirit rose at the very thought. Yet Cruiser had formerly trampled, bitten, and torn, and gentleness had brought him down and kept him down. Well, it was worth trying. She would make the attempt, at any rate.

Some fifteen years before Sophia Jenkins had become Mrs. Moody. She was then a lively, rather pretty girl, with a quick temper and a kind heart, easily ruffled, speedily reconciled. Mr. Moody's character, on the contrary, was considerably in accordance with his name. He dwelt a long time on any real or fancied injury, adding to its heinousness by the continued meditation, so that the thing which was a slight on Tuesday grew into a positive insult by Tuesday week. Sophia was generous to a fault. Mr. Moody prudent almost to the verge of parsimony. She delighted in sociability—a friend to spend the day, company to tea, callers of an evening, an occasional party or ball. Mr. Moody's idea of comfort was a good fire, dressing-gown and slippers, the newspaper and nobody around to "bother." He saw people enough all day down town. What he wanted at home was rest and quiet—to be let alone, and not obliged to think of entertaining any body.

Neither had married quite in ignorance of the other's faults, though, seen through the enchanted medium of love, they had doubtless looked much less formidable than the prosaic daylight of wedded life revealed them. Mr. Moody promised himself that he should readily overlook Sophia's occasional petulance in consideration of her numerous excellent qualities; she felt certain that she should control her temper and give him no cause to harbor resentment against her. She flattered herself that she should grow very domestic in order to please him; he intended to make great sacrifices in the way of accompanying her into society. Through the honey-moon and a few weeks later this pleasant state of affairs continued. But one morning Sophia awoke with a headache, and was cross; Mr. Moody was indisposed to patience, and responded harshly. Sophia's temper rose; her husband grew surly; and that worst of storms, the first quarrel, came on. Of course there was a great deal of subsequent repentance and self-accusation, ending with a tender reconciliation; but the ice once broken it was not long before the second quarrel ensued. Repentance this time was slower and less thorough; and it came to pass that after a series of disagreements the after-piece of reconciliation was entirely omitted. Harsh reproaches and cutting retorts alternated with long periods of coolness. Sophia went more and more into society; her husband remained determinedly at home. Her extravagance grew intolerable, said Mr. Moody. His parsimony was really despicable, thought Sophia. The children, which at intervals appeared upon the scene, did not tend to attach or rec-

oncle their parents. Ambitious for herself, the mother became doubly so for them, while their father felt acutely the increasing drain upon his purse. At the date of which we write open quarrels were few, or conducted in discreet Caudle seclusion, to avoid scandal with the children; but there was a spirit of settled hostility—determined aggression on the wife's part, just as obstinate resistance on the husband's.

Meanwhile Mr. Moody's business flourished, and all to which he put his hand prospered mightily. His wife was well aware of the fact, and it stimulated her ambition. What had she done to deserve of fate that it should bury her on the east side of the town, when half her acquaintances could date their notes from the most select localities? True, the house was spacious and comfortable, not very far from Broadway, either, and in a most respectable neighborhood; still it was *east*, and Mrs. Moody felt a high-bred scorn of the slightest taint of Orientalism. Why should she be doomed to wear away life in a dwelling of brick, and only three stories at that, while Semantha White was perked up in a brown-stone mansion with every modern improvement? All the world knew who Henry White was; he began with nothing, and they lived, goodness knows how long, in that little house in Amity Street. As for Semantha, why her people were really quite poor, kept only one servant, and Semantha used to help with the baking and fine ironing. Sophia had often been sorry for her, when they were girls together, for being at such disadvantage in the way of dress and living. And now look at them! Madison Avenue and no end of horses and carriages and servants in livery. *She* might ride in omnibuses all her days, or go on foot, for all that Mr. Moody would care. It wasn't as if they were poor and couldn't afford it; her husband could buy out Henry White any day. And there was Louise, growing so tall and really such a very pretty girl; was it not a mother's duty to give that dear child all the benefits of an elegant home and refined associations? Again and again did she attack Mr. Moody on the subject; again and again was she repulsed with ignominy. Still she kept the purpose fresh in her heart, and looked over the paper sedulously for advertisements of sales. They were always there to tantalize or encourage her; brown stone, rosewood doors, walnut staircases, all that her soul longed after; always, too, to be had at such bargains, and the "terms made easy to suit the purchaser."

Mr. Rarey's exhibition, she felt with inward assurance, had given her a clew. She slept but little that night, revolving in her mind schemes of struggle and conquest.

II.

Among Mr. Moody's whims was one in favor of early rising: he was never weary of quoting Poor Richard on that head, and prophesying ruin to all who did not follow his advice. Sophia detested Poor Richard, regarding him as the avatar of the rather niggardly thriftiness which

was the bane of her life. Indeed, she often declared that next to "Young's Night Thoughts" she hated that book of maxims. It had long been Mr. Moody's wont to rise at six of the clock, partake of a solitary and often ill-cooked breakfast, and be off down town before the wife of his bosom made her appearance below stairs. On the morning which followed Mr. Rarey's performance he entered the breakfast-room expecting to behold, as usual, the soiled table-cloth put on askew, the two or three plates and dingy tin coffee-pot which contained his needful nourishment. Snowy damask and glittering china, smoking dishes and steaming urn awaited him instead. And behind that urn sat a female whom he scarcely recognized, so different was her appearance from that of the wife who on rare occasions had shared his morning banquet. He could recall with great distinctness the delaine wrapper which had formerly figured at these repasts; a shapeless garment, worn without collar or cuffs, and with no visible accompaniment save a pair of old slippers. Hebe herself would have looked a fright in it. The lady who sat there awaiting him as if it were the most common occurrence in the world was very differently got up. Her well-fitting morning-dress was relieved at throat and wrists by narrow bands of glossy linen, while the skirt flowed away over the prettiest combination of tucks and embroidery; her dark hair was brushed smoothly from her temples and crowned with a coquetish little breakfast-cap. With her bright cheeks, good teeth, and smiling eyes she was an attractive woman still, spite of the thirty-five years that had passed over her head, and for one moment Mr. Moody's heart quite warmed to her as he gazed. Only one moment, however, the next the demon of suspicion entered his soul.

"Well, Sophia, what is it you want?" he asked, seating himself. "Speak up—don't be bashful."

"A bit of the steak, if you please," she replied.

"Oh, nonsense. You know very well what I mean. Of course I don't suppose all this display of china and dry-goods was got out for nothing. Is it for yourself or the children—and how much do you want?"

For three seconds Mrs. Moody was speechless with indignation; in the fourth she recovered herself. This was the beginning of the ordeal, and she must not fail. What if Mr. Rarey had become enraged at the first show of Cruiser's viciousness? Where, then, would have been his mastery over that terrific steed? "Fear and anger," she recalled, "should be equally unknown to the true horseman." So with a superhuman effort she conquered every demonstration, and replied as amiably as possible,

"You are quite mistaken, Robert; I want nothing except that we should take our breakfast comfortably together."

It was a good-natured answer, and on the whole a true one, since she had no especial article in mind at the time. This was only a part of the grand movement toward final triumph.

The meal went on. Sophia paid no attention to her liege lord's rudeness, unless he might fancy that her persistent chattiness was intended as a cover to any awkward feeling on his part. She gave him liberally of cream and sugar, insisted on filling his cup a third time, and studiously refrained from saying "My dear." Mr. Moody began to feel pretty thoroughly ashamed of himself before half his steak had disappeared; but of course he did not admit any thing of the kind. That would have been going against nature.

"Excellent coffee!" he at last prevailed upon himself to say. "Very different from the slop Bridget usually favors me with."

"Yes," responded his wife; "I made it myself, or at least showed Bridget how to do it. With a little oversight she will soon learn to have it just as good as this."

The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. "If you were more in the habit of giving such 'oversight,'" said Mr. Moody, "the meals in this house would oftener be fit to eat."

Sophia turned pale. "Brute!" she inwardly ejaculated. But an instant afterward she replied, meekly, "I dare say you are right. Bridget is quite teachable, and with a little looking-to will make a very fair cook, I think. At any rate, I shall try."

"I shall be glad to have you do so," commented her husband; but from his tone it was quite impossible to guess whether he meant to say, "It's a very sensible proceeding, my dear wife, and one which I thoroughly admire and approve in you;" or whether it implied, "It is high time you were about it; you have neglected your husband and your home quite long enough." Sophia did not puzzle herself to study out the hidden meaning; she bade Mr. Moody a cheerful good-morning in the upper hall, and betook herself to considering other details of the campaign.

"Louise," said she, a few hours after, as her eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, was going diligently through page after page of intricate variations, "can't you play any tunes?"

"Tunes, mamma?" asked the young lady, quite bewildered. "I don't know what you mean."

"I will show you;" and plunging into the music-rack she brought forth an ancient volume, with "Sophia Jenkins" in gilt letters on the cover. It contained her own early "pieces," and as she turned the leaves familiar titles met her eye. The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep, The Ocean Wave ditto, Jenny Lind and Carlotta Grisi Polkas, and hosts of kindred gems. At the end of the work was a collection of "popular" airs—Campbells are Coming, Hail to the Chief, Patrick's Day, and the like.

"Here, Louise," said she, "I want you to put by your lesson and practice these a while."

"Oh, mamma!" groaned the girl; "those horrid things! What should I learn them for?"

"Not at all horrid; very pretty pieces, and used to be greatly admired when I was young.

It's on your father's account that I want you to do it. He does not care for fashionable music, but he likes these old tunes very much, and would be delighted to hear you play them now and then. Just run them over a little, and be very careful of the time: he is so particular about *that*." So Louise spent an hour or two, to her great amusement, over that funny old book. To think of mamma sitting regularly down in company to play such things!"

Mr. Moody's key turned in the door that evening at least half an hour before the usual time.

"How you surprised me!" said his wife, coming into the hall. "I had no idea that you would be home so early."

Mr. Moody had ridden up town in an uncommonly pleasant frame of mind, but this remark somehow grated on his feelings.

"Not too early for your convenience, I trust," he answered. A pause. "If it is, I can go out again."

"What an unhappy temper!" thought Sophia, in the virtuous consciousness of being able to control her own. Then, aloud: "Oh no; we are very glad to see you, I am sure, only dinner isn't quite ready yet, and I meant to have it prompt to the minute of your return. Louise, run and get your father's slippers, and hang his dressing-gown before the fire, so that he can put it on as soon as we have dined; and light the gas in the back-parlor—or stay, I'll do it myself. Now, Robert," she continued, poking the coals in the grate to a vigorous glow, "just sit down and be as comfortable as you can for fifteen minutes, and dinner will be on the table."

The promise was made good, and the meal gave evidence of Mrs. Moody's supervision. Every thing was well cooked and hot, while Jane (chamber-maid and waiter) attended to the wants of the family with quietness and dispatch. Louise, her father's favorite, looked very pretty and womanly; the younger children, well washed and brushed, behaved themselves to perfection. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that Mr. Moody's austerity relaxed, and he became almost genial.

"You were out last night, Sophia," he observed. "What was it?—the opera? a party?"

"No, it was Mr. Rarey's lecture; really a delightful thing! I am sure you would enjoy it. We must go together if he gives another."

"Oh, mamma, take me too!" cried Master Augustus, a youth of seven, with the usual boy-passion for "horse."

"That must be as papa says;" and she proceeded to narrate, with much spirit and at considerable length, the various incidents of the evening.

"Singular knack some of these people have," remarked Mr. Moody. "I have known some wonderful instances, quite like witchcraft."

"Then you don't think it is a power that can be communicated?" asked his wife. "Mr. Rarey talked as if it were a method that could be imparted like any other lesson."

"Not a bit of it! It's a natural gift, like bone-setting or an ear for music. When I was a boy on the farm at home we had a neighbor who possessed the faculty in perfection. All the vicious horses for miles around were brought to him, and he would return them in a week or two gentle as kittens."

"How did he do it?" queried Master Augustus.

"More than I can tell you, my boy. He did nothing at all that any one could see, but he just managed them completely. He told me once, when I asked him about it, that he 'whispered to them.' It's a gift, as I said; nobody could teach it, though good treatment, resolution, and all that, are very well in their way, no doubt."

"It is a curious faculty," observed Sophia.

"Very. I never knew this man to fail but once. Your grandfather, Gussy, had a gray mare, the prettiest creature that could be."

It may be remarked, *en passant*, that Mrs. Moody didn't usually display much eagerness for her husband's early reminiscences. She considered "the farm" as rather objectionable, and was not anxious to hear allusions to it. But she felt a little natural interest on the subject of the *gray mare*.

"Yes," continued Mr. Moody, "the prettiest animal I ever saw; and, in an ordinary way, the gentlest. But there was one thing about her; if she didn't want a man on her back she *wouldn't have him*—that was positive. She didn't throw you, but just got away from you quick as a flash. One hot day, when my father was riding her, he took off his hat and waved it, just to cool his face a little, and the next instant he found himself sitting in the middle of the road, and saw Bell off by the fence nibbling the grass as quietly as if nothing had happened."

"Bully for her!" exclaimed Master Augustus.

"Hush, dear!" said his mother; "that is a very vulgar expression."

"She went from under him so neatly that he sat down in the dust just as he had been sitting in the saddle."

"Was that the only bad thing she did?" asked Gus.

"Yes, that was her only trick, but it was quite enough. When a man is riding he wants to be tolerably sure of staying on his horse's back till he gets to the end of his journey. It isn't pleasant to be set down so unceremoniously, you know."

"But couldn't any body break her?" inquired Gus with interest.

"A great many tried and failed. At last an Englishman came along who had been riding-master in a military school and was really a very thorough horseman, full of bluster and braggadocia besides. Bell was brought round, and let him mount quietly enough. 'Ah, my beauty!' said he, 'I'll soon let you know that you've found your master!' The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was lying among a pile of rails by the roadside."

"Bully for—" again began Augustus; but a look from his mother checked him. "What then, papa?" he said.

"Well, after that my father took her to the man I told you of and left her there for 'summer board.' For the first week or two all went well, and he told us that he could discover no fault in the animal, and wondered that we had any trouble with her. 'Wait a little,' said my father; and sure enough at the end of a month he brought her back and advised us to shoot her or sell her, whichever we preferred, for she was past his management entirely."

"Which did you do?" inquired Augustus.

"We sold her to go on the canal—the fate of all hard cases among her race."

The lesson of the gray mare sank into Sophia's heart. Here, she thought, was her example. A will quiet and accommodating enough so long as all was in harmony with it, but asserting itself when once aroused, and defying every attempt at subjugation.

Mr. Moody's agreeable frame continued after they went up stairs, "Who wants to go to the hat-stand," he asked, "and search my over-coat pockets?"

"I," cried Gus. "And I too," said little Mary, darting from the room. The results of the raid were picture-books for the younger children and a package of bonbons from Maillard's for Louise, who dispensed them freely. Mr. Moody accepted a chocolate-cream or two, and kept on talking instead of betaking himself at once to the newspaper according to custom.

"Louise, dear!" said Sophia, presently; "can't you open the piano and play something for us?"

"If it is any thing sensible," said Mr. Moody. "I don't want to be deafened with any of your opera trash, all hop, skip, and bang."

The young lady rather pouted at this insult to her performances, but Mrs. Moody gently interposed—

"Give us some of the pieces I heard you going over this morning. I think papa will find some of his old favorites among them."

So Louise went dutifully through the old-fashioned waltzes and quicksteps, while Mr. Moody listened with delight, beating time with his foot and calling for one after another of his ancient pieces.

"How well Louise plays," he remarked, aside to his wife. "Really I had no idea of it."

"I thought you hardly did justice to her progress," said Sophia.

"Well, you see I couldn't judge from that jumble she is in the habit of doing. I don't know what other people find in it, but for my own part I had as lief hear scales and exercises; there's neither time nor tune to me. Come to plain sailing, I can tell as well as any body."

It appeared to Sophia that this was a favorable moment to broach a subject which had been unsuccessfully presented on divers previous occasions.

"Do you think she keeps good time, Robert?" was the next inquiry.

"Capital; it's a wonder too. Half your fine performers that spend their lives over Thalberg's variations can't go creditably through the Fisher's Hornpipe; but I've no fault to find with Louise."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so! I can't trust my own ear; but yours, I know, is so very accurate. Don't you think, Robert, that she ought to be having lessons from some one of our best masters? Miss Charraud is very well, but she can't give Weiss's style, for instance; and I really think Louise has learned about all she can from her."

Mr. Moody winced a little, for it was a tender topic. "But Weiss is awfully extravagant in his prices, isn't he?"

"Why, yes—I suppose he is rather high; but haven't you often told me that a good thing must be paid for, and that it was no economy to get a poor article because it was cheap? Now Weiss will certainly give you a good article for your money, and Louise's talent really hasn't justice done it with Miss Charraud. Just play the Marsellaise, without the variations," she whispered to her daughter.

The sounds took Mr. Moody back to those summer evenings in the country, years ago, when the rustic amateurs of "the band" met for practice, and he—a boy of twelve or so—was proud to play the triangle. He saw again the new moon hanging her golden rim in the west, and smelled the spicy breath of the honeysuckles. In fine, he yielded; and Louise was informed, to her great content, that as soon as her present quarter was over she might begin with Weiss.

"But I shall expect you to practice faithfully and improve your advantages. It's the only way there is of getting back my money."

"Don't be uneasy on that score," said Sophia. "I always have to restrain her rather than urge her forward."

The evening ended harmoniously as it had begun. Mr. Moody's heart was so miraculously softened that he said, as they went up stairs, "I believe I was a brute to you this morning, Sophy."

"I think you were, just a little," she answered, laughing. "But no matter about that, you made up for it afterward." And she fell asleep well satisfied with the day's campaign.

III.

The Rarey method thus happily initiated was pursued with signal success. Sophia often found it a trial to rise at the early hour which she had fixed upon; the pillow was so downy, the half-dreamy, half-waking state was so delicious; but the greatness of her object upheld and strengthened her. Faithfully did she preside over every breakfast; faithfully did she lay aside novel or fancy-work, and at stated periods descend to the regions below, conferring with cook over the sacred mysteries of the kitchen. This new course speedily made itself apparent in the increasing comfort of the *ménage*. Sophia began

to feel that housekeeping properly attended to is not half the burden of housekeeping neglected and shirked. The servants became punctual, industrious, and attentive; Bridget, profiting by instruction, grew daily more competent to her place, and bade fair to go on, ere long, with very little supervision. But the greatest change was in Mr. Moody. His fits of bearishness occurred not oftener than once a week, and were greatly softened even then by the resolute amiability with which his wife encountered them. The order to search his pockets had been more than once repeated to the satisfaction of all concerned; now it was a bracelet for Louise, and again the loveliest lace set for her mother. Several times Mrs. Moody had wiled him from his evening domesticity to share her gayeties. They went to Mr. Rarey's exhibition, taking all the children, and the paterfamilias viewed the performances, delighting in his boy's delight, and all unconscious that he was beholding the key to his own destiny. So we poor mortals sit while Fate weaves her web before us, and guess not the design nor see the hand that throws the shuttle!

Once, indeed, he carried his complaisance so far as to accompany his wife to the Opera, and could not but notice what a very stylish woman he escorted. People looked at her a good deal, he saw, and he didn't wonder at it. He began to feel some of the pride of old days in her appearance, and to be flattered that so attractive a person liked to have him go out with her.

Meanwhile visitors at the house noticed certain improvements. The old six-octave piano, which had served Louise so long, gave place to a magnificent Steinway; as handsome a tea-set as Ball and Black could furnish ousted those small and insignificant pieces of plated ware. Sophia determined that every purchase she made should be of the best; something that should not disgrace the new house, if ever she got into it. Now it was a fine engraving—anon a lovely vase or statuette.

The great blow of all, the final coup, she still held in reserve. Mr. Moody bore up wonderfully under her repeated demands, but she would be discreet; "*festina lente*" should be her motto. She remembered that Mr. Rarey advised a slow and cautious approach to the animal you have it in your mind to subdue. Walk gently up to him, accustom him to your presence; after a time delicately caress him, stroke his neck, pat his head, accompany these acts with gentle and familiar expressions: "So my beauty!" "Ho, my nice fellow!" etc. He never advised a rush into the stable and a spring on the horse's back. So she waited week after week, and prudently felt her way.

Alas that so much caution should be defeated in an evil hour! Mrs. Moody took up the paper one morning, and her eye fell on an advertisement that seemed to be printed expressly for her. Just the neighborhood she coveted, brown stone house built by day's work, every modern improvement and elegance, only sold because

the owner was about to leave the country, and to be had at the most tremendous bargain. Here was an opportunity such as might not occur again for months; and the pear, she thought, was ripe enough to pluck. She went about all day with nothing else on her mind, and determined to attack her husband on the subject at the earliest feasible moment.

Unhappily for her plan Mr. Moody came home in one of the worst possible humors. He had put on a pair of tight boots that morning and suffered agonies with them all day. Then business had been so brisk that he could only snatch a hasty lunch that had lain like lead in his system ever since. Added to which, he had had a terrible outbreak with an insolent book-keeper, who had dared in the course of it to call him—his employer Mr. Moody—a paltry fellow, and had sarcastically requested him to select half a dime out of his half million of dollars and he would find that his soul could dance on it, and have plenty of room to spare. Then the omnibus was crowded coming up, and people trod on his toes, and altogether he was in a desperate frame of mind. The feverish excitement engendered by continued dwelling on a single theme must be Sophia's excuse for not observing the unpromising condition of the atmosphere. She hardly noticed his alternations of silence and gruffness throughout dinner, and no sooner were they quietly established for the evening than she opened the attack.

Oh what a storm then burst on her devoted head! She was asked what she supposed a man was made of; if every hair of his head and every drop of his blood were to be turned into money, to supply her selfishness and extravagance? If he was to have heart, brain, and bones for no other purpose than to pour out money, money, money, forever? What would she have? What fool's whim hadn't she been indulged in already? She had wheedled him out of hundreds and hundreds within a month. Look at that piano! Miserable bundle of jingling wires, with tones that a brass kettle ought to blush for! That picture across the room, wretched daub that some half-starved impostor had swindled her ignorance into buying. Sophia here interposed a feeble attempt at justification, but it availed not. The pent-up waters of his grief poured forth. Every fault that Mrs. Moody ever had she heard of now; peccadilloes of years ago were brought up to confound her. Rage lent eloquence to his tongue, and his wrongs were depicted with all the burning energy of a Demosthenes.

For the first few minutes Sophia was overwhelmed with humiliation. This, then, was the result of her long and patient strategy! Her feelings, too, were wounded; what a sequel to the kind and pleasant intercourse of all these weeks! Oh these men! they were brutes! And she nearly burst into tears. Another moment and her agile mind had grasped the situation—Richard was himself again!

"I have tried Gentleness long enough," she

inwardly exclaimed; "it is time now for Firmness to do its work!"

Mr. Moody was in the midst of his most violent philippic. Sophia rose.

"If you have no regard for *my* feelings," she said, with freezing dignity, "do at least respect *yourself* before your children!" And so swept from the room.

Once alone she matured her plan. Firmness—that was what she needed. So far she had carried all before her, and a temporary check, however severe, should not dishearten her.

She stepped into the kitchen. "Jane," she asked, "where is Bridget?"

"Indeed, ma'am, and she'll not be home the night. She's with her sister across the river."

"True, I had forgotten. Well, Jane, you'll have to see to breakfast then. We'll not give you much trouble. You may make coffee and broil a mackerel—nothing more. It will answer for once."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And, Jane, I am not well to-night, and I dare say I shall not be up to-morrow as early as Mr. Moody will want his breakfast. In that case I sha'n't want to be disturbed to get out the keys, so you must just set the table with any thing you can find."

"Yes, ma'am," again responded the obedient Jane.

IV.

Mr. Moody awoke in a much better temper than he had retired in; his wrongs looked not half as heinous by daylight as they had done the night before, and he thought almost remorsefully of the harshness of his objurgations. "Poor Sophia!" he thought, looking at his apparently sleeping spouse, "I did give her rather hard measure, I must confess; but no matter, she's a good creature, and we'll make it all up at breakfast." For Mr. Moody, like most husbands, did not consider it at all needful to go through the ceremony of apologizing to his wife. He would show by his behavior that he was appeased, and she, of course, would be glad enough to come around.

In truth, had Sophia weakly yielded to feeling she would have done so; she had tasted the sweets of peace and harmony, and was loth to resign them even for a time. But a great principle was at stake. This day must decide whether she were to mount and ride her steed, guiding him henceforth as she listed with bit and bridle, or whether she were to descend again to the coaxing and experimenting of the last few months. So she resisted the impulse to get up, and remained perfectly quiet.

Mr. Moody entered the breakfast-room expecting to find his wife, as usual, behind the urn; a different sight awaited him. A cloth, garnished with patches of yolk of egg and fruit-stains, was stretched over a portion of the table—two or three plates of different patterns were placed upon it. An old glass salt-cellar without a spoon, and a japanned pepper-box, imported from the kitchen, held the condiments.

The edibles consisted of a mackerel, boiled or broiled, it was impossible to discover which, and three very "soggy" rolls. An immense tin coffee-pot, brown with age and lack of scouring, held a small portion of lukewarm fluid swimming with grounds. Two or three fragments of butter were gently liquefying on an adjacent plate.

Mr. Moody took a survey of this inviting repast, and his heart alternately swelled with anger and sank with disgust. He rang—Jane entered. "Where is Mrs. Moody?" he inquired.

"She wasn't well, Sir, and she'll not be down, she told me."

Hardly knowing what he did, the unhappy man seated himself at the table, selected the driest corner of the mackerel, spread a bit of roll with the least *soupeçon* of butter, swallowed three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, and rushed down town.

Mrs. Moody arose so soon as she heard the hall-door bang after him, and had an excellent meal a little later with the children.

How interminable seemed the hours ere she could observe the effect of her moves and renew the attack! But ere long arrived a token which cheered her spirit—oysters, a fine turkey, and a basket of oranges. Mr. Moody, then, was intending to solace himself for his wretched breakfast by a comfortable dinner—well, she must see to that!

"Bridget," said she, going into the kitchen as that worthy was about to put fresh coal in the range, "be careful not to have your oven too hot."

"Yes, ma'am; but I'm rather late with stuffing the turkey, and the fire is low."

"Not low at all; you must cook it slowly and thoroughly. It won't help the matter to have it burned on the outside and raw within. No—no more coal at present—not a single lump," she added, as the cook seemed about to persist in her attempt.

Bridget yielded with a very bad grace, and Mrs. Moody lingered on one pretense and another long enough to insure a dull fire for the remainder of the afternoon. In vain did Bridget exert herself as soon as the mistress had disappeared—a cold oven and a half-cooked turkey were the inevitable result. Later in the day Mrs. Moody descended to see to the oysters; she had decided on a soup, and was determined to make it herself. To no purpose did the cook fidget about and beg to have every thing left to her. Mrs. Moody was tranquil but immovable.

"Oh, ma'am, what iver will I do with this?" exclaimed Bridget, heart-brokenly, as she peeped into the oven for the twentieth time, vainly striving to reassure herself. "Niver the sign of roast about this bird and the clock on the stroke of six!"

"Oh, never mind about it; it's such a great fowl I'm sure some portion of it must be done. And there's Mr. Moody now"—hearing his step above. "Dish up, Bridget, as soon as possible."

"And oh, ma'am, you've burned the milk!" cried poor Bridget, in despair; "and the soup will be spoilt intirely!"

"Ah, yes, I believe I have," said the lady, serenely. "But don't fret about it; a little scorch more or less will do us no harm. Have it all on the table as soon as you can." And she left cook in her distress.

Mr. Moody had returned in an April humor—he was ready to storm or shine as the case might be. He felt that he owed some amends for the explosion of the previous evening, and was willing to swallow that horrid breakfast as such, if nothing more were demanded of him. A good dinner, a little cheerful chat, would have dissipated all clouds and caused him to beam forth benignly.

When he came down at the first stroke of the bell Mrs. Moody was already seated. She wore that superannuated delaine wrapper; her hair was pushed behind her ears, and a bandage wet with camphor surrounded her temples. She paid no heed whatever to his entrance.

"Come, children, sit down," she said, languidly. "Augustus, *do* be quiet; your noise goes through and through my head."

A solemn silence reigned till the soup was served and tasted. Mr. Moody sternly exclaimed,

"This soup is burnt!"

Not a word of excuse or explanation from his wife.

"It is not fit to set before a beggar!"

No reply.

"Jane," said Mr. Moody, in a transport, "take this stuff and throw it in the street!"

Sophia remained entirely quiescent.

The turkey came on. Mr. Moody was an accomplished carver, and prided himself on his skill in that portion of table-duty. But long and painfully did he now saw at leg and wing

"A tough fowl, it seems," said Sophia.

This was a little too much for flesh and blood.

"A *raw* fowl, if you like, ma'am!" cried Mr. Moody, fiercely—"a fowl that has been ruined in the cooking; but don't slander as fine a turkey as I could find in the market."

Sophia was provokingly silent.

"Where are the giblets?" he inquired, a moment after.

"The giblets?" said Sophia, with a languid effort of memory. "Oh yes, I remember; I gave them to the cat."

This was the climax. Mr. Moody doted on giblets, and his wife knew it; moreover, he knew that she knew it. Insult was added to injury: his cup ran over.

"Mrs. Moody," said he, folding his arms and regarding her with a gaze of concentrated ire, "I should like to know the meaning of this conduct! Am I to send home the best that can be bought and then be set down to such an insufferable mess as this?" and he brought down his closed fist on the table with energy

"Oh, Mr. Moody!" said Sophia, putting her hands to her temples with an expression of acute

misery, "do have a little mercy on my poor head!" She went up stairs immediately.

Mr. Moody remained at table with the children, fruitlessly endeavoring to make out a meal. In the next five minutes he had snubbed Louise, thereby causing her to burst into tears, whereupon little Mary, who was very fond of her sister, began to cry explosively.

Mr. Moody gave the table a push that nearly upset it, dashed up stairs, flung on his hat, and rushed frantically to Delmonico's, where he made an excellent dinner, and a very handsome bill. The first was exactly to his taste; the second not at all so.

V.

A week passed by. Alternate wrath and sulkiness on Mr. Moody's part; utter nonchalance on Sophia's. The house was left to manage itself; Mr. Moody's breakfasts were solitary; the parlors, lately so cheerful, were melancholy and deserted. Mrs. Moody was out; or if at home, spent the evening in her own room with a novel for company.

Her husband felt the change exceedingly. He did not know, till they were withdrawn, how much he had enjoyed the bright faces of his wife and children. He did not know how pleasant was that morning meal with Sophia, dressed so becomingly for his eyes alone; how heart-warming all those little interchanges of kindness and courtesy now entirely wanting. As the days passed on he became ready for almost any sacrifice that should restore them.

Sophia, on her part, was by no means as indifferent as she appeared. Her nature was affectionate, and she had been very happy in the late period of kindness and good-feeling. It cost her many a pang to pursue this cruel course when its opposite had been so pleasant; but she felt that a crisis was come, and that "to be weak was to be miserable." Yet she, too, as time went on, relented. On the afternoon of the eighth day she laid aside the faithful wrapper, and invested her well-shaped person with a more becoming garb, resolved to betake herself once more to that "patient waiting" which is said to be "no loss" in the end.

But victory was nearer than she dreamed! Mr. Moody came in early, and instead of waiting for his wife to join him below stairs, went directly to her room.

"Sophy!" he said, as he entered. She gave a little start of pleased surprise. He never so addressed her except in his kindest humor.

"Sophy," said he, again, "I have a question to ask you."

"Well, Robert, ask on," she answered, in her gentlest tones.

"Are you so much attached to this house that you could not bear to leave it?"

Light began to dawn upon her. "It is a very comfortable home for us," she said, smilingly. "I shouldn't like to give it up, unless I were sure of another as good."

"The long and the short of it is," said Mr.

Moody, "that I've been looking into the affair of that house you named to me the other night, and I find there's not a bit of humbug about it. Every thing just as represented. So now the matter rests with you—take it or leave it, just as you like."

"Oh, Robert!" cried Sophia.

"It's an immense establishment, and will be a great care for you; but I believe women like such care."

"Oh, Robert!" she said again, hiding her face on his shoulder.

Let us drop the curtain upon this affecting scene.....

The brown stone house and its inmates flourish. Louise is growing up astonishingly pretty; her mother gets stouter and handsomer year by year. Mr. Moody is becoming quite a ladies' man, and may be seen at cloak-openings and other assemblies of a similar nature, assisting his wife to choose among the various and conflicting beauties that which will most effectively adorn her own. She never forgets to whom she owes this rise to empire, and her photograph book contains an admirable *carte de visite* of Mr. Rarey.

UP TO THE HILLS.

UP to the hills I lift my longing eyes—
Unto the hills aglow with sunset light.
There purpling amethyst and ruby dyes
Half veil the golden glory on the height.
It is a pictured gleam of Paradise,
Where saints might walk in robes of dazzling white.

Down in the valley, where the vapors cling,
Full redly shines the sun through lurid mist—
A Samson, shrinking evermore to fling
The soft Delilah who his brows had kissed,
And with her flower-scented breath of spring
Had shorn him of his strength before he wist.

Deep-rifted rocks are there, and denser shades,
Where scarlet cardinals uprear their cloven bells;
And aromatic fragrance 'mid the glades,
Deep-strewn with last year's leaves, forever dwells.
There violets live and die—the wind-flower fades,
Soft-tinted with the flush of sea-shore shells.

Too cool, too dense, with sweet decay too rife—
Too full of memories, of fond regret.—
They who toil upward toward the goal of life
Each lower, lesser purpose must forget:
He who would be a victor in the strife
Must early brush the tears from eyelids wet.

Oh, far-off hill-top, in the crimson west,
Encrowned by the sunset's diadem!
Methinks the clouds around thy swelling crest
Might be the fringes on the curtain's hem;
Beyond which doth the true Shekinah rest,
In the New Temple at Jerusalem.

And thus I turn my longing eyes to thee,
Thou fair Evangel! in whose glowing light—
Faint image of the glory yet to be—
I trace the promise every eve more bright:
One day I shall the greater glory see,
And walk with Jesus clad in spotless white.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO GUESTWICK.

AS the party from Allington rode up the narrow High Street of Guestwick, and across the market square toward the small, respectable, but very dull row of new houses in which Mrs. Eames lived, the people of Guestwick were all aware that Miss Lily Dale was escorted by her future husband. The opinion that she had been a very fortunate girl was certainly general among the Guestwickians, though it was not always expressed in open or generous terms. "It was a great match for her," some said, but shook their heads at the same time, hinting that Mr. Crosbie's life in London was not all that it should be, and suggesting that she might have been more safe had she been content to bestow herself upon some country neighbor of less dangerous pretensions. Others declared that it was no such great match after all. They knew his income to a penny, and believed that the young people would find it very difficult to keep a house in London unless the old squire intended to assist them. But, nevertheless, Lily was envied as she rode through the town with her handsome lover by her side.

And she was very happy. I will not deny that she had some feeling of triumphant satisfaction in the knowledge that she was envied. Such a feeling on her part was natural, and is natural to all men and women who are conscious that they have done well in the adjustment of their own affairs. As she herself had said, he was her bird, the spoil of her own gun,

the product of such capacity as she had in her, on which she was to live, and, if possible, to thrive during the remainder of her life. Lily fully recognized the importance of the thing she was doing, and, in soberest guise, had thought much of this matter of marriage. But the more she thought of it the more satisfied she was that she was doing well. And yet she knew that there was a risk. He who was now every thing to her might die; nay, it was possible that he might be other than she thought him to be; that he might neglect her, desert her, or misuse her. But she had resolved to trust in every thing, and having so trusted she would not provide for herself any possibility of retreat. Her ship should go out into the middle ocean, beyond all ken of the secure port from which it had sailed; her army should fight its battle with no hope of other safety than that which victory gives. All the world might know that she loved him if all the world chose to inquire about the matter. She triumphed in her lover, and did not deny even to herself that she was triumphant.

Mrs. Eames was delighted to see them.

It was so good in Mr. Crosbie to come over and call upon such a poor, forlorn woman as her, and so good in Captain Dale; so good also in the dear girls, who, at the present moment, had so much to make them happy at home at Allington! Little things, accounted as bare civilities by others, were esteemed as great favors by Mrs. Eames.

"And dear Mrs. Dale? I hope she was not fatigued when we kept her up the other night so unconscionably late?" Bell and Lily both assured her that their mother was none the worse for what she had gone through; and then Mrs. Eames got up and left the room, with the declared purpose of looking for John and Mary, but bent, in truth, on the production of some cake and sweet wine which she kept under lock and key in the little parlor.

"Don't let's stay here very long," whispered Crosbie.

"No, not very long," said Lily. "But when you come to see my friends you mustn't be in a hurry, Mr. Crosbie."

"He had his turn with Lady Julia," said Bell, "and we must have ours now."

"At any rate, Mrs. Eames won't tell us to do our duty and to beware of being too beautiful," said Lily.

Mary and John came into the room before their mother returned; then came Mrs. Eames, and a few minutes afterward the cake and wine arrived. It certainly was rather dull, as none of the party seemed to be at their ease. The grandeur of Mr. Crosbie was too great for Mrs. Eames and her daughter, and John was almost

silenced by the misery of his position. He had not yet answered Miss Roper's letter, nor had he even made up his mind whether he would answer it or no. And then the sight of Lily's happiness did not fill him with all that friendly joy which he should perhaps have felt as the friend of her childhood. To tell the truth, he hated Crosbie, and so he had told himself; and had so told his sister also very frequently since the day of the party.

"I tell you what it is, Molly," he had said, "if there was any way of doing it, I'd fight that man."

"What! and make Lily wretched?"

"She'll never be happy with him. I'm sure she won't. I don't want to do her any harm, but yet I'd like to fight that man—if I only knew how to manage it." And then he bethought himself that if they could both be slaughtered in such an encounter it would be the only fitting termination to the present state of things. In that way, too, there would be an escape from Amelia, and, at the present moment, he saw none other.

When he entered the room he shook hands with all the party from Allington, but, as he told his sister afterward, his flesh crept when he touched Crosbie. Crosbie, as he contemplated the Eames family sitting stiff and ill at ease in their own drawing-room chairs, made up his mind that it would be well that his wife should see as little of John Eames as might be when she came to London—not that he was in any way jealous of her lover. He had learned every thing from Lily—all, at least, that Lily knew—and regarded the matter rather as a good joke. "Don't see him too often," he had said to her, "for fear he should make an ass of himself." Lily had told him every thing—all that she could tell; but yet he did not in the least comprehend that Lily had, in truth, a warm affection for the young man whom he despised.

"Thank you, no," said Crosbie. "I never do take wine in the middle of the day."

"But a bit of cake?" And Mrs. Eames by her look implored him to do her so much honor. She implored Captain Dale also, but they were both inexorable. I do not know that the two girls were at all more inclined to eat and drink than the two men; but they understood that Mrs. Eames would be broken-hearted if no one partook of her delicacies. The little sacrifices of society are all made by women, as are also the great sacrifices of life. A man who is good for any thing is always ready for his duty, and so is a good woman always ready for a sacrifice.

"We really must go now," said Bell, "because of the horses." And under this excuse they got away. "You will come over before you go back to London, John?" said Lily, as he came out with the intention of helping her mount, from which purpose, however, he was forced to recede by the iron will of Mr. Crosbie.

"Yes, I'll come over again—before I go. Good-by."

"Good-by, John," said Bell. "Good-by,

Eames," said Captain Dale. Crosbie, as he seated himself in the saddle, made the very slightest sign of recognition, to which his rival would not condescend to pay any attention. "I'll manage to have a fight with him in some way," said Eames to himself as he walked back through the passage of his mother's house. And Crosbie, as he settled his feet in the stirrups, felt that he disliked the young man more and more. It would be monstrous to suppose that there could be aught of jealousy in the feeling; and yet he did dislike him very strongly, and felt almost angry with Lily for asking him to come again to Allington. "I must put an end to all that," he said to himself as he rode silently out of town.

"You must not snub my friends, Sir," said Lily, smiling as she spoke, but yet with something of earnestness in her voice. They were out of the town by this time, and Crosbie had hardly uttered a word since they had left Mrs. Eames's door. They were now on the high-road, and Bell and Bernard Dale were somewhat in advance of them.

"I never snub any body," said Crosbie, petulantly; "that is, unless they have absolutely deserved snubbing."

"And have I deserved it? Because I seem to have got it," said Lily.

"Nonsense, Lily. I never snubbed you yet, and I don't think it likely that I shall begin. But you ought not to accuse me of not being civil to your friends. In the first place, I am as civil to them as my nature will allow me to be. And, in the second place—"

"Well; in the second place—?"

"I am not quite sure that you are very wise to encourage that young man's—friendship just at present."

"That means, I suppose, that I am very wrong to do so?"

"No, dearest, it does not mean that. If I meant so I would tell you so honestly. I mean just what I say. There can, I suppose, be no doubt that he has filled himself with some kind of romantic attachment for you, a foolish kind of love which I don't suppose he ever expected to gratify, but the idea of which lends a sort of grace to his life. When he meets some young woman fit to be his wife he will forget all about it, but till then he will go about fancying himself a despairing lover. And then such a young man as John Eames is very apt to talk of his fancies."

"I don't believe for a moment that he would mention my name to any one."

"But, Lily, perhaps I may know more of young men than you do."

"Yes, of course you do."

"And I can assure you that they are generally too well inclined to make free with the names of girls whom they think that they like. You must not be surprised if I am unwilling that any man should make free with your name."

After this Lily was silent for a minute or two. She felt that an injustice was being done to her,

and she was not inclined to put up with it, but she could not quite see where the injustice lay. A great deal was owing from her to Crosbie. In very much she was bound to yield to him, and she was anxious to do on his behalf even more than her duty. But yet she had a strong conviction that it would not be well that she should give way to him in every thing. She wished to think as he thought as far as possible, but she could not say that she agreed with him when she knew that she differed from him. John Eames was an old friend whom she could not abandon, and so much at the present time she felt herself obliged to say.

"But, Adolphus—"

"Well, dearest?"

"You would not wish me to be unkind to so very old a friend as John Eames? I have known him all my life, and we have all of us had a very great regard for the whole family. His father was my uncle's most particular friend."

"I think, Lily, you must understand what I mean. I don't want you to quarrel with any of them, or to be what you call unkind. But you need not give special and pressing invitations to this young man to come and see you before he goes back to London, and then to come and see you directly you get to London. You tell me that he has some kind of romantic idea of being in love with you; of being in despair because you are not in love with him. It's all great nonsense, no doubt; but it seems to me that, under such circumstances, you'd better—just leave him alone."

Again Lily was silent. These were her three last days, in which it was her intention to be especially happy, but, above all things, to make him especially happy. On no account would she say to him sharp words, or encourage in her own heart a feeling of animosity against him, and yet she believed him to be wrong; and, so believing, could hardly bring herself to bear the injury. Such was her nature, as a Dale. And let it be remembered that very many who can devote themselves for great sacrifices, can not bring themselves to the endurance of little injuries. Lily could have given up any gratification for her lover, but she could not allow herself to have been in the wrong, believing herself to have been in the right.

"I have asked him now, and he must come," she said.

"But do not press him to come any more."

"Certainly not, after what you have said, Adolphus. If he comes over to Allington, he will see me in mamma's house, to which he has always been made welcome by her. Of course, I understand perfectly—"

"You understand what, Lily?"

But she had stopped herself, fearing that she might say that which would be offensive to him, if she continued.

"What is it you understand, Lily?"

"Do not press me to go on, Adolphus. As far as I can, I will do all that you want me to do."

"You meant to say that when you find yourself an inmate of my house, as a matter of course you could not ask your own friends to come and see you. Was that gracious?"

"Whatever I may have meant to say, I did not say that. Nor, in truth, did I mean it. Pray don't go on about it now. These are to be our last days, you know, and we shouldn't waste them by talking of things that are unpleasant. After all, poor Johnny Eames is nothing to me; nothing, nothing. How can any one be any thing to me when I think of you?"

But even this did not bring Crosbie back at once into a pleasant humor. Had Lily yielded to him, and confessed that he was right, he would have made himself at once as pleasant as the sun in May. But this she had not done. She had simply abstained from her argument because she did not choose to be vexed, and had declared her continued purpose of seeing Eames on his promised visit. Crosbie would have had her acknowledge herself wrong, and would have delighted in the privilege of forgiving her. But Lily Dale was one who did not greatly relish forgiveness, or any necessity of being forgiven. So they rode on, if not in silence, without much joy in their conversation. It was now late on the Monday afternoon, and Crosbie was to go early on the Wednesday morning. What if these three last days should come to be marred with such terrible drawbacks as these!

Bernard Dale had not spoken a word to his cousin of his suit since they had been interrupted by Crosbie and Lily as they were lying on the bank by the ha-ha. He had danced with her again and again at Mrs. Dale's party, and had seemed to revert to his old modes of conversation without difficulty. Bell, therefore, had believed the matter to be over, and was thankful to her cousin, declaring within her own bosom that the whole matter should be treated by her as though it had never happened. To no one—not even to her mother—would she tell it. To such reticence she bound herself for his sake, feeling that he would be best pleased that it should be so. But now, as they rode on together, far in advance of the other couple, he again returned to the subject.

"Bell," said he, "am I to have any hope?"

"Any hope as to what, Bernard?"

"I hardly know whether a man is bound to take a single answer on such a subject. But this I know, that, if a man's heart is concerned, he is not very willing to do so."

"When that answer has been given honestly and truly—"

"Oh, no doubt. I don't at all suppose that you were dishonest or false when you refused to allow me to speak to you."

"But, Bernard, I did not refuse to allow you to speak to me."

"Something very like it. But, however, I have no doubt you were true enough. But, Bell, why should it be so? If you were in love with any one else I could understand it."

"I am not in love with any one else."

"Exactly. And there are so many reasons why you and I should join our fortunes together."

"It can not be a question of fortune, Bernard."

"Do listen to me. Do let me speak, at any rate. I presume I may at least suppose that you do not dislike me."

"Oh no."

"And though you might not be willing to accept any man's hand merely on a question of fortune, surely the fact that our marriage would be in every way suitable as regards money should not set you against it. Of my own love for you I will not speak farther, as I do not doubt that you believe what I say; but should you not question your own feelings very closely before you determine to oppose the wishes of all those who are nearest to you?"

"Do you mean mamma, Bernard?"

"Not her especially, though I can not but think she would like a marriage that would keep all the family together, and would give you an equal claim to the property to that which I have."

"That would not have a feather's-weight with mamma."

"Have you asked her?"

"No, I have mentioned the matter to no one."

"Then you can not know. And as to my uncle, I have the means of knowing that it is the great desire of his life. I must say that I think some consideration for him should induce you to pause before you give a final answer, even though no consideration for me should have any weight with you."

"I would do more for you than for him—much more."

"Then do this for me. Allow me to think that I have not yet had an answer to my proposal; give me to this day month, to Christmas; till any time that you like to name, so that I may think that it is not yet settled, and may tell Uncle Christopher that such is the case."

"Bernard, it would be useless."

"It would at any rate show him that you are willing to think of it."

"But I am not willing to think of it; not in that way. I do know my own mind thoroughly, and I should be very wrong if I were to deceive you."

"And you wish me to give that as your only answer to my uncle?"

"To tell the truth, Bernard, I do not much care what you may say to my uncle in this matter. He can have no right to interfere in the disposal of my hand, and therefore I need not regard his wishes on the subject. I will explain to you in one word what my feelings are about it. I would accept no man in opposition to mamma's wishes; but not even for her could I accept any man in opposition to my own. But as concerns my uncle, I do not feel myself called on to consult him in any way on such a matter."

"And yet he is the head of our family."

"I don't care any thing about the family—not in that way."

"And he has been very generous to you all."

"That I deny. He has not been generous to mamma. He is very hard and ungenerous to mamma. He lets her have that house because he is anxious that the Dales should seem to be respectable before the world; and she lives in it, because she thinks it better for us that she should do so. If I had my way, she should leave it to-morrow—or, at any rate, as soon as Lily is married. I would much sooner go into Guestwick, and live as the Eames do."

"I think you are ungrateful, Bell."

"No; I am not ungrateful. And as to consulting, Bernard, I should be much more inclined to consult you than him about my marriage. If you would let me look on you altogether as a brother, I should think little of promising to marry no one whom you did not approve."

But such an agreement between them would by no means have suited Bernard's views. He had thought, some four or five weeks back, that he was not personally very anxious for this match. He had declared to himself that he liked his cousin well enough; that it would be a good thing for him to settle himself; that his uncle was reasonable in his wishes and sufficiently liberal in his offers; and that, therefore, he would marry. It had hardly occurred to him as probable that his cousin would reject so eligible an offer, and had certainly never occurred to him that he would have to suffer any thing from such rejection. He had entertained none of that feeling of which lovers speak when they declare that they are staking their all upon the hazard of a die. It had not seemed to him that he was staking any thing as he gently told his tale of languid love, lying on the turf by the ha-ha. He had not regarded the possibility of disappointment, of sorrow, and of a deeply vexed mind. He would have felt but little triumph if accepted, and had not thought that he could be humiliated by any rejection. In this frame of mind he had gone to his work; but now he found, to his own surprise, that this girl's answer had made him absolutely unhappy. Having expressed a wish for this thing, the very expression of the wish made him long to possess it. He found, as he rode along silently by her side, that he was capable of more earnestness of desire than he had known himself to possess. He was at this moment unhappy, disappointed, anxious, distrustful of the future, and more intent on one special toy than he had ever been before, even as a boy. He was vexed, and felt himself to be sore at heart. He looked round at her, as she sat silent, quiet, and somewhat sad upon her pony, and declared to himself that she was very beautiful—that she was a thing to be gained if still there might be the possibility of gaining her. He felt that he really loved her, and yet he was almost angry with himself for so feeling. Why had he subjected

himself to this numbing weakness? His love had never given him any pleasure. Indeed he had never hitherto acknowledged it; but now he was driven to do so on finding it to be the source of trouble and pain. I think it is open to us to doubt whether, even yet, Bernard Dale was in love with his cousin; whether he was not rather in love with his own desire. But against himself he found a verdict that he was in love, and was angry with himself and with all the world.

"Ah, Bell!" he said, coming close up to her, "I wish you could understand how I love you." And, as he spoke, his cousin unconsciously recognized more of affection in his tone, and less of that spirit of bargaining which had seemed to pervade all his former pleas, than she had ever found before.

"And do I not love you? Have I not offered to be to you in all respects as a sister?"

"That is nothing. Such an offer to me now is simply laughing at me. Bell, I tell you what—I will not give you up. The fact is, you do not know me yet—not know me as you must know any man before you choose him for your husband. You and Lily are not alike in this. You are cautious, doubtful of yourself, and perhaps, also, somewhat doubtful of others. My heart is set upon this, and I shall still try to succeed."

"Ah, Bernard, do not say that! Believe me, when I tell you that it can never be."

"No: I will not believe you. I will not allow myself to be made utterly wretched. I tell you fairly that I will not believe you. I may surely hope if I choose to hope. No, Bell, I will never give you up—unless, indeed, I should see you become another man's wife."

As he said this they all turned in through the squire's gate, and rode up to the yard in which it was their habit to dismount from their horses.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN EAMES TAKES A WALK.

JOHN EAMES watched the party of cavaliers as they rode away from his mother's door, and then started upon a solitary walk, as soon as the noise of the horses' hoofs had passed away out of the street. He was by no means happy in his mind as he did so. Indeed, he was overwhelmed with care and trouble, and as he went along very gloomy thoughts passed through his mind. Had he not better go to Australia, or Vancouver's Island, or —? I will not name the places which the poor fellow suggested to himself as possible terminations of the long journeys which he might not improbably be called upon to take. That very day, just before the Dales had come in, he had received a second letter from his darling Amelia, written very closely upon the heels of the first. Why had he not answered her? Was he ill? Was he untrue? No; she would not believe that, and therefore fell back upon the probability of his illness. If it was so, she would

rush down to see him. Nothing on earth should keep her from the bedside of her betrothed. If she did not get an answer from her beloved John by return of post, she would be down with him at Guestwick by the express train. Here was a position for such a young man as John Eames! And of Amelia Roper we may say that she was a young woman who would not give up her game as long as the least chance remained of her winning it. "I must go somewhere," John said to himself, as he put on his slouched hat and wandered forth through the back streets of Guestwick. What would his mother say when she heard of Amelia Roper? What would she say when she saw her?

He walked away toward the Manor, so that he might roam about the Guestwick woods in solitude. There was a path with a stile, leading off from the high-road, about half a mile beyond the lodges through which the Dales had ridden up to the house, and by this path John Eames turned in, and went away till he had left the Manor-house behind him, and was in the centre of the Guestwick woods. He knew the whole ground well, having roamed there ever since he was first allowed to go forth upon his walks alone. He had thought of Lily Dale by the hour together, as he had lost himself among the oak-trees; but in those former days he had thought of her with some pleasure. Now he could only think of her as of one gone from him forever; and then he had also to think of her whom he had taken to himself in Lily's place.

Young men, very young men—men so young that it may be almost a question whether or no they have as yet reached their manhood—are more inclined to be earnest and thoughtful when alone than they ever are when with others, even though those others be their elders. I fancy that, as we grow old ourselves, we are apt to forget that it was so with us; and, forgetting it, we do not believe that it is so with our children. We constantly talk of the thoughtlessness of youth. I do not know whether we might not more appropriately speak of its thoughtfulness. It is, however, no doubt, true that thought will not at once produce wisdom. It may almost be a question whether such wisdom as many of us have in our mature years has not come from the dying out of the power of temptation, rather than as the results of thought and resolution. Men, full fledged and at their work, are, for the most part, too busy for much thought; but lads, on whom the work of the world has not yet fallen with all its pressure—they have time for thinking.

And thus John Eames was thoughtful. They who knew him best accounted him to be a gay, good-hearted, somewhat reckless young man, open to temptation, but also open to good impressions; as to whom no great success could be predicated, but of whom his friends might fairly hope that he might so live as to bring upon them no disgrace and not much trouble. But, above all things, they would have called him thoughtless. In so calling him, they judged him wrong.

He was ever thinking—thinking much of the world as it appeared to him, and of himself as he appeared to the world; and thinking, also, of things beyond the world. What was to be his fate here and hereafter? Lily Dale was gone from him, and Amelia Roper was hanging round his neck like a millstone! What, under such circumstances, was to be his fate here and hereafter?

We may say that the difficulties in his way were not as yet very great. As to Lily, indeed, he had no room for hope; but, then, his love for Lily had, perhaps, been a sentiment rather than a passion. Most young men have to go through that disappointment, and are enabled to bear it without much injury to their prospects or happiness. And in after-life the remembrance of such love is a blessing rather than a curse, enabling the possessor of it to feel that in those early days there was something within him of which he had no cause to be ashamed. I do not pity John Eames much in regard to Lily Dale. And then, as to Amelia Roper—had he achieved but a tithe of that lady's experience in the world, or possessed a quarter of her audacity, surely such a difficulty as that need not have stood much in his way! What could Amelia do to him if he fairly told her that he was not minded to marry her? In very truth he had never promised to do so. He was in no way bound to her, not even by honor. Honor, indeed, with such as her! But men are cowards before women until they become tyrants; and are easy dupes, till of a sudden they recognize the fact that it is pleasanter to be the victimizer than the victim—and as easy. There are men, indeed, who never learn the latter lesson.

But though the cause for fear was so slight, poor John Eames was thoroughly afraid. Little things which, in connection with so deep a sorrow as his, it is almost ridiculous to mention, added to his embarrassments, and made an escape from them seem to him to be impossible. He could not return to London without going to Burton Crescent, because his clothes were there, and because he owed to Mrs. Roper some small sum of money which on his return to London he would not have immediately in his pocket. He must therefore meet Amelia, and he knew that he had not the courage to tell a girl, face to face, that he did not love her, after he had once been induced to say that he did do so. His boldest conception did not go beyond the writing of a letter in which he would renounce her, and removing himself altogether from that quarter of the town in which Burton Crescent was situated. But then about his clothes, and that debt of his? And what if Amelia should in the mean time come down to Guestwick and claim him? Could he in his mother's presence declare that she had no right to make such claim? The difficulties, in truth, were not very great, but they were too heavy for that poor young clerk from the Income-tax Office.

You will declare that he must have been a fool and a coward. Yet he could read and under-

stand Shakspeare. He knew much—by far too much—of Byron's poetry by heart. He was a deep critic, often writing down his criticisms in a lengthy journal which he kept. He could write quickly, and with understanding; and I may declare that men at his office had already ascertained that he was no fool. He knew his business, and could do it—as many men failed to do who were much less foolish before the world. And as to that matter of cowardice, he would have thought it the greatest blessing in the world to be shut up in a room with Crosbie, having permission to fight with him till one of them should have been brought by stress of battle to give up his claim to Lily Dale. Eames was no coward. He feared no man on earth. But he was terribly afraid of Amelia Roper.

He wandered about through the old Manor woods very ill at ease. The post from Guestwick went out at seven, and he must at once make up his mind whether or no he would write to Amelia on that day. He must also make up his mind as to what he would say to her. He felt that he should at least answer her letter, let his answer be what it might. Should he promise to marry her—say in ten or twelve years' time? Should he tell her that he was a blighted being, unfit for love, and with humility entreat of her that he might be excused? Or should he write to her mother, telling her that Burton Crescent would not suit him any longer, promising her to send the balance on receipt of his next payment, and asking her to send his clothes in a bundle to the Income-tax Office? Or should he go home to his own mother and boldly tell it all to her?

He at last resolved that he must write the letter, and as he composed it in his mind he sat himself down beneath an old tree which stood on a spot at which many of the forest tracks met and crossed each other. The letter, as he framed it here, was not a bad letter, if only he could have got it written and posted. Every word of it he chose with precision, and in his mind he emphasized every expression which told his mind clearly and justified his purpose. "He acknowledged himself to have been wrong in misleading his correspondent, and allowing her to imagine that she possessed his heart. He had not a heart at her disposal. He had been weak not to write to her before, having been deterred from doing so by the fear of giving her pain; but now he felt that he was bound in honor to tell her the truth. Having so told her, he would not return to Burton Crescent if it would pain her to see him there. He would always have a deep regard for her"—oh, Johnny!—"and would hope anxiously that her welfare in life might be complete." That was the letter as he wrote it on the tablets of his mind under the tree; but the getting it put on to paper was a task, as he knew of greater difficulty. Then, as he repeated it to himself, he fell asleep.

"Young man," said a voice in his ears as he slept. At first the voice spoke as a voice from his dream without waking him; but when it was



"WHY, IT'S YOUNG EAMES!"

repeated he sat up and saw that a stout gentleman was standing over him. For a moment he did not know where he was or how he had come there; nor could he recollect, as he saw the trees about him, how long he had been in the wood. But he knew the stout gentleman well enough, though he had not seen him for more than two years. "Young man," said the voice, "if you want to catch rheumatism that's the way to do it. Why, it's young Eames, isn't it?"

"Yes, my lord," said Johnny, raising himself

up so that he was now sitting, instead of lying, as he looked up into the earl's rosy face.

"I knew your father, and a very good man he was, only he shouldn't have taken to farming. People think they can farm without learning the trade, but that's a very great mistake. I can farm, because I've learned it. Don't you think you'd better get up?" Whereupon Johnny raised himself to his feet. "Not but what you're very welcome to lie there if you like it. Only in October, you know—"

"I'm afraid I'm trespassing, my lord," said Eames. "I came in off the path, and—"

"You're welcome; you're very welcome. If you'll come up to the house I'll give you some luncheon." This hospitable offer, however, Johnny declined, alleging that it was late, and that he was going home to dinner.

"Come along," said the earl. "You can't go any shorter way than by the house. Dear, dear, how well I remember your father! He was a much cleverer man than I am—very much; but he didn't know how to send a beast to market any better than a child. By-the-by, they have put you into a public office, haven't they?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a very good thing, too—a very good thing, indeed. But why were you asleep in the wood? It isn't warm, you know. I call it rather cold." And the earl stopped, and looked at him, scrutinizing him, as though resolved to inquire into so deep a mystery.

"I was taking a walk, and thinking of something, I sat down."

"Leave of absence, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Have you got into trouble? You look as though you were in trouble. Your poor father used to be in trouble."

"I haven't taken to farming," said Johnny, with an attempt at a smile.

"Ha, ha, ha—quite right. No, don't take to farming. Unless you learn it, you know, you might just as well take to shoemaking; just the same. You haven't got into trouble, then; eh?"

"No, my lord, not particularly."

"Not particularly! I know very well that young men do get into trouble when they get up to London. If you want any—any advice, or that sort of thing, you may come to me; for I knew your father well. Do you like shooting?"

"I never did shoot any thing."

"Well, perhaps better not. To tell the truth, I'm not very fond of young men who take to shooting without having any thing to shoot at. By-the-by, now I think of it, I'll send your mother some game." It may, however, here be fair to mention that game very often came from Guestwick Manor to Mrs. Eames. "And look here, cold pheasant for breakfast is the best thing I know of. Pheasants at dinner are rubbish—mere rubbish. Here we are at the house. Will you come in and have a glass of wine?"

But this John Eames declined, pleasing the earl better by doing so than he would have done by accepting it. Not that the lord was inhospitable or insincere in his offer, but he preferred that such a one as John Eames should receive, his proffered familiarity without too much immediate assurance. He felt that Eames was a little in awe of his companion's rank, and he liked him the better for it. He liked him the better for it, and was a man apt to remember his likings. "If you won't come in, good-by," and he gave Johnny his hand.

"Good-evening, my lord," said Johnny.

"And remember this; it is the deuce of a thing to have rheumatism in your loins. I wouldn't go to sleep under a tree if I were you—not in October. But you're always welcome to go any where about the place."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And if you should take to shooting—but I dare say you won't; and if you come to trouble, and want advice, or that sort of thing, write to me. I knew your father well." And so they parted, Eames returning on his road toward Guestwick.

For some reason, which he could not define, he felt better after his interview with the earl. There had been something about the fat, good-natured, sensible old man which had cheered him, in spite of his sorrow. "Pheasants for dinner are rubbish—mere rubbish," he said to himself, over and over again as he went along the road; and they were the first words which he spoke to his mother after entering the house.

"I wish we had some of that sort of rubbish," said she.

"So you will, to-morrow;" and then he described to her his interview.

"The earl was, at any rate, quite right about lying upon the ground. I wonder you can be so foolish. And he is right about your poor father too. But you have got to change your boots; and we shall be ready for dinner almost immediately."

But Johnny Eames, before he sat down to dinner, did write his letter to Amelia, and did go out to post it with his own hands—much to his mother's annoyance. But the letter would not get itself written in that strong and appropriate language which had come to him as he was roaming through the woods. It was a bald letter, and somewhat cowardly withal.

"DEAR AMELIA" (the letter ran)—"I have received both of yours; and did not answer the first because I felt that there was a difficulty in expressing what I wish to say; and now it will be better that you should allow the subject to stand over till I am back in town. I shall be there in ten days from this. I have been quite well, and am so; but of course am much obliged by your inquiries. I know you will think this very cold; but when I tell you every thing you will agree with me that it is best. If I were to marry, I know that we should be unhappy, because we should have nothing to live on. If I have ever said any thing to deceive you, I beg your pardon with all my heart; but perhaps it will be better to let the subject remain till we shall meet again in London.

"Believe me to be your most sincere friend, and I may say admirer"—[Oh, John Eames!] JOHN EAMES."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST DAY.

LAST days are wretched days; and so are last moments wretched moments. It is not the fact that the parting is coming which makes these days and moments so wretched, but the feeling that something special is expected from them, which something they always fail to produce. Spasmodic periods of pleasure, of affection, or

even of study, seldom fail of disappointment when premeditated. When last days are coming, they should be allowed to come and to glide away without special notice or mention. And as for last moments, there should be none such. Let them ever be ended, even before their presence has been acknowledged.

But Lily Dale had not yet been taught these lessons by her world's experience, and she expected that this sweetest cup of which she had ever drank should go on being sweet—sweeter and still sweeter—as long as she could press it to her lips. How the dregs had come to mix themselves with the last drops we have already seen; and on that same day—on the Monday evening—the bitter task still remained; for Crosbie, as they walked about through the gardens in the evening, found other subjects on which he thought it necessary to give her sundry hints, intended for her edification, which came to her with much of the savor of a lecture. A girl, when she is thoroughly in love, as surely was the case with Lily, likes to receive hints as to her future life from the man to whom she is devoted; but she would, I think, prefer that such hints should be short, and that the lesson should be implied rather than declared—that they should, in fact, be hints and not lectures. Crosbie, who was a man of tact, who understood the world and had been dealing with women for many years, no doubt understood all this as well as we do. But he had come to entertain a notion that he was an injured man, that he was giving very much more than was to be given to him, and that therefore he was entitled to take liberties which might not fairly be within the reach of another lover. My reader will say that in all this he was ungenerous. Well; he was ungenerous. I do not know that I have ever said that much generosity was to be expected from him. He had some principles of right and wrong, under the guidance of which it may perhaps be hoped that he will not go utterly astray; but his past life had not been of a nature to make him unselfish. He was ungenerous, and Lily felt it, though she would not acknowledge it even to herself. She had been very open with him—acknowledging the depth of her love for him; telling him that he was now all in all to her; that life without his love would be impossible to her: and in a certain way he took advantage of these strong avowals, treating her as though she were a creature utterly in his power; as indeed she was.

On that evening he said no more of Johnny Eames, but said much of the difficulty of a man establishing himself with a wife in London, who had nothing but his own moderate income on which to rely. He did not in so many words tell her that if her friends could make up for her two or three thousand pounds—that being much less than he had expected when he first made his offer—this terrible difficulty would be removed; but he said enough to make her understand that the world would call him very imprudent in taking a girl who had nothing. And as

he spoke of these things, Lily remaining for the most part silent as he did so, it occurred to him that he might talk to her freely of his past life—more freely than he would have done had he feared that he might lose her by any such disclosures. He had no fear of losing her. Alas! might it not be possible that he had some such hope!

He told her that his past life had been expensive; that, though he was not in debt, he had lived up to every shilling that he had, and that he had contracted habits of expenditure which it would be almost impossible for him to lay aside at a day's notice. Then he spoke of entanglements, meaning, as he did so, to explain more fully what were their nature, but not daring to do so when he found that Lily was altogether in the dark as to what he meant. No; he was not a generous man—a very ungenerous man. And yet, during all this time, he thought that he was guided by principle. "It will be best that I should be honest with her," he said to himself. And then he told himself, scores of times, that when making his offer he had expected, and had a right to expect, that she would not be penniless. Under those circumstances he had done the best he could for her—offering her his heart honestly, with a quick readiness to make her his own at the earliest day that she might think possible. Had he been more cautious, he need not have fallen into this cruel mistake; but she, at any rate, could not quarrel with him for his imprudence. And still he was determined to stand by his engagement, and willing to marry her, although, as he the more thought of it, he felt the more strongly that he would thereby ruin his prospects, and thrust beyond his own reach all those good things which he had hoped to win. As he continued to talk to her, he gave himself special credit for his generosity, and felt that he was only doing his duty by her in pointing out to her all the difficulties which lay in the way of their marriage.

At first Lily said some words intended to convey an assurance that she would be the most economical wife that man ever had, but she soon ceased from such promises as these. Her perceptions were keen, and she discovered that the difficulties of which he was afraid were those which he must overcome before his marriage, not any which might be expected to overwhelm him after it. "A cheap and nasty ménage would be my aversion," he said to her. "It is that which I want to avoid—chiefly for your sake." Then she promised him that she would wait patiently for his time—"even though it should be for seven years," she said, looking up into his face, and trying to find there some sign of approbation. "That's nonsense," he said. "People are not patriarchs nowadays. I suppose we shall have to wait two years. And that's a deuce of a bore—a terrible bore." And there was that in the tone of his voice which grated on her feelings, and made her wretched for the moment.

As he parted with her for the night on her

own side of the little bridge which led from one garden to the other, he put his arm round her to embrace her and kiss her, as he had often done at that spot. It had become a habit with them to say their evening farewells there, and the secluded little nook among the shrubs was inexpressibly dear to Lily. But on the present occasion she made an effort to avoid his caress. She turned from him—very slightly, but it was enough, and he felt it. “Are you angry with me?” he said. “Oh no, Adolphus; how can I be angry with you?” And then she turned to him, and gave him her face to kiss almost before he had again asked for it. “He shall not, at any rate, think that I am unkind to him—and it will not matter now,” she said to herself, as she walked slowly across the lawn, in the dark, up to her mother’s drawing-room window.

“Well, dearest,” said Mrs. Dale, who was there alone, “did the beards wag merry in the Great Hall this evening?” That was a joke with them, for neither Crosbie nor Bernard Dale used a razor at his toilet.

“Not specially merry. And I think it was my fault, for I have a headache. Mamma, I believe I will go at once to bed.”

“My darling, is there any thing wrong?”

“Nothing, mamma. But we had such a long ride; and then Adolphus is going, and of course we have so much to say. To-morrow will be the last day, for I shall only just see him on Wednesday morning; and as I want to be well, if possible, I’ll go to bed.” And so she took her candle and went.

When Bell came up Lily was still awake, but she begged her sister not to disturb her. “Don’t talk to me, Bell,” she said. “I’m trying to make myself quiet, and I half feel that I should get childish if I went on talking. I have almost more to think of than I know how to manage.” And she strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to speak with a cheery tone, as though the cares which weighed upon her were not unpleasant in their nature. Then her sister kissed her and left her to her thoughts.

And she had great matter for thinking; so great that many hours sounded in her ears from the clock on the stairs before she brought her thoughts to a shape that satisfied herself. She did so bring them at last, and then she slept. She did so bring them, toiling over her work with tears that made her pillow wet, with heart-burning and almost with heart-breaking, with much doubting, and many anxious, eager inquiries within her own bosom as to that which she ought to do, and that which she could endure to do. But at last her resolve was taken, and then she slept.

It had been agreed between them that Crosbie should come down to the Small House on the next day after breakfast, and remain there till the time came for riding. But Lily determined to alter this arrangement, and accordingly put on her hat immediately after breakfast, and posted herself at the bridge, so as to intercept her lover as he came. He soon appeared with

his friend Dale, and she at once told him her purpose.

“I want to have a talk with you, Adolphus, before you go in to mamma; so come with me into the field.”

“All right,” said he.

“And Bernard can finish his cigar on the lawn. Mamma and Bell will join him there.”

“All right,” said Bernard. So they separated; and Crosbie went away with Lily into the field where they had first learned to know each other in those hay-making days.

She did not say much till they were well away from the house, but answered what words he chose to speak, not knowing very well of what he spoke. But when she considered that they had reached the proper spot, she began very abruptly:

“Adolphus,” she said, “I have something to say to you—something to which you must listen very carefully.” Then he looked at her, and at once knew that she was in earnest.

“This is the last day on which I could say it,” she continued, “and I am very glad that I have not let the last day go by without saying it. I should not have known how to put it in a letter.”

“What is it, Lily?”

“And I do not know that I can say it properly; but I hope that you will not be hard upon me. Adolphus, if you wish that all this between us should be over, I will consent.”

“Lily!”

“I mean what I say. If you wish it, I will consent; and when I have said so, proposing it myself, you may be quite sure that I shall never blame you if you take me at my word.”

“Are you tired of me, Lily?”

“No. I shall never be tired of you—never weary with loving you. I did not wish to say so now; but I will answer your question boldly. Tired of you! I fancy that a girl can never grow tired of her lover. But I would sooner die in the struggle than be the cause of your ruin. It would be better—in every way better.”

“I have said nothing of being ruined.”

“But listen to me. I should not die if you left me—not be utterly broken-hearted. Nothing on earth can I ever love as I have loved you. But I have a God and a Saviour that will be enough for me. I can turn to them with content if it be well that you should leave me. I have gone to them, and—” But at this moment she could utter no more words. She had broken down in her effort, losing her voice through the strength of her emotion. As she did not choose that he should see her overcome, she turned from him and walked away across the grass.

Of course he followed her; but he was not so quick after her but that time had been given to her to recover herself. “It is true,” she said. “I have the strength of which I tell you. Though I have given myself to you as your wife, I can bear to be divorced from you now—now. And, my love, though it may sound

heartless, I would sooner be so divorced from you than cling to you as a log that must drag you down under the water, and drown you in trouble and care. I would—indeed I would. If you go, of course that kind of thing is over for me. But the world has more than that—much more; and I would make myself happy—yes, my love, I would be happy. You need not fear that.”

“But, Lily, why is all this said to me here to-day?”

“Because it is my duty to say it. I understand all your position now, though it is only now. It never flashed on me till yesterday. When you proposed to me you thought that I—that I had some fortune.”

“Never mind that now, Lily.”

“But you did. I see it all now. I ought perhaps to have told you that it was not so. There has been the mistake, and we are both sufferers. But we need not make the suffering deeper than needs be. My love, you are free—from this moment. And even my heart shall not blame you for accepting your freedom.”

“And are you afraid of poverty?” he asked her.

“I am afraid of poverty for you. You and I have lived differently. Luxuries, of which I know nothing, have been your daily comforts. I tell you I can bear to part with you, but I can not bear to become the source of your unhappiness. Yes, I will bear it; and none shall dare in my hearing to speak against you. I have brought you here to say the word; nay, more than that, to advise you to say it.”

He stood silent for a moment, during which he held her by the hand. She was looking into his face, but he was looking away into the clouds, striving to appear as though he was the master of the occasion. But during those moments his mind was wracked with doubt. What if he should take her at her word? Some few would say bitter things against him, but such bitter things had been said against many another man without harming him. Would it not be well for both if he should take her at her word? She would recover and love again, as other girls had done; and as for him, he would thus escape from the ruin at which he had been gazing for the last week past. For it was ruin, utter ruin. He did love her; so he declared to himself. But was he a man who ought to throw the world away for love? Such men there were; but was he one of them? Could he be happy in that small house, somewhere near the New Road, with five children and horrid misgivings as to the baker's bill? Of all men living, was not he the last that should have allowed himself to fall into such a trap? All this passed through his mind as he turned his face up to the clouds with a look that was intended to be grand and noble.

“Speak to me, Adolphus, and say that it shall be so.”

Then his heart misgave him, and he lacked the courage to extricate himself from his trouble; or, as he afterward said to himself, he had not

the heart to do it. “If I understand you rightly, Lily, all this comes from no want of love on your own part?”

“Want of love on my part? But you should not ask me that.”

“Until you tell me that there is such a want I will agree to no parting.” Then he took her hand and put it within his arm. “No, Lily; whatever may be our cares and troubles we are bound together, indissolubly.”

“Are we?” said she; and as she spoke her voice trembled, and her hand shook.

“Much too firmly for any such divorce as that. No, Lily, I claim the right to tell you all my troubles; but I shall not let you go.”

“But, Adolphus—” and the hand on his arm was beginning to cling to it again.

“Adolphus,” said he, “has got nothing more to say on that subject. He exercises the right which he believes to be his own, and chooses to retain the prize which he has won.”

She was now clinging to him in very truth. “Oh, my love!” she said. “I do not know how to say it again. It is of you that I am thinking; of you, of you!”

“I know you are; but you have misunderstood me a little; that's all.”

“Have I? Then listen to me again, once more, my heart's own darling, my love, my husband, my lord! If I can not be to you at once like Ruth, and never cease from coming after you, my thoughts to you shall be like those of Ruth: if aught but death part thee and me, may God do so to me and more also.” Then she fell upon his breast and wept.

He still hardly understood the depth of her character. He was not himself deep enough to comprehend it all. But yet he was awed by her great love, and exalted to a certain solemnity of feeling which for the time made him rejoice in his late decision. For a few hours he was minded to throw the world behind him, and wear this woman, as such a woman should be worn—as a comforter to him in all things, and a strong shield against great troubles. “Lily,” he said, “my own Lily!”

“Yes, your own, to take when you please, and leave untaken while you please; and as much your own in one way as in the other.” Then she looked up again, and essayed to laugh as she did so. “You will think I am frantic, but I am so happy. I don't care about your going now; indeed I don't. There; you may go now, this minute, if you like it.” And she withdrew her hand from him. “I feel so differently from what I have done for the last few days. I am so glad you have spoken to me as you did. Of course I ought to bear all those things with you. But I can not be unhappy about it now. I wonder if I went to work and made a lot of things whether that would help?”

“A set of shirts for me, for instance?”

“I could do that, at any rate.”

“It may come to that yet, some of these days.”

“I pray God that it may.” Then again she

was serious, and the tears came once more into her eyes. "I pray God that it may. To be of use to you, to work for you, to do something for you that may have in it some sober, earnest purport of usefulness; that is what I want above all things. I want to be with you at once that I may be of service to you. Would that you and I were alone together, that I might do every thing for you. I sometimes think that a very poor man's wife is the happiest, because she does do every thing."

"You shall do every thing very soon," said he; and then they sauntered along pleasantly through the morning hours, and when they again appeared at Mrs. Dale's table Mrs. Dale and Bell were astonished at Lily's brightness. All her old ways had seemed to return to her, and she made her little saucy speeches to Mr. Crosbie as she had used to do when he was first becoming fascinated by her sweetness. "You know that you'll be such a swell when you get to that countess's house that you'll forget all about Allington."

"Of course I shall," said he.

"And the paper you write upon will be all over coronets—that is, if ever you do write. Perhaps you will to Bernard some day, just to show that you are staying at a castle."

"You certainly don't deserve that he should write to you," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't expect it for a moment—not till he gets back to London and finds that he has nothing else to do at his office. But I should so like to see how you and Lady Julia get on together. It was quite clear that she regarded you as an ogre; didn't she, Bell?"

"So many people are ogres to Lady Julia," said Bell.

"I believe Lady Julia to be a very good woman," said Mrs. Dale, "and I won't have her abused."

"Particularly before poor Bernard, who is her pet nephew," said Lily. "I dare say Adolphus will become a pet too when she has been a week with him at Courcy Castle. Do try and cut Bernard out."

From all which Mrs. Dale learned that some care which had sat heavy on Lily's heart was now lightened, if not altogether removed. She had asked no questions of her daughter, but she had perceived during the past few days that Lily was in trouble, and she knew that such trouble had arisen from her engagement. She had asked no questions, but of course she had been told what was Mr. Crosbie's income, and had been made to understand that it was not to be considered as amply sufficient for all the wants of matrimony. There was little difficulty in guessing what was the source of Lily's care, and as little in now perceiving that something had been said between them by which that care had been relieved.

After that they all rode, and the afternoon went by pleasantly. It was the last day indeed, but Lily had determined that she would not be sad. She had told him that he might go now,

and that she would not be discontented at his going. She knew that the morrow would be very blank to her; but she struggled to live up to the spirit of her promise, and she succeeded. They all dined at the Great House, even Mrs. Dale doing so upon this occasion. When they had come in from the garden in the evening, Crosbie talked more to Mrs. Dale than he did even to Lily, while Lily sat a little distant, listening with all her ears, sometimes saying a low-toned word, and happy beyond expression in the feeling that her mother and her lover should understand each other. And it must be understood that Crosbie at this time was fully determined to conquer the difficulties of which he had thought so much, and to fix the earliest day which might be possible for his marriage. The solemnity of that meeting in the field still hung about him, and gave to his present feelings a manliness and a truth of purpose which were too generally wanting to them. If only those feelings would last! But now he talked to Mrs. Dale about her daughter, and about their future prospects, in a tone which he could not have used had not his mind for the time been true to her. He had never spoken so freely to Lily's mother, and at no time had Mrs. Dale felt for him so much of a mother's love. He apologized for the necessity of some delay, arguing that he could not endure to see his young wife without the comfort of a home of her own, and that he was now, as he always had been, afraid of incurring debt. Mrs. Dale disliked waiting engagements—as do all mothers—but she could not answer unkindly to such pleading as this.

"Lily is so very young," she said, "that she may well wait for a year or so."

"For seven years," said Lily, jumping up and whispering into her mother's ear. "I shall hardly be six-and-twenty then, which is not at all too old."

And so the evening passed away very pleasantly.

"God bless you, Adolphus!" Mrs. Dale said to him, as she parted with him at her own door. It was the first time that she had called him by his Christian name. "I hope you understand how much we are trusting to you."

"I do—I do!" said he, as he pressed her hand. Then as he walked back alone he swore to himself, binding himself to the oath with all his heart, that he would be true to those women—both to the daughter and to the mother; for the solemnity of the morning was still upon him.

He was to start the next morning before eight, Bernard having undertaken to drive him over to the railway at Guestwick. The breakfast was on the table shortly after seven, and just as the two men had come down Lily entered the room with her hat and shawl. "I said I would be in to pour out your tea," said she; and then she sat herself down over against the tea-pot.

It was a silent meal, for people do not know what to say in those last minutes. And Bernard, too, was there; proving how true is the adage which says, that two are company, but

that three are not. I think that Lily was wrong to come up on that last morning; but she would not hear of letting him start without seeing him, when her lover had begged her not to put herself to so much trouble. Trouble! Would she not have sat up all night to see even the last of the top of his hat?

Then Bernard, muttering something about the horse, went away. "I have only one minute to speak to you," said she, jumping up, "and I have been thinking all night of what I had to say. It is so easy to think, and so hard to speak."

"My darling, I understand it all."

"But you must understand this, that I will never distrust you. I will never ask you to give me up again, or say that I could be happy without you. I could not live without you; that is, without the knowledge that you are mine. But I will never be impatient, never. Pray, pray believe me! Nothing shall make me distrust you."

"Dearest Lily, I will endeavor to give you no cause."

"I know you will not; but I specially wanted to tell you that. And you will write—very soon?"

"Directly I get there."

"And as often as you can. But I won't bother you; only your letters will make me so happy. I shall be so proud when they come to me. I shall be afraid of writing too much to you, for fear I should tire you."

"You will never do that."

"Shall I not? But you must write first, you know. If you could only understand how I shall live upon your letters! And now goodbye. There are the wheels. God bless you, my own, my own!" And she gave herself up into his arms, as she had given herself up into his heart.

She stood at the door as the two men got into the gig, and, as it passed down through the gate, she hurried out upon the terrace, from whence she could see it for a few yards down the lane. Then she ran from the terrace to the gate, and, hurrying through the gate, made her way into the church-yard, from the farther corner of which she could see the heads of the two men till they had made the turn into the main road beyond the parsonage. There she remained till the very sound of the wheels no longer reached her ears, stretching her eyes in the direction they had taken. Then she turned round slowly and made her way out at the church-yard gate, which opened on to the road close to the front door of the Small House.

"I should like to punch his head," said Hopkins, the gardener, to himself, as he saw the gig driven away, and saw Lily trip after it, that she might see the last of him whom it carried. "And I wouldn't think nothing of doing it; no more I wouldn't," Hopkins added in his soliloquy. It was generally thought about the place that Miss Lily was Hopkins's favorite, though he showed it chiefly by snubbing her more frequently than he snubbed her sister.

Lily had evidently intended to return home

through the front door; but she changed her purpose before she reached the house, and made her way slowly back through the church-yard, and by the gate of the Great House, and by the garden at the back of it, till she crossed the little bridge. But on the bridge she rested a while, leaning against the railing as she had often leaned with him, and thinking of all that had passed since that July day on which she had first met him. On no spot had he so often told her of his love as on this, and nowhere had she so eagerly sworn to him that she would be his own dutiful loving wife.

"And by God's help so I will," she said to herself, as she walked firmly up to the house. "He has gone, mamma," she said, as she entered the breakfast-room. "And now we'll go back to our work-a-day ways; it has been all Sunday for me for the last six weeks."

THE GUN-BOAT ESSEX.

AMONG the strange and startling incidents which will hereafter clothe this war with the lights and shadows of romance, the gallant little Essex and her achievements in the Western waters will always find a prominent place. A certain curious feeling is inspired by the name of a ship that has "done and suffered great things," different from the feeling with which we look on or read about any other work of human hands. Every timber in "the old Constitution" was sacred. Each plank in her oak-ribbed sides uttered a voice which has come down to us from the far-off waves, and which will be transmitted to the latest hour of time. When Nelson fell upon the deck of the Victory, that proud palace of the British navy became a shrine where valor could worship forever. The Monitor, the Cumberland, and the Essex have already taken their permanent places in history. The career of the Essex, however, being far less familiar to most readers, we shall offer some account of her deeds, and the heroic conduct of her commander and crew.

The name of Porter has for sixty years been known wherever the ensign of the republic has floated. Nearly every vessel in our older fleets has felt the tread of a Porter on her deck. Commodore William D. Porter had been in the naval service of the United States thirty-eight years when the rebellion broke out. Born in New Orleans—a son of Commodore David Porter—educated and domiciled in Pennsylvania, and ever after rocked on the sea, he was (September 27, 1861) ordered to the Western Department, to take command of the gun-boat Essex, under Commodore Foote, to operate upon the Mississippi.

When the Essex was bought by the Government she was a St. Louis ferry-boat, plying on the river at that city. How she was made into a gun-boat, capable of such enormous power of resistance and attack, will best appear from Commodore Porter's own words, which are sufficiently amusing. He says:

"The commander-in-chief (flag-officer A. H. Foote) gave me only eighteen days to get her together. So in that time I had her off the docks, and in three days was steaming down the Mississippi River. Of course there was much to be done in that time, and no place to do it. I therefore set up on my own hook; seized three large coal scows, and converted them into a locomotive navy-yard. Of one I made a blacksmith's shop and iron-working establishment in general. Another is my boat-shed and carpenter's establishment; and another my coal dépôt. When I move up stream I tow them all with me; if down stream, they follow. I sometimes go into action fighting at one end, while carpenters, calkers, blacksmiths, and painters are working at the other. You see, therefore, that the Essex has been *built about in spots*. I have my crew divided off into gangs—wood-choppers, coalmen, carpenters, calkers, etc.—and we are a perfect work-shop in ourselves."

As the Essex was originally built her tonnage was, and still is, about 500 tons. She fought the first naval battle on the Mississippi at Lucas's Bend, in which she whipped three of the hostile gun-boats that were on their way to attack Cairo, and drove them under the batteries of Columbus, with considerable damage. Her bow alone was iron-clad at that time, but all hands on board were making the spiteful little craft stronger every hour; and she acted all through her perilous crusade as if conscious that she carried officers and men worthy to sail her.

Her armament, though not large, was powerful and admirably chosen. She had three 9-inch Dahlgren shell guns, one 10-inch ditto, two 50-pound rifled Dahlgrens, one long 32-pounder, and one 24-pound boat howitzer. Her management, however, added a hundred-fold to her strength when she started down the river; and there was a cool but desperate determination on the part of officers and men that she should sweep the Mississippi to New Orleans, or send her last plank floating into the Gulf.

Having driven Miller, the commander of the rebel gun-boat Grampus, back at least a dozen times, Porter—who likes fair play and an open field—sent him a challenge to come out and meet him. The challenge was accepted, on paper; but the Confederate commander took good care not to make his appearance; and the Essex went to Paducah, whence she steamed up the Tennessee, on the 3d of February, upon the memorable expedition against Fort Henry, accompanied by the gun-boats Saint Louis and Cincinnati. The Essex opened fire on the fort at a distance of a mile and a half, which was returned heavily; a 24-pound rifled cannon was brought to bear on the Essex, which held herself steady at her working post. The first rifled shot struck close; the second grazed the ship; the third went straight through Porter's cabin, on the poop-deck. Warm work was coming. Meantime the Carondelet had transferred the troops from Pine Bluffs to the shore of the river, where the fleet lay. It was a moment for counsel and vigorous preparation.

It was a splendid night, and our camp-fires were all burning, for there was no necessity for concealment or *ruse de guerre* now. For more than a mile each little fire blazed out on the cool night sky, all illumined by the moon-tide

of silver light pouring its waves over camps of friend and foe, and tinging the lines of our gun-boat fleet.

Orders had been received from flag-officer Foote to be ready for action on the morning of the 6th. At the time appointed, and 1000 yards from the fort, Foote's flag-ship, the Cincinnati, with the Essex by her side, opened fire simultaneously, planting their shot and shell with splendid precision. The engagement had been carried on for about half an hour, the Essex having dismounted five of the enemy's guns during that time, and continued her advance slowly toward the fort—to which her close proximity, although the post of honor, proved also the post of danger—when a round 32-pounder shot from the fort entered her bow-port, passed into one of the boilers, scalding, by the sudden escapement of steam, Porter and thirty-two of his brave men.

Porter was blown senseless on the deck, and remained utterly unconscious till, in falling out of one of the ports, some of the crew picked him up. Many even of the scalded men in a few minutes returned to their guns, and, with flesh actually dropping and peeling from their limbs, continued the action until the fort surrendered. One poor fellow, dreadfully scalded, who had continued at his post, on hearing of the surrender, ran on deck, cheered, and fell dead: excitement had stimulated until victory was won. This action was hot, though it lasted but an hour, during which period, notwithstanding the destruction of her boiler and consequent temporary confusion, the Essex had fired seventy-five rounds from two forward 9-inch guns alone.

The next day the Essex dropped down the Tennessee and the Ohio rivers to Cairo, carrying the news of the victory. On arrival there the steamer John Ives came alongside and took away the brave fellows who had died or become disabled on the vessel. In passing the fleet at Cairo all flags were at half-mast. On the 15th flag-officer Foote came to Cairo from the Fort Donelson victory. He was, he thought, only slightly wounded in the foot; but that gallant officer knew little what he was to suffer in consequence of that slight wound, much less how deeply he was to have the cup of domestic bereavement pressed to his lips.

Now came also a weary period of suffering for the gallant commander of the Essex. Porter's wounds were far more severe than was at first anticipated. For weeks he was deprived of sight, and at one period fears were entertained that the loss would be permanent. Kindness, care, and the devoted attention of valued friends, added to a good constitution, eventually triumphed; and health and strength were again restored to enable him more earnestly than ever to devote himself to his country in her time of trial.

The Essex, up to this period, had been only a partially iron-clad boat. The damage sustained at Fort Henry had been serious, and re-

quired extensive repair; and for that purpose she was ordered to St. Louis, Porter, although blind, remaining on her, desirous, though unable to see, yet to mentally direct her being prepared for a grander and harder struggle. Her reconstruction, it may be called, was ably and energetically carried on by that gallant and competent officer, Mr. R. K. Riley, at that time executive officer of the Essex.

Though unable, in consequence of wounds received himself, and repairs necessary for his vessel, to participate in the naval operations on the Mississippi through the months of March, April, May, and June, 1862, yet, during this period, Porter's active mind could not be kept passive. Besides the thoughtful supervision necessary for the reconstruction of the Essex, he designed and commenced building, for the War Department, two gun-boats, the Fort Henry and Choctaw, which, had his original designs been followed after his leaving St. Louis, would unquestionably have proved the most formidable vessels on the Western waters. Much is it to be regretted that any deviation from his plans should have been allowed, as from the peculiarity of their intended construction, and defensive as offensive power, those ships would be more effective to open the navigation of the Mississippi than the balance of our iron-clad navy on that river.

On the 27th June the Essex was considered ready for service, and made her trial trip, which was perfectly satisfactory. True it was that minor details were required for defense, but Vicksburg was then being attacked by Admiral Farragut's fleet, assisted by D. D. Porter's mortar fleet below, as well as Commodore Davis's vessels above that city, and Porter was impatient to share in the enterprise, and test the power of his almost newly-built vessel.

The Essex is certainly far too squat and broad for beauty. Her casemates are much higher than those of any other gun-boat on the Western waters, and her hull is entirely buried in the water. Her wheels are set in a recess at the stern, and on the front part of her chimneys, near the top, are the letters S. X., one letter on each. The pilot-house is very low, conical in shape, and admirably protected. Since her engagement at Fort Henry she has been lengthened forty feet, had her boilers and machinery placed below water-line, and her casemates raised from 6½ to 17½ feet in height. She received entirely new boilers, and was generally reconstructed. Altogether her cost to the government amounted to \$91,000, which is considerably less than that of any other of the gun-boats built in the West. The armament on board is as follows: Three 9-inch Dahlgren guns, one 10-inch Dahlgren shell gun, two 50-pound rifled Dahlgren guns, one long 32-pounder, and one 24-pound howitzer. Her forward casemate is of wood, 30 inches thick, plated with India-rubber 1 inch thick, and 1½ inch iron; side casemates of wood, 16 inches thick, plated with 1 inch India-rubber and ¾ inch iron. The roof is bomb-proof. The pilot-house is of

wood, 18 inches thick, plated with 1 inch India-rubber, and 1½ inch iron. With false sides, no steam ram could attack her effectively. She has 42 water-tight compartments, which would render her proof against sinking. She is 205 feet in length, and 60 feet in width. Her hold is 5½ feet in depth, and draws 6½ feet of water. She is provided with two engines, with cylinders 23 inches in diameter, with 6 feet stroke. She has three boilers, 26 feet long and 42 inches in diameter, working two wheels 26 feet in diameter and 8 feet bucket, and has excellent and extensive accommodations for the comfort of officers and crew. The following is a list of officers, with and according to rank: Captain W. D. Porter, *Commander*; Robert R. K. Riley, *First Master and Executive Officer*; D. P. Rosenmiller, J. Harry Wyatt, Matt. Snyder, Spencer Kellogg, *Acting Masters*; Jos. H. Lewis, *Paymaster*; Thomas Rice, *Surgeon*; Joseph Heep, *Chief Engineer*; J. Sterns, *First Assistant Engineer*; J. Wetzell, *Second Assistant Engineer*; Thomas Fletcher, *Third Assistant Engineer*; C. W. Long, *Gunner*; J. H. Mammon, *Boatswain's Mate*; E. H. Eagle, *Boatswain's Mate*; Thomas Steele, *Carpenter*. Officers and crew number 146, all told.

Orders were received in St. Louis on the 5th July for the Essex to join the fleet under Commodore Davis above Vicksburg, and on the 6th she left the wharf of that city, arriving at Cairo on the 7th, and immediately commenced taking in her ammunition and stores, which having completed on the 9th, she on the evening of that day left, and, steaming down the Mississippi, arrived at the anchorage ground of Davis's fleet, above Vicksburg, on the 13th July. Unfortunately, on her passage down the river, her port boiler burned out, and the fires had to be extinguished for repairs.

Our Union forces were found to be on the alert to learn the whereabouts of the Confederate ram Arkansas, which had caused some degree of anxiety, for it was well known that all that skill or money could command had been exhausted in building and fitting out the most powerful and destructive naval vessel that had ever been launched. When Memphis fell into our hands it was ascertained that she had, a few days previously, been towed down the Mississippi, and, as was supposed, to the Yazoo River, which, though narrow, is a deep stream, and admirably fitted for the security of boats, where also means for her completion by the enemy were easily accessible.

The Yazoo runs into the Mississippi River from the east a few miles above the city of Vicksburg; and it was between the mouth of this river and Vicksburg that our iron-clad Western squadron, including Colonel Ellet's steam-rams, lay at anchor; several of Admiral Farragut's ships, that had passed the forts some time previously from New Orleans, also were anchored there.

On the evening of the 14th, accompanied by one of his officers, Porter went ashore on the

point immediately opposite Vicksburg, to reconnoitre the batteries of that city. On this reconnoissance he took two of the enemy prisoners, who gave intimation that the ram was up the Yazoo, and intended her advent to the Mississippi on the morrow. These prisoners were sent to the Commander of the squadron on board the flag-ship Benton. This information confirmed the Commander-in-chief in the previous supposition that the ram lay up the Yazoo, and induced him, at dawn on the 15th, to send the gun-boats Tyler and Carondelet up that river to reconnoitre. At about 7 A.M. heavy firing was heard in that direction, and half an hour after the Tyler hove in sight, followed closely by the Arkansas. The Carondelet had grounded and been disabled by the enemy up the Yazoo. The Arkansas continued her way through the fleet, very deliberately firing her guns, moving at moderate speed, and apparently impregnable to the fire of the guns from the Federal ships. She especially selected for her fire one of Colonel Ellet's vessels—the ram Lancaster—which in a few minutes she disabled by the explosion of the boiler. The flag-ship Benton did not escape; and heavy damage was received by several ships in the fleet. The Tyler and Carondelet were severely crippled, and obliged to return to Cairo for repairs. The ram had passed unscathed the broadsides of Farragut's fleet and the fire of over twenty vessels. Shot and shell struck her, but they fell as harmless from her sides and deck as hail from the walls of a fortress. She politely sent some rifled shot at the Essex, but with little effect, which compliment was as courteously returned by a 32-pounder steel plug, which struck her stack, and a 10-inch shell, which exploded on her quarter, with some damage, it was supposed. But the Essex could not follow, her boiler being under repair, which prevented getting up steam.

An attack was made on the Arkansas on the evening of the same day by the combined fleets under Admiral Farragut and Commodore Davis, the ships belonging to the fleet from New Orleans which had previously passed Vicksburg repassing the enemy's forts to their anchorage below that city, where lay the remaining portion of it, with Commander D. D. Porter's mortar-boats.

Desultory attacks were kept up from day to day on the enemy's defenses at Vicksburg by our fleets, as also the mortars above and below the city, but without apparent effect, the enemy's strength in battery increasing rather than diminishing. The Arkansas during this period lay alongside the wharf, either repairing or adding to her defenses, and taking in munitions and stores.

On the 21st July, in consultation with Flag-officers Farragut and Davis, Porter offered to attack the Arkansas at close quarters as she lay under the batteries at Vicksburg. This proposition was acceded to, with the understanding that Commodore Davis's fleet was to attack the upper and Admiral Farragut's fleet the lower

forts, to take from the Essex the otherwise too heavy fire of the enemy, if concentrated on her alone.

Accordingly, the next morning, the 22d, at 4 o'clock, Porter lifted anchor and steamed slowly down the river, passing Davis's fleet, which had previously weighed, before rounding the point above Vicksburg. Turning the bend of the river which this point creates, he came within range of the enemy's upper batteries, which immediately opened on the Essex at about 1200 yards, pouring on her a fire which would in ten minutes have sunk any other gun-boat on the Western waters.

The moment had now arrived when the little Essex must sink or swim, and she had but a short time to have her fate decided. While shot and shell were striking, glancing, and exploding over her she steamed right up toward the water-batteries on the Mississippi shore, under which the Arkansas lay moored, reserving the fire of her own guns for still closer quarters.

To the spectator her approach toward her antagonist must have appeared fearful and desperate. Battery after battery opened on her as she advanced and made straight for the Arkansas, upon whom she opened her forward battery of 9-inch guns, at about 10 yards distance, the fire of which until then had been reserved, and attempted to run her down; but just at that moment the Arkansas let go her bow line, and the river current drifting her stem on, the Essex only grazed her side, and running with considerable force into the river-bank her engines stopped.

For several minutes she sustained in this position a terrific fire from the water-batteries, mounting heavy siege guns. Several pieces of field artillery were also lending their aid to sink the ship that had the temerity to attack so closely. The Essex, however, now floated just where her fire would do execution, and for some time it was a duel of interest such as few have ever witnessed. The fire of the enemy's shore-batteries slackened, so close were the two vessels together—the Arkansas with her 68-pounder rifles, the Essex with her 9-inch smooth-bore. Within six yards of the ram the Essex got her 9-inch battery to bear on her antagonist, and almost simultaneously was the fire of those guns delivered, raking her enemy and forcing up her iron plating as if it had been only so much pine lumber. Above the deafening roar of the guns a yell of distress from the crew of the Confederate ship told the anguish and confusion which the fire of the Essex had caused.

Dropping down with the current she again became exposed to the concentrated cannonade of the enemy's forts, both upper and lower—water and bluff batteries. Field artillery added their force to the attack, and musketry missiles were literally poured on the devoted ship. For some time she sustained this terrific fire, expecting the fleets both above and below to engage the forts. The smoke prevented seeing whether assistance was near or not; and as to hearing,

that was out of the question. Presuming, however, from the concentrated fire on his ship, that as yet the fleets had not arrived, Porter drifted down the river, hugging the Mississippi shore to avoid the fire of the bluff batteries, which could not then depress their guns in angle to bear on the brave cruiser of the Father of Waters. It was thus ascertained that the ships below had not moved from their anchorage, and that the upper fleet was not in sight.

To remain unassisted under the fire of those batteries would have been suicidal, and after waiting as long as prudence would allow, Porter determined to run the gauntlet of the lower forts, although this act compelled his ship to exposure for over two miles from the enemy's fire. Reluctantly indeed was the order given to steam down stream while our daring enemy the Arkansas remained above water. But there was no help for it. The Arkansas was a far superior vessel, and, besides, he had to contend with over 100 siege guns that could and were then playing on his ship. He had then been over an hour under fire from not less than 120 guns of heavy calibre, which were belching forth on the gallant Essex every conceivable missile known in the art of modern warfare, either by land or sea. Yet she bore it bravely. The lower forts were successively encountered, and though fearfully battered the Essex passed down the river safely. Arriving at the anchorage ground of the lower fleet, shouts of congratulation arose from the various crews of the ships lying there to welcome the dashing steamer which had run the blockade. They appreciated, for they were eye-witnesses of the desperate struggle although distant.

But the Essex had yet her chief work to do. The plan was for the fleet below and the fleet above to assail the Vicksburg forts while Porter with his Essex was to grapple with the ram; but for reasons not explained this was not done, and the Essex had to shirk for herself.

So completely had Porter fitted his craft for her hard work, that, with only two exceptions, no projectile leveled at her did material damage. One, a shell, exploded in her side, tearing away her timbers, killing one and wounding several of her crew; while the other, a rifled cannon conical shot of 68 pounds, struck the port-quarter aft, penetrating and passing through her iron casing, the executive officer's cabin, where it demolished every thing, the ward-room, and wheel-house, and finally lodged in the starboard side under the iron plating. The wheel-house and smoke stacks were riddled with grape-shot, and shell explosions and indentations of cannon-shot of every calibre were visible on the iron plating all over the vessel.

Vicksburg at this time was occupied by 16,000 Confederates under Van Dorn, and had over 100 siege guns in battery, commanding the river for more than three miles. In fact, defenses had daily increased during the whole time of bombardment, notwithstanding the heavy fire constantly kept up on the city from upper and lower fleet and the mortars. At the end of May, the

time of the first attack by the Federal forces, the enemy had not twenty siege guns in position. In fact, on the approach of Farragut's ships the town was abandoned by its inhabitants, and the military authorities were on the point of surrendering the city, and would have done so, had a demand to that effect been made. The occupation of Vicksburg at that time would have secured the uninterrupted Federal navigation of the Mississippi, and one of the main objects of this fearful war would have been accomplished. Now the prevailing sickness (malarial fever) had so prostrated our troops under General Williams that there remained scarcely one-third of the original number of the expedition that could be relied on for duty—a force totally inadequate to storm, or even hold the place if taken by the naval forces. Hence it was determined to raise the siege; and on the 23d and 24th the land forces of this abortive expedition embarked and left for Baton Rouge; and Admiral Farragut's fleet for New Orleans.

Porter, separated from the upper fleet to which the Essex belonged, she being the only vessel of that squadron save the Sumter, a two-gun iron-clad steamer, below Vicksburg, hearing of the intended abandonment of the object of the expedition on the 23d, wrote Commodore Davis, and in reply thereto received on the 24th orders to the effect, that as all communication with him was cut off, to cruise between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, giving discretionary power to extend the cruising ground to New Orleans, provided necessary supplies could not be obtained at the latter place, and to make that city his head-quarters. On the evening of the same day, General Williams's forces having all embarked, the transports proceeded down the Mississippi, followed by the mortar fleet and Admiral Farragut's war ships; the Essex by desire bringing up and guarding the rear against the anticipated attack from the Arkansas, at about four miles' distance. This plan was carried out until the arrival off Baton Rouge on the 26th July.

Some little time was now used for getting the battered ship ready for her grand business—to meet the Arkansas and “sink something.”

On the 5th of August, at half past 3 A.M., the Essex, from her anchorage above the arsenal, heard firing in the direction of the outposts of our army at Baton Rouge. At six o'clock on the same morning an aid-de-camp from the commanding officer hailed the Essex, reporting General Williams killed, and our left wing falling back on the town, unable to hold the ground, and begging Porter to open his large guns on the advancing enemy, who already occupied the cemetery attached to the Penitentiary at the head of the town, with some of the buildings. Porter's guns opened in a few minutes, and the enemy's position was, by half past 10 o'clock, rendered untenable, and he retreated just as he was on the point of laying Baton Rouge in ashes. But while the Essex was thus closing this little but memorable action a heavy column of smoke

up the river gave Porter notice of the approach of his old antagonist. The ram was coming down to "sink the Essex" and "blow the Yankees out of New Orleans."

On the night of the 5th the Essex kept a bright look-out. Breckinridge had demanded the surrender of Baton Rouge at 6 o'clock, and although the ram had not yet come in sight she was doubtless awaiting the result of that demand before coming nearer.

About daylight, the ram not having come in sight, Porter determined to find her. He started his vessel up the river at 8 o'clock A.M. Rounding Nigger Point an hour and a half after, and when within a short distance of her, the ram opened with her heaviest guns. The shot just cleared the Essex aft. Porter steamed up a quarter of a mile further, when he opened his 9-inch bow-guns. After about ten minutes' fire a shell from the Essex entered her after-starboard port, and another shot struck her rudder and disabled her manœuvring power. The Essex, wanting closer work, steamed up, firing rapidly from her bow-guns till within a quarter of a mile, when every shot struck with dead certainty. Suddenly the ram made for the shore. As the smoke of the Essex cleared away Porter saw that the terrible Arkansas was on fire, and on reaching shoal water her crew were escaping for their lives. Porter's shells were too well aimed, they were irresistible—they had put the vessel into an extinguishable blaze. The desperate crew—all picked men from the desperate cohorts of the Southern Confederacy—could not put that fire out, and they worked at it till the last moment with the energy of despair. But the flames would not be quenched. The most daring lingered on the deck, or around the sides of the splendid stronghold crusader of the Confederacy of the South, till they had to plunge into the water to escape the fiery vengeance of a swifter and more terrible destruction.

The abandoned floating castle of secession, upon which all the wealth and genius of modern naval warfare had been exhausted, slowly swung from her mud anchorage and drifted out into that irresistible tide which gathers its tributes of a million streams from the frozen and temperate zones, to empty them into the torrid bosom of the grand continental gulf. No living soul was on her iron-clad deck—no heart, even in dying, palpitated inside of her iron walls. Down on the bosom of that continent-piercing river the dark form of the rebel ram Arkansas floated as helpless as a child. As she lit up her desperate passage to destruction the officers and crew of the sturdy and victorious Essex counted numerous shot-holes in her. About four miles above Baton Rouge the fire, kindled by the shells of the Essex, reached her magazine of 18,000 pounds of powder, and she blew up with an explosion which sent the news of her destruction far and wide over the great Valley of the Mississippi. The Essex turned down stream and sailed over her wreck. Such was the fate of the ill-starred Arkansas.

Baton Rouge with its army of occupation was safe, and New Orleans breathed freely again. All glory to the Essex and her brave crew and commander!

As near a description as can be obtained we give of this Confederate gun-boat, and as far as can at present be ascertained a correct one:

Her length over all is 180 feet, and she has 60 feet breadth of beam. Her model is a combination of the flat-bottomed boats of the West and the keel-built steamers designed for navigation in the ocean or deep inland waters. Her bow is made sharp, like that of the Plymouth Rock or Commonwealth, and her stern tapers so as to permit the waters to close readily behind her. In the centre of her hull she is broad and of great capacity, and for nearly 80 feet along the middle she is almost flat-bottomed, like an ordinary freight or passenger boat on the Western waters.

The engines of the Arkansas are low-pressure and of 900 horse-power, all placed below the water-line, and well protected from injury by hostile missiles. Her cylinders are said to be 24 inches diameter and 7 feet stroke. She is provided with two propellers, working in the stern and acting independently. These propellers are 7 feet in diameter, and are each provided with 4 wings, or flanges, and are capable of making 90 revolutions to the minute. In consequence of the independent action of the engines, one propeller can be revolved forward while the other is reversed, thus permitting the boat to be turned in little more than her own length. A net-work of iron rods an inch in diameter, and with meshes more than a foot across, extends around the upper part of the propellers, to protect them from injury by floating logs and drift-wood. When under full steam, it is claimed that the Arkansas can make 22 miles an hour down the current of the Mississippi.

The draught of the boat, with her machinery, armament, and plating, is upward of 9 feet. Her sides are covered partly with railroad iron of the T pattern, dove-tailed together and firmly bolted. Along her after-works, and around her stern, she is clad with 2-inch plate iron, the whole extending 13 inches below the water-line, and fastened in the best manner possible.

Forward she carries an enormous beak of cast iron, which is so made that the entire bow of the boat fits into it like a wedge into a piece of timber. The supporting sides of this beak are perforated in numerous places to admit huge bolts that pass completely through the bow, and are riveted at either end. The entire beak weighs 18,000 pounds, and is of sufficient strength to penetrate the hull of any war vessel on the river. The sides of the boat are of 18 inches solid timber, and, with their mail covering of railroad and plate iron, are proof against any but the heaviest projectiles.

There has been much misapprehension as to this naval duel. Reports were circulated that the whole Federal fleet off Baton Rouge attacked the Arkansas. This was not so. On the morning of the 6th August Breckinridge with 15,000 Confederates were about 5 miles from that city, ready to attack our land, on the Arkansas engaging the naval force, which she was well able to cope with from her vast superiority over the Federal ships. The fleet off the city consisted of the Essex, Cayuga, Kineo, Katahdin, and Sumter; the Cayuga was ordered, by Porter, to assist in the attack and keep close up, which she complied with until the Arkansas opened fire on the Essex, immediately on which she put her helm up and run back, leaving the Essex alone. The Kineo and Katahdin, wooden gun-boats, had been left at Baton Rouge by Admiral Farragut on account of the machinery of these vessels being unfit for sea-service; for this reason they could not be relied on to attack an iron-clad

ship like the *Arkansas*, even if their absence from before Baton Rouge could have been allowed. They were more valuable off that city as stationary batteries, and, with the *Sumter*, were left to act in concert with our army in repelling the force under Breckinridge which had so nearly defeated our troops the day previously.

It is worthy of remark that Porter had previously urged on the General commanding at Baton Rouge, as also the Department of the Gulf, the necessity of immediate fortification of that city, as also the probability of a near attack: his representations, however, were not considered, and the very idea of Confederate attack on our forces ignored. This attack had convinced the military authorities, however, of the truth of Porter's suggestion, and, though late, the proposed fortifications were commenced to protect the city and intrench our land forces.

The *Essex* having received necessary repairs and taken on board the stores she could obtain at Baton Rouge, she steamed up the river, on the 9th August, to procure coal at Bayou Sara—a town on the Mississippi about thirty miles above—arriving off that place on the morning of the 10th. The presence of the *Essex* caused some commotion among the inhabitants, as considerable supplies of subsistence stores, just brought across the river from West Louisiana, were on the levee awaiting transportation to the Confederate forces in the interior under Generals Ruggles and Breckinridge. This town is the terminus of a railroad running from the State of Mississippi and Northeastern Louisiana, and prior to the war carried on a very important trade with the interior. The Mayor was sent for, who came on board, and an arrangement was made that personal safety of the inhabitants should be guaranteed and personal property respected as long as there was reciprocity toward Federals observed; that coal lying at the wharf at the Bayou must be supplied to the *Essex*, being contraband of war and not private property; and the immediate delivery to the *Essex* of all Federal prisoners held by the municipal authorities. It had been ascertained that some Union men had been imprisoned in the town who were demanded, and an officer being sent on shore they were delivered to him and taken on board the *Essex*. Coal, as contraband of war, was taken possession of by Porter, and notice given the Mayor that he would be held responsible if its destruction were allowed. The *Essex* remained off this town until the 14th, when she was joined by the *Sumter*, United States steam-ram, and on the 15th the *Essex* returned to Baton Rouge.

The gun-boat *Sumter* was left anchored off the town of Bayou Sara to protect the captured stores, for which as yet transportation could not be procured. This protection was necessary, as there were indications of desire on the part of the municipal authorities to break the amicable arrangement made with the Mayor. Threats against the lives of Union men had been made, which led to Porter's writing strongly, expostulating with them, and insisting on rigid faith

being kept. Considerable excitement existed at this time among the inhabitants of towns on the Lower Mississippi, in consequence of outrages constantly being committed by the troops in occupation of Baton Rouge on the Confederate population. Porter's return to Baton Rouge on the 15th had for its object conference with the commandant of that post, and to enter his protest against the continuance of such irregularities.

The gun-boat *Sumter*, left at Bayou Sara on the 14th, had unfortunately grounded, and, fearing attack from the enemy, been abandoned by her officers and crew. The *Essex* hastily returned to that place on the 16th, but too late to prevent the destruction of the *Sumter*, which had been fired by the citizens. They had also, contrary to agreement, shot at and wounded Union men residing there, and grossly maltreated all politically opposed to them, of whatever sex. The stores also which the *Sumter* had been left to protect had been destroyed.

Information had been communicated to Porter of the intended abandonment by the Federal troops of the city of Baton Rouge, and also of the intention of the Confederates to fortify Port Hudson, situated about 140 miles above New Orleans. He at once communicated with Colonel Paine, then in command at Baton Rouge, urging him to delay his intended evacuation of that city, as also to the commander at New Orleans, earnestly asking for gun-boats to prevent the erection of batteries at Port Hudson, and enable him to cut off the supplies sent from Texas and the Valley of the Red River to the enemy on the east side of the Mississippi.

Porter again brought the *Essex* to Baton Rouge to personally urge this request; but notwithstanding his entreaty the evacuation was continued, and no result came in the shape of additional gun-boats, or at the present moment the country would not have the conviction forced on it that there existed on the Mississippi a stronger fort than Vicksburg, which, to give free navigation to that glorious river, can be gained only by fearful sacrifice of life and treasure. A gun-boat stationed at Port Hudson would have effectually prevented the erection of the present formidable batteries. The same urgent attention was called to this point by Porter, from the Navy Department, under date 20th August, 1862, on which day was completed the entire abandonment of Baton Rouge by our troops, leaving that city in undisputed possession of the guerrilla bands that infested the whole of the district—enemies alike to Federal or Confederate. Few indeed of the inhabitants of that unfortunate city waited the advent of those pests of humanity, who assert the "black flag" as their flag, and "plunder and murder" for their motto.

The *Essex* remained off this deserted city until the 23d August, when, lifting anchor, she steamed up the river to procure coal at Bayou Sara, the only place then known where any could be obtained. But on arrival there it was found that

the greater portion of it had been burned, contrary to express stipulation with the Mayor of that town. On the morning of the 24th a boat's crew was sent ashore to see if any fuel could be saved, as also to ascertain if any of the inhabitants remained—which seemed doubtful from the apparently deserted appearance of the place. Deserted of its peaceful people truly it was, but not so by the ubiquitous guerrillas. A heavy musketry fire was poured on the officers and men from the Essex as they advanced toward the centre of the town from the buildings which were turned into places of concealment, compelling the boat's crew to retreat toward the shore under cover of the guns of their vessel which opened on the enemy with shell, and soon led to the abandonment of their position. To avoid repetition of attack the houses on the levee, near which there was fuel, were burned to prevent such being used for cover by the enemy while the Essex's men were removing the coal. A large number of the enemy had concentrated at Saint Francisville, a suburb of Bayou Sara, who were shelled and dispersed. This place appeared the centre of a body of guerrillas that constantly sent their bands through the woods, which at this place ran down to the river bank, to fire at any person they could see on the deck of the Essex, keeping the worn-out crew ever anxiously alert.

The Essex steamed down stream on the 26th, and came to anchor off Port Hudson to reconnoitre reported batteries in progress. No effectual reconnoissance could be made, as the small number of men left on board for duty prevented hazarding a force on shore for such a purpose. A company of soldiers to act in that capacity would have proved invaluable. Earth-works were seen which brought on them the fire of the Essex and their consequent destruction, but no guns could be discovered. Unfortunately in cannonading these earth-works the 10-inch pivot-gun of the Essex burst. She remained off this port keeping up a desultory fire on the position supposed to have masked batteries, and shelling the woods, until the 28th, when she again returned to Bayou Sara for the small amount of coal left at that place.

At dawn on the morning of the 29th an armed boat's crew was sent to bring off this fuel, when it was again attacked by the guerrillas from the Market-house and buildings remaining. The officer in charge returned the attack, drove the enemy out of the Market-house, which he burnt, as well as what buildings were left of the town. The fuel left uninjured was brought on board, and leaving the site of this treacherous town, the Essex weighed anchor and steamed up stream for the mouth of the Red River.

Porter intended going up this tributary of the Mississippi, but was unable to do so, the low stage of water at its mouth preventing the Essex passing the bar. A boat was sent up, however, a short distance, and information confirmed that large supplies of cattle, salt, cotton, etc., were being constantly brought down for the enemy

east of the Mississippi River. Intelligence was also obtained that two transports laden with these commodities, and convoyed by a Confederate gun-boat, had the day previously steamed up for Natchez.

Losing no time, the Essex at once started in pursuit, and arriving off the city of Natchez anchored on the 1st September. The enemy had anticipated her untiring antagonist, however, for transports and gun-boat had cleared out—without doubt seeking protection under the guns at Vicksburg. Fuel was all but exhausted, but fortunately there was found a good supply at Vidalia, a town situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, immediately opposite Natchez. The Mayor was apprised that, as being contraband of war, the coal would be confiscated for the use of United States vessels. Exception was taken to this confiscation on the ground that it was the property of private individuals; but this could not be proved, and hence not allowed. It was absolutely necessary to have fuel, and sufficient for the wants of the Essex was at once taken possession of.

Having completed coaling by 2 P.M. on the 2d September, prior to leaving Porter sent ashore to procure ice for his sick and wounded men, which were many; and also a letter to be delivered to the Mayor. Up to this time courtesy had existed between the citizens of Natchez and the Federals of the gun-boat. The men sent from the Essex having obtained the ice required, and on the point of returning to their boat, which lay alongside the wharf, were suddenly attacked by over two hundred citizens armed with muskets. One seaman was instantly killed; and the officer in charge, with five seamen, wounded. No provocation had been given, nor had any thing occurred to lead to the supposition of intended attack. The outrage was wanton. The wounded crew hastened to their boat, while the Essex opened her guns without delay on the treacherous city, and continued the bombardment for an hour and twenty minutes—a severe retribution, though richly deserved. Throughout this bombardment a heavy musketry fire was kept up by the enemy, which literally swept the decks of the Essex.

Some have condemned the bombardment of this city, on the ground that time was not allowed for the helpless to leave the place; but the responsibility rests with the attacking party. Porter could not see his men murdered and have preventive power in his hands. The attack was evidently premeditated, as was proved by the number of armed men who kept constant fire on his vessel. The Mayor, by raising a flag of truce, could have stopped the fire of the guns of the Essex at any moment. If, therefore, the weaker inhabitants suffered by the bombardment, the odium and cruelty rests on the authorities; and punishment for injuries done should be visited on those who murderously attacked the boat's crew of the Essex.

During the bombardment of Natchez another misfortune befell the armament of the Essex by

the explosion of one of her 9-inch forward guns.

Porter was anxious to push on up the river; so, leaving the arrangement of peace or more extended punishment for Natchez to a future visit, he steamed toward Vicksburg to find, if possible, the supply transports and gun-boat which were supposed to have taken refuge there. The Essex arrived about five miles below that city on the morning of the 5th, and discovered the Confederate vessels lying snugly under the batteries and alongside the wharf. Steaming on toward our old fighting-ground, it was soon found that, since leaving on the 24th July, great additions had been made to the defenses of that strong-hold. At that part of the river, where, in July, Farragut's fleet had rested quietly at anchor, two batteries abreast and one to her rear opened on the Essex. The ridge that extends from the southern extremity of Vicksburg, parallel to and distant from the Mississippi about 1000 yards, may be called one continual battery, which will sweep the whole of the river of any ships advancing from the south for over five miles. Though not seen by Porter, yet information received led him to believe the upper or northern defenses were strengthened in equal ratio by our indefatigable enemy.

It had been ascertained that Commodore Davis's fleet had left the vicinity of Vicksburg, and was then either at Helena or Memphis; and to attempt to run the gauntlet of those forts, up stream, when no friendly fleet was near to assist in the event of being disabled, was thought imprudent. One officer and thirty men were all that could be mustered for duty. For some time previously "contrabands," left destitute by their masters and taken on board, had been trained to work the guns to take place of a number of the crew disabled or prostrated by sickness. The armament of the Essex was weakened through the bursting of two of the heaviest guns, provisions had been exhausted for a week, and a daily forage on shore was requisite for our necessities; added to this was the important fact that ammunition was short.

Under such circumstances Porter determined to exercise the discretionary power given by the commander of the Western flotilla to go to New Orleans to obtain ammunition, ship stores, and have general renovation. He had also left that important point, Port Hudson, for some days, and was desirous of obtaining better knowledge of its reputed strength. After two hours' desultory fight with the batteries below Vicksburg from her rifled 50-pounders, which scarcity of ammunition prevented liberality with, the Essex was put head down stream, and arrived off Natchez on the morning of the 6th September.

A letter was immediately dispatched to the Mayor, calling for the instant surrender of the city. Shortly after, three citizens, appointed by the municipal authorities to treat on the subject, were sent on board, and an arrangement was agreed on to the effect:

1. That the city of Natchez surrenders to

the United States naval force now before it, and that in future all citizens of Natchez will hold the flag of the United States sacred from attack, they promising protection to all Federal citizens, soldiers, or sailors who may land, with freedom for traffic and intercourse. 2. That all the coal now at Vidalia (a town on the opposite bank of the river to Natchez) be considered property belonging to the Government of the United States, to be, by the authorities of the city of Natchez, preserved for the use of United States vessels. 3. Should this second clause be deviated from, the city to be levied on for the value of the coal. 4. These conditions being observed inviolate by the city of Natchez, all property and persons of that city to always have the protection of the United States forces.

Leaving Natchez the Essex continued her way down the river, clearing ship for action at 3.30 A.M. on the 7th September, on her approach to Port Hudson, where an attack from the enemy was expected. At 4.15 A.M. the Essex, then about 1500 yards from the town, came within range of the enemy's first or upper battery, the guns of which opened on the gallant vessel with tremendous vigor, sending their 10, 9, and 8 inch shot, some of which were from rifled cannon, with great precision. Hard and sharp the Essex returned the fire, advancing nearer and nearer to this first fort, when a second, and almost immediately after a third, battery opened on the devoted ship. Battery No. 2, or the central, as it may be termed, is situated in the extreme bend of the river, which there is scarcely in width 500 yards across, and the channel running close to the bank compelled the Essex to run within 30 yards of the battery, at the same time having to receive the cross-fire from the two other batteries. Steadily, however, she went on, the shot crashing against her sides, and shell exploding in every direction, and vigorously pouring on the Confederate forts the fire of her forward and aft guns, damaging at every shot, until the second battery was partially destroyed. The firing of the enemy was good—far better than at Vicksburg. A 10 and 9 inch, as also a 32-pounder solid shot, struck the Essex within a square of 10 feet almost simultaneously, the concussion sending in the 24-inch wood-work as if it were of the most fragile character, shattering the iron and rubber, though no shot penetrated the ship's side. For an hour and twenty-five minutes the brave little craft continued this fight against from thirty-five to forty guns, until her ammunition, previously low, was exhausted. She then dropped down the river slowly out of range, and continued under way to New Orleans, off which city she arrived and anchored on the evening of the 7th September.

Port Hudson is a small village on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles below the mouth of the Red River. The bluffs rise full 60 feet above the high-water level of the river, and command either approach to the nar-

rowest part of the stream from Vicksburg to New Orleans. These bluffs are fortified, having 120-pounder, 68-pounder, and other siege guns in battery, while the plateau at the base, and either approach to these heights, have heavy batteries with siege guns of similar calibre. The river is here so narrow that the sinking of an ordinary vessel, such as usually navigates the Western waters, would effectually block the channel. The rear of these batteries is well protected, and a land force would find serious impediment to approach, in the numberless creeks, bayous, and swamps that protect the position. Indeed no point could have been chosen on the Mississippi that has such great natural advantages for defense on the land or water side, and for offense against shipping navigating the river; it is a fort more formidable than Vicksburg. It is also a considerable dépôt for the reception of cattle from Texas, sugar from West Louisiana, and now of salt from the Red River; supplies of which are sent by the railroad from thence to the Amite River, and then transported to the interior of the States of Mississippi and Alabama. Camp Moore, the great rendezvous of the Confederates for military instruction, receives most of its supplies from this point. The Confederates holding Vicksburg north, and Port Hudson south, on the Mississippi, thus secure for themselves the free navigation of the river between those points, as also the valley of the Red River entirely. This is the most fertile part of the great Southwest; and its products have given food, vigor, and articles of commerce to the Southern States, creating means for continuing the present fearful contest far longer than is generally supposed.

The Essex was severely damaged in the Port Hudson fight, and heavy repairs were found necessary. Her scalded, battered, and sick crew wanted rest. Two months' exposure to an almost tropical sun, and the heated atmosphere that can not be avoided on a close iron-clad gun-boat, had effectually shown its prostrating power. Out of a crew of one hundred and forty-six, that on the 6th of July left St. Louis in health, there remained but thirty-four for duty on the 7th of September.

The officers and crew of the Essex behaved so gallantly through all that crusade of unsleeping vigils and desperate struggles, by night and day, for months together, that they can never be praised enough. It will be enough for them to say, hereafter, in "the piping times of peace" which are sure to come after the sovereignty and glory of our vindicated republic are fully acknowledged, that "I WAS WITH PORTER ON THE ESSEX." It would be wrong, however, to omit one name here; for he was an Englishman then Acting-Master, a complete officer through all that crusade, who was always at the right place at the right time, and by his great skill and heroism earned no small share of the glory with which the Essex has covered herself forever. The writer refers, without the knowledge of any other person, to Mr. Harry Wyatt, who, with

his heart in our cause, has generously given, as a volunteer, nearly two of the best years of his life to sustain the supremacy of our republic. He may well say, that, after pointing the guns of the Essex which sunk the ram Arkansas, he has not lived in vain.

Porter, on his arrival at New Orleans, found that the government had recognized his brave acts, notwithstanding the unfair action of a naval advisory Board, which had omitted his name for promotion, and that the President had ordered him, for distinguished service, to be promoted to the rank of Commodore—a compliment as graciously and generously awarded as highly deserved.

THE POLICEMAN'S CHRISTMAS TRAMP.

THERE was once a little boy, and there still is a large city.

In one of the streets, not the brightest or fairest where many were fair, he stood looking in at a window wherein a great store of toys and marvelous fruits and flowers, where many jewels, the like of which has not been since Aladdin came out of the garden, lay awaiting a purchaser; eagerly and longingly the lad's round hungry eyes gazed at all things which were so near to him and yet were so far off, for the coins which men jingle carelessly enough in their pockets were strange to the little beggar's palm. I dare say, though I am no soothsayer, that he had passed this particular window hundreds of times in the course of the year, yet never had seen so much glory in it as upon this night, for in and out of its hospitable doors went thronging multitudes, with joyous faces at the thoughts which had possession of their hearts at this kindly season of the year. Santa Claus was at hand and here he held his court, and single-hearted courtiers came and gladly laid down their hard-earned shillings for the trinkets which should make their dear home blossoms bloom brighter and fairer for a time.

It was not the nicest street in the city by any means. The houses were rickety, and old, and tumble-down; when fires were lighted in their rooms of an evening you could see its flashes illuminate the gaunt bare walls, the spotted plastering, and the ancient pattern of the paper. Nor were they, the houses, always friendly and social together; in too many instances they shrank from contact with each other, and permitted great gaps of waste land to come between them, where goats played and boys made fires; and their dormer-windows were the shoals where many a hapless kite had wrecked its glory and its flowing tail, and had gone down to paper rags, with only its wooden skeleton and its feebly flapping fragments to boast of out of its pristine grandeur. Yet in the main they were comfortable enough, and peopled full upon this night with happy hearts.

All this time the hungry boy stood stamping his impatient little feet, which were as red as

the dove's when she landed upon Ararat, and squeezed his little mendicant hands. Now and again out of their small stores the passers threw him a cent, which he took without much ceremony.

I would that I might say with truth that Joe had been well born; that his parents were great, from whom he had been stolen away; but the fact of the matter is that Joe had been an outcast and a social outlaw from his birth. The street was his mother, and it alone. The winds and the rain opposed him and beat upon him; and so every chance and circumstance of his life was harsh and hard.

Now when Joe had stood so long at the window, his feet became cold, and the wind made his eyes water. So he took the few cents which kind hearts had given him, and bought cakes, and sat him down in the corner of a door and munched, and after munching yawned, thrust both hands to the elbow in his ragged sleeves, and curled his red feet up under him. Presently the shock-head nodded, the dirty little face settled its features, and Joe, bumping over against the door, went straightway to sleep. Round him the only lullaby was the one which the Christmas wind sang, and over him the only watchers the Christmas stars and the loving God; under and about Joe the hard stones and man's charity.

Policeman John Martin, No. 999, passing upon his beat, shrugged his municipal shoulders, wagged the metropolitan beard, or rather the irreverent wind did, which is no respecter of beards, metropolitan or otherwise; it searched John Martin through, and made him vigilant and active, so that when he reached the street-corner he responded to the signal of the sergeant upon the ringing pavement, then vigorously departed over his post. John was a lonely man in the world. Never had he married, because long ago, upon a Christmas night, he had watched and waited for them who bear away mortals to Christ's dear home.

So John Martin, rough and seared by the service and hard knocks, went on his way alone. There had been a twin-sister once, who cheered his solitary life; but she had married, and gone out into life with an unkind husband, who had first ill-treated, and finally deserted her entirely. For poor Mary Martin that had been there were few Christmas eves in this world. It was her brother's study to seek her out and aid her for many a year, and he had used all his leisure and his opportunities to discover her, but without avail, her husband's name being so common that it was a hopeless task; for when John deemed that at last he was on the right track, the person proved some one else, and he despaired. So this night, upon his duty, he passed up and down. As he walked, the sky became overcast, and the air chilly; the stars winked drowsily, and finally went to sleep behind the clouds, which spread themselves over the city. Slowly and timidly, at first, the flakes of snow came; faster and faster at length, until they

had purified the narrow street, and made a white causeway between heaven and earth, on whose misty track, all bright and beautiful, gifts came down from heaven to man. It fell upon Joe, on his hard door-step, and tucked him in with a coverlet of down, so that John Martin, passing again that way, noticed the dark heap in the corner, and, going up, took it by its rags, and dragged it out. At which Joe, finding himself in the hands of an officer, whimpered and whined.

"What are yer up to here?" said 999. "Why ain't you to home?"

"You lemme be!" said Joe, vainly struggling to escape. "I ain't done nothing to you. You lemme be!"

Something in the pitiful aspect of Joe, as he stood there in his sorry plight with his shock head and bedraggled clothes, or rather rags—something in the homeless, wobegone look of the lad's eye, touched a tender spot in the honest heart of John, so that he said more gently, "Ain't you got no home, boy? has yer folks turned yer out?"

"No I ain't," replied Joe; "I lives where I can; and you lemme be."

"Come along with me, and I'll give yer a place in the station-house for to-night any how." So he took him off, Joe following quietly, for that was what he delighted in. The warmth of the place and its shelter was enough, and the light on Christmas night was to him, O son of Dives! what your annual budget is to you. Arriving, the officer thrust his charge into the room, and went forth again upon his duty.

The hours of duty having elapsed, and the officer having been relieved, he went to the station-house, and there sat down upon a chair, ruminating. One by one his comrades departed and left him alone; now that he was at leisure, he ran over in his mind the chances and probabilities of discovering his sister Mary. And so silence reigned, the ticking of the clock made it seem audible. The snow rattled softly against the window, and lay outside in white rolls like wool; and the great bell in the fire-tower boomed with clanging strokes, which vibrated long through the air, the hour of twelve.

"Poor Mary!" said John, "if I but knew where you are you should never suffer more, and I should be happy. I fear you are dead, and that I am alone. Curse that Fisher that he took my happy girl from the home I had made for her and dragged her down! Oh, that few Christmas eves will be his lot is my wish. Mrs. Fisher! That's a pretty name to tack on to sweet Mary's, who was the light of my life."

John cared little for any that might have heard him; nevertheless, he looked furtively about for any chance listeners that he might unburden his mind to. His glance encountered Joe, who had sneaked out of his proper bounds and come into the room.

"What do you want here, you scamp?" he said, going up to him. "Get out of here!"

"What's you cussin'?" says Joe, unheeding

the menace. "You's cussin' Mrs. Fisher. There mustn't nobody cuss her to me. She's good to me, she is."

John almost had a hope again, but, remembering former disappointments, lost heart directly. However, he said more quietly to Joe:

"What about Mrs. Fisher? Do yer know any one o' that name, boy?"

"Indeed do I," says Joe, with his street slang. "She gimme a feed more'n once when I was hungry."

John took heart again. Here was a trait that seemed to imply that this was the right track.

"Where does she live, boy?" says John, persuasively. "Tell us where she lives and I'll give you this." And he showed him a quarter.

"No, yer don't," says Joe, his eye like a stone again. "Can't come that load. She hain't done nothin'. What do you want along o' her?"

"She's my sister," says John, anxiously.

"No, she ain't no sister o' yourn neither. I ain't fly to that game!" and he became imperturbable again. In vain did John entreat and beseech Joe. He still refused; and at length denied that he ever knew any such person. In his mind officers only knew people to drag them to confinement. Poor Joe! *he* had been hunted many and many a time. At last John took a pair of hand-cuffs and put them on Joe, at the same time threatening the lock-up if he did not instantly point the way. So out into the dark night they went together; for Joe, terrified at last, promised to do what was required, though with a very ill grace.

They threaded many streets and lanes; they went by low houses, where red curtains hung in the windows, and where the noise of clinking cans and glasses was audible; where the occupants glided stealthily about and looked over their shoulders furtively, and made dark tracks in the white snow, as they made dark tracks on every white morality and truth they came in daily contact with. John Martin and Joe passed groceries which had tin signs in the windows announcing hot drinks, and where lazy men lounged against the walls; these were tenanted this night by persons in red shirts and glazed caps. Here, playing dominoes and drinking beer, they kept Christmas also. The hours waxed and waned, and Christmas eve passed into the early Christmas morn; and Joe and John yet went on—one sullenly and the other hopefully. At last they passed even the poor vestiges of habitation which I have spoken of, and came into a darker, narrower class of houses than any yet.

Where none kept Christmas, or mayhap knew of it; where was neither evergreen nor deciduous foliage; where the only things that broke the blackness of the sky were the outlines of the dilapidated roofs and chimneys; the only lights in all the place were those of late toilers, who turned day into night and night to day with ceaseless labor; the only sign of fire ascending the smouldering sparks where boys had burned straw a few hours since; yet even there was

purity, for the Christmas snow had softly descended and covered all things. Now and again some prowling dog glided through the shadows, and sought refuge under the carts which lined the street. At last John Martin stopped.

"Where you going to, boy? What do you come this way for? Does Mrs. Fisher live here?"

"No, she don't," said Joe.

"What do you come here for then?"

"Told yer I didn't know no such 'oman," Joe said, sulkily.

Then John saw where his persistence had led him, and he retraced his steps. He struck the handcuffs from Joe's wrist, and the lad darted away without word or look but one to see if he was pursued. John, downcast and sad, plodded through the snow, and looked neither to the right nor the left. He walked half an hour, then rested a while on the step of a door. He dozed with fatigue, for his eyes were heavy. Something light as a feather in the air shuffled through the snow, and gave a tap on the cellar door close to him; his senses were alert, but his body quiet. He heard a voice within challenge, and the one without answer "Joe;" and his heart leaped, and so did his feet. As Joe entered, he also entered; and as Joe fell down with rage and grief at being outwitted, John stood up in thankfulness, for he saw Mary wan and pallid, but Mary still, lying at his feet, while he, down at the bedside, poured forth all his sorrow and his joy together. Then his sister told him that her husband had become a better man, and had gone to the war, and that were it not for Joe, who had brought her food in her trouble, she should have starved outright. And the boy, when he found that Mary was neither apprehended nor afraid of the officer, broke out into a long explanation and apology, which was a relief to himself, else I doubt not that he would have burst.

And now that the storm had spent itself, and the night had gone, was heard far over the tops of houses, and prevailing through the murky air, the organ peals and chiming bells with which men in towers saluted the morn. The organist in the chapel opened the throat of his wondrous instrument, and rolled the harmony forth like a flood. The song was of God's goodwill to men, and peace on earth. It seemed as though a heavenly choir inspired the player, for he bent with fervor and played divinely. John and Mary heard it in the dim and dirty street; all the people in those dark and squalid abodes heard it. The song of the Christmas organ told of lost happiness and faded youth—of joys vanished forever to some; but to you, O son of Dives! warm and comfortable, it says: "Humanity stark and sore lies waiting and in want; out of thy bounty give to them, and out of thy overflowing let their cup be also full."

So John took Mary's hand, and, gathering up the wonder-eyed child who pulled at its mother's dress, they shook off the dust of the cellar from their feet, and went out through the snow rejoicing upon that Christmas morning.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 10th of January. The events of the month have been of the gravest importance.

At the close of our last Record the Army of the Potomac, under command of General Burnside, was lying on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, while the enemy were strongly posted on the opposite side of the river upon two ranges of hills which command the slope at the foot of which Fredericksburg is situated. Our long delay, which gave the enemy time to concentrate his forces and complete his intrenchments, was owing to the failure in the arrival of the pontoons necessary for crossing the river. The crossing was effected, without serious opposition, on the 12th of December, and our troops took possession of Fredericksburg, which was abandoned by the enemy, who fell back to their strong position upon the hills about a mile from the town. The next day, December 13, a vigorous attempt was made to carry these intrenchments. Skirmishing commenced at an early hour, but the dense fog at first shut each army from the view of the other. The serious attack began at about nine, reached its height at noon, and was urged with desperate courage until dark, but wholly without success. The position of the enemy was so well chosen and so bravely defended that no serious impression could be made upon it. Only once a portion of his troops, under General Hill, left their intrenchments and made an attack upon Franklin's division, but were repulsed, losing many in killed and wounded, and some 700 prisoners. At every other point our loss greatly exceeded theirs. The fight ended at dark, our men resting on the field. It was not renewed on the following day, the enemy not choosing to leave their intrenchments to assault us, and we not venturing to renew the hopeless attack. On the night of the 15th General Burnside withdrew his troops to the other side of the Rappahannock. The movement was effected under cover of darkness, without loss. The blame of this disastrous repulse was at first laid upon the Administration, who, it was said, peremptorily ordered General Burnside, against his judgment, to cross the river and attack the enemy in his chosen position. General Burnside, however, assumes the whole responsibility of the movement, and in his report to the Commander-in-Chief gives his reasons for crossing the river sooner than was anticipated by the Administration or General Halleck, and at a point different from the one which he had himself proposed. He says that during the preparations for crossing the river at the place which he had selected, he discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defenses in front, apparently not anticipating a crossing at Fredericksburg. Burnside therefore hoped that by throwing his whole command over at this point he could separate the force of the enemy, and win the crest behind the town, which point gained the position would not be tenable; but fog and unexpected delay in building the bridge gave the enemy a whole day to concentrate his forces, and the assault was unsuccessful, and after waiting two days the river was recrossed. General Burnside gives due praise to the gallantry displayed by his troops, and adds: "The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line, rather against the opinion of the

President, the Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me responsible." Our killed in this action amount to 1152, our wounded to about 7000; our loss in prisoners was about 700, who were paroled, and exchanged for about the same number taken by us. The loss of the enemy is not known; General Lee, writing from the field of battle, estimates it at only 1800, but later statements place it considerably higher. It was, however, far less than our own. Since this battle our army of the Potomac has been entirely quiet, and with the exception of some unimportant cavalry expeditions that of the enemy has made no movement.

On the same day when the Rappahannock was crossed General Foster made an advance from Newbern, North Carolina, toward Goldsborough, and on the 13th, the day of the battle of Fredericksburg, came up with about 6000 of the enemy at Kinston, who were driven off after a sharp fight, losing 400 prisoners, 11 cannon, and a large amount of stores. Foster advanced upon Goldsborough, taking the town. The special object of the expedition was to break up the railroad at this place, which was done, and the force returned to Newbern.

There has been severe fighting in the Department of the Southwest. The action at Prairie Grove, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, noted in our last Record, was of more importance than the first reports indicated. The loss of the enemy was more than 2000 in killed and wounded, which were left in our hands. In their precipitate retreat across the Boston Mountains they left behind a large amount of small-arms and munitions. Our loss was only 700. The credit of this action belongs to General Blunt, of Kansas, whose previous services have been of the highest order.

A severe battle, lasting during three days, terminating finally in a decided Union victory, has been fought near Murfreesboro, in Tennessee, between the National forces under Rosecrans and the Confederates under Bragg. On the 26th of December Rosecrans marched from Nashville toward Murfreesboro, about thirty miles distant, where the enemy was gathered in force. After sharp skirmishing on the intermediate days, during which the enemy fell back, and we advanced to within three miles of Murfreesboro, the action opened on the morning of the 31st by a sudden attack from the enemy in force upon our right wing, commanded by General M'Cook. The morning was foggy, veiling the movements of the enemy, and our forces were taken by surprise. With the enemy in force close before us, we were not prepared to receive them; the alarm of the pickets had hardly reached our camp when the enemy were upon it. The right wing was forced back in confusion, and General Bragg telegraphed to Richmond that he had driven us from every position except our extreme left, capturing 4000 prisoners, taking 30 pieces of artillery, and 200 wagons and teams. Our centre, however, repulsed the enemy repeatedly, and gained some ground, while the left was retained so as to support the right until it should rally and take a new position. Bragg now telegraphed that we had yielded our strong point, were falling back, and he should follow. God had granted the Confederates a happy New Year. On the 2d there was skirmishing along the line, until 3 o'clock, when the enemy advanced, but were driven back in confusion, with heavy loss. Bragg now telegraphed,

less confidently, that he had driven our left flank from its position, but an attacking party returned, with considerable loss to both sides. Our left wing occupied the battle-ground that night, our lines being completed at 4 o'clock the ensuing morning. The 3d of January was occupied in bringing up arms and ammunition. The foregoing facts were telegraphed by General Rosecrans on the 3d, leaving the impression that he had, on the whole, been worsted, and exciting the gravest apprehensions for the issue of the struggle. These were dispelled by a dispatch of the 4th, announcing that the enemy were in full retreat, that Murfreesboro would be occupied, and the pursuit commenced on the next day. Our loss was estimated at 1000 killed, and 5500 wounded, besides the prisoners captured on the 31st. Bragg's dispatch of the 5th says that, unable to dislodge us from our intrenchments, and hearing of reinforcements coming to us, he withdrew from our front on the night of the 3d.

A brilliant raid was made into East Tennessee by 1000 of our cavalry, under General Carter, the object being to cut the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. The expedition left London, Kentucky, on the 21st of December, and returned in about ten days, having accomplished its object. They destroyed two important bridges, tore up the rails for a distance of nine miles, killed and captured 550 of the enemy, and seized a large amount of stores, losing but ten men. The Richmond papers say that it will take several weeks to repair the damages, and this at a time when the road is taxed to its utmost capacity. It is supposed that the destruction of this track prevented reinforcements from reaching Bragg at Murfreesboro, which might have turned the fortune of the battles there.

We have also reports of a battle near Lexington, Kentucky, between our troops, under General Sullivan, and the Confederates, under Forrest, in which we were successful; but no reliable account of the respective losses has been received.

Almost simultaneously with the advance upon Murfreesboro, an attempt to capture Vicksburg was made by our forces under General Sherman. Our forces were disembarked on the left bank of the Yazoo, ten miles above its mouth, and marched upon Vicksburg. Severe fighting took place for some days up to December 28, when we had made our way to within two miles of the city. On the 29th the action was renewed, and it appears that the enemy, who were largely reinforced, repulsed us with considerable loss, driving us back to our first line. Since then no accounts of operations have been received, except a dispatch sent to the Confederate capital from General Pemberton, to the effect that our forces finding it impossible to make any impression upon the enemy's lines had re-embarked on the 2d of January, leaving their intrenching tools behind, and apparently abandoning the enterprise. We must await further information respecting this movement. It appears clear, however, that the gun-boats from below, which were expected to co-operate in the attack upon Vicksburg, were not present. The inference is that they were unable to pass the strong works which the enemy have recently erected at Port Hudson, 300 miles below.

The Banks's expedition, which sailed from New York early in December, was destined for New Orleans, where General Banks was ordered to supersede General Butler, the special duty assigned to him being that of opening the Mississippi. General Banks having reached New Orleans, assumed the

command on the 15th of December. General Butler, who has been accused at home and abroad of unnecessary severity in the exercise of his duties, issued an address to the people of New Orleans in which he explains the principles upon which he had acted in his administration. He has, he says, treated the enemies of the country with severity. Rebellion is treason, and treason is punishable with death; all short of that is clear gain to the offender, owing to the clemency of the Government. He, however, contrasts his procedure with that of the English in China and India, and the French in Algeria. We quote his account of what he has actually done for the people of New Orleans. He says:

"I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel.

"I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

"I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders.

"I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi.

"I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

"I have given you freedom of elections greater than you have ever enjoyed before.

"I have caused justice to be administered so impartially that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

"You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the Government against which you have rebelled.

"Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that Government—not with lip service, but with the heart?"

General Butler goes on to declare that slavery is the only thing that stands between the people of New Orleans and the Government. He had come there inclined to sustain the domestic laws of the State if it could be done consistently with the safety of the Union. He had been forced to the conviction that this was impossible. He had hoped that the institution might be gradually abolished, but it was far better to eradicate it at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of the country.—General Banks, immediately upon assuming the command, took possession of Baton Rouge, which had been abandoned, making it the basis of his operations upon the river. Of his measures to carry out his special object, the reopening of the Mississippi, we are yet to learn.

The Confederate steamer *Alabama*, of whose depredations upon our commerce we have already spoken, still continues her work of destruction. She ran into the port of Martinique, off which was our steamer the *San Jacinto*; but the *Alabama*, favored, it is said, by the French authorities, made her escape in the night, and was next seen off the coast of Cuba on the look-out for our California steamers. On the 7th of December she discovered the steamer *Ariel*, from New York to Aspinwall, with a large number of passengers, including 120 United States marines. The *Alabama* being superior both in speed and force, captured the *Ariel*. Captain Semmes, having no means of providing for his prisoners on board his own vessel, at first proposed to put them ashore on a desert island, and burn his prize; but after three days' detention, in consideration of the large number of women and children, he released the steamer, upon receiving a bond for payment of her value and that of her cargo, and pledging the marines not to serve the United States. The *Ariel* then made her way to Aspinwall, whence she

returned to New York, leaving the treasure behind which was ready for her return trip.

The *Monitor*, the pioneer of our iron-clad navy, foundered off Cape Hatteras on the 31st of December. She left Fortress Monroe on the 29th, having on board 63 persons, in tow of the steamer *Rhode Island*. A violent storm soon sprung up; the vessel, heavily strained, began to leak, and the pumps were inadequate to keep the water under, and she went down. Four of her officers and twelve men were lost, being either swept overboard or carried down with her; the remainder were saved.

A portion of the Sioux Indians, 38 in number, convicted of participating in the late massacres in Minnesota, were executed by hanging at Mankato, Minnesota, on the 26th of December. They were all hanged at once upon a single gallows. The cutting of the rope which upheld the platform was given to a man half of whose family had been murdered. So intense was the feeling against the criminals that there were several competitors for the office.

At a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate resolutions were passed urging upon the President to reconstruct his Cabinet. In consequence Messrs. Seward and Chase offered their resignations on the 18th of December, which the President declined to accept, and the Secretaries were induced to retain their posts.—The general debates in Congress have been characterized by the severe denunciation from a portion of the members of the general policy of the Administration. The especial points of attack have been the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, arrests of persons charged with political offenses, and the Emancipation Proclamation of the President. The most important measure actually passed is that establishing the new State of Western Virginia, which, having passed the Senate at the late session, was carried in the House, December 10, by a vote of 96 to 55.—The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow from time to time a sum not exceeding nine hundred millions of dollars, issuing therefor bonds payable after twenty years, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semi-annually in coin; also authorizing the Secretary to issue three hundred millions of dollars in Treasury notes, bearing interest at the rate of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ –100 per cent., being one and a half cent per day for each hundred dollars, these notes to be receivable for all dues except duties upon imports; also authorizing the Secretary to issue legal tender notes not bearing interest, payable on demand, to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars: the whole amount of these issues, however, not to exceed the sum of nine hundred millions of dollars. The bill also provides for a tax of one per cent. upon the circulation of notes issued by banks beyond a certain percentage of their capital. Banks with a capital of \$100,000 are taxed for all over 90 per cent.; those of \$300,000, 60 per cent.; those over \$2,000,000, 25 per cent.; and in similar proportion for intermediate capitals. The chairman of the Committee, however, proposes a different bill.

Of still higher importance than even the military operations of the month is the President's emancipation proclamation, issued, according to notice, on the 1st of January, the principle embodied in it having been sanctioned by the House of Representatives, who, by a vote of 94 to 45, laid on the table a resolution condemning it. After citing the former Proclamation of September 22, declaring it to be the purpose of the President to issue a proclamation emanci-

pating the slaves in such States or parts of States as should be in insurrection on the 1st of January, 1863, the Proclamation proceeds:

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana—except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans—Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

The number of slaves declared free by this Proclamation is about 3,120,000; the number excepted by it is about 830,000.

Partly by way of anticipating this Proclamation of President Lincoln, Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, issued a proclamation on the 22d of December, in which, after giving his version of the case of William B. Mumford, who was executed at New Orleans by order of General Butler for having pulled down the flag of the United States, an act which he pronounces to have been deliberate murder, he orders that General Butler be considered a felon and outlaw, who shall be at once hung in case he is captured; and until this is done no commissioned officer of the United States who may be taken prisoner shall be released on parole before being exchanged; and also all the commissioned officers serving under General Butler are to be considered worthy of death, and, when captured, to be reserved for execution; but non-commissioned officers and private soldiers are to be treated in the manner usual with prisoners of war. Negro slaves captured in arms are to be delivered over to the authorities of the States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of these States; and all commissioned officers of the United States, when found serving in company with insurgent slaves, are to be treated in the same manner. As the laws of all the slave-holding States punish by death insurgent slaves and those who aid them, this order is equivalent to threatening capital punishment to all slaves in arms and the white officers who may command them.

Mr. Seymour, the newly-chosen Governor of New York, was inaugurated on the 1st of January. As he was chosen by the party opposed to the Administration, that part of his Message relating to national affairs is of special interest. The arbitrary arrests made for alleged political offenses are sharply condemned. The rebellion, says the Governor, can not suspend a single right of the citizens of loyal States. In respect to the war, he says, by way of conclusion: "Under no circumstances can the division of the Union be conceded. We will put forth every exertion of power; we will use every policy of conciliation; we will hold out every inducement to the people of the South to return to their allegiance consistent with honor; we will guarantee them every right, every consideration demanded by the Constitution, and by that fraternal regard which must prevail in a common country; but we can never voluntarily consent to the breaking up of the Union of these States or the destruction of the Constitution."

The distress among the English operatives has awakened a lively sympathy in this country. Committees to raise funds for their aid have been organized, and the first installment was sent on the 9th of December, on the ship *George Griswold*, which had on board 11,236 barrels of flour, 200 boxes of bacon, 50 barrels of pork, 500 bushels of corn, and 500 barrels of bread. Besides contributions in kind, the International Relief Committee have received \$109,000 for this object.

EUROPE.

European interest still connects itself more and more with American affairs. Reports of intervention and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy are still rife; but they are based upon no official action on the part of any of the great Powers.

The distress among the English operatives, especially in the manufacturing district of Lancashire, is elaborately exhibited in the Monthly Report of the Committee of the Central Relief Fund, at Manchester, presented on the 15th of December, from which we make a few extracts:

"The Central Executive Committee regret to report that, since the last meeting, the want of work, and consequent indigence of the population, have rapidly increased throughout the cotton districts. Every week manufacturing have been closed, and, besides the workmen thus thrown out of employment, many others, who, while their savings and other resources were undergoing exhaustion, had been unwilling to seek assistance, have been compelled to accept relief for their families. The information given by the district relief committees comprises 490,757 work-people, of whom 244,616 are reported to be wholly without employment, 167,591 are on short time, and 78,550 are in full work. These returns do not comprise all occupations dependent on the cotton trade in which employment and wages are reduced; in some districts colliers and mechanics working only half-time are omitted. The increase of indigence has been so rapid that the returns to the committee for the last week in November report 106,243 persons as relieved solely by the Boards of Guardians; that 179,886 were aided by the relief committees only; while 162,726 received assistance from both these sources. So that 448,995 persons were dependent either on parochial aid or on voluntary charity, or on both combined. The weekly loss of wages has risen to £164,385, or to an annual loss of resources to the workmen of £8,548,020. The average earnings of operatives in the cotton districts in a steady trade provides an income of 6s. per head weekly for each member of the family; and 2s. per head is regarded by your committee as the average *minimum* rate of income on which it is prudent to attempt to sustain the health of this population. This rate of aid requires, in their opinion, a separate provision of clothing and a supply of coals to each indigent household. One-third of the weekly loss of wages has, therefore, to be supplied, to raise the average income to this standard; and about 37. per week, or one-eighth more, is needed to

supply fuel to households, and medicine, attendance, and necessities to the sick. The weekly outlay on this scale would amount to £61,644 per week."

This report was made at the middle of December, when the winter had but just set in, and great as was the destitution at that time, there was every reason to anticipate a rapid increase. Moreover no estimate is made for many forms of relief other than those of food and coal; clothing, rent, and medical assistance are not included. The Report goes on to say:

"With half a million of indigent persons dependent for subsistence on these funds, there is, as yet, no general provision for medical attendance, such as is organized under Boards of Guardians. No calculation can be made of the cost of emergencies—such as an outbreak of fever or other disease—nor are your committee satisfied that adequate provision has, in all cases, been made against such visitations. Your committee regret to state that they anticipate an increased pressure for some time on the relief funds as other sources are exhausted. The rate of relief given makes no provision for that part of the rent of 100,000 cottages, inhabited by the unemployed population, which is not paid. A large proportion of these houses is the property of small tradesmen, who, besides the ruinous reduction of their income from retail business, will probably encounter a large annual loss in cottage rents. The small manufacturers, who have risen from the ranks of the workingmen and who either rent loom-sheds or mills, or have built and furnished them in part with borrowed money, have to pay rent, or the interest of mortgages and loans, as well as rates and taxes, and many of them will encounter a certain ruin if the want of a supply of cotton continue. This ruin will extend to other classes connected with them—such as working mechanics and other small master tradesmen. Your committee do not consider it expedient to offer an opinion on the probable duration of this distress—a question which is affected by so many contingencies that different opinions are entertained by experienced and well-informed men. If it be prolonged, it will impoverish various classes in succession."

Considerable importance is attributed to the election of a king for Greece. On the 6th of December the Provisional Government ordered that the election should commence at once by universal suffrage, and continue for ten days. The choice of the nation was most unmistakably in favor of Prince Alfred of England; and after him of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a member of the imperial family of Russia. But the agreement of 1830 between the three "Protecting Powers" was held to render any member of the royal family of either ineligible, and it is understood that Prince Alfred will not accept the place. The Emperor of France having been asked by the Provisional Government to name a candidate, declined. France could not, in fact, consider the throne vacant until a new monarch had been chosen and recognized by the three Powers. At the same time it was clearly intimated that neither the Russian nor the Englishman would be acceptable to France. Subsequently it was unofficially announced that the three Powers had agreed to propose to King Ferdinand of Portugal to become a candidate, and that in the event of his election England would cede the Ionian Islands to Greece. But here, again, new difficulties arose. Ferdinand is related to the English royal family, and is, moreover, a Catholic, and the present stipulations require that the monarch should conform to the Greek faith. Russia appeared to be determined to insist upon this stipulation being retained. Moreover, France and Russia objected to the cession of the Ionian Islands, on the ground that they would become a permanent focus of insurrection if the present protectorate should cease. Finally, it was announced that the King of Portugal would not consent to become a candidate. Thus, at present, no practical steps have been taken toward providing Greece with a king.

Editor's Table.

INDIVISIBILITY OF THE NATION.—The Message of President Lincoln contains a profoundly suggestive paragraph, to the effect that the territory of the United States is specially adapted to be the home of one nation, and is not adapted for two or more; that there is no line or number of lines, north and south, or east and west, which can form natural or safe boundaries between great nations; and that consequently the American nation is by the law of nature one and indivisible. We propose to examine these propositions in the cool light of physical science, and to show that, so far from being rhetorical flourishes, or the expression of national vanity, they embody truths as capable of demonstration as any facts in political history. We confess to something of the reverential feeling of the old Hebrews, which forbade them to utter the name of the Supreme Being, and led them, even in the solemn service of the sanctuary, to substitute vocally the title *ADONAI*, "Lord," for the written *JEHOVAH*. When, therefore, we speak of "Nature," we mean the intelligent Creator of all things, the Orderer and Arbitrator of the destiny of men and nations; and by the "laws of nature" we mean the will of the Creator, as revealed to us in his ways.

Science has demonstrated what Revelation implies, that the earth was prophetically prepared, through a period the years of which no mortal can number, for the habitation of man; and that the human period of a few thousand years is the climax and probable limit of the physical history of the globe. We, however, but feebly express the conclusions of the noble school of physical geographers, of whom Humboldt, Ritter, and Guyot may be named as teachers, when we limit this adaptation solely or even mainly to the wants of man as an individual. Profounder study and deeper insight show that the whole course of human history has been prescribed and prophesied in the physical structure of the globe, in connection with the character of the races to whom its different regions were assigned as a habitation. Providence provides not merely for individuals, but also for nations; and when we study the laws of nature, as applied to nations, we are as truly striving to read the Divine will as when we study those laws as applicable to individual life and conduct. That nation, as well as that individual only, which discovers and accepts the Divine purpose expressed in the conditions of its existence, can attain the well-being of which it is capable.

The analogy between the individual and the nation is close. A nation, like an individual, consists of body and soul. Its soul is its people; its body is the territory which they inhabit. The mountain ranges and natural frontiers are the bones; the rivers, roads, and canals are the arteries and veins; the trade and commerce carried over them is the blood which is conveyed to the remotest extremities, forming the medium of all activity in the life of the state. These channels of circulation grow complex as society approaches its higher and more mature forms. The main channels—great rivers, and railroads—are capacious, direct, and rushing, sending their pulsations through the remotest capillaries of high-ways and foot-paths. The origin and growth of a nation bears also a close analogy to that of an individual. The egg from which all life originates is, in a nation, the feeble colony which under favoring influences develops into an imperial state, passing according to the laws of its being from

primal simplicity to a complexity of parts and functions, sends off new germs, and passes away, after having fulfilled the design of its creation. We have not space here to develop the striking analogy between the governmental structure of a nation and the nervous system, and that between its industrial organization and the nutritive system of the individual. We pass to one grand analogy, which indicates the essential point of our argument for the natural indivisibility of the material body of our nation.

Definiteness of external form and adequate external protection are distinguishing traits of all living organizations. From seed-time to decay every plant has not only the defined form of its species, but its vital principle is duly guarded by protecting envelopes. The tender germ in the seed is shielded by a tough shell or skin; the vital circulation of the sap is protected by a rugged bark. The egg from which all animal life is evolved is encased in a tough shell or membrane, while all the vital organs are developed in the central cavity. At every stage of animal life this protective system is exhibited. The shells of radiates and of mollusks, the rings of articulates, the skins, hair, and feathers of vertebrates, all show that organized life is possible only for individuals possessing properly defined external forms, and having adequate protecting envelopes to guard them against the manifold dangers that surround them.

So is it with nations. National life is consolidated within definite exterior boundaries, with adequate protective frontiers. An animal deprived of its external covering would speedily perish. A nation without protective frontiers would suffer a like fate. If natural protective frontiers are wanting, they must be supplied by the costly artificial means of fortresses and armies. Mountains and the sea are the only adequate natural frontiers of great nations. We have seen war brooding for ages along open frontiers while avoiding mountain barriers and ocean coasts. Centuries have respected the sea margins of England, while the German and Italian plains are but a series of battle-fields. Treaties, conventions, and balances of power are nothing. The most solemn guarantees do not prevent Belgium from fortifying Antwerp and maintaining an army wholly disproportionate to her wealth and population. Prussia, without a natural defensive frontier, dares not relax her military system, under which every man is a soldier. Nations, like individuals, rest in the end for protection and safety wholly upon their powers for defense and offense. Poland perished from the want of a defensive frontier. The fundamental law of national existence is that every nation owes it to itself to secure and maintain the best possible defensive boundaries. The United States, by the acquisition of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California, fulfilled this prime law of national life, and assumed control of a territory which the unchangeable laws of nature had marked out as the indivisible home of one great nation, as will be seen by a rapid survey of the physical structure of this vast domain.

We wish that each reader could have before him an adequate Physical Map of the United States. Such a map would present the direction and height of mountain ranges, the elevations of plains, the depression of valleys, and the course of rivers. If the elevations were given in relief, so much the better; but they should be carefully noted throughout in

figures, for the climate, and consequently the productions of a country, depend upon elevation as well as position, 350 feet in altitude being equivalent to a degree of latitude. By a system of colors the chief productions of each region might be shown to the eye. Thus, cotton might be represented by yellow, sugar by orange, tobacco by green, the different cereals by shades of brown, coal by black, iron by blue, the precious metals by red, and so on. If these colors were printed in lines running in different directions the interpenetration of these various products would be represented to the eye at a glance. In default of such an aid, let the reader take an ordinary map, and leaving out of view the colors, and lettering which designate the arbitrary political divisions and subdivisions of our territory, confine his attention wholly to the great natural features which we have indicated, and he will be able to work out the national problem involved in the physical structure of our country.

This general structure is grand and simple. The Rocky Mountains, appropriately named by the Spaniards the *Sierra Madre*—"Mother Range"—form the grand axis of upheaval. Following the line of the Pacific coast, they run almost due north and south from the Arctic Ocean to our Southern border, south of which they bend to the east, cresting the Isthmus. With this southern portion we have here nothing to do. From this great mountain barrier a vast triangular plain projects eastward to the remote coast of Labrador. This plain has an average elevation of only 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea, nowhere in any considerable mass attaining an altitude of 2500 feet. This great continental plain is divided into two principal slopes, the one declining southward toward the Gulf of Mexico, the other northward toward Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. A low swell, running almost due east and west, without any well-defined ridge or crest, forms the dividing line between these two slopes. It starts from the base of the Rocky Mountains, dividing the head waters of the rivers which fall into the Gulf from those which empty into Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. The extreme altitude of this swell near its western extremity, where it divides the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Saskatchewan, is about 3000 feet. Passing eastward, diminishing fully one half in elevation, it separates the head waters of the Mississippi from those of the Red River of the North. So gradual is its rise that we can define the summit only by noting whether the rivers rising in it find their outlet in northern or southern seas.

The United States east of the Rocky Mountains lie entirely upon, and with the exception of a portion of Canada, include the whole of the southern slope of this great continental plain. From the Rocky Mountains on the west to Lake Superior on the east the dividing swell varies only by a degree or two from the 49th parallel of latitude, which separates the United States from the British Possessions. This swell forms also the practical dividing line between civilized and nomadic life, as marked out by the capacity of the climate and soil for producing the great agricultural staples. It is the practical northern limit of the growth of wheat, though in a few favored localities barley, rye, and oats are produced a few degrees further north. If we except the Valley of the Red River, where the line trends southward, we may say, in general terms, that the whole northern slope of this plain, which belongs to Great Britain, can never be the abode of a dense popula-

tion; while of the southern slope, which belongs to us, there is hardly a square mile which may not be inhabited by civilized men. It lies wholly within temperate latitudes; and no considerable portion of it loses its productive capacity by reason of elevation, and scarcely a square mile is sacrificed to arid deserts or irreclaimable swamps. As we traverse this great southern slope we pass almost insensibly through fields of wheat, corn, tobacco, cotton, and sugar, which melt so gradually into each other that we can not tell where one ends and another begins.

A little west of Lake Superior this dividing swell separates near the head waters of the Mississippi, where it has a maximum elevation of 1680 feet, forking around the basin of the great lakes and of the St. Lawrence. The south ridge, with a maximum elevation of about 1500 feet, divides the tributaries of the lakes from those of the Ohio, and those of the Genesee and Alleghany rivers, while the north ridge separates the tributaries of the lakes and St. Lawrence from those of Hudson Bay. The Atlantic Ocean, with the deep indentation of the Gulf of Mexico, forms the eastern boundary of this great continental plain. The general coast line is northeast and southwest. Running nearly parallel with the coast line is the Appalachian Mountain system, stretching from the promontory of Gaspé on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 1300 miles southward to Northern Alabama, where it sinks into the level of the Gulf slope. This mountain system consists of numerous nearly parallel ridges or folds, distributed into two main ranges separated by a valley nearly continuous from north to south. Parts of this are locally designated as the Valleys of the Champlain, of the Hudson, the Cumberland Valley, the Great Valley of Virginia, and the Valley of Tennessee. Its average breadth is fifteen miles in the northeast, ten in Virginia, and sixty in Tennessee. The western bounding ridge consists of the Adirondack, Catskill, Alleghany, and Cumberland ridges, extending with some interruptions from Northern New York to Middle Tennessee. The eastern ridge is made up of the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Highlands of New York, the South Mountains of Pennsylvania, the Blue Ridge of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, including the Black, Iron, Smoky, and Unaka mountains. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are a partly isolated projection sweeping in a curve from the central mass of the Green Mountains. The general tendency of this system is to a greater elevation southward. The culminating point is at the southern end, where the great upheaval dies out abruptly into the plain of the Gulf. Mount Mansfield, the highest point of the Green Mountains, has an elevation of 4430 feet; Mount Marcy, the highest of the Adirondacks, is 5379 feet; Mount Washington, the culminating point of the White Mountains, is 6228 feet; an elevation which is overtopped by at least 24 points near the southern extremity of the Appalachian chain, the highest being Black Dome or Mitchell's Peak, which has an altitude of 6707 feet, being thus a tenth of a mile nearer the stars than any other land, save some of its own immediate neighbors, east of the Rocky Mountains. This chain is pierced at short intervals by a great number of parallel gaps which give a passage for rivers, highways, canals, and railroads, linking the Atlantic slope to the great western region.

The Atlantic slope passes from the St. Lawrence down the coast, including Florida and a portion of the Gulf slope, to Mobile Bay. This slope varies in width from 50 to 200 miles, the elevation of its

upper margin being from 140 to 1000 feet. Throughout its whole extent it is destitute of marked transverse ridges. It is like the half of a river-basin, presenting a plain-like continuity, intersected by no great natural division. The ocean frontage constitutes a powerful natural bond, uniting by the ties of commerce the whole extent of this long, narrow plain, the area of which is about 500,000 square miles.

The portion of our great continental plain included between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountains is divided into two vast but unequal basins—that of the Lakes and that of the Mississippi.

The basin of the Great Lakes presents some peculiar features. Its total area is about 350,000 square miles, of which one-third is taken up by water. About one-half of this basin belongs to Great Britain. The summits of the ridge separating this basin from that of the Mississippi rise nowhere to the height of 1000 feet above the level of the lakes, and, usually sinking much lower, allow the construction of railways uniting the two basins, so that practically we may consider the Lake basin a part of that of the Mississippi. The St. Lawrence, which drains this basin, obstructed by the falls of Niagara, the rapids, and its mouth ice-bound for a considerable part of the year, furnishes no adequate outlet for the productions of this region; but ample compensation is given in those remarkable depressions which render possible the construction of the Erie Canal and the various railways which join the Lake region to the Atlantic sea-board.

But the basin of the Mississippi is the body of the nation. All the other parts are but members, important in themselves, yet more important in their relations to this. Exclusive of the Lake basin and of 300,000 square miles in Texas and New Mexico, which in many aspects form a part of it, this basin contains about 1,250,000 square miles. In extent it is the second great valley of the world, being exceeded only by that of the Amazon. The valley of the frozen Obi approaches it in extent; that of the La Plata comes next in space, and probably in habitable capacity, having about $\frac{3}{4}$ of its area; then comes that of the Yenisei, with about $\frac{7}{8}$; the Lena, Amoor, Hoang-ho, Yang-tse-kiang, and Nile, $\frac{5}{8}$; the Ganges, less than $\frac{1}{2}$; the Indus, less than $\frac{1}{3}$; the Euphrates, $\frac{1}{2}$; the Rhine, $\frac{1}{15}$. It exceeds in extent the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia, Norway, and Sweden. It would contain Austria four times, Germany or Spain five times, France six times, the British Islands or Italy ten times. Conceptions formed from the river-basins of Western Europe are rudely shocked when we consider the extent of the valley of the Mississippi; nor are those formed from the sterile basins of the great rivers of Siberia, the lofty plateaus of Central Asia, or the mighty sweep of the swampy Amazon more adequate. Latitude, elevation, and rainfall all combine to render every part of the Mississippi Valley capable of supporting a dense population. As a dwelling-place for civilized man it is by far the first upon our globe. Next is doubtless the basin of its South American counterpart, the La Plata.

The most essential feature in the structural aspect of this basin is its uniform plain-like character. From the base of the Appalachian range westward to the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf shore northward to the sources of the Mississippi, there is not a single separating mountain range, for the Ozark Hills are only a short, isolated upheaval, without any general significance. A few elevations taken

at different points, widely separated, upon the river and its main tributaries, will show this plain-like formation. The Mississippi, at its junction with the Missouri, 1330 miles from its mouth, is 381 feet high; at its source, in Itasca Lake, 1276 miles beyond, it is 1680 feet; its average descent, in its course of 2616 miles, is less than eight inches to a mile. The Missouri, from its junction with the Mississippi to Fort Benton, 2644 miles, rises only 2263 feet, an ascent of about ten inches to the mile. The Ohio, at its mouth, is 275 feet high; at Cincinnati, 515 miles up, it has risen only 157 feet; and at Pittsburg, 975 miles, 424 feet more—a rise of less than five inches to the mile. The Red River, in 800 miles, has a rise of but 600 feet. The Arkansas, in 1100 miles, rises 2175 feet. Except upon the exterior rim, the basin drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries has thus an average descent of only five or six inches to the mile. The consequences are that all the rivers are navigable as far up as the depth of water will permit, the entire length of navigable rivers being fully 40,000 miles. The whole region being practically a level plain, without a single mountain range to overcome, railroads are easily and cheaply constructed in every direction, linking, in connection with the navigable streams, the whole valley into one indivisible whole.

A further consequence of this plain-like structure is that the rivers afford little water-power available for manufacturing purposes. Waterfalls and coal are the sole means of producing power for great manufacturing enterprises. The United States have 192,000 square miles of coal-fields, exceeding by twenty-fold the area of the European coal-beds; but it is a notable fact that these grow less available as we proceed westward. The Appalachian fields, from Pennsylvania to Alabama, have 70,000 miles. In the Schuylkill basin there are about 50 seams, 25 being workable; the Pittsburg field has 20 beds, 10 of which are workable; the Michigan field, of 15,000 square miles, has but 2 or 3 workable beds; the Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky coal basin has 12 beds, of which 7 are workable; the Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas basin, with 57,000 square miles of coal-fields, has 6 or 7 beds, only 2 or 3 of which are workable. These facts indicate that coal-mining will be most profitable toward the east. Statistics prove this assumption to be well founded. The value of the coal mined in the United States during 1860 is given at \$19,365,000, of which somewhat more than three quarters was dug in Pennsylvania, one twelfth in Ohio, and one twenty-fifth in Virginia. Most of the available water-power is also found upon the slopes of the Appalachian Mountain system. This region must, therefore, from the nature of the case, manufacture for the whole, just as the fertile Mississippi Basin must feed it. Even now the State of New York produces only sufficient wheat for the consumption of three months, and New England only sufficient for three weeks, out of the year. The manufactures of the East and the grains of the West are alike indispensable to each other.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of the Mississippi River system in binding all the area drained by it into one organic whole. The immense commerce already developed on its 40,000 miles of navigable waters, is but a faint foreshadowing of what will exist, when the Valley becomes fairly peopled. Every year of pacific union must add to it, until the Gulf, the Florida Channel, and the Gulf Stream will be but the crowded outer approach to its mouth; and even this mighty foreign commerce

will be small when compared with the interior interchange of the products of its different latitudes. We can not look upon a map of the Valley without at once perceiving the likeness between the great river and a tree, with mighty trunk and spreading branches; and this form is analogous to the system of blood-vessels in animal organization. It asserts to the eye what facts unfold to the reason, that this river system is the vital channel of the organic life of the region. To dismember it is death. Never while the world stands can the people of the Upper Valley consent to have the custody of the mouth of the river in foreign hands. They must feel that this should ever be resisted to the last extremity. As well sever the trunk of a tree and expect its top and branches to flourish; as well tie up the main artery near the heart and hope that the members should live, as to divide or impede the Mississippi and hope that any part of the Valley should enjoy a healthful existence. The great West of to-day, and of all coming days, must ever forbid it by word and deed. A treaty for its free navigation would be hardly worth the parchment upon which it should be written. It would be liable to be annulled at any moment at the dictate of momentary passion or temporary interest.

Moreover, there is no possible line which would form a safe boundary between two nations. Nature has made none, and so no one can be permanent. Shall it be the Potomac and the Ohio? Where shall the line be drawn west of the Mississippi? How shall the great Northwest be divided from the great Southwest? On which side shall Missouri and Kansas lie? There is not here even a river to form a line; and, moreover, navigable rivers form no peaceful boundary. War has always followed their courses. Shall Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Maryland on the one side, and Kentucky and Virginia on the other, build fortresses and maintain armies to guard the Ohio and the Potomac? What region, indeed, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes would willingly consent to be a border land, liable at any moment to be desolated by hostile armies from either side? Military history is but a record of the sufferings of the lands which lie on the borders between great nations.

If the great Mississippi valley can not without suicidal folly consent to be dismembered, it can no more consent to be severed from the sea-board. The child is now born who will see a population of 100,000,000 inhabiting this valley. Such a people could never consent to have their communication with the rest of the world at the mercy of a foreign power, or be restricted to a single channel, though as great as the mighty river of the West. The Great Lakes, connecting with the Hudson valley, and the other gaps in the Appalachian chain, are the divine bonds of union, older than man's existence on the earth, yet foreshadowing and prophetically providing for his wants, which bind East and West into an indissoluble whole. The Northwest has a charter, written by Nature, to the unrestrained and untrammelled use of the valley of the Hudson and the port of New York.

Less apparent, perhaps, but hardly less vital, is the connection between our Atlantic and Pacific domains. Nearly midway between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast the plain-like character of the region disappears, abruptly in some places and gradually in others. This ill-defined line marks the true base of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The Rocky Mountain region is yet imperfectly known.

The various surveys connected with the Pacific Railroad explorations form our main source of information. These enable us to generalize only some of its most prominent features; but these warrant us in tracing a close analogy between it and the Appalachian system. Like that it consists essentially of two grand parallel ranges separated by a broad elevated valley. The eastern range is the Sierra Madre, or Rocky Mountains; the western range comprises the Cascade Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, the Coast Range, and the Peninsular Range of Lower California. Both of these grand ranges are irregular in structure, and are freely intersected by passes and water-courses. Between them lies a broad elevated valley. In one striking point, however, the analogy between the Atlantic and Pacific mountain system fails. The structure of the latter is such that the rainfall in the interior valley is slight, and hence the greater part of it is forever doomed to comparative sterility. The winds from the Atlantic, in their long transit over the basin of the Mississippi, are almost drained of moisture before they reach the eastern side of the mountains; those from the Pacific are intercepted by the western range, and give up their moisture almost wholly to the narrow Pacific slope at their base, which has an average breadth of only 60 miles, while the whole transverse section of the Mississippi basin is more than 1000 miles in width. There are, indeed, here and there, valleys where there is enough rain to produce grazing; but as a rule it may be laid down that with the exception of the narrow Pacific slope, the whole of this region, having an area of 980,000 square miles, is incapable of producing grains, and consequently can feed but a limited population. But this comparatively barren region is the world's great storehouse of mineral treasures, to develop which will demand a large population, that must be fed from the abundant harvests of the Mississippi basin, conveyed to them by Pacific railroads, with branches striking north and south through the central valley, bringing back in return the treasure from the mountains, and the costly products of the great Asiatic nations which lie fronting our Pacific shores. This mutual interchange of use will bind the Pacific coast to the Atlantic with a bond stronger than the disruptive power of distance. The future inhabitants of this broad mountain valley, with their untold wealth of gold and silver, will demand unrestricted intercourse with the agricultural Mississippi basin, the manufacturing East, and Europe, on the one hand, and with the populous Asiatic nations on the other. They will claim their share in San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans, and New York.

Not less striking than the oneness of our territory, which is the body of the nation, is the unity of the people, which is its soul. Tried by any test, whether of language, manners, modes of life, or physical aspect, there is upon earth no civilized people so thoroughly homogeneous as ours. A close observer will, indeed, find differences between the man of the North and the man of the South, of the East and of the West; but they melt into each other by such slow gradations that no man can trace the dividing line, and the extremes are less widely apart than those found within the narrow limits of the British Islands, or of France, Germany, or Italy.

How this American race has been formed from various elements, fused into a homogeneous whole, and set to occupy the land prophetically prepared for their dwelling, is the grandest problem in human history. The land was kept open for them for ages after

it had become habitable by man. Only a few wandering tribes were allowed to approach and hold temporary possession of it. Mound-builders and hunters came and disappeared, leaving behind them no historic traces, because they had no history worthy of perpetuation. Their alliances and wars were of scarcely more significance than the flockings and fightings of kites and crows. When, only 370 years ago, the mysterious curtain of the West was raised, disclosing the great world that lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules, it seemed that the title to it was vested in the Spanish race. Columbus gave it to Castile and Leon. The Spanish conquistadors rushed to claim their inheritance. They seized Cuba and Hayti, took possession of Mexico, the Isthmus, and South America; built stately cities on island and coast and in the far interior. They destroyed and rebuilt Mexico, founded Cartagena on the Isthmus, Lima on the Pacific, and Bogota far up among the Andes, three generations before the first tree was felled at Jamestown or the first hut built at Plymouth, and almost a century before the first trading-post was established at New York. The whole continent lay before them. They might have occupied the Valley of the Mississippi, the Gulf Coast, and the Atlantic slope without human hindrance. But they set no firm foothold here, and when, after almost three centuries, they gave up their nominal claim to the last portion, they left hardly a trace behind them to show that they had ever visited it. Providence had reserved this land for our fathers, for us, and for our children. We, the American people, are sprung from all the families of the northern branch of the Caucasian race. The names which we bear show that our fathers were English and Irish, French and German; every thing else shows that we are Americans. Our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum" has a grander meaning than was dreamed of by those who adopted it: "From many races, one people"—one by divine appointment and ordination.

To this unity of the people of the United States there is, indeed, one marked exception—the African element. That there is some great Providential design in its introduction is shown by the fact that it increases and multiplies in face of the white race, which no other foreign race has ever done; and that from generation to generation it steadily advances, not merely in numbers, but in civilization. No observer, whether he favors or opposes slavery, can deny the fact that the slaves, taken in a mass, are far in advance of their grandfathers who were brought from Africa. It will, indeed, hardly be disputed that the difference between the slaves and the whites is less than that between the slaves and the negroes of the west coast of Africa. Yet physical science as clearly demonstrates that their residence in the temperate regions is forced and unnatural, and therefore is not to be permanent, but will come to an end when the great purpose for which it was instituted has been accomplished. Climate and race are adapted to each other. The Caucasian belongs to the temperate zones, and deteriorates elsewhere. The whole United States lies within the temperate zone, and will in due time be wanted by the whites. The African belongs to the tropical zone, and deteriorates when far removed from it. Unless we are to suppose that in the divine design the great tropical regions of the earth are to be forever given up to desolation, they must be peopled by the tropical races. When we look at the vast interior of Africa, and at the mighty valley of the Amazon lying di-

rectly opposite, "without a man to till" it, we get a glimpse of the design of Providence, that, as temperate North America was to be peopled by Europeans, so tropical South America is to be peopled by Africans—not by savages, but by those who have been started in a career of civilization. Thus the temporary sojourn of a portion of this race with us is, like the wanderings of the Hebrews in the wilderness, a necessary preparation for their taking possession of the promised land.

We may now extend our proposition, and say that the great law of national life is, that a people essentially homogeneous, occupying a territory with clearly marked exterior boundaries, must, in order to attain prosperity, form one nation. Just so far as they perceive and obey this law they secure national prosperity; and just so far as they fail to do so they incur the penalties attached to disobedience. History is full of examples in point. The Hebrew state arose only when the loose tribal organizations were merged into a kingdom; it declined from the time when the great secession took place. Greece and Rome won their rank among nations only when the Hellenic and Latian states obeyed this law. France knew no peace or prosperity until the Gallic race united into one kingdom. Spain arose to a great power when the separate kingdoms of Castile, Leon, and Aragon became one. Great Britain was a second-rate power until the union between England and Scotland was consummated. The efforts now made to inaugurate a "United Germany" and a "United Italy" spring from a perception of the inviolability of this prime law of national life. Even the disunited states of South America, so long a prey to discord and war, are beginning to grope half blindly toward reunion. It is reserved to us, at this day, to attempt to violate the law of national existence by the disintegration of a nation which nature has made one and indivisible.

The prosperity which every section of the country, and almost every interest in it, has enjoyed under the Union should have taught us wherein lay the secret of our strength. We can here present only a few facts, embraced in the history of the ten years from 1850 to 1860. Our population increased from 23,000,000 to 31,000,000, or about 35½ per cent., a ratio considerably exceeding that laid down by Malthus as the natural one for a people where the supply of food is unlimited. Great as was the increase of population, that of production and accumulated wealth was still greater; and this increase was distributed with singular uniformity throughout every department of industry, showing that the whole community thrived together. The value of our manufactures, excluding amounts under \$500, was 1000 millions of dollars in 1850, and 1900 millions in 1860, an increase of 86 per cent. The produce of flour and meal in 1850 was 136 millions, in 1860 223 millions, an increase of 64 per cent. The tobacco crop increased from 200 millions to 429 millions of pounds; that of cotton from 2,245,000 to 5,198,000 bales—more than double. The value of our farms was given at 3271 millions in 1850, and 6650 millions in 1860—more than two-fold. The value of farming implements rose from 136 millions to 223 millions; that of live-stock from 544 millions to 1100 millions. The greatest increase is found in our railroad system. In 1850 we had 8589 miles of railroad, costing 296 millions of dollars; in 1860 30,793 miles, costing 1151 millions—an augmentation considerably more than three-fold in ten years. The grand result is, that the whole value of real and personal property

in the United States was, in round numbers, in 1850, 7000 millions of dollars, and in 1860 16,000 millions. We are charged by others, and we charge ourselves, with living more extravagantly than any other people; in other words, we enjoy more of comfort and luxury than any other. But in ten years we had earned 9000 millions of dollars more than we spent. In 1850 every man, woman, and child in the nation owned, on an average, 333 dollars; in 1860 every one owned 516 dollars.

There is no reason to believe that the natural increase of our country in population and wealth would decrease until its whole area was peopled to the extent of its capacity. The capacity of our territory to sustain life is imperfectly comprehended. Looking exclusively to its agricultural capabilities, we may divide the 3,300,000 square miles of our territory into four grades. The first grade, comprising 300,000 square miles, is altogether sterile, and may be left out of the account. The second grade, of about 1,000,000 square miles, has but slight productive capacity, but can supply subsistence for 50 inhabitants to the square mile. The third grade, with about 1,000,000 square miles, includes the inferior arable lands, yet capable of sustaining 150 inhabitants to the square mile—about the density of the present population of the Austrian Empire. The fourth grade, likewise of 1,000,000 square miles, comprises the rich arable lands, capable of feeding 400 persons to the square mile by our present modes of cultivation—a population a little less dense than that of Belgium. Combining all these estimates, we may assume that our territory is abundantly adequate for the maintenance of a population of six hundred millions. Taking our past increase as a guide, and making due allowance for disturbing forces other than that of civil war, we may safely assume that this would be the number of human beings who would have a right to inhabit our territory when fourteen successive decades shall have brought us to the year 2000. These six hundred millions have as true a right to influence our present policy as have the thirty millions of the generation who now live; and no man has a right to the name of statesman for whom this developed future of America is not a living reality for which he shapes his present course. We are heirs of the past, and have entered into the fruits of the generations which have gone before; future generations are our heirs, and have a right to demand that we, in turn, should labor for them.

Among the most solemn duties resting upon us is that of so shaping the future of our portion of the heritage of the world as to exclude the European system of standing armies and fortresses, which are needed to supply the wants of the bounds which nature has placed to great nations. Now, in time of peace—or rather of armed neutrality—Europe maintains standing armies amounting in all to four millions of men. The maintenance of these costs annually about 460 millions of dollars, besides the loss of the labor of these soldiers, which we may set down at 140 millions more. Thus Europe is every year poorer by 600 millions of dollars on account of its present military organization, besides the vast amount of interest payable upon the debt incurred from former wars, and the sums daily demanded to build navies and erect fortifications. This is but the mere pecuniary loss, which can alone be put down in numbers. The infinitely greater loss of life and happiness which is necessarily involved can not be expressed in words or figures. Yet if we of this generation permit our nation to be broken up, we

assuredly entail all this, and more, upon those who are to come after us. For us, whether in our own behalf, or as custodians for future generations, there is no other alternative than to renew in the New World that system of disintegration which has made the history of the Old World one of slaughter and devastation, or to yield obedience to that law of national life, written in the physical structure of our land and in the development of our people, that the American nation is divinely ordained to be one and indivisible.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AN Easy Chair, light-hearted and content, that wanders through the world like the youth in the German ballad, if he wanders upon this continent travels much by rail (not necessarily straddle-wise!), and soon learns that railway traveling is an art. De Quincey treats of murder as a fine art; but railway travel has certainly not yet reached that dignity. Yet a few practical hints gathered from experience may be timely and of service to many a wayfarer—perhaps even to him who has just bought this Magazine as he whizzes along, and whose eye happens to fall upon these very lines.

In all travel, as in all the relations of society, there are certain duties to others which we have never a right to forget. There, for instance, is our conduct in a hotel. No man has a moral right to stamp along the passages, to shout and roar, to slam his boots down at night, or to bang his door. He may do it, of course, as he may bump a child's head against the wall. He is strong enough to do it, and possibly no one will prevent. But he has no right to do such things. So when he steps into a car he enters into certain relations with the other passengers, and he can not honorably shirk them. What they are will appear as we proceed.

The first point of comfortable travel is to find a seat next the window, not too near the stove or the door. In medio tutissimus. Neither the equator nor the pole; but the soft, temperate latitude between. You understand that you take this seat subject to conditions. You may go early to secure your place, and you may comfortably establish yourself for your job of two hundred miles; but if some comely damsel, some fine lady—yes, even some vast dowager—shall arrive, panting, at the very last moment, your duty is clear enough. Heaven grant you heart to do it! I own it grants it to very few. I confess that, from my own well-warmed and comfortable post, I have often seen my fellow-men, under such circumstances, pretend to be looking eagerly out at the window, or to be lost in an entrancing newspaper, or to have fallen hopelessly sound asleep; for their wicked instincts assure them that the seat may not be asked for which would be certainly taken if offered.

Now comes the critical moment which tries your manhood. If the feminine voice, in whatever key, says, "Would you be willing to sit with the gentleman in front, so that we can sit together?" you *must* say "Certainly!" American civilization permits no other answer. Therefore do it with cheerful alacrity. Spring as if you had been keeping and warming the seat for the very houri or hag who now requires it. Make it seem to be a pleasure. She may slip into it as of right. She may preserve that austere silence with which shrewd observers declare that the American woman always receives

favours. But don't permit her and all the spectators who know how grudgingly at heart you desert your post, to read in your face or manner any sign of discomfiture. The Indians suffer the acutest torture in disdainful silence. The Spartan boy smiled while the fox gnawed him. The youth at Ratisbon stood until Napoleon asked if he were wounded. "No, Sire; dead!" he answered, and fell at his feet. Think of these examples. Spring with courteous grace, with sweet reply; and defy the whole chuckling careful of eager witnesses to determine whether the ungrateful being in bonnet and furs who comfortably usurps your seat may not be your mother or your favorite aunt. In that manner you may combine moral victories with railway traveling.

If not disturbed, however, you will wrap your feet and legs comfortably in a heavy shawl or rug; for we are supposing winter travel. The extreme comfort of this protection is by no means understood by many travelers who look upon the cold feet and general discomfort of a car as an unavoidable evil—like the learning of the alphabet in our tender years. You may constantly see passengers going to hold their feet to the stove, or hear them thumping their boots upon the floor, to quicken the circulation, unmindful that well wrapped in ample woollens they would defy the chill drafts that lurk along the bottom of the car. Some ingenious persons have had a thick bag made, long enough to reach to the waist, into which they thrust their feet and legs, and drawing it up under them, sit down upon it, thereby securing a complete defense against the predatory and stealthy airs that attack the exposed calves. The side of the bag that draws over the knees may be made longer, so as to reach to any height. Here is delightful security! But, on the other hand, in case of emergency, of a sudden call to rise, there would needs be awkward delays.

The advantage of the shawl is, that it serves when the journey is done either as sheet or blanket at the hotel. How often, dear companions, when in other lands we reached inns where going to bed was out of the question, have we not gladly enrolled ourselves in the generous shawl, and bade the world good-night! Yet in other lands the travelers are generally of a class that do not poison the beds by association. Can we say as much of our native land? No, we can not; and I am glad of it—not, indeed, as a traveler who must go to bed, but as a man who delights to think that general prosperity promotes general travel. The sensitive traveler, as he surveys the motley company of fellow-men about the purlieus of the hotel, inevitably selects the most unctuous, least loved of all, and asks himself the fatal question, "Was it he who slept in my bed yesternight?" Such a thought is the worst night-cap in the world. But the wise use of the shawl removes these difficulties, and makes almost every bed possible—excepting always thine, Passignano, upon the shore of Italian Thrasymene! It is, therefore, an essential element of the art of travel.

The next point is air. How shall you breathe the necessary oxygen without hurting your neighbor's health or temper? The cars themselves make no provision for this necessity. There is a huge window-pane half at your side and half behind you, and if you raise it the strong current of air, with smoke and cinders, is forced into the face of your next neighbor. He has the right to protest, as he certainly will, against the disagreeable exposure. You may plead the horrid air of the car and the requirements of health, upon abstract principles; but

he does not wish to have a fierce wind blowing upon him, and you but exasperate him the more by implying that he does not know the laws of health. In the ordinary car, by sitting forward near the door you secure a change of air every time it is opened; and if you can not sit there, and want air, my advice is that you ask your neighbors if it be disagreeable to them. If they answer Yes, you must sacrifice yourself, because to gratify your wish you must incommode many, and you are not the judge of how much and what kind of air they shall breathe, any more than of how many and what kind of clothes they shall wear.

The most comfortable cars are those upon the New Haven road, which have a projecting window and a small door that opens and gives you the air without forcing it upon your neighbors. These seem also to be the best ventilated. But it is curious how long this problem of a well-ventilated car or room has defied human invention. There is scarcely a well-ventilated hall in the country, and a car in winter is a by-word of scorn.

The next interest is how to use the time in a long journey. The ennui of sitting upon a seat and jarring all day long, with no relief but the talk of chance neighbors in which you can not join, is intolerable. Even the best conversation flags in a car. The noise makes you strain your voice, and the motion soothes you to drowsiness. If you suggest reading you are warned about your eyes, and are overwhelmed with terrible statistics. Indeed they go beyond the eyes; and a recent English writer enters with severe science into the question of the effect of railway travel upon life itself. He recounts to you the melancholy tendencies of such traveling to paralysis and idiocy, until it really seems as if further improvement would be the death of us, and the perfection of civilization coincide with the annihilation of the race.

Now that we are all of us too careless of our eyes, as of our general health, is undeniable. We strain them in half lights and over wretched print; but there is such a thing as temperance as well as abstinence. A traveler of common sense will select a book of liberal type, not of costly binding; but not necessarily a novel, nor what is called light reading; for you may get good solid hours of uninterrupted study in a car—and then he will read while it is perfectly easy to do so, and he will pause when the jar of the car blurs the page. Upon the older railroads the movement is often no more confusing than that of a rocking-chair. When it grows dark he will stop. When the light through a thick wood flickers upon his page he will stop, and above all he will not read by the evening light in a car, not even if it be gas-light, as upon the Lowell road from Boston and some others.

His common sense must govern him. Some of the most constant railway travelers are the most incessant readers, and they have not suffered. They may do so. "Yes, but, Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "this tea is a very slow poison: it has been at work upon me for sixty years, and has as yet accomplished nothing."

As a rule, it may be safely said that the travelers who take the most pains travel most comfortably. If you are but an occasional wayfarer it is of little moment whether your feet are cold and your head hot, whether you are breathing poison or sitting in a fatal draught or not. But if your business carries you much in cars you will willingly endure the discomfort of lugging your traveling-rug and your

hand-bag, knowing that you must have a portable pocket in which to deposit newspapers and books. Indeed, a truly wise traveler knows the value of the precious odd moments of travel to do a precious deal of odd reading. I knew a man who went through the whole of Pope and Dryden in the cars during one winter, and Fielding the next. Of course he has not yet had time to dispose of Richardson, for his twenty solid volumes are sure to act soporifically upon the modern brain. Can you imagine young girls sobbing with sympathy and delight over his pages? Or do you know some quaint and venerable maiden lady who so fondly remembers Miss Byron as to seem to your astonishment Miss Byron herself?

Our work must adapt itself to its conditions. We are a people who must travel by rail. Let us therefore take care that it shall not be a loss of opportunity while it is a gain of time. Did you ever listen, while you seemed to be dozing or abstractly looking from the window, to the conversation that enlivens the neighboring seats to yours? What astounding platitudes we are capable of! How people can sit and talk over the dull old talk of trade and the hopeless commonplace of politics or gossip of society! And how we worship the Great Ego, and endlessly tattle about him, and what he did, and what he didn't; as if he were of the least importance to any body but himself, or as if any body cared whether his difficulty were bunions or corns!

The natural history of a railway trip from Chicago to the sea-board would be infinitely amusing in the telling, but the experience itself might well appall many. The making of morning toilets; the consumption of rations; the assumption of solitude and a manner of proceeding as if no one were present but the performer; the intense selfishness and want of common courtesy, if they were told would not be believed. Dickens recounted something of his experience, but our beloved country rose in arms, and declared that he was an odious, ungrateful thing, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself to say that Americans spat little puddles around them after they had read so many of his books—without (at that time) paying him for them.

But the theme is endless. Let us stop. But let us also not forget that there is an art in travel—the art of being comfortable.

A TENDER little household story, wonderfully pleasant for winter evening reading by the fire, is the "Mistress and Maid," by Miss Mulock. It is thoroughly English, but perhaps not offensively so. That is to say, it deals with an English aspect of life which we do not fully reproduce. The serving-maid is always a serving-maid there, as a waiter is a waiter, according to Dickens's new Christmas story. But the coachman of to-day with us may be the proprietor of to-morrow. British society is Hindoo in its strict spirit of caste. But let a man plant himself in New York and study society, and he will see that the river is forever washing away its banks; that whole ranges of people and families rise and flourish and decline, and are followed by the new, not by the descendants of the old. There is a certain fashion, a certain exclusiveness imperfectly conceived and maintained, of course, at any particular period and among cliques of persons; and an audacious foray upon it, unaccompanied with great skill, is very likely to fail and recoil. But the growth of our society is exogenous.

In this little tale of Miss Mulock's there is a very

just and delicate sketching of characters that are not extraordinary but very natural. The incidents are homely and simple, but the affections are those of the same human heart that throbs in Hamlet and Ophelia. The maid does not rise from the awkward servant to the accomplished Countess. She is always a serving-maid, but always honest, faithful, and human. The pathos of the book is a very sincere pathos, more pathetic even than perhaps the author intended. It is another tale of the loveliest qualities of woman: not the high, romantic, ideal qualities; nothing too bright and good for human nature's daily food; but a varying story of the lights and shadows of quiet daily life. You would call Evangeline as true and exquisite a romance of devoted love as the hand of man has ever written, and justly. Is it incomprehensible that this domestic idyl touches the same theme and wakes a kindred music, although every thing in it is different? Yet this too is told for

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

And at the closing page you may repeat the tender dying strain of Evangeline:

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank thee!'"

It may not be the best story that Miss Mulock has written, but the "Mistress and Maid" is one of the most charming of recent novels.

THE war has become the melancholy back-ground of our life. It is never out of our thoughts, but the aspect of city life seems to the superficial eye little affected by it. The streets are as full and noisy as ever; business is wonderfully brisk; the theatres are crowded; the hotels are thronged; the gay groups stroll and chatter in Broadway; and except for the barracks in the Park, for the uniforms constantly passing, for the march of regiments and companies, for the display of flags, and for the multitude of signs of military equipage in the windows, you might not suspect the terrible struggle that is tugging at so many, many hearts and at the life of the nation.

In the city the Italian opera has flickered at intervals during the winter; and even a new opera, the *Dinorah* of Meyerbeer, has been produced here for the first time. The audiences have been large, the enjoyment great, the spectacle the same to the eye that it always was. Yet while the eyes gazed upon the stage, how many a heart was strained and looking elsewhere! When the curtain rose upon the cool, gray morning of the *Puritani*, with the sentries pacing along the castle terrace, and the melancholy melody slowly breathing through the orchestra, what new meaning it had to us all, who had heard it often enough before, but had heard it with minds and ears to which war itself was only scenic and dramatic and far away!

How often in listening to that very opera, brought by the scene into the close presence of the fierce Cromwellian wars, the days of the great rebellion in England, had we not been grateful that we were born into a country and time in which swords and

spears had been beaten into shuttles and spinning jennies, and where a man who wore a military uniform was regarded with curiosity and pity. So, too, how much of the entrancing romance of Scott's stories come from the contrast between our own quiet comfortable freedom from fierce convulsions, and the elaborate pictures of the torn households, the disturbed life, and the terrible domestic tragedies of earlier days.

Count no man happy till he dies. We have learned by sudden sharp blows, by the resounding shock and surge of war, that no people is secure from the woes that have befallen all others. How was it, we have asked ourselves, in those bitter times? When war was raging in the land, in England, for instance, did every man take actual part, and what was the aspect of the general life? Yes, and in our own Revolution was it all marching, and drumming, and cannonading? Look around and see.

The great rebellion in England was boys' play compared with this struggle of ours. In one battle of this war we have more troops engaged than almost all that served in the seven years of our Revolution. The great business of life then, as now, went on. The farmer plowed, and sowed, and reaped. The children sang and played, loitering along country roads to school. Ships spread their white sails and moved away. Mills ground; roads creaked with peaceful traffic. Merchants met in their offices and upon 'Change. The motley crowd swarmed in the streets. The congregations obeyed the accustomed bell. In the city, away from the battle-field, you could not see the hearts of men and women, therefore you did not see the war. That is the reason you do not see it there now.

At the German opera, which has been maintained at Wallack's old theatre, under the leadership of Anschütz and with Johannsen as Prima Donna, the audience was peculiarly foreign, and therefore the withdrawal from the real time more complete. You could not sit there without renewing the remembrance of our great musical debt to our German population; for to them more than to any nationality we owe the musical education we have received, and the musical progress we have made. The success of the German opera this season in New York has been so decided that every musical person must have the heartiest wish that what is so practicable may become permanent. Fashion will always secure us the Italian opera. The German must depend for its success upon musical taste. National feeling will count also for something. The German loves German music, and there are many Germans in New York.

Only let us hope that they will not be tempted into a larger building. Because the opera succeeds at Wallack's, it does not follow that it would flourish any where else. There is the temptation incessantly besetting the farmer to pull down his barns and build greater; and the manager who sees his house crowded, excitedly believes that as many have gone away as have squeezed in, and dreams of a theatre that shall comfortably hold all that come. But it is the crowd that makes the crowd. If your room will hold five hundred, and a few more than five hundred nightly come, the audience within, closely packed, is delighted with its own size, magnetizes itself, and inspires the singers and the actors; while the audience without is fired with still stronger desire to enjoy what is so sought that they can not reach it. Yet if you enlarge your room to hold a thousand you break the spell. Six hundred do not

fill it. The audience is chilled and skeptical; the singers and the actors dulled; and thinning houses nightly reproach you with your mistake. An audience is as afraid of bare walls as a performer. It needs, as much as he, the rustling murmur, the social warmth, the electricity of numbers.

But whether the German opera goes into grander quarters or remains where it is, the public gratitude for its admirable rendering of the best and most famous operas of the German Masters is still the same. To have sung *Fidelio* as it was sung here is to have done a memorable service to the city and to the country. It is an opera of Beethoven's seldom performed any where; yet in the latter days of the old Park Theatre, when Mr. and Mrs. Martyn and Signor Giubilei were the singers, it was sung there in English. How it was done, or what the English words were, some other than this Easy Chair must recount. But it is one of the pleasant points in the recollections of the old theatre that this work was produced there.

Does any visible remembrance of the old Park remain in its neighborhood except the alley in the rear? It is a dirty kennel now if you choose to go and look at it; but it is still one of the few places in the city that have associations. It is very narrow. It is a kind of slum now. But there was the back-door, the stage-door, where the great actors and actresses passed in and out. It is still called Theatre Alley, and it is as full of ghosts as ever Cock Lane was. New York will never be an interesting city, for it constantly consumes itself. There are scarcely a dozen buildings in the city a hundred years old. Association, the charm of cities, is unknown to it. The uncommercial traveler of Dickens would seek in vain for any church old enough to spin his fancies in. There is an old Paris and an old London in the modern cities; but old New York is annihilated.

So while the war rages we live our life. The young and brave and beautiful step away from our sides as we stroll the streets, and march to the field. Our hearts and hopes and prayers go with them, and hang upon the words they whisper homeward, of the strange new life of camps, of the sudden march, of the fiery field. Still the old wheel of our daily experience turns around. We meet and greet, and chat and smile; and hear *Dinorah* and *Fidelio*, and *Mason Jones* and *De Cordova*. It is the same—yet how utterly different! And suddenly the unseen shot—fired far away, and all unheard—pierces the living hearts around us, and we too have learned the dire pang of war.

Near Boston, upon Jamaica Plain, you may see the old Warren Cottage. Seven miles away rises the pale gray shaft of Bunker Hill. One summer morning, nearly a hundred years ago, a shot fired upon that hill struck every tender breast in that cottage, and echoes in our history forever. The story is old, but ever new. It was told long before the Warren Cottage was built. It is told every day now.

I WAS sitting in the New Haven House, near the colleges, reading late at night, when a clear, manly voice at some distance began singing the melody of "My lodging is on the cold ground." Other voices joined in, taking the parts, until at last the still night air rang with the harmony of the chorus. The group of singers came nearer and nearer. The song grew louder and louder, swept past my window, and softening by distance, at length died away

among the college buildings. It was only a party of collegians returning late at night from some supper, and pouring out with energy the melancholy song.

If I had raised the window and leaned out and said to them, "Jolly as you are, your singing recalls more happiness than ever you will know," they would have roared in derision of an old Easy Chair grown maudlin over his late potatoes." But it is still true that every older man feels that the secret will perish with him, and that the boys of a later day can never know what youth is, as he knew it. What man of fifty is there who does not know that there are no such cherries as he used to pick seated high in the branches of his father's tree; or such peaches as he used to eat in the days when peaches were still a fruit and a fact, and not a mere name in the markets for which there is no adequate substance? What is true of the cherries and the peaches of his youth, he secretly feels to be true of youth itself. You young fellows sing along the streets, and under the windows of your lovely ones sigh the passionate serenade, and you think that is romance, and that your lovely ones are fair! But if you could have known the Mary, the Lucy, the Fanny, of *my* time! Then you would have seen an overpowering loveliness and grace such as the whole world does not now show!

The belles of our fathers' days—are they not always in our fancies more beautiful and winning than these we know? There are certain women of a traditional fascination, and others of our acquaintance are charming to us in the degree that we believe them to resemble the former. Some ancient chairs stand around the room and look on while the young people dance. Even the melodies are not the same we knew. There are newer composers, newer waltzes and dances. The aspect is still the same. The bright carnival of youth and beauty flutters and flashes before our eyes—but after all it is ghostly. We are dancing other dances, as we look, and hearing other music. The spectacle is pale and unreal: the glory and the grace are in our memories.

It is because we are all so intensely conscious of ourselves and of our own lives. But to indulge the whim too far is dangerous, for it destroys sympathy. The genial feeling that in the heart of age beats with the enjoyment of the youth around it, is itself the fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon traveled so far to find. He is truly old who is selfishly conscious only of his departed youth. But they never grow old, however gray the hair may be, in whom the quick sympathy with others constantly recreates the world.

Yet in the midnight singing, wherever it may be, that passes your window while you are awake, or which rouses you from sleeping, there is that subtle appeal to the inexplicable sadness of the soul, which is not conscious sorrow,

"But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

It is the feeling which made Richter cry out to music—"Away, for you speak to me of what never was and never will be." It is a revelation of the shadowy depth of emotion of which we are hardly conscious until the curtain is drawn aside: an emotion which is not related to experience, and is not to be intellectually defined.

THE experience of the war shows us how incessantly we are inclined to take extreme views of all persons and things where there is a difference of

opinion. We are very slow to learn that men are made of mixed clay, and that even the devil is not so bad as he is painted. Burns's lines to auld Nickie-ben, "O wad ye tak a thought and men!" are more than serio-comic. They come from the instinct that every thing and body, bad as they may be, are not necessarily all bad.

During the last few months we have all been in high debate over our Generals. The country has decided almost as fiercely about certain Generals as about the main question of the rebellion itself; and the curious and absurd dilemma has been offered us of burning or freezing. Either we must agree that a General was the greatest man that the times had produced, and the only one who could bring us out of our woes: that he was Julius Cæsar for sagacity, Hannibal for energy, and Napoleon Bonaparte for executive military skill, or else that he was Benedict Arnold and hind captain of the Green Gosling dragons.

Now this is a most ridiculous alternative. Yet the partisans on either side could admit nothing upon the other. If you listened to one, you were persuaded that every thing he had undertaken was the wisest step and led straight to success if, unluckily, he had not been tampered with and headed off at the very crisis. If you hearkened to the other, you were sure that, except for timely interference, we should have been straightway landed in the bottomless pit of ruin. Is there then no medium? Is it all white or all black? Is this General either Judas Iscariot or George Washington?

One thing seems to be tolerably clear. When the country has so vehemently divided, it is a great misfortune for the person about whom the division is made, because it makes it wisest to omit him from all practical calculations. If the colonies had had so radically a differing opinion of General Washington as there is now of General McClellan, it would have been a very dangerous thing to have made him Commander-in-chief. Unity of sentiment is essential at such a time. But if Washington had begun, and after a year's service the sentiment which at first was entirely united had split to the centre, his retirement, in the absence of positive achievements in the field, would have been most imperative.

Party-spirit, by its very fury, constantly defeats its own ends. When you have made a man the object of strictly party-support—that is to say, a support based upon other considerations than those of intrinsic ability and fitness for a position, you have created by opposition a party which his success will never conciliate, and which his failure will delight. Now if the stake at hazard be the national existence and honor, nothing more disastrous than this state of things can be conceived.

Whoever, therefore, lends himself to this blind partisanship, and insists that a man is either totally competent or an imbecile, that he is either a fool or a traitor, does the utmost harm to the commonwealth. And if any time ever taught the absurdity of such a tendency, it is certainly our own. Garibaldi openly denounced Cavour as a traitor—Cavour, whose every heart-beat was a prayer and a deed for Italy. The bitter accusation, doubtless, stung him to the soul, and shortened the life of the great and distinctive modern Italian. Garibaldi is a simple, truthful man, and, of course, although he spoke in the heat of passion, substantially believed what he said. But what a lesson is here! If Garibaldi so utterly misconceived Cavour, how readily may lesser men mistake each other! You, friend, upon the car-

seat in front of me, who think that the country is not worth saving unless one man saves it, and you, friend behind, who believe that man to be substantially false, or treacherously languid and slow, stop, each, and take counsel of your common-sense and your heart, not of your temper or political jealousy, and the man will gradually take the shape and hue of an ordinary mortal, neither altogether devilish nor divine.

THE friends of our singer, Adelina Patti, will be glad to hear of her great triumph in Paris. These are sober times in which to think of a *foyer* or theatre lobby excited about the more or less sweet singing of a pretty girl, but such was the spectacle on the evening she appeared in Paris. The curtain rose upon the *Somnambula* and Amina appeared. They would not applaud. They would not greet her with the least sign of friendly welcome or sympathy—those uncourteous Parisians who claim to be polite. There were two chances against her. She was from America, and she had been “made” in England. So Paris sat supercilious, and was prepared to reverse the verdict of the barbarians over the channel and across the sea.

But the little singer did not falter nor fail. The very sting of the cold reception thrilled her, doubtless, into a full possession of her powers. She began her *rôle* calmly and confidently. Without fluttering she warbled truly every note, every cadenza. The familiar music was more melodious, the tender phrases more tender, from her lips. The audience could not withstand it. It knew what it was hearing. Its instincts and its education revealed to it the presence of an exquisite singer; and storm upon storm of delighted applause burst and rang through the house. The curtain came down upon a tumult of enthusiasm; and the sensitive, volatile people poured into the *foyer* and buzzed about the wonderful gift, the elaborate cultivation, the bewitching *naïveté* of the young Patti. She went home to sleep on roses, said one of the critics. She had been crowned where Grisi, and Malibran, and Pasta had reigned. Success in Irving Place—well, one might shrug his shoulders at that. Success in London—aha! this is where fames are made. Triumph in Paris—ah *ciel!* there is where fame is secured.

No one who remembers the artless, pure, finished singing of the young *debutanté* of our opera-house but will be glad to hear of her wreaths and laurels in lands where the Opera is a mighty and important institution. Her sense of triumph is hardly less than that of a great conqueror. For a singer has no other world than the theatre; and the applause of the audience is the final approbation she receives. For her, as for the orator, there is no posterity to influence. The sounds of her voice are the instruments of her power, and when that is silent nothing remains but the tradition of what it was. It is not something to be taken aside for a choice moment of enjoyment. It is not to be transmitted, like an ever brightening book or deepening picture, to those who come after, or who are elsewhere. It is like the perfume of a flower, like the music of a ball, like the sunset splendor of a cloud—something for the moment only.

When an author or an artist grows old, or from any reason rests from his labors, there remains not only the past delight in what he did, but the ever-present enjoyment. Shakespeare is dust, but his work is as vivid and vitalizing as ever. Yet though Anne Hathaway had been the sweetest singer that

ever sang upon the banks of Avon, her name would be all that survives to us as it is now. Therefore let us rejoice in the present triumphs and conquests of the singers. They can not wait. You, the neglected and unheard poet, may appeal to the higher hearts and clearer heads of another century; but she, the singer, must be heard, and owned, and crowned now or never. There is no other century for her. Her world is in the theatre before her.

Yet while Paris assumes to be the world of musical art and to pass finally upon the fame of singers, it is always amusing to remember how severe a lesson Jenny Lind taught the proud city. She sang in Stockholm, and Paris merely stared at the rural prodigy. She sang in Berlin, and Paris sniffed at the provincial singer. She sang in London, and the gay world of fashion and art hummed with enthusiastic delight; but sardonic Paris smiled and said, Let her dare to sing for us. But the proud singer in the prime of her power smiled disdainfully in reply, “You would outlaw me because I have not sung in Paris. I will outlaw Paris by refusing to sing there.”

And she did it. She made the greatest of all the modern musical fames. In many ways, not even that of Malibran and Pasta and Catalani was superior. But she made it despite and despising Paris. Poor old Paris fumed in the *foyer* and buzzed in the *salon*, but it could not tear the crown from her head or tarnish the glory upon her brow.

The gay metropolis may give vogue to prettiness and talent, but it can not deprive genius of its sphere or its applause. No audience can limit that. When it is necessary to bear the imprimatur of Paris, it is because the work is not intrinsically great. Jenny Lind sang to the great human heart, not to the Paris pit, and her fame is as the difference of her audience.

WILKIE COLLINS has finished “No Name,” a story of which the Easy Chair has had more than one word to say. Of its intense interest, the first necessity of a novel, there can be no question. Of the masterly management of the plot so that the future of the story is always impenetrable, there is never any doubt. Of the sure success of a tale written with the closest knowledge of the requirements of modern readers, there may be absolute certainty. In fact, Collins seems to begin his work with the question, “What does the reader want in a novel?” and then to write it from the reader’s wishes. It is somewhat the same kind of skill which Edgar A. Poe possessed in a smaller degree, and it is the principle, or rather the theory, upon which he wrote “The Raven.” The public mind at any particular time has certain tastes and desires which a truly skillful literary artist will be able to detect and gratify. That seems to me to explain the peculiar success of Victor Hugo’s “*Misérables*.” It is certainly not a very great novel if “The Antiquary,” and “Joseph Andrews,” and “The Newcomes” are great novels. The “*Misérables*” is a condescension and adaptation to the popular taste exactly as the high-flown rhetoric of a stump speaker or the ranting of Mr. Forrest is. The whole chapter upon Cambronne and his dirty word is the greatest phenomenon in literary history. The language has no word to express the kind of extravagance which it illustrates.

In another way from that of Victor Hugo, without the least moralizing or direct moral tendency, Wilkie Collins addresses a popular taste not less marked. It is, to speak plainly, a prurient, but

not an indecent, taste. It is the morbid interest in crimes and trials and executions to which he appeals. It is the old strain of mystery and horror to which he tunes his pipe. No two writers would seem to be more entirely unlike than Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Radcliffe, and yet the key-note is substantially the same. In both it is horror: but in the one it is what we call supernatural, and in the other most literally natural. The "Woman in White" and "No Name" are stories of criminals and crime—not in the general way of sin and sinners, of people of weak and cowardly lives and actions, but of men and women who do criminal deeds. And the interest of the works really lies in the skill with which the details of the deeds are described, and the profound obscurity in which the results are hidden until the catastrophe is reached.

It might almost seem as if Wilkie Collins were a shrewd Englishman who had asked himself the questions, what is the secret of the perennial interest in the "Newgate Calender?" why does the public devour with such ardor the details of the trial of every great and mysterious criminal? and why may not a sagacious *litterateur* turn it all to account?

Of course he does not do his work coarsely. His criminals are not men who knock each other down with clubs, or who scalp their enemies and smear their faces with the blood. They are criminals of a state of high civilization, who move smoothly in parlors, and drive in carriages, and are part of the world and life we know. But, after all, what people they are! How profoundly interesting, and even exciting, are the daily performances, plots, deceptions, failures, and successes of persons whom we despise! Surely it shows the power of the author who can so move us.

The "Woman in White" and "No Name" are not less remarkably illustrative of the time and the public taste than "Les Misérables."

DURING the session of the famous German Parliament of 1848-9, which was to place the new German empire, with the Archduke John of Austria as Emperor, upon a permanent foundation, the Easy Chair came to Frankfort, where the Parliament was sitting. Many of the deputies were noted and interesting men. Robert Blum was among them, who was afterward shot in the gray misty morning in the court of an Austrian prison. Many a scholar and professor and innocent dreamer, who thought they saw the dawn of the Millennium in the rise of the new empire, were also there. But the figure that most interested the Easy Chair was a rustic, homely person, with very light thin hair and sandy complexion, rather coarsely dressed, and with the air of extreme simplicity and candor that marks the honest farmer. It was Ludwig Uhland, the poet so well and fondly known to every one familiar with modern German literature as a master of the romantic ballad.

The news of Uhland's death has recently reached this country. He was seventy-seven years old, and died in Tübingen, in Swabia, where he was born, where he had been Professor in the University, and the most faithful, liberal, and earnest of citizens. But Uhland will always be seen through his poetry as a quiet, contemplative man, serenely sitting, as the grave old figures sit in basso relievos of the pastoral age, under vines and olives, pensively musing upon "the sad vicissitude of things." His poetry is the most faithful reproduction of the characteristic sentiment of German

life and nature. It will be as integral a part of German literature as Béranger's of the French. Tender, graceful, playful, most musical and most sad, his poems are also often illuminated with a fine flash of the imagination, as in the "Castle by the Sea." Many are familiar to English readers; and a dozen years ago a complete English translation of his poems was published in Germany. It was made with great skill, and with a rough force which often preserved the peculiar power of the original. Mrs. Austin also translated several of the ballads, and one of the most beautiful among them was introduced by Longfellow into "Hyperion," with many of his own most felicitous renderings. It is "The Ferry," beginning:

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed the restless wave,
But the evening fair as ever
Shines on ruin, rock, and river."

And ending,

"Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take, I give it willingly,
For unknowingly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

"The Landlady's Daughter" is another of his most popular ballads, constantly sung in Germany, and constantly translated by students of German.

Uhland's life was passed amidst the stormiest modern scenes of Germany. But he was always true to Liberty and the Fatherland. He was in the first flower of his years when Napoleon thundered through his country. He saw and felt the reflux wave of dull despotism that followed. He hailed the hope of '48, like Béranger in France, and saw it, for the present, expire. But ever calm, patient, cheerful, he did not lose heart because the event was so often disappointing. Uhland was one of the Old Guard of Liberty, and age that dimmed his eye could not extinguish his faith. His grave will be the bourne of many a foreign pilgrim who cherishes the same patient confidence, and who knows that a true poet and good man died in Ludwig Uhland.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Humors of the War are worth putting on record, and this that follows shows the amusement which the gravest subjects sometimes make:

A visitor asked the reason, at the convalescent camp, for the number of deaths.

"You see, Sir, the Government laid out a big grave-yard, and soldiers always avail themselves of all Government allowances. That's why they die so fast!"

A YOUNG lady in Boston had purchased a *drinking tube*, or "water filter," to send to her brother in the army. She was holding it in her hand as she was sitting at her work-table at home when a gentleman was announced. Upon her asking him how he was, he put the mouth-piece of the filter to his lips, and, in a loud voice, replied, "Very well, I thank you; but, good gracious! how long have you been so deaf as to use an 'ear-trumpet?'"

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent, whose "hand-write" has compelled our admiration in months past, has again favored us with a fresh budget, from which we take a few good things, reserving the rest till another time:

"Every one has heard of the 'blue-stocking Presbyterians.' In the early days of our country the Scotch-Irish Covenanters were numerous in the western counties of Pennsylvania—a branch of the Presbyterian family with stockings more 'grandly, darkly, beautifully blue' than any of the others. The Covenanters of those days used 'Rous's version of the Psalms' exclusively, and held the compositions of Watts and others in utter detestation; and so tightly did they draw their sectarian lines, that for a Covenanter to attend, even once, the services of any other church, though it might be of the Presbyterian order, was considered a crime almost as bad as sheep-stealing. James Ferguson—or, as he was generally called, Jamie Ferguson—a well-to-do farmer of Washington County, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Buchanan's congregation, and one of the strictest of the strict in all matters of church doctrine.

"Having set up a distillery he became, in another sense also, very often more *tight* and more *blue* than any of his fellow-members—which, indeed, is saying a great deal on *that* point.

"His parson (a truly good man, but suspected of using Watts's book in his family devotions) did every thing in his power to reclaim him. Suspensions from church-membership and restorations thereto followed each other for some time, until the good parson, losing patience, resolved if possible to effect a radical cure, and expostulated with him in the strongest terms. Jamie confessed his numerous short-comings. [Men are wonderfully ready to *confess* themselves great sinners; but greatly dislike being *told* that they are such.] 'Quet it, mon,' said the good parson, in his broad dialect, 'quet it at once. No more of this aye sinnin' an' aye repentin'; but quet it entirely, or you'll become a disgrace to the congregation!' This was rather too much for Jamie, substantial man as he was, and a liberal contributor to the support of the church. It put him on the offensive. He began to think he was not altogether so bad as other men, or even as his own pastor, in some respects; and he determined to retaliate.

"'I know I am a poor, weak body,' said he; 'I acknowledge that I *do* get a little *drunk*, or so, occasionally; but I never sing any of Watts's psalms!'

"It was a settler. The parson withdrew; and Jamie kept on aye sinnin' and aye repentin' to the day of his death.

"THE Conestoga wagoners, like the chimney-sweepers, have nearly faded from the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants. Before the time of railroads they hauled goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and were a jolly, rough, hard-working set of men, jogging through life at a leisure pace, cracking their whips and their jokes as they wound their way over the hills and through the valleys. Pete Deshler was well-known as an old wagoner, and, more particularly at the taverns along the road, as 'a good trencher-man'—or, as Shylock would have said, 'a huge feeder.' So well, indeed, was his character established in that particular, that few tavern-keepers who knew him were willing to entertain him, the pay for a meal (25 cents) being altogether insufficient to compensate them for the viands he consumed. Pete had, therefore, to seek new places of refreshment from time to time. Stopping one fine Sunday morning at a substantial hostelry in the vicinity of a small town, he asked for a meal. The family were at church, and a pig of considerable size was baking in the stove. Pete being in a

hurry, the pig was set before him, 'in full confidence' that there would be enough of it left for the family on their return. The astonishment of the landlord may be easily imagined when, on his return, he found Pete had gone 'the entire swine;' and, like Oliver Twist, was 'asking for more.' 'Landlord,' said he, 'have you got any more of dem there little 'ogs?'

"EVERY BODY knows the story of Jacob Barker, who having a vessel at sea and long out of time, bargained for her insurance, at a high rate, at one of the offices, and next morning sent his young man to say to the president that if the policy had not been filled up it need not be, *as he had heard from the vessel*. The president, supposing the merchant had heard that the vessel was safe, and wanted to save the cost of the insurance, replied that the message came too late, that the policy was already prepared, and the merchant bound for the insurance-money. The afternoon papers announced the total loss of the vessel, and the president was trapped! In olden times, in Philadelphia, we had *two* honest men (not *too* honest, certainly; but probably quite as honest as the ship-owner and president mentioned above). According to the natural increase of the human species we should now have many hundreds of the breed among us; and upon investigation it would, no doubt, be found that our good city has not fallen behind in their increase, however deficient she may be in other particulars. The invention of 'shoddy' has enabled us to multiply *honest men* exceedingly within the last two years. One of the honest men mentioned above chartered a vessel and laded her with *an invoice* of valuable wines for a port in the West Indies, and insured the vessel and cargo at a remarkably high figure in the office where the other was a director. The vessel (as was foreordained) sprang a leak at sea, was abandoned, and, as Byron says, 'going down head-foremost—*sunk*—in short.' The shipper demanded his insurance-money; but being unable to satisfy the office as to *when* and *how* he became possessed of such a large quantity of valuable wines, they refused to pay, and the matter remained for a long time unsettled, the shipper urging his claim, and the office professing their readiness to pay whenever he produced the proper evidences. One day the shipper, meeting the director, complained bitterly of the treatment of the office; and wound up by saying he was willing to leave the decision of the case to three honest men. 'Three honest men!' said the other, in well simulated surprise; 'three honest men! Why, my dear fellow, where would you get them? There are *you* and *I*, to be sure; but *where would you find the other?*' It leaked out afterward that the vessel had been scuttled by the captain, who was interested in the adventure, and that the valuable wine was only colored water.

"At a meeting of one of our religious bodies, some years ago, a question arose, and was debated for some time, with considerable bitterness of feeling on both sides; and which, if continued to be pressed, would inevitably have produced serious discord, if not a positive rupture. One of the members (an Irish gentleman, of great influence and ability, and universally beloved for his kind-heartedness and amiability), desirous of putting an end to the debate, made a speech full of good sense and excellent counsel, and withal overflowing with wit and humor.

"Having produced an amicable feeling among his

hearers, he wound up by saying, 'Finally, my brethren, I beg you will not forget the counsel of my distinguished countryman, Solomon: "The beginning of strife," says he, "is as the letting out of water; therefore leave off contention *before it be meddled with!*"'

"The speech produced the desired effect; all the members were in good-humor with each other and with themselves; and the feeling was not a little increased by another distinguished member plucking the orator by the skirts of his coat, and exclaiming, 'Why, Brother M'C—d, I never knew till now that Solomon *was an Irishman!*'"

WE found in the Drawer, a few days ago, a new book called "The Book-Hunter;" and we might hunt out pages of good things for these pages—pleasant anecdotes; bits of humor scattered along in it, especially in the notes of Richard Grant White, Esq., who edits the volume. As of the Irish Churchman who artlessly states that an eminent person had "abandoned the errors of the Church of Rome and adopted those of the Church of England."

And the account of an Irish duel Irishly drawn, with this happy conclusion: "The one party received a slight wound in the breast; the other fired into the air; and so the matter terminated."

Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, was a very humble, obscure, modest, and learned man. When he was a youth at college he was waiting on a great Professor on business, and, feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply—"any one as cool as I am."

Arguing with his neighbor who had ceased going to church, the man said to Mr. Surtees, "Why, Sir, the parson and I have quarreled about the tithes." "You fool," was the reply, "is that any reason why you should go to hell?"

A poor man with a numerous family lost his only cow. Surtees was collecting a subscription to replace the loss, and called on the Bishop of Lichfield, who was Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes in the parish, to ascertain what he would give. "Give," said the Bishop, "why, a cow, to be sure! Go, Mr. Surtees, to my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Surtees, astonished at this unexpected generosity, said, "My lord, I hope you will ride to heaven upon the back of that cow." A while afterward he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington with, "Surtees, what is the absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the Dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow many of your prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

A FRIEND of ours in Steubenville, Ohio, writes to the Drawer, and says:

"In the town in which I was born there was an old gentleman of Falstaffian proportions (who, by-the-way, was the first male child born in the town after its settlement), whose rotundity was huge, as though, it would seem, to make room for the caprices of his humor, of which he possessed an 'infinite deal.' He was very fond of bathing in a river of modest pretensions that ran by the town. One morning when he was taking his accustomed bath, as he was swimming along suddenly his body came

in contact with the graveled bottom of the river. He turned up to walk into deeper water, when he found that *it was over his head!* He was thicker than long!

"He was a very exact man, and, as is often the case with such, irritable. He owned quite a fine farm about a mile from town, part of which, along the road that ran by it, was open. He concluded to fence it in, and hired a Dutchman to assist in the work. Accordingly he went out and marked the place where every post-hole was to be dug, so that there might be no mistake. In a day or two the Dutchman informed him that every thing was ready for setting the posts. For the distance of some two hundred yards or more the holes all appeared to be dug in the exact spot indicated; but suddenly they came upon one that was three or four feet out of the line, and what made the blunder more aggravating was, that the original mark was still in the place where the hole should have been, plainly to be seen. The old gentleman broke out in a tirade of indignation against the Dutchman. 'You fool, you! what in the name of common sense did you dig that hole way out there for?' etc., etc. His anger, however, appeared to make no impression whatever upon the Dutchman, who walked round and round the hole, gazing at it with apparently the most amazing astonishment, and at last broke out with, 'Vell, I would shoost like to know who moved dat post-hole out from the place vere I put him!' The anger of the Dutchman's employer vanished on the instant; and the old gentleman, when telling this story himself, was accustomed to say that he felt perfectly satisfied when the Dutchman assured him that he could easily move the post-hole back."

THE next two come from a contributor whose pen is always welcome:

"At a recent Court of Sessions in Chenango County a prisoner was convicted on the clearest evidence upon a charge of stealing a pair of oxen. Judge C— then put the usual question to the prisoner, what he had to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced against him?

"'Nothing,' said the prisoner; and then, after a moment's hesitation, resumed: 'Why, yes, I will say one thing. I am as innocent of this charge as the child unborn, and I should not have been convicted but I hadn't money enough to get my witnesses.'

"'If that be so,' said the Judge, in tones of pity, 'you are very unfortunate. The evidence appears strong against you, and—'

"'I know that, I know it,' interrupted the prisoner; 'but I am not guilty, and there's only two in the world that know it—and that's God and me!'

"This solemn asseveration had no effect on the Court, and the State got the fellow's services.

"At a Circuit Court in the same county a slander suit was on trial. A very candid-appearing witness testified to the speaking of the words charged on several occasions. Counselor H—, an excitable attorney, cross-examined the witness fully without seemingly shaking his testimony, when, with emphasis, he put the question,

"'Witness, you are not on friendly terms with my client here, are you?'

"'Perfectly, Sir, for aught I know,' said the witness, in the most undisturbed manner.

"'Perfectly, Sir!' repeated H—, as he nervously reduced the answer to his minutes.

"Do you swear, witness, that you have no hard feelings toward my client?" asked H——, in a highly excited manner—"no hard feelings, Sir!"

"None that I am aware of," said the witness, in the same quiet way; and the answer went nervously to the counselor's notes.

"Now, Sir," said H——, springing to his feet and shouting, "didn't your cows get into his garden and eat his garden up?"

"Yes, Sir," said the witness, calm as ever, "but I did not lay up any hard feelings against him for that."

"The counselor and the house came down together."

A CAPITAL contributor in San Francisco writes:

"From the land of gold I send you a salute, you inveterate side-splitter and incorrigible laugh-extractor! From the Far West I thrust out to you the paw of friendship. How I have laughed over the Drawer! With what intense delight I have chuckled over the last pages of *Harper*! We of the Pacific coast love you not a little, old boy; and look forward to your coming with pleasure; and snap you up quickly when you do arrive. We think there's nothing in the world like *Harper*—no magazine on the face of the earth that can say 'Boo!' to *Harper*. But a truce to butter. Actuated by a desire to see California represented in the Drawer, I send the following anecdote:

"In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba River. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the 'town' increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveler and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

"The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

"There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam," replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yu-ba Dam!" said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!" yelled the irate Thompson; "I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?"

"The stranger became excited. He rose and replied, with the voice of an 80-pounder,

"YU-BA DAM! You hear that?"

"In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse, and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offense and defense.

"Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said,

"I ask you for the last time. What place is this?"

"Putting his hands to his mouth his opponent roared,

"YU-BA DAM!"

"The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dog-fall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize-fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

"Having left the business portion of the town, that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"What place is this, Sissy?" he asked.

"The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned, and squealed, 'Oo-bee Dam!'

"Good Heavens!" said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men but the very babes and sucklings swear at in-offensive travelers!"

SECRETARY CHASE had a father (of course he had), of whom a story is floating that we must put into the Drawer. In New Hampshire they used to choose all their State, county, and town officers, from Governor down to hog-reeves, at one town-meeting—the annual March meeting. As the town-officers were very numerous it was customary, as fast as they were chosen, to walk them up before a justice of the peace and have them sworn into office, "by companies, half companies, pair, and single." "Squire Chase," of Cornish (father of Secretary Chase), being the most prominent justice, had this task to perform, and a severe task it was, occupying much of his time from morning till night.

It was on one of these occasions, after the labors and toils of the day were over, he returned to his home weary and overcome with the fatigues of his employment, and throwing himself in his easy-chair, he fell into a sound sleep. In the mean time a couple, who had been waiting impatiently for some time for the Justice to join them in wedlock, presented themselves in another part of the house and made known their interesting desire to Mrs. Chase, who, somewhat confused and agitated, attended them to the sleeping Justice, whom she found it difficult to arouse. Shaking him by the shoulder, she called out, "Mr. Chase, Mr. Chase, do pray wake up; here is a couple come to be married." The Justice, having administered oaths all day, was dreaming of nothing else, half waked, rubbing his eyes and looking at the wistful pair, asked:

"Are you the couple?"

They nodded assent.

"Well, hold up your hands." They did so, with some hesitation. "You severally solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your offices respectively, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you," etc.

The astonished couple looked wild; the Justice added, soothingly, "That's all, excepting the fee, one dollar," which was quickly dropped into his hand; and they were off, doubting as they went the

legality of the process; but they concluded to go according to the oath.

THE following needs no explanation:

"E—— L——, Esq., to T—— C——, Esq.:

"NEW YORK, —, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Accompanying this you will find a copy of the *proof-sheet* of a work now in course of publication by myself, which is destined to be of inestimable value to the legal profession, and to the public generally. It shall be, what it purports to be, a full, complete, and accurate catalogue of the ablest and best lawyers in every county in the United States. You will perceive that I have taken the liberty to insert your name in the *proof-sheet*. This has been done upon a thorough acquaintance with the facts, derived from various and most reliable sources. I am laboring in the preparation of 'the revised edition.' To enable me to do this it will be necessary that each lawyer whose name is inserted therein should transmit to me the inconsiderable sum of ten dollars, to aid in the expense of publication. Otherwise his name will be omitted in 'the revised edition,' and its place supplied by another. Hoping to hear from you very soon, I remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant."

"T—— C——, Esq., to E—— L——, Esq.:

"COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, —, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the — inst, is received, as is also the accompanying document. I am highly gratified at the distinction which, by the '*proof-sheet*,' you have conferred on me. I am satisfied that the insertion of my name in the '*proof-sheet*' of your valuable work, unsought and unsolicited as it was by me, and without compensation to you, will be very advantageous to me, as well as to those clients whom it may direct to my office. It will enable each legal gentleman whose name is therein inserted to furnish to those who call on him the name of the best lawyer in any county in the United States. He can say to him that the name thus furnished is indorsed by the highest authority upon the subject of *Lawyerdom* in the United States, 'upon a thorough acquaintance with the facts, derived from various and most reliable sources.' He can add (and it will be 'the chief corner-stone' of the recommendation) that the indorsement aforesaid was unsought, unexpected, and without compensation. You must however allow 'the ablest and best lawyer' to say that he can not think that the same advantage will attend the insertion of a name in 'the revised edition.' It will smell of money. The reader will think '*bought in*.' He will think that when the lawyer advertises for business he has very little on hand. No man likes to give a lawyer his only case. If he does, he does not expect to pay for it. Therefore I do not inclose the ten-dollar bill, and my name will have to be stricken from the list."

In St. Louis the Drawer has a friend who enjoys a good story and knows how to tell it. He says:

In old Massachusetts, in former times, if not now, the statute defined the fee of a clergyman for officiating at a marriage ceremony, and made *one dollar and a half* the legal charge. Rev. C—— T——, of F——, father of a present member of Congress from the same district, used to laugh over the interpretation one of his parishioners gave to the law. He was an honest, hard-working yeoman, who was more literal than literary. He came to "the minister" with his rural bride, as was customary with "the middling classes," and had the knot tied in the presence of the family. Feeling "good," doubtless, that the event was over, and wishing to square accounts with his pastor, he looked up sheepishly as he stuck his hands in his pockets, and asked, "Wa'al, parson, what do you tax for splicin' me?" Mr. T—— smiled in his genial way, and willing "to bother" the fellow a little, answered, "The law allows us *nine shillings*, Mr. Jones" (Yankee currency, of course). Thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, and drawing out a new "quarter," the smiling "happy innocent" replied, "The law allows ye a dollar'n a ha'f,

does it? Wa'al, then, I'll put in a quarter, and make it ten an' six!" The simplicity was so real Mr. T—— took the "shiner," and realized the balance in the fun he had in telling the joke.

"THE common-sewers of this city [St. Louis] are led out into large ducts that discharge into the Mississippi. At low-water, along the levee, you may find the outlets every square or two, where the aqueous deposit of filth flowing down from the hidden sluices oozes out, and is washed away by the sweeping stream that generally overflows the openings. Walking along the margin of the stream one day, 'a friend of mine' observed two specimens of hoosierdom, dressed in 'butter-nuts,' apparently searching for something. Their motions excited his interest, and caused him to watch. Pretty soon one in advance of the other stopped, and called to his fellow, as he stood over one of the outlets, 'I say, Bill, here's *another* spring, plum down here!' Bill responded, with some disgust in his countenance, 'Wa'al, dog-gon it all, if *tain't* better than t'other, I don't want to drink it!' The river rippled on, and even the waves laughed."

THE following is so true to poor human nature that it is as good as a sermon. There are thousands just like Mr. Finch:

"In 1851 Rev. W. M'D——d was the stationed preacher in a city of Maine. An aged citizen, who had not been a regular attendant at any of the churches, was taken sick, and not coming under the pastoral care of any particular preacher, a friend of his invited the reverend gentleman to visit the sick man. He accordingly paid him a visit, and found him reading Luke xviii. 18—23: 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' and the final reply of the Saviour to the young man seemed to puzzle him: 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.' Says Mr. Finch, 'I don't understand it; how is the man to live if he sells all his property and gives it away?' The reverend gentleman said he would give him an illustration that might help him out of his difficulty, and proceeded: 'Mr. Finch, you have some property?' 'Yes, I have about six thousand dollars.' 'Well, suppose that God should send an angel from heaven to say to you that if you will sell all your property, and give the proceeds to the poor, you shall have every thing that you desire for your comfort and happiness in this life, and heaven hereafter; now, Mr. Finch, what would you do? Would you trust God?' After a few moments' reflection, he replied, 'I think I would keep the stuff in my own hands!'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the Drawer an obituary in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of November 17, 1862, which is certainly an uncommonly fine specimen of the highfalutin. After recording the name and age of the deceased, his elegist proceeds to say:

"The early Sabbath morn was here: in heaven his name was called; he died, and answered 'Present.' One who was permitted to peruse the diary of his heart rejoices in being able to say that every page contains the words: 'With all my strength I battle for my God.' No more he asks. And who that knew did not love him? And it seemed as if music's animated bells, o'erspread with the bright drapery of constancy, were daily shining o'er the altar of holy thoughts and new-born love for John. We would fain be as the nightingale, sing with our breast against the throne. But alas! his death has entranced the heart with a dream of agony that promised no ending."

THE religious *Chronicle* of this city says :

"We call attention to a special notice in another column, announcing the repetition by Rev. Dr. Fish, of Newark, New Jersey, in the Stanton Street Baptist Church, of his interesting lecture on 'Woman: her Influence and Training.' Dr. Fish ought to have a houseful."

We can not see why Dr. Fish ought to have a "houseful" any more than any other man. Why is not one wife as well for him as a houseful of the same sort? If he understands "Woman: her Influence and Training," he is content with one at a time, and the suggestion of the *Chronicle*, that he ought to have a "houseful," will not encourage him to mistake Newark for Salt Lake City.

"AT Cairo," writes one of our many military correspondents, "the following incident occurred a few days ago: The telegraph operator received a message for an Italian (who is engaged in selling cakes, etc., to the soldiers, and has temporarily taken up his residence here for that purpose) that his daughter's dress had taken fire, and she had been burned to death. When found by the messenger he was surrounded by some gay companions, who, on learning the awful tidings, considerably fell back in si-

lence, not willing to intrude on a grief so sacred and inconsolable as our Italian friend's must be. Nothing daunted, in a very business-like manner he asked for a pencil and immediately wrote the following reply :

"I am very sorry. Send me some stock as quick as you can—I am out of cakes!"

Just over the river from Kentuck, in Indiana, a correspondent writes to the Drawer :

"We had in our employ, as maid of general housework, an intelligent contraband, who hailed from 'Way down thar on Blue River.' Now this same contraband was a shouting Methodist, and was very zealous in the cause, as regards singing; and as her lungs were not the weakest, she would make considerable noise. One day, when she was singing at her loudest, I mildly recommended to her not to pitch her voice so high, as it might disturb the neighbors. This quieted her, but after a while she again commenced singing, but in a milder tone, the following verse :

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew the Lord;
But servants of the Heavenly King
Should sound their joys abroad."



ON THE POND.

"What, Fred, don't Skate? You ought to learn, old Fella; it's first-rate Exercise for the Digestion—gets a Man in capital order for his Dinner."

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THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY.

'MIDST tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day.
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forests' shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveillé, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame?
He lived, he died; and so, *memento mori*—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory
Some hand has writ his name.



Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—LADY AND CHILD'S STREET DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—NEGLIGÉE ROBE.

IN the STREET DRESS on the preceding page the Bonnet and Cloak are removed, in order to show the Dress proper. Its general fashion needs no description. The gray and drab *foulards*, which are now so fashionable, are admirably adapted to this style, as well as the violet poplin from which the

dress represented in our illustration was taken. The CHILD'S DRESS explains itself.

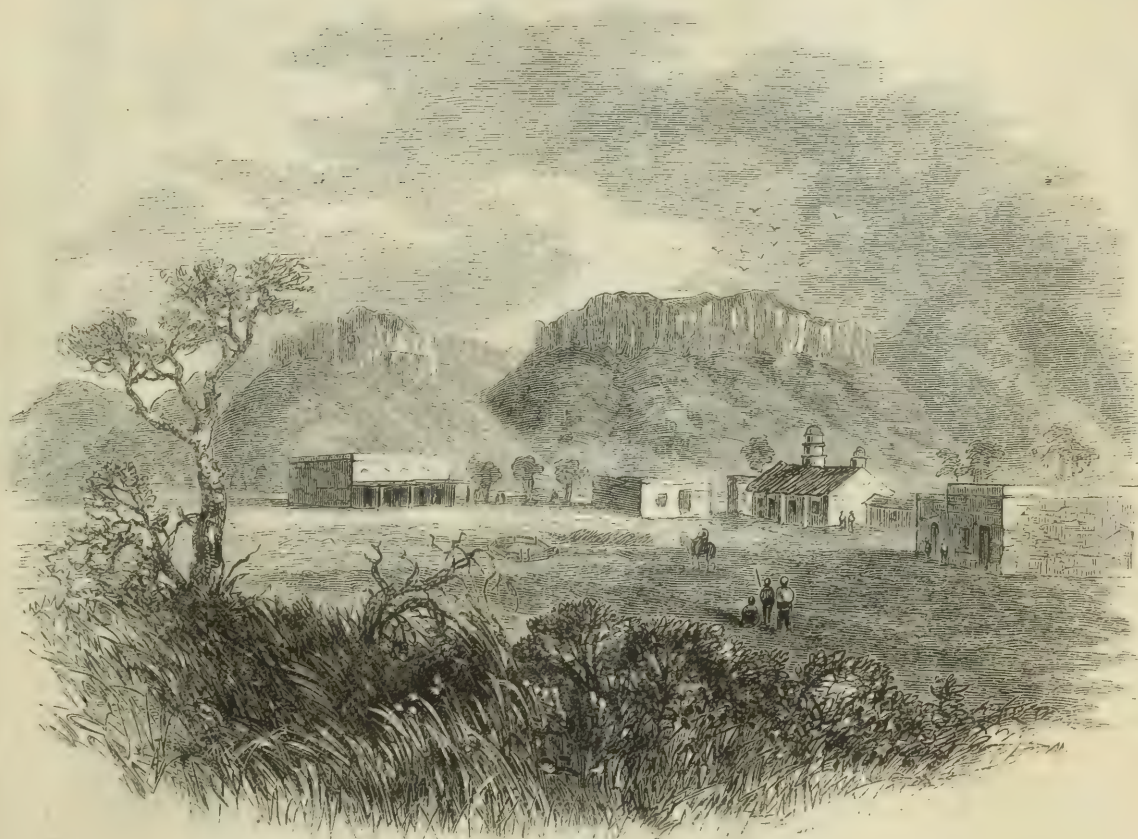
The NEGLIGÉE ROBE, represented above, is of dark green cachemire, faced with light green taffeta, with wristbands of the same. The embroidery is of dark-green braid, with cord of the same color.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXXVIII.—MARCH, 1865.—VOL. XXX.

A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.

[Sixth Paper.]



HACIENDA OF THE SANTA RITA MINING COMPANY.

AS five or six days would elapse before the return of our wagon from Tucson, a small party, consisting of Mr. Poston, Lieutenant Arnold, and myself, accompanied by ten men belonging to the escort, took advantage of the opportunity to visit the mines of the Santa Rita district. For this expedition we provided ourselves with a pack-mule for our provisions and carried our own blankets on horseback. Crossing the Santa Cruz at the foot of the milpas, opposite the town of Tubac, we followed an arroyo for about four miles, when we ascended the right bank and entered a dry elevated plain, called in this country a mesa, or table, stretching almost as far as we could see north and south, and bounded on the east by the mountains of Santa Rita, and on the west by the Santa Cruz Valley and the mountains of Atacosa. It was a matter of surprise to most of us how luxuriant the grass

was on this mesa, and what an inexhaustible support it affords for innumerable herds of cattle. No water, however, is to be found nearer than the Santa Cruz River and the cañons of the Santa Rita Mountains. The Pecacho on the left forms a bold and striking feature in the scene, rising like a massive fortress directly on the edge of the plain, and backed by the rugged ribs of the Santa Ritas, the two main peaks of which, called "the teats," form a prominent land-mark to travelers for a circuit of over two hundred miles. Our trail over the mesa, otherwise monotonous, was pleasantly diversified by groves of palo-verde and bunches of cactus; but apart from the peculiarity of the vegetation, it was a luxury to breathe the air. Nothing more pure or invigorating could exist upon earth. The unclouded sky and glowing tints of the mountains; the unbounded opulence of sun-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

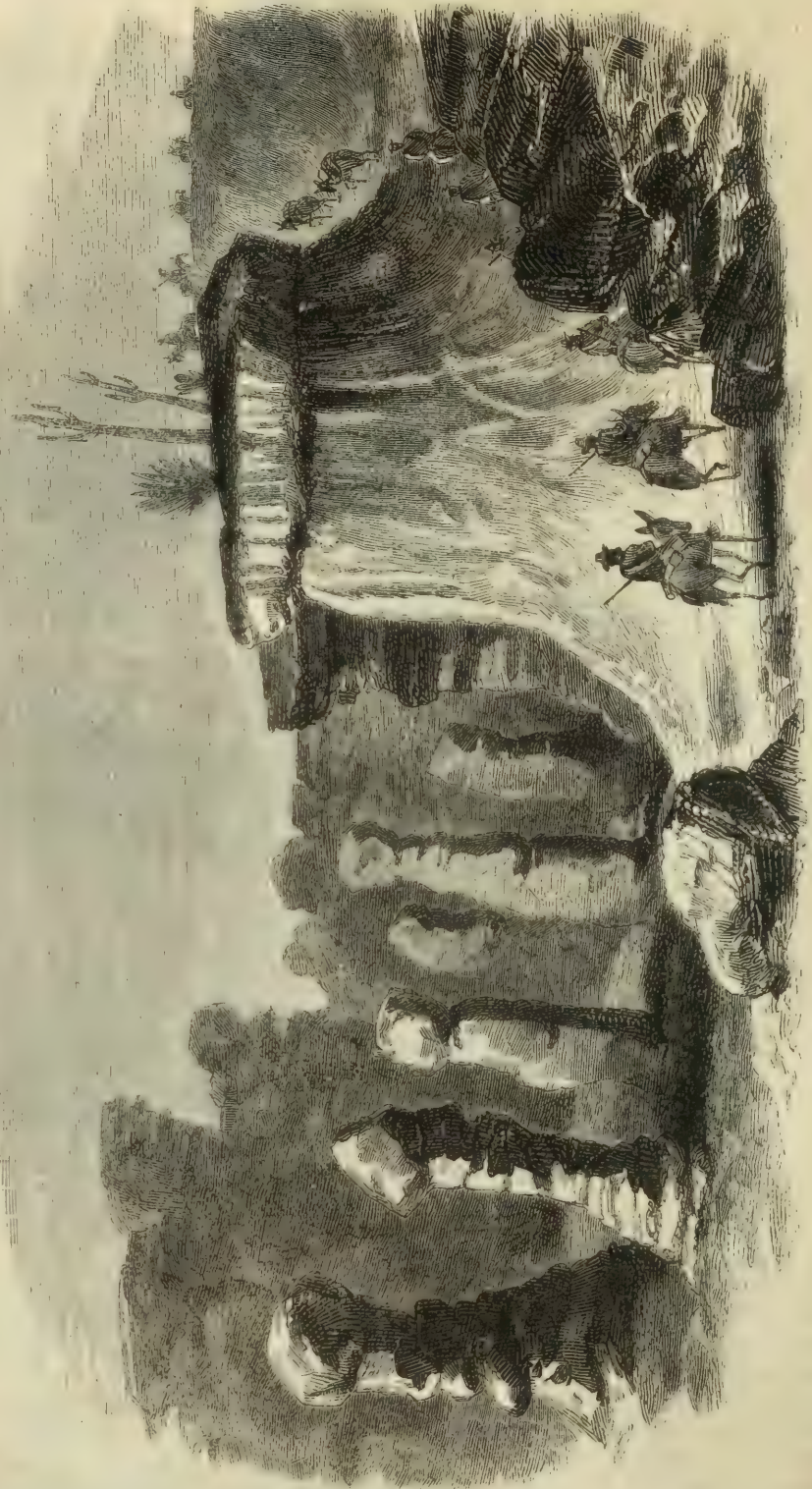
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shine, which seemed to sparkle in atmospheric scintillations, inspired us with a perfect overflow of health and spirits; and it was no wonder we built many castles in the air, and reveled in dreamy regions of enchantment in which the glittering silver mines of Arizona played a prominent part.

At the first break of the mesa we struck an arroya, or rather rocky ravine, in which I noticed some very remarkable geological formations. A large area of the earth was covered by immense columns of sandstone, standing like the ruined colonnade of some grand old castle, many of them capped by prodigious boulders of rock, which no human power could have elevated to their present resting-places. How they came there, or how long they have thus stood battling with the elements, was beyond our ability to decide. Lieutenant Ives, in his admirable report on the Colorado, refers to similar geological phenomena in the region of the Great Cañon. I believe the theory of geologists is, that the earth has been washed away from these columns, leaving them standing in the open air as they stood in their natural strata underground.

Not far beyond the mesa we entered upon a rugged region, abounding in breaks and arroyas very rocky and difficult for our horses. In one of these desolate places we visited the spot where Mr. H. C. Grosvenor, the last manager of the Santa Rita mines, and the last of three managers whose fate was similar, was killed by the Apaches about two years ago. It appears that a wagon containing supplies had been sent out from Tubac and was on its way to the hacienda, when the men who accompanied it were attacked and killed. Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Pompelly

had passed the wagon and teamsters a few minutes before and proceeded to the hacienda. As the freight-party did not arrive within a reasonable time, Grosvenor walked out alone to see what was the cause of the delay. The Apaches had meantime made their murderous attack on the teamsters and plundered the wagon; and were moving up the cañon, when they saw Grosvenor coming, and immediately formed an ambush behind the rocks and shot him dead as he approached. His grave lies a few hundred yards from the head-quarters of the hacienda. A marble head-stone, upon which his name is inscribed, with the additional words not uncom-



SANDSTONE COLUMNS.

mon in Arizona: "Killed by the Apaches," marks the spot. By the side of this grave is another headstone, bearing the name of Mr. Slack, his predecessor, who lost his life by the same ruthless tribe of Indians. Another of the managers, also killed by the Apaches, lies buried at Tubac.

Early in the afternoon we reached the beautiful hacienda of the Santa Rita Company, now solitary and desolate. The houses have gone to ruin, and only a few adobe walls, furnaces, and the frame-work of the mill remain to mark the spot formerly so full of life and enterprise. It was sad to stand among these ruins and think how hard a fate had been the reward of nearly all the enterprising men who had built up this little community. A few years ago these houses, now empty and crumbling down in dusty fragments, were replete with busy life; the reduction works were in full blast, and every heart throbbed with the brightest anticipations of the future.

Mr. Poston, who had done more perhaps than any other man to develop the resources of this vast mineral region, had some depressing reflections as he gazed upon this scene of ruin. He had suffered too much, however, in Arizona, and seen too many reverses of fortune to waste much time in retrospection. The future was still bright and promising. It would not be long before these tenements would be again inhabited, and the sounds of life and industry again enliven the place. With the necessary protection now promised the Company is prepared to re-establish the works; an experienced manager, Mr.

Wrighton, who has had long experience in this region, is now on the way out, and probably not more than a few months will elapse before the mines and hacienda will be occupied by a large working force.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the hacienda is a silver lead, situated strangely enough in the valley, close by the bed of the creek, upon which some explorations have been made. An assay of the ore, made in 1861, yielded \$400 to the ton. Water is furnished by the mine itself, which is not considered a disadvantage in this country, where that element is the great desideratum.

A mile beyond we reached the foot of the Salero Mountain, near which, in a pleasant little valley, stand the ruins of the peon houses, once occupied by the operatives on the Salero Mine. The surrounding hills are clothed with a rich growth of grass, and there is an abundance of oak timber scattered over these hills and the adjacent mountains to supply the requisite fuel for the reduction works for many years. Water is found in an adjacent cañon a few hundred yards from the quarters, but not in sufficient quantities for stock. There would be no difficulty, however, in increasing the quantity by digging.

The Salero, which is the principal mine in this region, is situated in the side of a conical mountain of the same name, rising immediately from this little valley, and presenting some very striking mineral phenomena. The shaft is seen about a third of the way up its face, and is approached by a wagon road, which cuts and leaves



THE SALERO MINE.

exposed a number of veins running into the mountain in nearly the same direction, and all bearing more or less indications of silver.

This mine has long been known to the Mexicans, and was worked more than a century ago under the direction of the Jesuits at Tumacacori. A legend is told of the derivation of the name, SALERO or Salt-cellar, which may be worthy of record. On the occasion of a visit from the Bishop of Sonora to Tumacacori, the good father in charge of that establishment furnished, as in duty bound, the best entertainment for his superior that his limited resources would allow. The Bishop was delighted with the sumptuous feast laid before him; the chickens, the fruits, the wines were all excellent; there was only one thing lacking to complete his temporal happiness—a salt-cellar! The poor Padre was deeply mortified; he had forgotten all about the salt-cellar; in fact, had long since forgotten the use of such luxuries. Salt-cellar was as scarce in Arizona then as they are now. "Never mind!" said he, as a happy thought struck him, "your Excellency shall have a salt-cellar to-morrow." A few trusty men were dispatched to the Santa Rita mountains, with orders to dig and smelt some silver ore and make a salt-cellar, and sure enough, by dinner-time the next day a massive salt-cellar was presented to the Bishop, and from that day forth the mine out of which the ore was dug was called the Salero. History does not record, but there can be little doubt that the worthy Bishop of Sonora enjoyed his dinner at Tumacacori.

During the afternoon, and on the following day, we visited at least fifteen or twenty distinct mines, all partially opened and well tested, forming what might be termed a perfect net-work of silver-bearing ledges. Among these were the Salero, Bustillo, Crystal, Encarnación, Cazador, and Fuller, each one of which has yielded, under a very imperfect system of working, at the rate of four to fourteen hundred dollars to the ton. This of course was from selected ores. The average would probably not fall short of two hundred dollars, though sufficient work has not yet been done upon which to base a reliable calculation. The assays and experiments of such men as Küstel, Pompelly, Booth, Garnett, Mainzer, Blake, Dr. Jackson of Boston, and others, demonstrate at least that there is a great abundance of rich ores in the Santa Rita district.

As a grazing country for cattle and sheep the valleys and foot-hills of the Santa Rita can not be surpassed. Grass of every variety known in Arizona covers the ground all the year, and there is practically no winter for live-stock. The climate is so mild, even in the months of January and February, that it is a positive luxury to sleep in the open air. Wood can be obtained in limited quantities in the neighborhood, and when that is exhausted the valley of the Santa Cruz, only twelve miles distant, furnishes an inexhaustible supply. The mines abound in ores easy of reduction by smelting, and they are

so situated that access to all of them by good roads can be had at a small expense. The transit to Tucson and Guaymas is over the best natural roads in the world, but will require military protection for some time to come.

Within the distance of eight miles lies the beautiful Valley of the Sonoita, which is watered by the river of the same name, and abounds in very promising gold and silver ledges. Some of the finest farming lands in the Territory lie along the borders of this stream. When Fort Buchanan was occupied, several families from Texas and the borders of Missouri lived in this valley; and I have been told the wheat and corn crops raised by them were absolutely wonderful. There can be no doubt that, with the protection afforded by the mines when in operation, the Sonoita Valley will be settled once more, and the soil again cultivated.

We took a ride over the intervening hills to see a gold ledge, called the "Tenaja," or "Tank," of which I made a sketch. The croppings are very fine; but I could not see any gold in them by the naked eye.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, having completed our tour among the mountains of the Santa Rita, we returned to Tubac, greatly pleased with our ramble, though somewhat tired and hungry. A bath in the Santa Cruz River refreshed us after our rough experience of the past few days; and it was not unpleasant to be once more within hail of a public highway, even though it brought us no news either from above or below. We were all anxious to hear from home. Nothing had reached us from "the States" for over two months. It might be that the war had come to an end, so little did we know or hear of the turmoil of strife or the excitement of speculation. Isolated as we were in a country fraught with dangers, it seemed strange how calm and peaceful the solitude around us looked. Not a stir, not a sound beyond the limits of our own encampment disturbed the intense quietude that reigned over the slumbering earth. Yet every thicket and ravine had its



A GRAVE ON THE SANTA CRUZ ROAD.

story of bloodshed and death, and around us lay the graves of murdered men!

No tidings of our wagon, which we had dispatched to Tucson for provisions and forage, having been received, up to the morning of the sixth day, we resolved to leave Tubac and proceed on our journey toward Sopori and the mines of the Cerro Colorado. It was our intention to camp at the Revanton Ranch, eight miles below Tubac, where we hoped to meet the wagon on its way up; nor were we disappointed, for some four or five Papago Indians, of whom the chief was our friend, Captain José, came dashing up with the pleasing intelligence that the wagon and detachment were close behind. These doughty warriors were all armed, some with old muskets and others with bows and arrows, and presented something of a stylish appearance in their mixed costume of military coats, serapas, loose pantaloons, rawhide sandals, and straw sombreros. One of them, a very important old gentleman in his own estimation, was peculiarly distinguished for the brilliancy of his uniform. He wore a blue cloth coat with two rows of buttons down in front and the same number on the back; so that, with a tremendous shock of hair, which fell loosely over his face and neck, it was difficult to tell, at a short distance, whether he was riding with his face or his back to the horse's head. Nor was the illusion quite dissipated by the appearance of his legs, which were quite bare, and fortunately so colored by nature that they corresponded exactly with the skin of his horse. We suspected that this doughty old warrior had so fashioned and equipped himself as a decoy for the enemy, whom he doubtless intended to deceive with the appearance of a retreat, when in reality he was making an advance.

Captain José, although of higher rank, was less ostentatiously accoutred, having only a plain blue coat with brass buttons in front, white cotton pantaloons, buckskin leggings, and moccasins of the same, all a little the worse for the wear and tear of travel. The rest of the party were stout young fellows of the tribe, who had probably distinguished themselves in some of the late forays against the Apaches. Mr. Poston had written down to San Xavier, to the Padre Messea, to send up these chiefs and warriors, in order that they might accompany us on our proposed tour through the region of the Papago villages lying west of the Baboquivori. We found their services very useful as scouts, guides, and interpreters. Captain José speaks good Spanish, and is a man of excellent character, remarkable for his sobriety and good sense. Of all the Papagoes he is perhaps the most reliable and intelligent.

We soon had the pleasure of meeting the wagon and escort, by which we anxiously expected food both for body and mind. Only those who have been, as we were, nearly two months without a word of news from home, can appreciate the eagerness with which we crowded around the Sergeant and asked for the letters and news-

papers; and only such can appreciate our disappointment, when we found that we had neither news nor newspapers of a later date than that of our departure from Tucson. Private letters there were for some of our party, but nothing that threw the least light upon the progress of the war. For all the information we had, we might as well have been in Timbuctoo or China. I could not but marvel that there existed within the limits of the United States a spot so completely isolated from the civilized world. Military expresses are all that now serve the purposes of communication in Arizona. So far as they go they are a great convenience; but it is hard for private citizens engaged in business to be dependent upon such precarious means of intercourse with the outside world. At this moment Arizona is, practically, more distant from San Francisco and New York than either of those cities is from China or Norway. I made the trip from Germany to Iceland and back much more easily, and with much less expense and loss of time, than from San Francisco to Sonora and back. Now that the Governor and his staff have located the capital, and put the wheels of the Territorial Government in operation, it is to be hoped that this great desideratum will attract the attention of Congress. Without mails and newspapers Arizona will never be a thriving country. At the time of our visit there was not a printing-press in the Territory. Mr. Secretary M'Cormick has since established the *Arizona Miner*, a very excellent little paper, edited with spirit and ability. It is the pioneer of a new and more enlightened era, and well deserves the patronage of the public. Newspapers and mails will of course follow the settlement of the country in natural order; but since the Territory of Arizona, with all its vast mineral resources, is subject to much greater difficulties of position and settlement than any other within our limits, and has received as yet but little consideration or aid from Government, it seems peculiarly deserving of encouragement from our Federal authorities. So far as I have seen, the people generally are loyal to the Union; the recent election, showing a large Union majority, has sufficiently determined that. Some discontent has heretofore prevailed against the military department for alleged neglect of protection; but measures have been taken to remedy the evils complained of. The recent vigorous and liberal measures taken by the departments in Washington to develop the resources of the Territory will undoubtedly result in a large increase of emigration.

It was our intention to camp at Revanton; but upon our arrival there we found it entirely destitute of water. There was not so much as a pool left in the Santa Cruz River from which we could satisfy our own thirst, much less water our animals. Thus it is that the rivers of Arizona disappear at the most unexpected points. The oldest Mexicans and Indians of our party had never before known the Santa Cruz to be dry at Revanton. From other causes this fine ranch

has been deserted for several years. It was at one time claimed and occupied by Elias Brevoort, who built upon it a fine adobe house, with a large corral and garden, at the crossing of the river, where the road takes off to Sopori and the Cerro Colorado. This palatial edifice occupies a square of several hundred varas, and is perhaps the largest and most imposing private residence in Arizona. Sixteen thousand dollars were expended in the building of the house and improvement of the premises. Mr. Brevoort, as I was informed, had some connection with the Quarter-master's Department of the Army, and was sent down into Chihuahua to recover some absconding wagons and teams belonging to the United States Government. The wagons and teams remained there, and so did Brevoort. Subsequently "old Jimmy Caruthers," a frontiersman, squatted upon the ranch, and cultivated it to some extent, raising a good crop of corn and wheat; but the Apaches stole his cattle and broke him up. The first and last time I saw this eccentric character was on the rise of the mesa near Oatman's Flat, as mentioned in the second number of these papers.

The Revanton is now a ruin; the house is deserted—a death-like silence reigns over the premises. The grass is crisped, the trees are withered, the bed of the river is dry, the sap of life seems to have deserted the place with its inhabitants, and left nothing but ruin and decay to mark the spot. Yet a more beautiful region of country than that occupied by this ranch it would be hard to find any where. It is naturally rich in vegetation; the climate is unsurpassed, and during the season of rain, when the earth is clothed in verdure, it must be one of the loveliest spots in the world. But without water, of what avail are all the advantages of soil and climate?

The road by which we traveled on leaving the Revanton had not been much used of late, and was difficult to trace amidst the sandy arroyas and patches of mesquit and cactus. Our Mexican vaqueros, however, were never long at fault; their instinct on the subject of roads and trails is equal to that of a dog.

A delightful ride of five or six miles through a broad, rich valley of grass, pleasantly diversified with groves of mesquit and palo-verde, brought us to a narrow pass, on the right elevation of which stand all that remains of the buildings and store-houses of the Sopori Land and Mining Company. Little is now left save ruined adobe walls and tumbled-in roofs. As usual, not a living thing was to be seen. Silence and desolation reigned supreme.

At the time Colonel James W. Douglass lived here the Sopori was one of the most flourishing ranches in the country. He had herds of fat cattle ranging over the pastures; fields of grain and vegetables in the rich bottom that lies just in front of the dwelling-house; domestic animals and fowls of various kinds; and could always afford the traveler a generous reception. In fact the hospitality of "old Jimmy Doug-

lass" was noted even in this country, where hospitality has long been considered one of the necessary virtues of existence. Prior to 1861, in the palmy days of Phil Herbert, Ned McGowan, and their confrères, all men who had acquired, by their industry or otherwise, houses and homes, and who had food to eat and blankets to lend, were expected, as a matter of course—indeed, compelled, from the necessity of the case—to lodge and feed (and often to clothe and lend money to) all other men who chose to go drifting about the country without means, and without the desire to procure any by honest labor.

This is the case to some extent in all new countries; but it was especially the case at Tubac, where the private quarters of the chief manager of the "Sonora Exploring and Mining Company" were invaded without ceremony, and their occupant never permitted to enjoy an hour's solitude, except when away from his own house. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked was his legitimate business, since he was one of the few men in the country who had enterprise enough to possess food and raiment; but when, after the exercise of many Christian virtues, in addition to those of patience and hospitality, it became pretty generally understood that "Poston's Hotel" got up about the best dinners and beds in the country, Tubac became a favorite place of resort for the various adjacent communities. Neither board nor lodging cost any thing at this agreeable place, which was a matter of some moment, considering the high price of provisions and the general scarcity of funds. Poston's was famous as the best "hotel" of the kind in Arizona, and being on the public highway to and from Sonora, had by far the largest number of "boarders." It was not a profitable institution in a pecuniary point of view. To be boarded out of one's house is a common calamity, but a few more such boarders as Poston had would have boarded him out of his boots.

The Sopori Ranch, although at present uninhabited, possesses advantages as a mining and grazing region which have long since given it a reputation in Sonora. Embracing over twenty square leagues of mountain and valley, it comprises within its boundaries some of the best silver and copper lodes and cattle-ranges in the country. During the greater part of the year it is well watered, but there are times when the water is scarce, except in the vicinity of the head-quarters, where the supply is never-failing. By means of acequias a considerable extent of bottom land of a very productive quality has already been cultivated. The usual cereal crops thrive well here, and esculents are especially fine. Wood of many valuable varieties—such as oak, ash, walnut, cotton-wood, willow, and mesquit—grows in the ravines and along the margin of the creek. Lying twelve miles south of Tubac, bordering on the Mission lands of San Xavier del Bac to the north, and distant but forty-five miles from Tucson, on the highway to the Cerro Colorado, Arivaca, and Sonora,

it possesses great advantages of location and a climate unrivaled for its salubrity.

I spent the afternoon rambling over the hills, making sketches of the scenery, which at this season of the year is Italian in its atmospheric coloring. Indeed that land which possesses the "fatal gift of beauty" is fairly outrivaled by the Sopori.

The principal mine, which I also visited, is about two miles from the head-quarters. As yet the lode has been but little explored. A shaft has been sunk, from which some very rich ore has been taken, portions of it in small particles of pure silver.

I do not believe, however, from my own casual observation, that the mother vein has yet been struck. The average of ores taken out, and upon which experiments have been made, demonstrates a yield of \$150 to the ton, and this by the rudest process of smelting. Selected specimens have yielded \$700 to the ton. Still the vein does not appear to me sufficiently defined, at the point now reached, to warrant the belief that large results can be expected without further exploration. Mr. Barilett, I believe, has taken a great interest in the development of this region, and has organized a company at Providence, Rhode Island, for the working of the mines on an extensive scale.

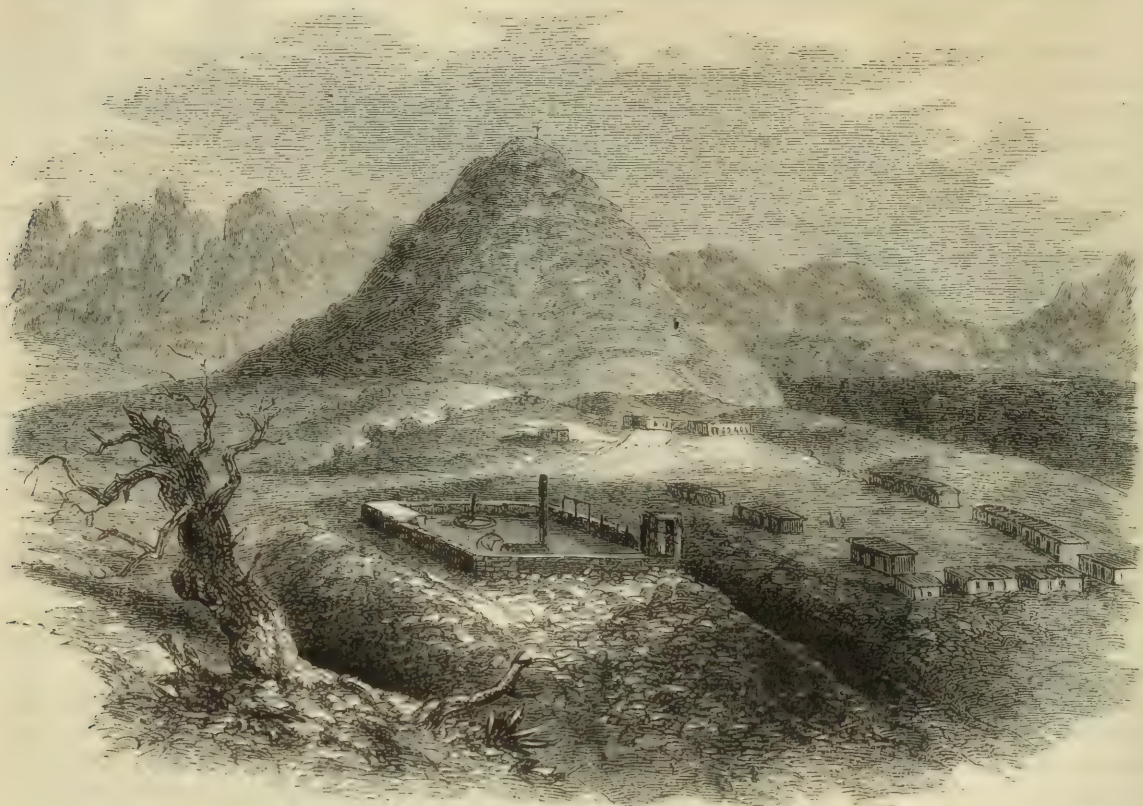
The whole country bears strong indications of rich mineral deposits. The Mexicans for many years past have worked some gold placers in the ravines of the neighboring mountains; and we saw the remains of *arastras*, where they had formerly ground and smelted silver ores. All this district of country needs development. With capital, energy, and patience it must eventually become one of the most valuable mining districts in the Territory.

It was late when we returned to our pleasant camping place under the wide-spreading "no-gales," or walnut-trees, by the margin of the creek. The grass was luxuriant, and our animals enjoyed it with amazing zest. A fat deer, which we had killed on the way, enabled us to recompense ourselves for the fatigues of our tramp over the hills. When we turned-in upon our soft, grassy beds, and looked up at the clear star-spangled sky above us, there were some among us, I have no doubt, who thought that a home in such a charming wilderness would not be unpleasant, if one could be assured of such peace among men as reigned over the quiet earth. But peace like that is not for the races that inhabit this world. I lay for hours thinking over the unhappy condition of our country, and a profound sadness oppressed me as vision after vision of bloodshed and suffering and death passed like some funeral cortège through the silent watches of the night. Far away friends were falling in sanguinary strife; every where God's beautiful earth was desecrated by the wickedness of man; even here, in this remote wilderness, we were not exempt from the atrocities of a savage foe. We had seen the recent tracks of an Apache band on the road; and the

cautious manner in which our animals were picketed and the guard stationed sufficiently manifested the insecurity of life and property in this region.

An early start enabled us to reach by noon the Heintzelman Mine—or, as it is more commonly called, the "Cerro Colorado." This celebrated mine belongs to a company of New York capitalists known as the "Arizona Mining Company." The distance by the road from Tubac is as follows: To Revanton, 8 miles; Sopori, 5; Cerro Colorado, 11; total, 24 miles. A much shorter road could be made across the foot-hills of the Atacosa range of mountains, but the work would be attended by considerable expense. From Sopori, the road now used is the public highway to Altar, Saric, and other points in Sonora, and will probably form a branch of the projected route to Port Libertad, on the Gulf of California. It runs through a broad open valley abounding in groves of walnut, oak, ash, and mesquit, fringing the bed of a creek which is usually dry at this season. Numerous arroyas extending down from the gulches of the neighboring mountains, in which the sands are drifted by the floods of former years, show that the country is not always so destitute of water as it is at present. The valley extends nearly all the way up from the Sopori to the foot-hills of the Cerro Colorado. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and is one of the finest grazing regions for cattle and sheep I have seen in the Territory. Sufficient water for stock can be had any where along the bed of the creek by digging a few feet. On the north side there is a rise of several hundred feet to the level of a mesa, which extends as far as the eye can reach, toward San Xavier del Bac. This plateau is dry and rocky, but produces fine grama grass, and furnishes an inexhaustible range for sheep. To the southward lie the rolling hills that join the Atacosa mountains. These are also covered with grass, and dotted with palo-verde, mesquit, and cactus. Deer are abundant in this region, having been but little disturbed during the past few years. We killed two as we traveled along the road, and saw many more. Wild turkeys, rabbits, quails, and other game also abound in great numbers, so that we had no difficulty in keeping our camp well supplied.

A prominent landmark for several miles before reaching the head-quarters of the Arizona Mining Company is the conical hill of reddish-colored rock called by the Mexicans the "Cerro Colorado," from which the district derives its name. Standing on a rise of rolling land, isolated from the neighboring mountains, it presents in its conformation and coloring a singularly picturesque feature in the scene. Back of this curious peak to the north lies a rugged range of mountains, upthrown, as it were, out of the earth by some tremendous volcanic convulsion. In this the strangest confusion of outlines and colors prevails; it is literally a chaotic wilderness of rocks, boulders, porphyritic pillars, masses of lava and scoria; weird and terrible,



HEINTZELMAN MINE AND WORKS.

yet magnificent in the immensity of its desolation. Well has it been named by the old Spaniards the *Mal Pais*; yet no part of God's creation is utterly valueless to man. By that system of compensation which every where prevails, and of which Arizona furnishes some of the most remarkable examples, this desolate range of mountains abounds in veins of gold and silver, some of which have been profitably worked by the Mexicans. As yet, however, it has been but little explored by the Americans; and it would be difficult to estimate what may be the value of these deposits of precious minerals. Future exploration will doubtless develop them.

I was surprised on our arrival at the mine to see the amount of work which had been done at this place. The head-quarters lie on a rise of ground, about a mile distant from the foot of the Cerro Colorado, and present at the first view the appearance of a Mexican village built around the nucleus of a fort.

Scarcely three years ago the hacienda of the Cerro Colorado presented probably the most striking scene of life and energy in the Territory. About a hundred and twenty peons were in the employ of the Company; the works were in active operation; vast piles of ore were cast up daily from the bowels of the earth; wagons were receiving and discharging freights; the puff and whistle of the steam-engine resounded over the hills; herds of cattle, horses, mules, and other stock ranged over the valleys. At the time of our visit it was silent and desolate—a picture of utter abandonment. The adobe houses were fast falling into ruin; the engines

were no longer at work; the rich piles of ore lying in front of the shafts had been sacked and robbed by marauding Mexicans; nothing was to be seen but wreck and ruin, and the few solitary graves on a neighboring hill, which tell the story of violence and sacrifice by which the pathway to civilization has been marked in Arizona.

We took up our quarters within the walled fortifications which mark the entrance to the mine. The works are well protected by a tower in one corner of the square, commanding the plaza and various buildings and store-houses, as also the shafts of the mine which open along the ledge for a distance of several hundred yards. We found the steam-engine still standing within the inclosure, but rusty and partially imbedded in the ground. Remains of *arastras* and “whims,” with various massive beams scattered about, showed to some extent the large amount of labor expended upon these works.

The entrance to the mine is close by the tower. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of a hundred and forty feet, and has been for some time partially filled with water. Poston and myself descended by the ladders as far as we could. About sixty feet of water stopped us from going any farther. I was surprised at the completeness and durability of the work—the more so knowing with what difficulty every part of it had been accomplished.

Of the quality of the ores in this mine I am not prepared to express any opinion of my own. The best practical evidence I saw of their value was that the Mexicans had been plundering the different shafts which were accessible, just prior to our arrival; and judging from their rude sys-

tem of reduction I scarcely think they would waste time in stealing ore of little value, and transporting it across the border line through an Apache country. It is well known that the town of Saric, in Sonora, has been built upon the proceeds of ore stolen from the Heintzelman mine. I saw scattered about the premises piles of ore, which had just been broken up ready for packing away; and the fresh tracks of mule-trains and wagon-wheels, on the well-beaten road to Saric, showed how profitable this sort of enterprise must be to the Sonoranians.

Mr. S. F. Butterworth, who visited the Cerro Colorado eight days prior to our arrival, caught a party of them emerging from the mine. I may here mention that he was accompanied by Mr. Küstel, Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Janin—all gentlemen of learning and experience in mining matters—who assisted him in making a thorough examination of this mine and its resources. In the opinion of Mr. Butterworth and these gentlemen, the lode is one of the richest in Arizona, and will, under a judicious system of working, amply repay the capital invested in its development.

The average product of the Real del Monte mines in Mexico is \$52 to the ton. That of the Gould and Curry, prior to the recent depression of mining interests in Nevada, was about \$65. Assays of selected ores form no reliable criterion of the value of a mine. Some of the best ores have been taken from some of the poorest mines. It is the quantity of good average ore, and the facilities for working, that form the true criterion of value in this precarious business. Nothing is more unreliable, therefore, than estimates based upon exceptional tests. What the average of the Heintzelman mine is, has never, I believe, been determined by any systematic calculation, the operations having been of a transitory and progressive character. An assay of selected ore made by Dr. Garnett of San Francisco, in 1857, yielded \$8624 of silver to the ton, and \$111 20 of copper. The average of eight assays on different ores from the same mine, made by Professors Booth, Torry, Lock, Kinsey, and others, yielded \$1424 45 to the ton. Recent assays made by Professor Jackson, of Boston, show 13 to 16 per cent. of silver, and 37 per cent. of copper to the ton. From the best information I can get, the average of ore worked at the Cerro Colorado hacienda, and at the hacienda of Arivaca, where a considerable portion of it was reduced, did not fall short of \$250 to the ton; so that there can be no reasonable doubt as to the richness of the vein. It is clearly defined on the surface of the ground for a distance of two miles, and so far as subterranean explorations have gone, increases in width and quality as it descends.

The rich mineral district of the Cerro Colorado was first brought to the notice of Eastern capitalists by Mr. Poston, my friend and traveling companion, who explored it in March, 1856. To his indomitable energy is due the succession of discoveries since made in this and the neigh-

boring districts of Santa Rita, Sopori, and Arivaca. During the summer of 1861, when the Federal troops were withdrawn, the Apaches renewed their depredations, and the barbarous races of Sonora turned loose to complete the work of destruction. Murder after murder followed in rapid succession. Mr. Poston's brother, who was in charge of the Heintzelman mine, was assassinated by the native employés. Within a few weeks every mine in the country, except that of Mr. Mowry, was deserted. After a series of hardships and difficulties almost incredible Poston and a single friend (Mr. Pompelly) made their escape to California. Those who have read the exquisite productions of Margaret and Lucretia Davidson—and few there are who have not—will feel interested in a brief notice of the only surviving member of that gifted family, Mr. M. O. Davidson, recently appointed Superintendent of the Heintzelman mine. This gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at San Xavier del Bac on our return from the Papagoria, arrived by the way of Guyamas with a party of thirty men, comprising some of the best practical miners, engineers, and artisans to be had in the Atlantic States. Mr. Davidson has had many years' experience of mining and engineering operations, as Superintendent of the Cumberland Coal Works and Chief Manager of the Havana Railroad in Cuba, and comes well prepared in other respects to develop the great mineral resources of Arizona. Already his men are at work, the engine is in operation, the main shaft will soon be sunk to a depth of several hundred feet, the buildings and reduction works will be refitted for occupation, new machinery erected, and contracts made for additional labor and supplies. Mr. Davidson will have many difficulties to contend with in this new field of enterprise; but with the protection of a Territorial Government it is to be hoped he will be exempt from those disheartening casualties which have so often fallen upon his predecessors. His views of the future destiny of Arizona are liberal and enlarged. He believes it to be a Territory destined to attract great attention within a few years. With a railway to Libertad and a free port on the Gulf, for which the people must look to the aid of Government, he is of opinion the prosperity of Arizona will be assured beyond question.

Seven miles from the Cerro Colorado we reached the Arivaca Ranch, long celebrated for its rich mines and fine pastures. This ranch, called by the Mexicans *La Aribac*, comprises within its boundaries 17,000 acres of agricultural land, 25 silver mines formerly worked by the Mexicans, and numerous gold, copper, and lead mines, as yet undeveloped. It contains a large amount of rich meadow-land, bordering on a never-failing stream; is well wooded with oak, walnut, ash, cotton-wood, and mesquit, and is capable of sustaining a population of five or six thousand souls. The range for cattle and sheep is almost without limit, extending over a belt of grazing country as far south as the Ari-

zuma Mountains; west to the great peak of the Baboquivori, and north and east into the heart of the neighboring mountains. This goes far beyond the boundaries of the ranch; but in Arizona, as in California, the possession of water is tantamount to the possession of the whole surrounding country. The title is held by the Arizona Mining Company, and is derived from Thomas and Ignacio Orteza, who perfected it as early as 1802. It was surveyed by Lieutenant A. B. Gray, of the Boundary Commission, in 1859. Up to the abandonment of the Territory in 1861 it was in a progressive state of improvement under the auspices of the Company's agent. The reduction works of the Heintzelman mine were situated on this ranch for the convenience of wood, water, and pasturage, and were projected on a costly and extensive scale. Little now remains of them save the ruins of the mill and furnaces, the adobe store-houses and offices, and a dilapidated corral.

We camped in the old mill, and spent a couple of days very pleasantly in visiting the mines and exploring the gulches of the neighboring mountains. Game was abundant. Some of our escort, who were good shots, brought in several fat deer, and we lived in sumptuous style during our stay.

A couple of miles below the head-quarters is situated another mining establishment belonging to the same Company, and designed for the use of certain mines in the same vicinity—one of which we visited and found to present very favorable indications of lead and silver ore. Several buildings in a fair state of preservation comprise what is left of the hacienda; also a double corral for horses and cattle.

To this corral hangs a tale. When Arivaca was occupied great precautions were taken to prevent the loss of stock by theft. The work animals were driven into the corral every evening before dark. A small adobe house, in which the vaqueros slept, stands opposite the entrance, with the door fronting the gate, so that it was supposed nothing could go in or out without attracting the attention of the guard. Watch-dogs were kept in order that the guard might be aroused in case he should happen to fall asleep during his watch, and the vaqueros were obliged to keep their door open. The bars of the gate were fastened with a heavy chain lashed around them, so that the least movement would be likely to make a noise. Besides there were white men in several of the quarters, well armed and always on the *qui vive*.

With all these precautions a band of four or five Apaches came one night and attempted to cut through the wall by sawing a gap in it with their hair riatas; but finding the material too hard they chose the alternative of making an attempt on the gate. To get the bars down without making a noise, they carefully unfastened the chain, and taking it link by link in their serapes as they moved it, actually succeeded in effecting an opening without even arousing the dogs. The Mexicans in charge were barely

aroused in time to see thirty-nine valuable mules and several fine horses in full flight for the mountains. A party of five men was immediately dispatched in pursuit. The main body of the Apaches lay in ambush on the trail, and as soon as the pursuing party approached within a few paces, fired upon them, killing one, wounding another, and compelling the rest to fly for their lives. This was the last of the mules then belonging to the "Sonora Exploring and Mining Company;" which respectable body of capitalists will probably have to explore the mountains of Arizona a long time before they recover their property.

A still more adroit case of horse-stealing occurred in Sonora some years ago. A wealthy ranchero built a stone corral ten feet high, determined that the Apaches should never get possession of his stock. The gate was massive and iron-bound, and locked with a strong iron lock. One night a small band of these dextrous thieves climbed over the wall and lay down quietly under its shadow. At the usual time in the morning the vaqueros, unsuspecting of danger, unlocked the gate, swung it back to let the animals out as usual, and were profoundly astonished to see them dash forth in a stampede, five or six of them ridden by yelling devils of Apaches. Before they could fully realize the state of affairs there was not an Indian or an animal in sight; nor did the horses ever come in sight again. This is a well-authenticated incident, and has long been a favorite camp-story in Arizona.

From Arivaca we traveled through a broad open grazing country, over the proposed route to Libertad, on the Gulf of California. The first part of our journey, after passing the boundaries of the Arivaca ranch, some five or six miles below the haciendas, lay along a series of foothills to the left, with a fine pasture range to the right, extending to the Baboquivori Mountains. No water is found in this tract of country, but it is well wooded with mesquit, and the grass is excellent. The road continues through this valley till it strikes the rise of an extensive mesa to the right, over which it continues for twelve miles. A vast plain covered with small stones and pebbles and a scanty growth of grass and cactus, bounded in the distance by rugged ranges of mountains, is all the traveler can depend upon for enjoyment during the greater part of this day's journey. It becomes oppressively monotonous after a few hours. Nothing possessed of animal life is to be seen, save at very remote intervals, and then perhaps only a lonely rabbit or a distant herd of antelope. Even the smallest shrubs afford relief in this dreary wilderness of magnificent distances. The road winds, mile after mile, over the undulations of the mesa, turning to the right or to the left, like a great snake, often without any apparent reason save to measure the distance. Experience, however, taught us never to leave the main highway in Arizona; for in doing so the traveler is sure, sooner or later, to encounter an impracticable arroya or some impassable ridge of rocks. Col-

onel Ferguson had passed over this route nearly a year before, and we had the advantage of his wagon track, which was still comparatively fresh. This is another peculiarity of the country—the extraordinary length of time which even the slightest indentation in the ground lasts where the climate is so dry and equable. We saw wagon and mule-tracks which had been made, to the knowledge of some of our party, more than three years before.

Descending from the mesa, as we approached the mountain-range on the right, we entered a beautiful little valley, in which the grass was wonderfully luxuriant; but as usual there was no sign of water. The country is well wooded in this vicinity, abounding in fine specimens of cumero, a tree resembling the hackleberry, and occasionally groves of oak on the hill-sides. Five miles through the bed of the valley brought us to a sign-board on the road-side, upon which we found written in Spanish and English:

“WATER 1 MILE.”

On referring to Colonel Ferguson's report, we ascertained that the water was to be found at certain seasons about a mile up a cañon to the right, the entrance of which was marked by a cumero-tree. This camp is known as Zazabe, and is distant twenty-four miles from Arizona.

In full view to the east, between the Altar and Magdalena roads, lies the group of mountains called the Arizuma, in which the richest discovery of native silver known in the history of mining was made more than a century ago by the Spaniards. We had passed within fifteen or twenty miles of this famous mine on our way down into Sonora, and were now camped on the western side within about the same distance. It was with extreme reluctance that we were compelled to abandon the idea of visiting this interesting place. Our animals were much reduced in flesh, and our supplies of forage and provisions would be exhausted before we could complete our projected tour through the Cahuabia and the Papagoria.

Poston and myself, being a few miles ahead of the escort, availed ourselves of the chance to go up the cañon alone in search of the water, thinking we might see a deer on the way. I saw two, and shot one of them; but it did not stop on that account. The trail was marked by Apache tracks, apparently only a few days old. It was possible they were even then looking out for us. We found the water, as stated on the sign-board, about a mile from the cumero-tree. I must confess I kept a pretty sharp eye on the brush thickets and rocky fortresses that lined the sides of the cañon. Poston seemed rather to enjoy the prospect of losing his life than otherwise. I think he was reckless on account of a remark I had inadvertently made in camp the night before, that there would never be peace in Arizona or any where else until the whole human race was exterminated; and it was questionable if there would be then, for the animals would keep on fighting and killing one another. This thing of being shot through the

body with rifle-balls and arrows, impaled with lances, and hung by the heels to a tree with a slow fire under one's head may be all very well as an adventure, but I am willing to let other people enjoy all the reputation that may attach to it.

A day's travel in Arizona is generally determined by the watering-places. We usually managed to make from twenty to twenty-five miles, but in some places were compelled to make forty or fifty, watering at the last place and dry-camping for the night. Whenever it became necessary to make a long stretch we started in the afternoon, traveled till midnight, camped till daylight, and then made the rest of the *journada* by noon.

Poso-Verde, or Green Wells, was our next encampment after leaving Zazabe. We followed the route to Altar till it intersects the wagon-road from Saric to Fresnal, passing on the way a deserted Indian village and some curious basaltic formations. Twelve miles below the point of the Baboquivori range of mountains we struck the road to Fresnal, which carried us back almost in an acute angle. There was no reason that we could perceive why we should not cut across by the Tualote trail, except that we were not on a tour of discovery, and could not afford time to experiment in short cuts. Nothing worthy of note occurred during this day's journey. We arrived at the Poso-Verde about two P.M., and found it a good camping-place, rather scarce of wood, but pleasantly sheltered by the mountains. The Boundary Commission spent some weeks at this point recruiting their animals and making explorations in the vicinity. The water is contained in a sort of pit, or natural tank, and has rather a strong flavor of alkali, cornmanure, dead coyotes, Indian sign, and decayed vegetable matter. A few hundred yards from the well is an adobe fort built by the Papago Indians as a protection to their frontier village and grazing range. The remains of a few bacquals are all the evidences of habitation we saw at this point. In former years it was frequented a good deal by Apache bands, but the Papagoes generally came off victorious in the battles that ensued. At this time they rarely appear except in squads of three or four, who descend from the mountains at night and make sudden raids upon the Papago cattle. Captain José, our chief, evidently felt a good deal of pride in the prowess of his people, though I must do him the justice to say he was quite modest about it.

I took my rifle during the afternoon and rambled up the cañon in search of a deer. About two miles from the well there is a beautiful little valley encircled by rugged mountains. The oak groves which adorn the pastures have much the appearance of apple orchards in a civilized country. The valley abounds in game. In several places near the water-holes the deer tracks were so thick that they reminded me of a sheep corral. Strange to say I saw but one deer during my ramble, yet this is not an uncommon experience in Arizona. We all saw

acres of deer tracks and turkey tracks during our journey; but few of us saw the deer or the turkeys that made them. Game is exceedingly wild, and difficult to kill when shot. The tenacity of animal life is extraordinary. Indians must be riddled with balls before they can be killed. I know of a deer that ran half a mile without his liver and lights. As for quail they require about four ounces of duck-shot, and then they won't die easy. Several that I killed myself afterward made their escape into the bushes—a fact that I boldly assert on the veracity of a hunter.

There was a Californian volunteer in our party, holding the position of high-private, who declared on his word and honor as a gentleman that he shot a large hare four times and carried away a leg every time, so that the body of the poor animal had nothing left on it but the ears and tail; yet with even such limited means of locomotion it actually escaped by whirling over on its ears and tail, though he ran after it as fast as he could. Another even more remarkable— But I decline further revelations on the subject; and for additional information concerning the natural wonders of Arizona respectfully refer the reader to Buckskin Alick, a resident of San Xavier del Bac.

Leaving our camp at the Poso-Verde, we entered upon the extensive region of country lying to the west of the Baboquivori, and stretching, with occasional interruptions of detached sierras, as far as the Gulf of California. This vast tract of territory is for the most part a gravelly desert, intersected at remote intervals with arroyas and patches of palo-verde, mesquit, suarero, petaya, oquitoia, and choya—the shrubs and cacti usually found in the desert regions of Arizona. Water exists only in the “tenagas,” or natural tanks, formed at remote intervals in hollow basins by the action of the sun and rain; yet so scanty is the supply that men and animals have often been known to perish in attempting to cross this inhospitable region during the dry season.

A day's journey through the portion of the Papagoria lying along the foot-hills of the Baboquivori brought us to the first of the inhabited rancherias, near which is the small Mexican town of Fresnal, a collection of adobe hovels built at this point within the past two years, on account of the convenience afforded by the Indian wells for the reduction of ores stolen from the Cahuabia mines. There are also some rich silver-bearing veins in the neighborhood, but they have not been developed to any considerable extent.

A curious feature in Arizona mining operations that frequently attracted my attention was here exemplified. The Cahuabia district is situated in a detached range of mountains, distant about twenty-five miles from Fresnal, and although a limited quantity of water exists there, which could be increased by a small amount of labor, the Mexicans steal the ore from abandoned or neglected mines, and pack it across

the intervening desert sooner than go to the trouble of digging wells for themselves and reducing the silver on the spot. There is no advantage in the way of wood or other supplies at Fresnal which could not be had by a little trouble at the Cahuabia.

I asked the Padrone, whom we found at work driving a blind horse around one of his arastras, why he went to the trouble of making trips to the Cahuabia mines and packing the ore twenty-five miles to reduce it when he could do it as well on the spot. His reply was, “*Quien sabe?*” I suggested to him that, from all I heard, water was as plenty in the ground there as it was here, and wood still more so. To this he answered: “*Si Señor—quien sabe—quisas si—quisas no—yo no sai.*” I ventured to hint that if the owners of the ore chose to prevent him from stealing it they could do so as well at Fresnal as they could at Cahuabia. “*Si Señor,*” said the Padrone, “*yo pienso co si—yo no sai—quisas si, quisas no—quien sabe. Yo son muy pauvera.*” This was all I could get out of him, and was as satisfactory as any thing I had ever derived from a Mexican thief. I think he was slightly rattled by the formidable appearance of our escort. Doubtless he thought we had come to raze the town, or seize the old blind horse that was at work in the arastra.

Fresnal contains some ten or a dozen rude adobe hovels, roofed and partially walled with the favorite building material of the country, oquitoia—a kind of hard, thorny cactus which grows on the deserts. We found here about twenty vagabond Sonorians, who were engaged in grinding and smelting the ores which they had stolen from the Cahuabia mines. The yield, according to their own account, was about \$300 to the ton. I made a sketch of the grand old peak of the Baboquivori from this point. This is one of the most remarkable landmarks in Arizona, and is seen at the distance of sixty or eighty miles from the surrounding deserts.

We crossed the desert of the Papagoria the next day, and made an exploration of the Cahuabia district. The principal mines in this district are owned by the Cahuabia Mining Company. From the report of Mr. Mainzer, a very able practical engineer, it would appear that the silver lodes are among the richest in Arizona; and I can readily believe this to be the case from my own observation. I have seen nothing in Washoe or elsewhere that presents more favorable indications. Mr. Jaeger, our Fort Yuma friend “Don Diego,” of whose history I gave a brief sketch in my first paper, owns the “Pecacho,” a very rich lead, upon which considerable work has been done. A few Mexicans were engaged in getting out the ores at the time of our arrival. This mine was leased to a Mexican during the past two years, who, by the rudest system of working, managed to get about forty thousand dollars out of it, over and above expenses. I apprehend Don Diego is furnishing more silver to his Mexican friends out of the Pecacho than he is to himself. In the hands



THE BABOQUIVORI.

of a company of capitalists who would properly work the mine, I believe it would be a very profitable investment; but Don Diego is one of those eccentric men who considers himself rich as long as he has a large amount of property. Whether it pays himself or others is nothing to the point. He reminds me of a celebrated gentleman who is ambitious to own fifty millions of acres on the Colorado Desert—it would be such a magnificent piece of property!

Wood and water are scarce in the Cahuabia district, but grazing for animals is good during the greater part of the year. There would be no difficulty in procuring abundance of water by means of artesian wells; which, after all, must eventually be the salvation of Arizona.

We visited the Bahia, a silver lode of extraordinary richness, belonging to the Cahuabia Mining Company. From some Mexicans who were helping themselves to the ore we learned that it yielded an average of \$300 to \$350 to the ton, and occasionally they struck it in nearly a pure state. There are also very fine copper mines in the vicinity. Mr. Hill d'Amit, who was a member of our party on the trip to Sonora, is largely interested in one of these; and considers it one of the best copper leads in the country—quite equal to the celebrated Maricopa lead on the Gila. Difficulty of transportation is the great drawback to copper-mining in this part of Arizona. I am satisfied, from my own observation and from the concurrent testimony of others, that the Cahuabia is a mineral region of more than ordinary richness. It abounds in almost

all the precious metals; but is as yet scarcely known beyond Tucson. No finer field for exploration and enterprise exists south of the Gila.

Our sojourn was necessarily limited. Water was scarce, the grass nearly used up, and our forage entirely out. Provisions, too, were becoming scanty; and we had a long journey yet to make across the barren wastes of the Papagoria.

Leaving our camping-place at the old hacienda of the Cahuabia Mining Company, we struck across for the next watering-place on the route to San Xavier, called Coyote, where we overtook the escort and baggage-wagons, having sent them on to that point from Fresnal. This is a desolate little spot, under the shadow of the mountains, with a pool of dirty water, the only attraction of the place. We distributed some few trinkets among the poor Indians living in the vicinity, and were kindly furnished in return with three eggs—all their village afforded.

From the Coyote to San Xavier del Bac is a stretch of forty-five miles without water. By starting late in the afternoon, after our animals had fed and quenched their thirst, we were enabled to make a dry camp on the desert, some thirty miles distant, by twelve o'clock at night. Before reaching camp we met a party of three horsemen, one of whom proved to be our friend Hill d'Amit on the way from Tucson to the Cahuabia. They brought letters from home—the first I had received. Too impatient to wait for a fire I lingered behind the train and read my letters by moonlight, the only light then avail-

able. A curious place to receive and read letters from home—the desert of Papagoria!

On our arrival at San Xavier we called a gathering of the Papagoes from all the villages of the Papagoria, and had a grand time for the next two weeks, delivering to them the goods and agricultural implements purchased by the Government for their use. There was great rejoicing among the women over their fine calico dresses and fancy-colored beads, and the men seemed much pleased to receive their hoes, picks, and shovels. If the hymns of praise sung by these simple people for the health and happiness of Mr. Commissioner Dole do not favorably affect his standing in the next world, it will not be owing to the ingratitude of his red children, or to the lack of eloquent speeches made in his behalf by Poston and myself.

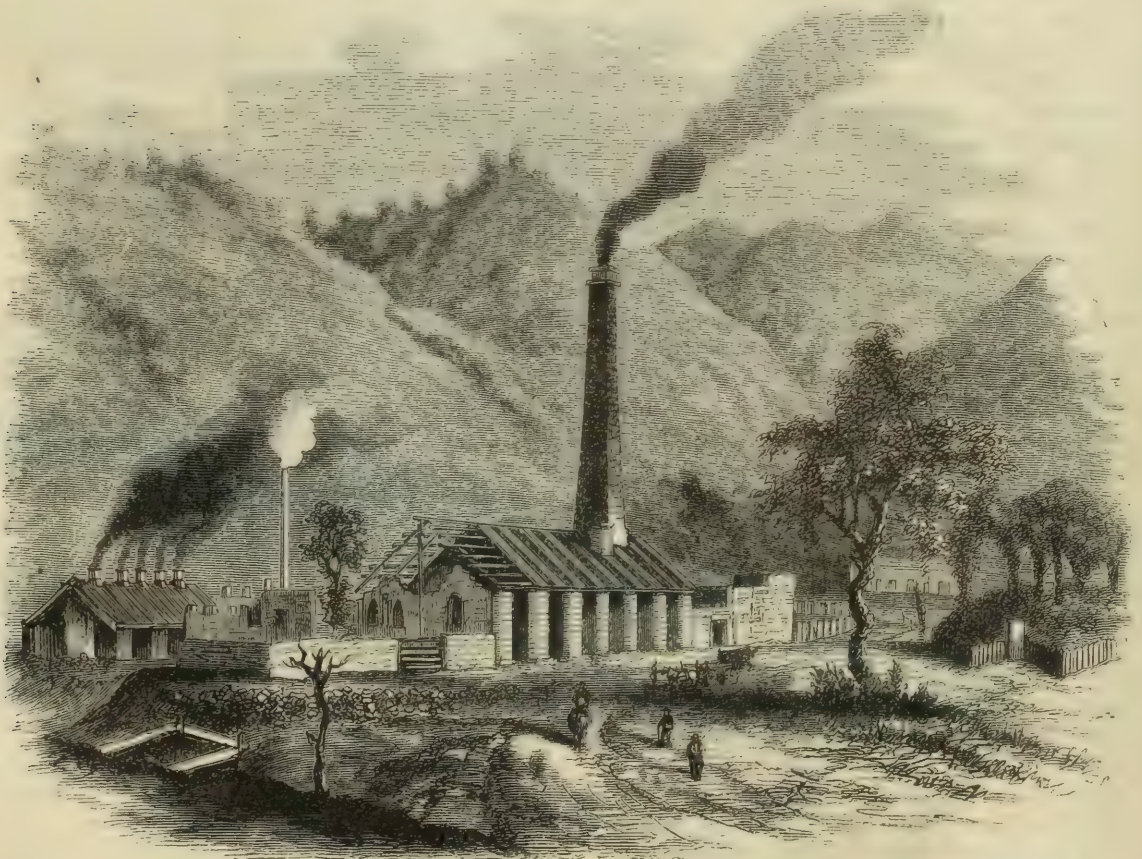
We lodged in the grand old Mission Church. The good Padre Messea greatly contributed to our comfort and happiness by his unceasing kindness; and we had no reason to regret the time we were obliged to spend at this interesting place.

Sundry complimentary visits from our military friends stationed at Tubac resulted in the withdrawal of our escort and the seizure of our mules. Left on foot, with but scanty means of subsistence, we were compelled to cast ourselves upon the generosity of Captain José, who got us some provisions, and agreed to escort us down to the Pimo villages. By various adroit negotiations Poston secured a couple of private mules and a burro. Mr. J. B. Allen, of Tucson, a

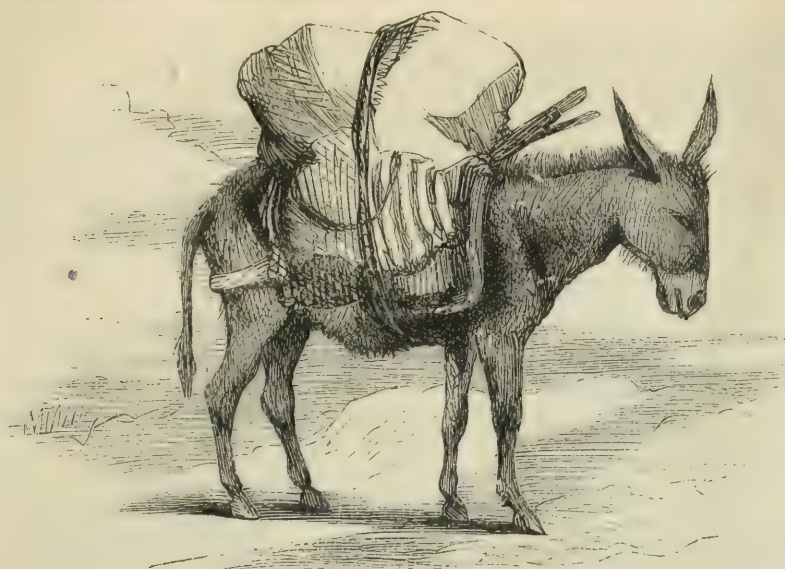
most estimable gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the most generous attention on several occasions, furnished us with a team for our ambulance. Thus provided with all the necessities of life, with Captain José as our Chief and Buckskin Alick as our Adjutant, we made perhaps the grandest sortie out of Tucson ever witnessed in that famous city. In due time we reached the Pimo villages.

Here I was compelled reluctantly to part from my good friend Poston, whose intelligent conversation and unremitting kindness had cheered and encouraged me through the entire tour. He was bound for the North on a political campaign, and I for my cottage home in Oakland, where my presence was rendered necessary by illness in my family. Mr. Allen kindly gave me a seat in his buggy as far as Fort Yuma. There I met an old friend, Mr. Ames, Superintendent of the Military Express, who had just arrived from Camp Drum. In the most generous manner he started on the return trip several days before his customary time, in order to furnish me with the means of conveyance home. We crossed the Colorado Desert and reached Los Angeles without serious accident, and in a few days more I was safely landed in San Francisco.

My impressions of Arizona may be summed up in a few words. I believe it to be a Territory wonderfully rich in minerals, but subject to greater drawbacks than any of our territorial possessions. It will be many years before its mineral resources can be fully and fairly devel-



HEAD-QUARTERS AND OFFICES OF THE MOWBY SILVER MINE.



OUR BURRO.

oped. Emigration must be encouraged by increased military protection; capital must be expended without the hope of immediate and extraordinary returns; civil law must be established on a firm basis, and facilities of communication fostered by legislation of Congress.

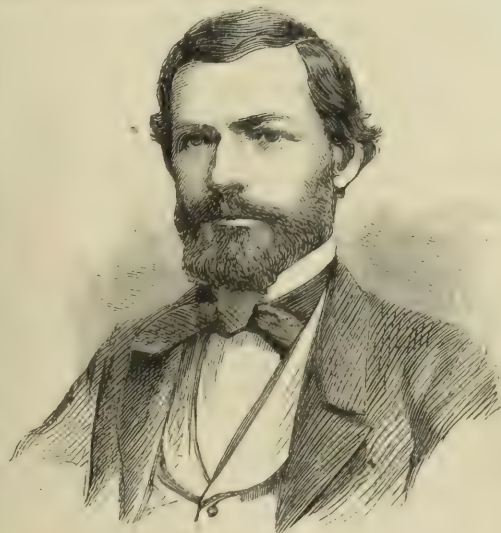
No country that I have yet visited presents so many striking anomalies as Arizona. With millions of acres of the finest arable lands, there was not at the time of our visit a single farm under cultivation in the Territory; with the richest gold and silver mines, paper-money is the common currency; with forts innumerable, there is scarcely any protection to life and property; with extensive pastures, there is little or no stock; with the finest natural roads, traveling is beset with difficulties; with rivers through every valley, a stranger may die of thirst. Hay is cut with a hoe, and wood with a spade or mattock. In January one enjoys the luxury of a bath as under a tropical sun, and sleeps under double blankets at night. There are towns without inhabitants, and deserts extensively populated; vegetation where there is no soil, and soil where there is no vegetation. Snow is seen

where it is never seen to fall, and ice forms where it never snows. There are Indians the most docile in North America, yet travelers are murdered daily by Indians the most barbarous on earth. The Mexicans have driven the Papagoes from their southern homes, and now seek protection from the Apaches in the Papago villages. Fifteen hundred Apache warriors, the most cowardly of the Indian tribes in Arizona, beaten in every fight by the Pimos, Maricopas, and Papagoes, keep these and all other Indians closed up as in a corral; and the

same Apaches have desolated a country inhabited by 120,000 Mexicans. Mines without miners and forts without soldiers are common. Politicians without policy, traders without trade, store-keepers without stores, teamsters without teams, and all without means, form the mass of the white population. But here let me end, for I find myself verging on the proverbs.



ARIZONIAN IN SIGHT OF HOME.



CHARLES D. POSTON.



DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late.
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.



DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

IV.—SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF PORT HUDSON.

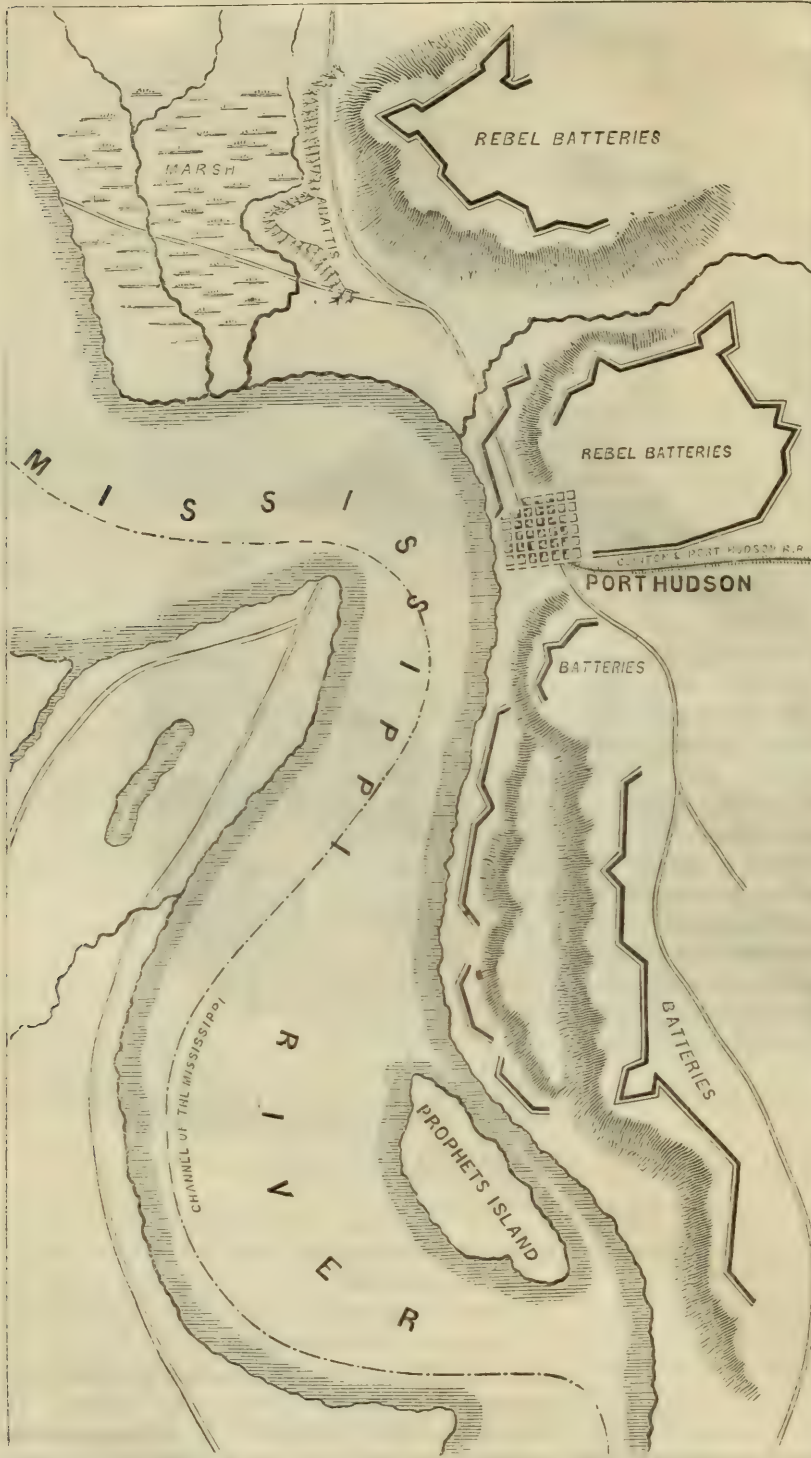
Port Hudson.—Its Situation.—Admiral Farragut.—Preparing the Fleet.—Running the Batteries.—The Midnight Battle.—Failure and Success.—Death of Lieutenant Cummings.—Loss of the *Mississippi*.—Various Incidents.—Coolness of Captain Smith.—Investment of Port Hudson.—Sunday Assault.—Heroism of the Soldiers.—Failure.—Fall of Vicksburg.—Surrender of Port Hudson.—Interesting Scenes.

THE passage by the Union gun-boats of the tremendous batteries which the rebels had erected at Port Hudson, was one of the most heroic deeds of the war. Port Hudson, or Hickey's Landing, as it used to be called, is situated on a bend, on the eastern side of the Mississippi River, about twenty-two miles above Baton Rouge, and one hundred and forty-seven above New Orleans. It was three hundred miles below Vicksburg. The bluff, rising forty feet above the level of the river, was covered with forts for a distance of nearly four miles, constructed upon the most scientific principles of modern military art, and armed with the most approved and heaviest ordnance, which

England, seeking the ruin of our republic, could furnish the rebels. The river, just at the bend, suddenly narrows, and the current, striking upon the west bank, is thrown across, running with great velocity, and carrying the channel almost directly under the base of the precipitous cliffs. Any vessel attempting the passage would be compelled to run the gauntlet of a plunging fire from batteries which commanded the range for several miles above and below.

It was proposed, in order that our fleet might be able to co-operate with General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg, to attack Port Hudson, and, under the fire of the bombardment, to attempt to force a passage, by several of our gun-boats, up the river. Rear-Admiral Farragut, who was intrusted with this perilous adventure, was the man for the hour. He had already acquired world-wide renown in the capture of New Orleans, a feat for which no parallel can be found in the annals of naval warfare.

This distinguished officer was born in Tennessee in 1803. His father was an army offi-



cer, much esteemed by General Jackson. When but nine years of age the boy, David Glasgow Farragut, entered the navy as a midshipman under Commodore Porter. From earliest childhood he has developed alike grandeur and magnanimity of character. Nursed in the midst of hardships and perils, he has ever proved himself adequate to any emergency. A Southerner by birth he married a Southern lady, established his home in Norfolk, Virginia, and was mainly surrounded by those whose sympathies were with the rebellion. But nobly he proved true to his country and his flag. As the madness of secession seized upon the community, Admiral Farragut, in his own home at Norfolk, ex-

pressed, with a sailor's frankness, his decided opposition to the disloyal proceedings.

"You can not be permitted to remain here," said the traitors, "while you hold such sentiments."

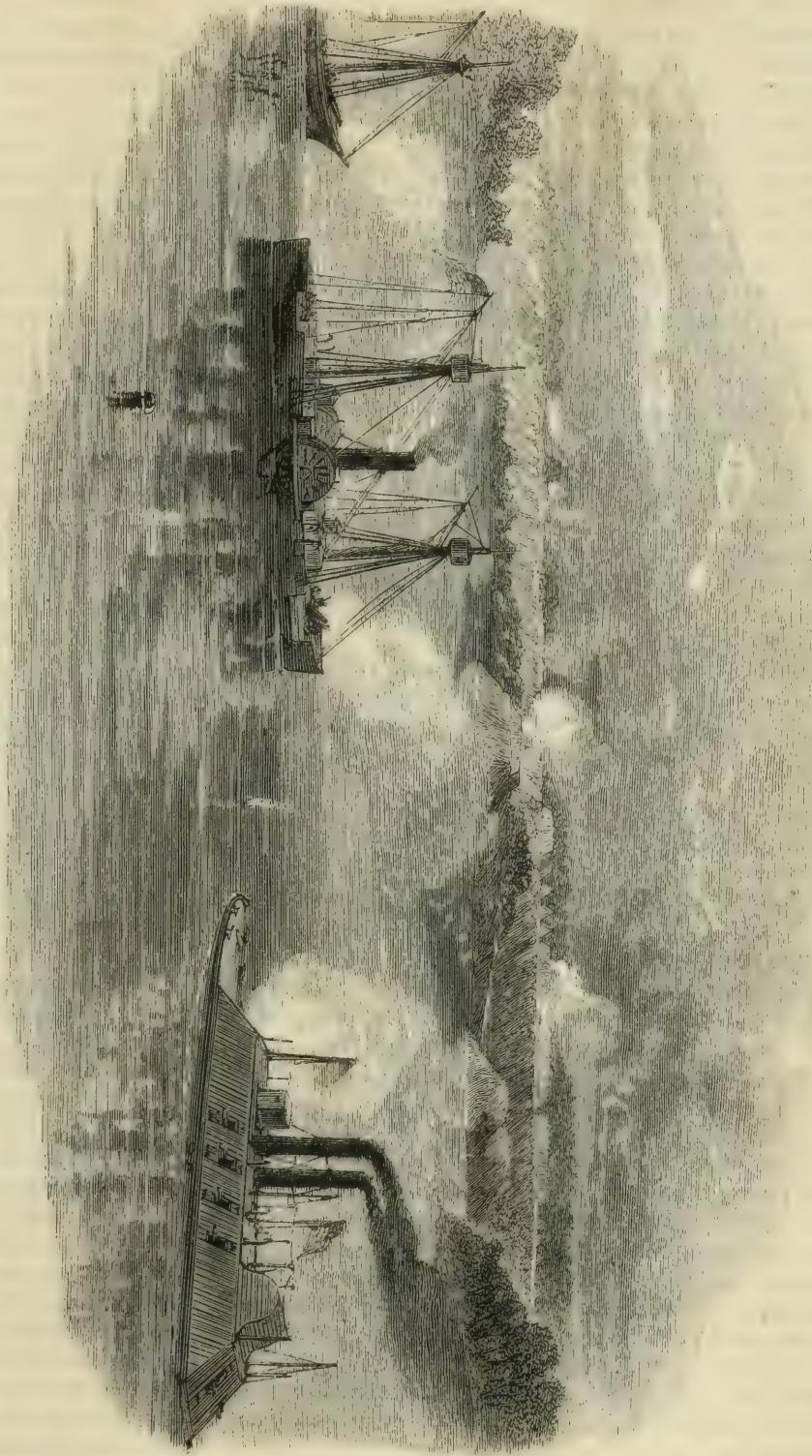
"Very well," replied the Admiral, "I will then go where I can live with such sentiments."

He knew the temper of the rebels, and went home and informed his family that they must take their departure from Norfolk for New York in a few hours. He left the next morning, April 18, 1861. The next night the navy-yard was burned. When he arrived in Baltimore he found that the rebel mob had possession of the streets, having torn up the railroad track. With difficulty he secured a passage to the North in a canal-boat. Reaching New York he obtained a safe retreat for his family at Hastings, on the Hudson, and then went forth to battle for that banner beneath which he had proudly sailed for more than half a century. Had he remained in Norfolk one day longer he would have been imprisoned and perhaps hung for his loyalty.

Treason in the Cabinet had scattered all our ships, that there might be no naval force at hand to oppose the rebels. For several months Admiral Farragut had no command, simply because the Government had no vessel to give him.

At length when the naval expedition was fitted out against New Orleans, he was selected as the right man to lead it. With his entire fleet, in an engagement which impartial history has pronounced almost superhuman in its daring and its accomplishment, he ran the batteries, surmounted all the obstructions in the river, and crushed the gun-boats of the enemy—aided, heroically aided, by Commodore Porter with his mortar-boats. On the 25th of April, 1862, he anchored before the city which treason had seized. Under the menace of his guns he compelled every rebel flag to go down into the dust. For this achievement he was elevated to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and

PORT HUDSON.



probably now, after his achievements at Port Hudson and Mobile, no one will dispute his title to be the foremost naval hero of the war. Such was the man who was intrusted with the command of the fleet which was destined to run the batteries of Port Hudson.

The following anecdote illustrative of his character is worthy of record. The Admiral has always been, from boyhood, thoughtful, earnest, studious. While in foreign ports he was ever busy in acquiring the language of the people. He spoke Italian, Spanish, French, and Arabic with almost as much fluency as his own language. On one occasion, in approaching an

island in the Mediterranean, the captain of the ship remarked that he did not know how he should communicate with the people, as he had no interpreter. Just then a boat came alongside filled with natives.

"Captain," said one of the officers, "we have an officer on board who seems to speak all languages. He is doubtless in league with the 'Old Boy.' Suppose you send for him."

Lieutenant Farragut was called for. He looked into the boat and saw an old Arab woman there, with whom he immediately entered into conversation, alike to the surprise and amusement of all.

Eight war vessels comprised the expedition to ascend the Mississippi from New Orleans. The splendid flag-ship *Hartford* led, a first-class steam sloop of war. Her armament consisted of twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Paixhans guns. Then came the *Richmond*, a ship of the same class, armed with twenty-six 8 and 9 inch Columbiads. The first-class steam sloop of war *Mississippi* followed with twenty-two guns of the same calibre. The *Monongahela*, a second-class steam sloop, carried sixteen heavy guns. The gun-boats *Kineo*, *Albatross*, *Sachem*, and *Genesee* followed, each carrying three Columbiads and two rifled 32-pounders. All these vessels were screw-propellers except the *Mississippi*, which was a side-wheel steamer.

This little fleet ascended the river from New Orleans, and passing the smouldering ruins of Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, anchored, on the morning of the 14th of April, 1863, a few miles below the long series of rebel batteries at Port Hudson. In ascending the river the starboard sides alone of the ships would be exposed to the fire of the rebels, and the starboard guns alone could be called into action. Every precaution was adopted in preparation for the terrible ordeal. The bulwarks consisted of solid timber, fifteen inches in thickness, impervious to bullets, but offering but little resistance to solid shot or shells. One remarkable feature of the preparation is worthy of especial notice. The passage was to be attempted in the darkness of the night. It would not be safe to have any light upon the deck, as that would guide the fire of the foe. The simple yet ingenious measure was adopted of white-washing the deck, the gun-carriages, and nettings, so that the stands of grape and canister were as visible as a black hat would be upon drifted snow. The effect of this contrivance struck all with surprise.

Early in the morning the squadron reached Prophet's Island, from which place the frowning batteries of the rebels could be plainly seen. Six mortar-boats, prepared to take part in the bombardment, but not designed to run the batteries, were here moored along the shore. They threw ponderous missiles, more destructive than the mythological bolts of Jove. At half past one o'clock these mortars opened fire, at a signal-gun from the *Hartford*, to try their range. The shells rose majestically into the air, through a curve of between three and four miles, and exploded over the rebel guns, without apparently doing much harm. In the mean time a small land-force, which had been sent by back-country roads to distract the attention of the garrison at Port Hudson by an attack in the rear, signified their arrival at their designated position by opening fire.

At half past nine o'clock at night a red light from the flag-ship signaled the ships and gun-boats to weigh anchor. The *Hartford* led, towing the *Albatross* lashed on her starboard side. The *Richmond*, following, towed the *Genesee*. The *Monongahela* towed the *Kineo*. The *Mississippi*

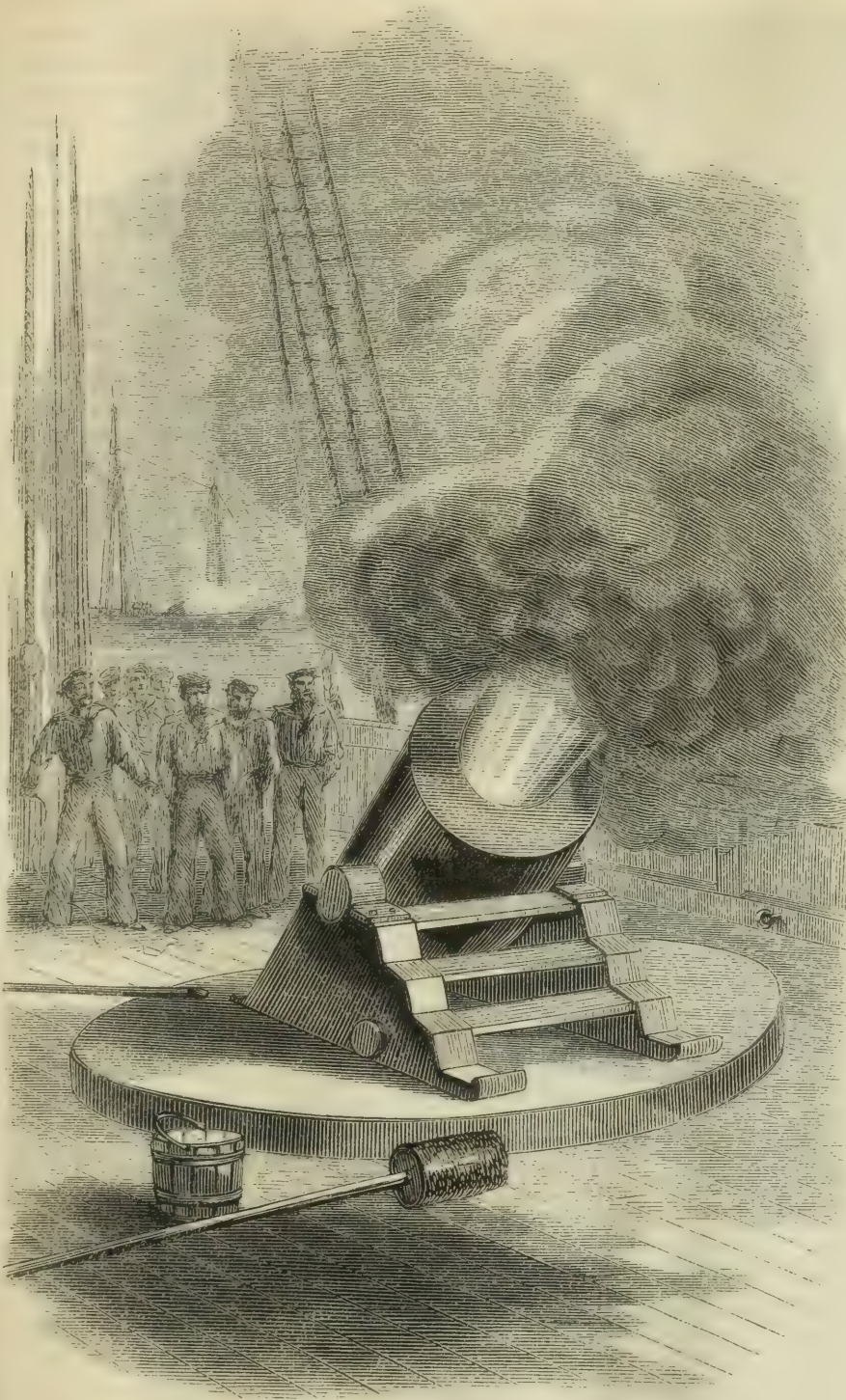
and the *Sachem* followed. The mortar-boats were anchored just above Prophet's Island, under shelter of the eastern banks, but from which point they could easily pitch their shells into the works of the foe.

Signal-lights were flashing along the rebel batteries, showing that they were awake to the movements of the Union squadron. Soon the gleam of a fire kindled by the rebels was seen, which blazed higher and more brilliant till its flashes illumined the whole river opposite the batteries with the light of day. This immense bonfire was directly in front of the most formidable of the fortifications, and every vessel ascending the stream would be compelled to pass in the full blaze of its light, exposed to the concentrated fire of the heaviest ordnance. Still it was hoped, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the enterprise, that a few at least of the vessels of the squadron would be able to effect a passage.

Silently in the darkness the boats steamed along, until a rebel field-piece, buried in the foliage of the shore, opened fire upon the *Hartford*. The challenge thus given was promptly accepted, and a broadside volley was returned upon the unseen foe. The rebel batteries, protected by strong redoubts, extended, as we have mentioned, with small intervening spaces, a distance of nearly four miles, often rising in tier above tier on the ascending bluff. Battery after battery immediately opened its fire; the hill-sides seemed peopled with demons hurling their thunder-bolts, while the earth trembled beneath the incessant and terrific explosions. And now the mortar-boats uttered their awful roar, adding to the inconceivable sublimity of the scene. An eye-witness thus describes the appearance of the mammoth shells rising and descending in their majestic curve:

"Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but coruscating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly, now visible and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude the terrible missile—a 13-inch shell—nears its zenith, up and still up, higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becoming counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around."

The air was breathing gently from the east, and dense volumes of billowy smoke hung over the river, drifting slowly across in clouds which the eye could not penetrate, and adding greatly to the gloom and sublimity of the scene. It strains a ship too much to fire all the guns simultaneously. The broadsides were consequently generally discharged by commencing with the



A MORTAR

forward gun, and firing each one in its turn in the most rapid manner possible—as fast as the ticking of a clock. The effect of this bombardment, from ship and shore, as described by all who witnessed it, was grand and terrific in the extreme. From the innumerable batteries, very skillfully manned, shot and shell fell upon the ships like hail. Piercing the awful roar, which filled the air as with the voice of ten thousand thunders, was heard the demoniac shrieks of the shells, as if all the demons of the pit had broken loose, and were reveling in hideous rage through the darkness and the storm.

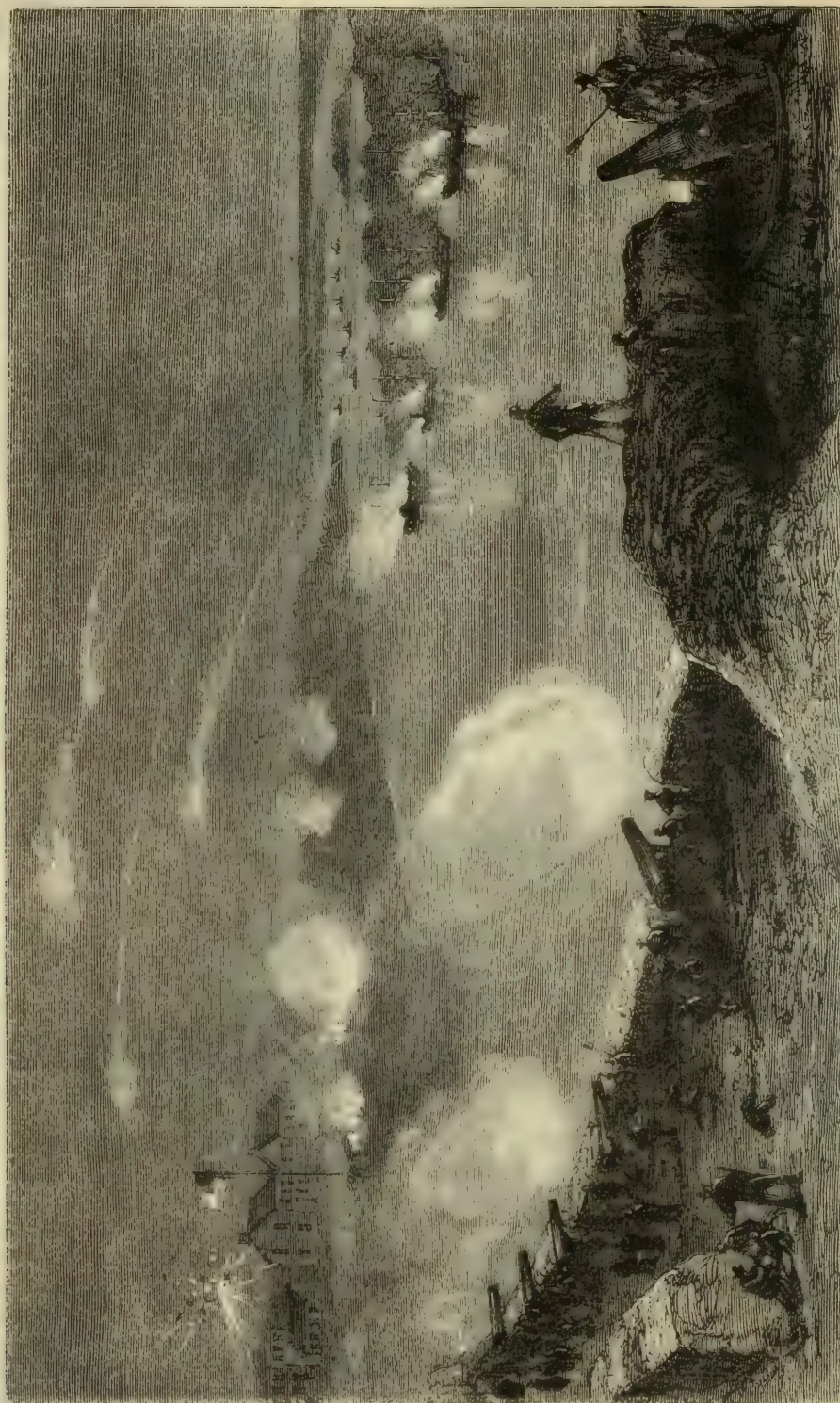
In the midst of this scene of terror, conflagration, and death, as the ships were struggling

through the fire against the swift current of the Mississippi, there was heard from the deck of the *Richmond*, coming up from the dark rushing stream, the cry of a drowning man, "Help! oh, help!" The unhappy sufferer had evidently fallen from the *Hartford*, which was in advance. In such an hour there could not be even an attempt made to rescue him. Again and again the agonizing cry pierced the air, the voice growing fainter and fainter as the victim floated away in the distance, until he sank beneath the turbid waves.

The whole arena of action, on the land and on the water, was soon enveloped in a sulphurous canopy of smoke, pierced incessantly by the vivid flashes of the guns. The vessels could no longer discern each other or the hostile batteries on the shore. It became very difficult to know how to steer; and as in the impenetrable gloom the only object at which they could aim was the

flash of the guns, the danger became imminent that they might fire into each other. This gave the rebels great advantage; for with their stationary guns trained upon the river, though they fired into dense darkness, they could hardly fire amiss. Occasionally a gust of wind would sweep away the smoke, slightly revealing the scene in the light of the great bonfire on the bluff. Again the black, stifling canopy would settle down, and all was Egyptian darkness.

At one time, just as the *Richmond* was prepared to pour a deadly fire into a supposed battery, whose flash the gunners had just perceived, Lieutenant Terry shouted out, "Hold on, you are firing into the *Hartford*!" Another quarter



RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

of a minute would have discharged a deadly broadside into the bosoms of our friends. Just then another flash of the *Hartford's* guns revealed the spars and rigging of the majestic ship just along-side of the *Richmond*. The demons of war were now flapping their wings on the blast, and death and misery held high carnival. The surgeons were busy in their humane yet awful tasks. The decks were becoming slippery with blood. The shrill cry of the wounded often pierced the thunder of the conflict. The gloom, the smoke, the suffocation, the deafening roar, the bewilderment of the ships struggling through the darkness, presented a scene

which war's panorama has perhaps never before unrolled.

Still the ships kept up an incessant fire from their starboard guns, and from brass howitzers stationed in the tops, whenever the lifting of the smoke would give them any chance to strike the foe. The ships were now all engaged. Many of them were within sixty feet of the batteries. The *Monongahela* had two immense rifled Parrott guns, each of which threw shot weighing two hundred pounds. The thunder of these guns and of the mammoth mortars rose sublimely above the general roar of the cannonade. A shell from a rebel battery entered the forward

starboard port of the *Richmond*, and burst with a terrific explosion directly under the gun. One fragment splintered the gun-carriage. Another made a deep indentation in the gun itself. Two other fragments struck the unfortunate boat-swain's mate, cutting off both legs at the knee and one arm at the elbow. He soon died, with his last breath saying, "Don't give up the ship, lads!" The whole ship reeled under the concussion as if tossed by an earthquake.

The river at Port Hudson, as we have mentioned, makes a majestic curve. Rebel cannon were planted along the concave brow of the crescent-shaped bluffs of the eastern shore, while beneath the bluff, near the water's edge, there was another series of what were called water-batteries lining the bank. As the ships entered this curve, following the channel which swept close to the eastern shore, they were, one after the other, exposed to the most terrible enfilading fire from all the batteries following the line of the curve. This was the most desperate point of the conflict; for here it was almost literally fighting muzzle to muzzle. The rebels discharged an incessant cross-fire of grape and canister, to which the heroic squadron replied with double-shotted guns. Never did ships pass a more fiery ordeal.

Lieutenant-Commander Cummings, the executive officer of the *Richmond*, was standing with his speaking-trumpet in his hand cheering the men, with Captain Alden by his side, when there was a simultaneous flash and roar, and a storm of shot came crashing through the bulwarks from a rebel battery, which they could almost touch with their ramrods. Both of the officers fell as if struck by lightning. The Captain was simply knocked down by the windage, and escaped unharmed. The speaking-trumpet in Commander Cummings's hand was battered flat, and his left leg was torn off just below the knee.

As he fell heavily upon the deck, in his gushing blood, he exclaimed:

"Put a tourniquet on my leg, boys. Send my letters to my wife. Tell her that I fell in doing my duty!"

As they took him below, and into the surgeon's room, already filled with the wounded, he looked around upon the unfortunate group, and said,

"If there are any here hurt worse than I am let them be attended to first."

His shattered limb was immediately amputated. Soon after, as he lay upon his couch, exhausted by the operation and faint from the loss of blood, he heard the noise of the escape of steam as a rebel shot penetrated the boiler. Inquiring the cause, and learning that the ship had become disabled, he exclaimed, with fervor,

"I would willingly give my other leg if we could but pass those batteries!"

A few days after this Christian hero died of his wound. He adds another to the honored list of those martyrs who have laid down their lives to rescue our beloved country from the

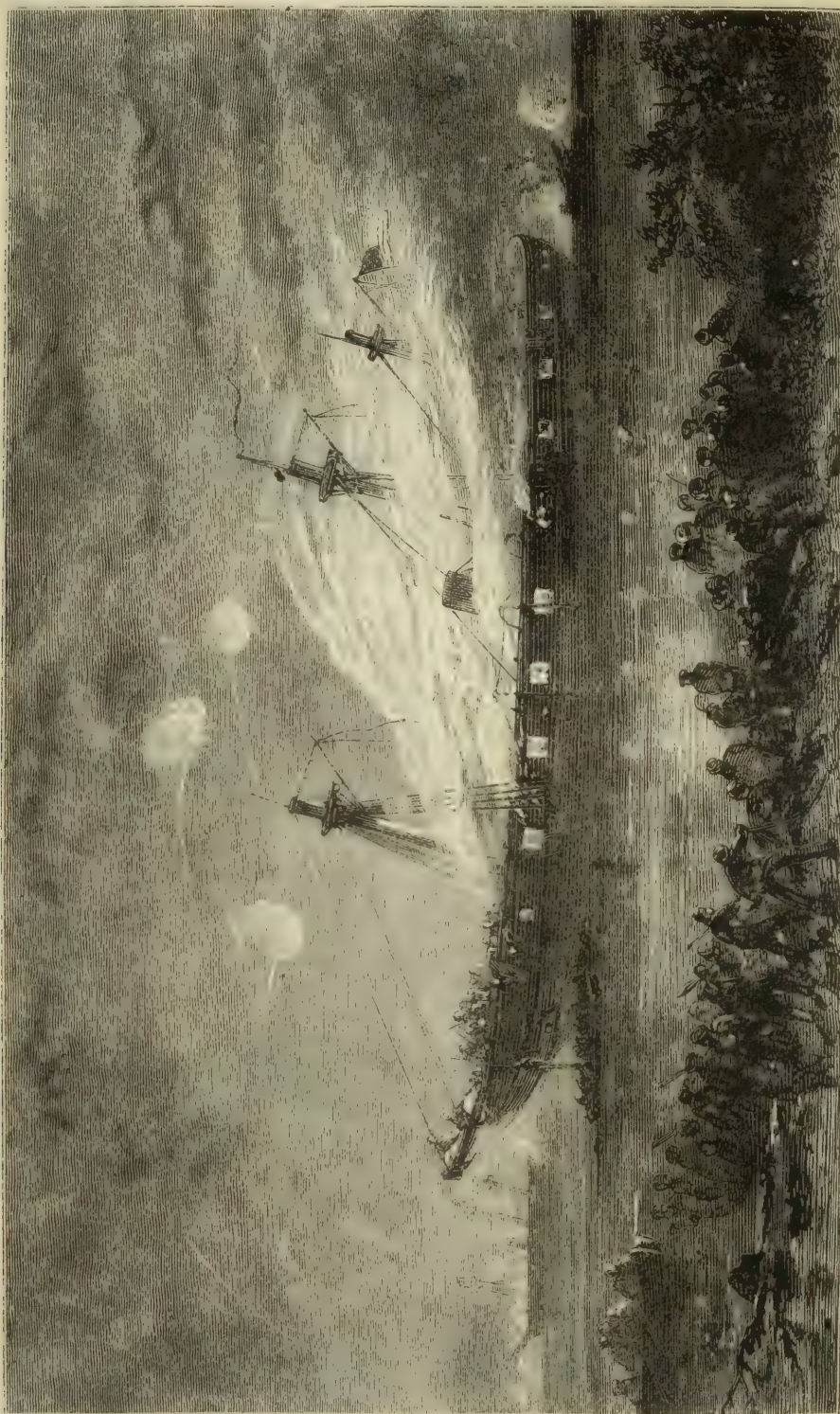
most wicked rebellion which ever disgraced the history of this world. A reporter of one of the New York papers, describing the scene just before the battle, writes:

"In conversation with Mr. Cummings I asked him whose post in time of action was on the bridge—a narrow platform even with the tops of the rail across the ship from side to side—where the best view can be had of the whole ship fore and aft. With a quiet smile he only pointed to his own breast. You may well believe that I often recalled this with great interest. There never was a more enthusiastic, chivalrous, and high-minded corps of officers than those on board the *Richmond*. They had toned up the whole ship's crew to their own valor."

The chaplain, Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Orleans, was aiding with the group around the gun when Lieutenant Cummings fell; but he escaped unharmed. Like most of our chaplains during the war he avoided none of the peril of battle. No officer on board was more heroic than he, in facing every danger, as he animated the men to duty. Just above the batteries were several rebel gun-boats. They did not venture into the melee, but anxiously watched the fight, until, apprehensive that some of our ships might pass, they put on all steam and ran up the river as fast as their web-feet could carry them. But now denser and blacker grew the dark billows of smoke. It seemed impossible, if the steamers moved, to avoid running into each other or upon the shore. An officer of each ship placed himself at the prow, striving to penetrate the gloom. A line of men passed from him to the stern, along whom, even through the thunders of the battle, directions could be transmitted to the helmsman. Should any of the ships touch the ground beneath the fire of such batteries their destruction would be almost sure.

It was a little after 11 o'clock at night when the first shot had been fired. For an hour and a half the unequal conflict had raged. The flag-ship *Hartford* and the *Albatross* succeeded in forcing their way above the batteries, and in thus gaining the all-important object of their enterprise. The *Richmond*, following, had just passed the principal batteries when a shot penetrated her steam-chest, so effectually disabling her for the hour that she dropped, almost helpless, down the stream. The *Genesee*, which was along-side, unable to stem the rapid current of the river, with the massive *Richmond* in tow, bore her back to Prophet's Island. Just as the *Richmond* turned a torpedo exploded under her stern, throwing up the water mast-head high, and causing the gallant ship to quiver in every timber.

The *Monongahela* and *Kineo* came next in line of battle. The commander of the *Monongahela*, Captain M'Kinstry, was struck down early in the conflict. The command then devolved on a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Thomas. He manfully endeavored through all the storm of battle to follow the flag-ship. But in the dense smoke the pilot lost the channel. The ship



BURNING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

grounded directly under the fire of one of the principal rebel batteries. For twenty-five minutes she remained in this perilous position, swept by shot and shell. Finally, through the efforts of her consort, the *Kineo*, she was floated, and again heroically commenced steaming up the river. But her enginery soon became so disabled under the relentless fire, that the *Monongahela* was also compelled to drop down with the *Kineo* to the position of the mortar fleet. Her loss was six killed and twenty wounded.

In obedience to the order of Admiral Farragut, the magnificent ship *Mississippi* brought up the rear, with the gun-boat *Sachein* as her ally,

bound to her larboard side. She had reached the point directly opposite the town, and her officers were congratulating themselves that they had surmounted the greatest dangers, and that they would soon be above the batteries, when the ship, which had just then been put under rapid headway, grounded on the west bank of the river. It was an awful moment; for the guns of countless batteries were immediately concentrated upon her. Captain Smith, while with his efficient engineer Rutherford he made the most strenuous exertions to get the ship afloat, ordered his gunners to keep up their fire with the utmost possible rapidity. In the short

space of thirty-five minutes they fired two hundred and fifty shots. The principal battery of the foe was within five hundred yards of the crippled ship, and the majestic fabric was soon riddled through and through by the storm with which she was so pitilessly pelted. The dead and the wounded strewed the decks, and it was soon evident that the ship could not be saved.

Captain Smith prepared to destroy the ship, that it might not fall into the hands of the rebels, and to save the crew. Captain Caldwell, of the iron-clad *Essex*, hastened to his rescue. Under as murderous a fire as mortals were ever exposed to, the sick and wounded were conveyed on board the ram. Combustibles were placed in the fore and after part of the ship, to which the torch was to be applied so soon as the crew had all escaped to the western shore. By some misunderstanding she was fired forward before the order was given. This caused a panic, as there were but three small boats by which they could escape. Some plunged into the river and were drowned. It is related, in evidence of the coolness of Captain Smith, that in the midst of this awful scene, while lighting his cigar with steel and flint, he remarked to Lieutenant Dewy :

"It is not likely that we shall escape, and we must make every preparation to secure the destruction of the ship."

After spiking nearly every gun with his own hands, and seeing that the survivors of his crew were fairly clear of the wreck, Captain Smith, accompanied by Lieutenant Dewy, Ensign Backelder, and Engineer Tower, sadly took their leave, abandoning the proud fabric to the flames. Scarcely had they left, when two shells came crashing through the sides of the *Mississippi*, overturning, scattering, and enkindling into flame some casks of turpentine. The ship was almost instantly enveloped in billows of fire. A yell of exultation rose from the rebels as they beheld the bursting forth of the flames. The ship, lightened by the removal of three hundred men, and by the consuming power of the fire, floated from the sand-bar and commenced floating, bow on, down the river.

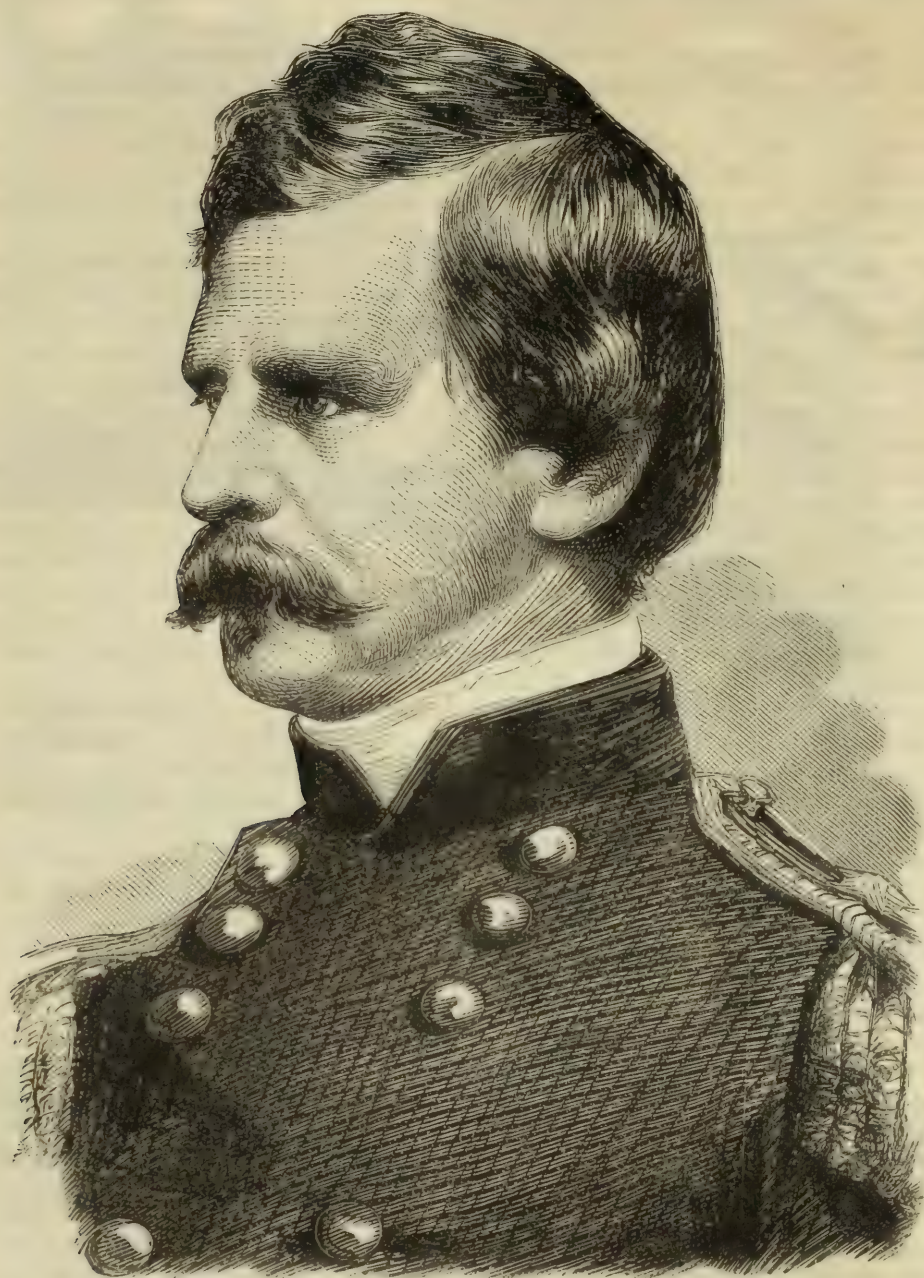
The scene presented was indeed magnificent. The whole fabric was enveloped in flame. Wreathing serpents of fire twined around the masts and ran up the shrouds. Drifting rapidly downward on the rapid current, the meteor, like a volcanic mountain in eruption, descended as regularly along the western banks of the stream as if steered by the most accomplished helmsman. As the ship turned round, in floating off, the guns of her port battery, which had not been discharged, faced the foe. As the fire reached them the noble frigate, with the stars and stripes still floating at her peak, opened a new bombardment of the rebel batteries. The shells began to explode, scattering through the air in all directions. The flaming vision arrested every eye, on the land and on the ships, until the floating mountain of fire drifted down and disappeared behind Prophet's Island. And now came the explosion of the magazine. There

was a vivid flash, shooting upward to the sky in the form of an inverted cone. For a moment the whole horizon seemed ablaze with fiery missiles. Then came booming over the waves a peal of heaviest thunder. The very hills shook beneath the awful explosion. This was the dying cry of the *Mississippi*, as she sank to her burial beneath the waves of the river from which she received her name.

Captain Caldwell of the *Essex* who, as soon as he saw the *Mississippi* to be on fire, gallantly steamed to her aid, directly under the concentrated fire of the batteries, succeeded in picking up many who were struggling in the waves, and in rescuing others who had escaped to the shore. There were about three hundred men on board the *Mississippi*. Of these sixty-five officers and men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Seventy who escaped to the shore, wandered, for many miles, down the western banks of the stream, in constant danger of being taken captive, wading the bayous, and encountering fearful hardships, until they finally reached the ships below. Two ships, the *Hartford* and the *Albatross*, succeeded in running the gauntlet. We have not space here to recount their subsequent exploits.

Two months now passed away, during which vigorous preparations were made in New Orleans to attack and capture Port Hudson, so that efficient aid might be contributed to General Grant, who was at that time besieging Vicksburg. In the mean time the rebels had been very busy, and the batteries at Port Hudson were surrounded, on the land side, by as powerful a series of ramparts and redoubts as modern science could construct. A large patriot fleet and army were assembled at Baton Rouge. The rebel works were soon invested. The lines of the Union army extended in a semicircle from Thompson's Bayou, five miles above Port Hudson, to Springfield's Landing, about the same distance below. While this movement of the land-forces was taking place the fleet was attracting the attention of the rebels by an incessant bombardment. The *Hartford* and *Albatross*, which had run the blockade, attacked the upper batteries; while the *Richmond*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, and *Essex* opened their hottest fire upon the batteries below.

General Banks was in command of the land-force. The extreme right was commanded by General Weitzel, the centre by Generals Emory and Grover, the left by General T. W. Sherman. The artillery brigade was under the command of General Arnold. On the morning of Wednesday, the 27th of May, 1863, the great battle began. Our troops were to march up with bare bosoms against one of the strongest positions in the world. An almost impenetrable abatis of felled trees covered the ground before them. Sharpshooters occupied every available point to pick off the officers. The ramparts bristled with artillery, double-shotted with grape and canister. Dense lines of rebels of desperate valor crouched behind the earth-works, with



NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

muskets loaded and capped, prepared, while almost safe from danger themselves, to hurtle such a storm of lead into the faces of the advancing patriots as mortal bravery has rarely encountered.

The patriots who were to face this fiery ordeal were men who detested war. With great reluctance they had but recently left their homes of peaceful industry. They loved their wives and their children, and scenes of destruction and carnage were abhorrent to all their feelings. But the free institutions, so priceless, which their fathers had bequeathed to them, were endangered, and for the integrity of their country they were nobly willing to lay down their lives.

The line of battle was formed at daybreak. Weitzel, Grover, Augur, Sherman—men already renowned in this great strife for popular rights—marshaled their enthusiastic men in the dim twilight for the day of blood. The signal for

the onset was given, and the whole majestic line moved forward. At the same signal every gun in the fleet which could be brought to bear upon the foe opened its thunders. Every rebel battery and musket responded, and for a circuit of leagues the deafening roar of battle filled the air. Hour after hour there was no intermission. Both parties fought with the utmost possible determination. Through mutilation and death, and over every obstacle, the patriots pressed resolutely forward. The rebels contested every inch. Guns were clubbed. Bayonets crossed each other. Hand clenched hand and breast pressed breast in the deadly strife. The patriots drove the rebels from several portions of their works, seized their guns, and turned them upon the retiring foe. These young men, fresh from their homes and from all the ennobling pursuits of industry, moved steadily forward against and clambered over these bristling ram-

parts, under the most murderous fire of shot, shell, grape, canister, and musketry, with all the firmness of veterans.

The Second Regiment of Louisiana Native Guards, under Colonel Nelson, made one of the most heroic charges of the day. They went in nine hundred strong. When they came out but six hundred answered to the roll-call. They poured one charge of bullets in upon the foe, and then, through a concentric fire of musketry and batteries, rushed forward with fixed bayonets. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York were in the same charge. General Sherman led in person, and was carried from the field severely wounded. General Neal Dow, of Maine, was also wounded. Each of these two regiments lost nearly one half of its effective men. The patriots, in this heroic attack upon the right, gained the ground they fought for. But they could not hold it, for it was commanded by other and more formidable batteries in their rear.

In the centre the onset by Augur and Grover was no less impetuous. The rebels were driven foot by foot from their rifle-pits and outer intrenchments into their main works, from which they never emerged again until they marched out prisoners of war. The rebels had placed every obstacle in the way of the Union advance which art could suggest, and all the most terrible engines of war exhausted their energies in the work of slaughter. And yet these young patriots, all inexperienced in war's horrible science, who had enlisted but for nine months, carried line after line of intrenchments, with precision of movement not surpassed by the veteran soldiers of Waterloo or Sevastopol.

Our loss amounted to about a thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. But we gained very important advantages. Several guns were captured, the rebels were driven back, and positions of great military importance were secured for future operations. The efforts of the fleet were equally successful. The accuracy of the firing was very remarkable. Five of the heaviest guns of the rebels were dismounted.

The First Regiment of Louisiana engineers rendered efficient service in this action. It was composed exclusively of colored men. General Banks, speaking of them in his report, says:

"In many respects their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

A fortnight now passed away of cannonading, of skirmishing, of incessant action of sharpshooters, of throwing up intrenchments, and dig-

ging parallels. On the 14th of June all things were ready for another grand assault. The point of attack now chosen was the extreme northeasterly corner of the rebel works. Weitzel and Kimball and Morgan and Paine and Grover had massed their forces here for another great struggle. For several days a heavy fire of artillery had been kept up at this point upon the hostile batteries, and several of their most important guns had been dismounted. We had been steadily drawing nearer to their works, picking off their gunners with our sharpshooters wherever we could get sight of a head or a hand, and now our batteries were in many places within three hundred yards of those of the foe.

At 10 o'clock at night of Saturday, June 13, General Augur, who had just returned from the head-quarters of General Banks, gave orders that all were to be in readiness for the grand assault at 3 o'clock the next morning, Sunday. Eager as all the soldiers were for the movement, and sanguine as they were of success, there probably was not a Christian man in the army who did not regret that the assault was to be made on the Sabbath day. Rarely during the war had a party making an offensive movement on Sunday been successful. The fact had attracted the attention even of the most thoughtless men.

The day had not dawned when the brigades were moving by routes which had been carefully marked out to them for the impetuous assault. During several previous days the engineers had been employed constructing a covered way through which the assaulting column could advance to within about three hundred yards of the enemy's position. Through this they marched in single file to the point where they spread out in line of battle. The advance was then over an old cotton-field. But the rebels had filled it with lines of ditches, which were covered and concealed by an abatis of fallen trees and vines. The rifle-pits of the foe commanded every inch. It was impossible for horses to move across this plain, and infantry could by no possibility keep in regular order of battle. The entire line of rebel works extended eight miles by land and three or four by water. Along this whole circuit the assault was to be made simultaneously by the army and navy, and with the utmost determination that there might be no concentration of rebel troops to repel the main assault, which was to be made upon the northeast angle of the rebel lines. Elsewhere the attack was merely to distract attention, and to keep the foe engaged.

Before the dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along the whole line afloat and ashore. Every gun within the rebel intrenchments and from the patriot opposing batteries was fired with the utmost rapidity. Not a man on those grounds had ever before heard thunders of war so awful. The air was filled with shrieking, bursting shells. The hills shook beneath the tremendous explosions. Dense clouds of smoke, which hung heavily over the whole ex-

panse, gave the place the appearance of a vast volcano in violent eruption.

The grand assaulting column was under the immediate command of General Paine. It was led by the Eighth New Hampshire and the Fourth Wisconsin regiments. Then came the Fourth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Tenth New York. Then came the Third Brigade under Colonel Gooding, consisting of the Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth, and Fifty-third Massachusetts, and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York. The Second Brigade followed, under Colonel A. Fearning. Its serried ranks were composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York. The remainder of this brigade were detailed as skirmishers. Then came the First Brigade under Colonel Ferris. It was composed of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut, the Fourth Massachusetts, and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York. The necessary number of pioneers and Nims's Massachusetts Battery were added.

Such was the immense battering-ram which military science had devised and constructed to break through the rebel intrenchments. While the storm of war was beating with the utmost fierceness along a circuit twelve miles in extent, this ponderous force was to be hurled headlong, with all conceivable impetuosity, upon a single point. Success seemed certain. The battle can not be described. It was a delirious scene of terror, tumult, and blood. The following words from one who was a participant in the scene may give a faint idea of its horrors:

"The moment we turned into the road shot, shell, grape, and canister fell like hail around us. On we went. A little higher a new gun opened upon us. Still farther they had a cross-fire—oh, such a terrible one! But on we went bending, as, with sickening shrieks, the grape and canister swept over us. I had no thought, after a short prayer, but for my flag. The color-bearer fell, but the flag did not. Half the guard fell, but the flag was there. When about three hundred yards from the works I was struck. The pain was so intense that I could not go on. I turned to my second lieutenant, and said, 'Never mind me, Jack; for God's sake jump to the colors.' I don't recollect any thing more until I heard Colonel Benedict say, 'Up, men, and forward!' I looked, and saw the rear regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and Colonel Benedict standing there, the shot striking all about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see.

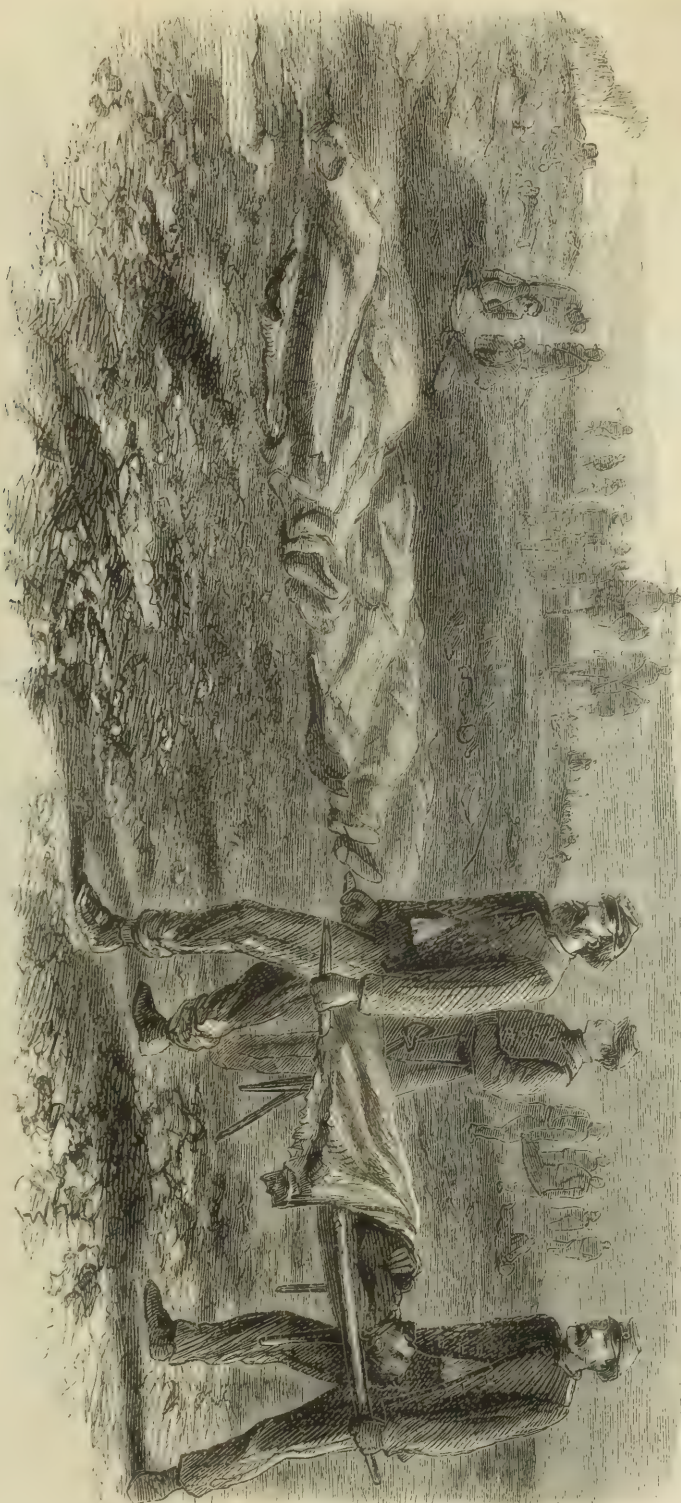
"When I heard him speak I forgot all else, and running forward, did not stop till at the very front and near the colors again. There, as did all the rest, I lay down, and soon learned the trouble. Within two hundred yards of the works was a ravine parallel with them, completely impassable from the fallen timber in it. Of course we could not move on. To stand up was certain death. So was retreat. Naught

was left but to lie down, with such scanty cover as we could get. We did lie down in that hot, scorching sun. I fortunately got behind two small logs, which protected me on two sides, and lay there, scarcely daring to turn, for four hours, till my brain reeked and surged, and I thought that I should go mad. Death would have been preferable to a continuance of such torture. Lots of poor fellows were shot as they were lying down; and to lie there and hear them groan and cry was awful. Just on the other side of the log lay the gallant Colonel Bryan with both legs broken by shot. He talked of home, but bore it like a patriot. Near him was one of my own brave boys with five balls in him. The Colonel got out of pain sooner than some, for he died after two hours of intense agony. Bullets just grazed me as they passed over. One entered the ground within an inch of my right eye. I have been in many battles, but I never saw, and never wish to see, such a fire as that poured on us on June 14. It was not merely terrible. It was HORRIBLE."

After eight hours of as desperate fighting as was ever witnessed on earth, our charging columns were repulsed with great slaughter. About 11 o'clock A.M. the fighting ceased. The ground in front of the rebel redoubts was covered with the patriot dead and wounded. But till night darkened the scene the rebels inhumanly fired upon the wounded writhing in their blood; and no one could carry to them a cup of cold water without being struck by the bullet of a sharpshooter. General Paine was severely wounded by a ball which broke both bones of his leg just below the knee. He could not be brought from the field until after dark. Before he was struck down he had got five regiments within four rods of the rebel works, and some of his skirmishers had actually clambered over the ramparts. Not being promptly supported, they were speedily cut down. As General Paine lay upon his back hour after hour in the blistering sun, slightly protected between two rows of the cotton-field, he dared not attempt to cover his face with his cap, for if the rebels saw the slightest movement a shower of balls was instantly poured upon him. Our whole loss during the day amounted to about seven hundred and fifty. It was a sad Sabbath day's work. We had lost much, and gained nothing. The next day, under a flag of truce, the dead and wounded were removed.

Port Hudson was in reality but an outpost of Vicksburg, where General Grant was day by day cutting off the resources of the rebels, capturing their outlying batteries, and driving them within narrower limits. The fall of either of these great fortresses rendered the other no longer tenable. On the 4th of July, 1863, the garrison at Vicksburg, more than thirty thousand strong, were compelled to an unconditional surrender to General Grant. The joyful tidings were speedily conveyed down the river to the patriot army surrounding Port Hudson. Sal-

REMOVING THE DEAD.

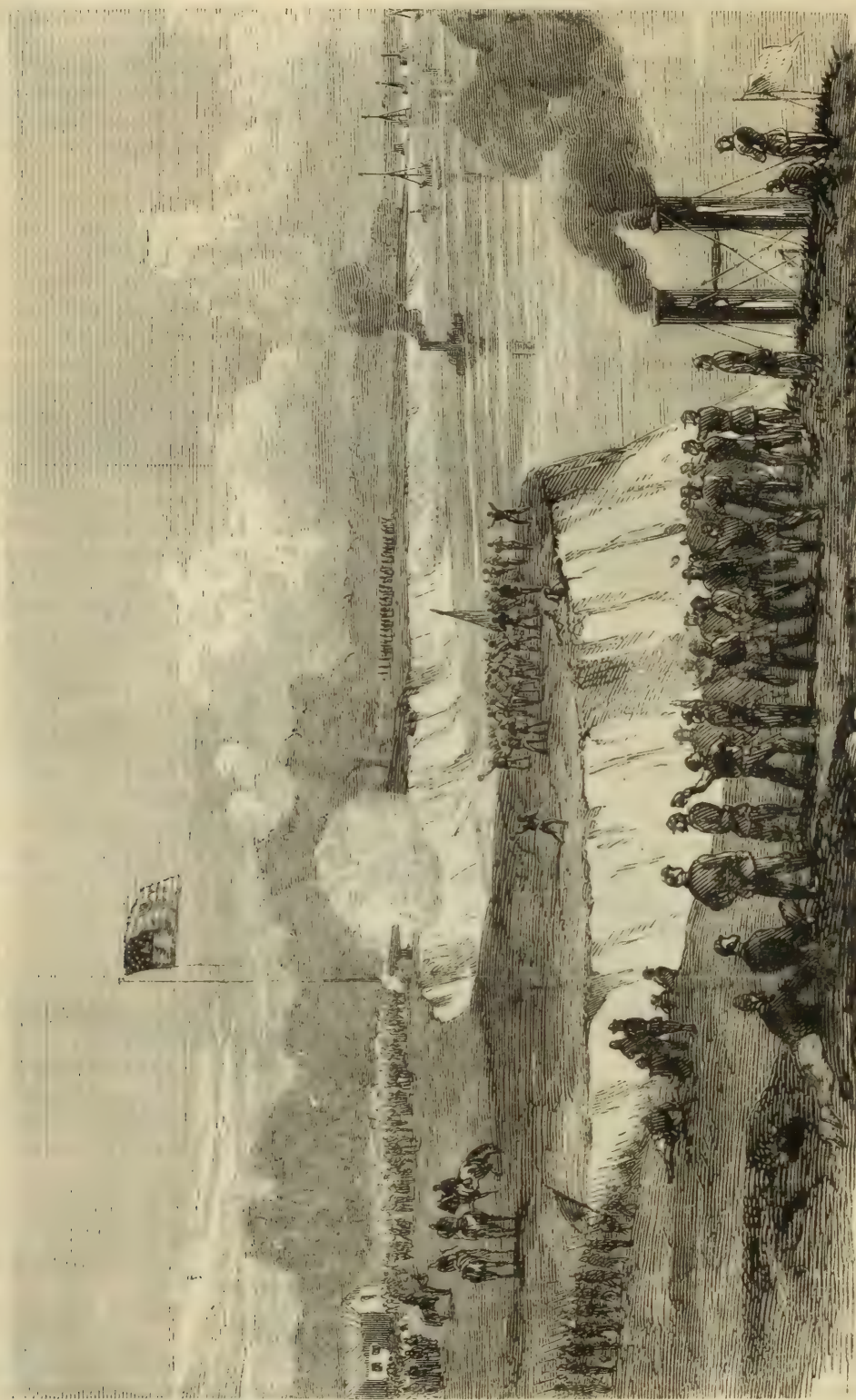


vos of artillery and shouts from thirty thousand patriot throats conveyed the news to the rebels within their strong intrenchments. General Banks was just preparing for another assault, when he received a communication from General Gardner, who was in command of the rebel works, offering to surrender. General Frank Gardner at Port Hudson and General Pemberton at Vicksburg were both Northern men. They had both gone from their free homes in the North to fight against that banner beneath whose folds they were born, and for the destruction of that Constitution to which our country was indebted for all its prosperity and power.

As we have mentioned, Port Hudson was three hundred miles below Vicksburg. It was not until the morning of the 7th that General Banks received the news of the surrender. General Gardner sent to him that afternoon a communication containing the following words:

"Having received information from your troops that Vicksburg has been surrendered, I make this communication, to ask you to give me the official assurance whether this is true or not; and if true, I ask for a cessation of hostilities with a view to the consideration of terms for surrendering this position."

In General Banks's brief response, dated July



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

8, he stated: "I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7, at 45 minutes past 10 o'clock, by the gun-boat *General Price*, an official dispatch from Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, United States Army, whereof the following is a true extract:

"The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. The number of prisoners, as given by the officers, is twenty-seven thousand, field-artillery one hundred and twenty-eight pieces, and a large number of siege-guns, probably not less than eighty."

"I regret to say that under present circum-

stances I can not consistently with duty consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate."

Preparations had already been made for an immediate assault. Our troops were flushed with the joyful news which they had heard, and which rendered the downfall of Port Hudson certain. They were anxious to be led instantly against the foe, that they might storm and take his batteries before the fleet and the army should have time to descend from Vicksburg and deprive them of a portion of the honor. The rebels knew that their doom was sealed. They could

not escape, and they could not resist the forces now to be arrayed against them. Nothing whatever could be gained by prolonging the contest. General Gardner accordingly sent back a reply couched in the following terms:

"Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself at 9 o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender, and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities."

The commissioners immediately met, and the articles of capitulation were signed, by which the fortress with all its garrison, its stores, and its armament, was surrendered to the National Government. At the earliest dawn of the next morning, Thursday, July 9, the whole patriot camp was alive with joyful animation to witness the glorious spectacle the day was to usher in. It was a splendid morning. The air was filled with the flutterings of the Star-spangled Banner, and from scores of martial bands our national airs were pealed forth over the water and the land.

General Andrews, chief of staff of General Banks, at 7 o'clock, with a strong column of the victors, made the grand entrance into the rebel fortifications. The rebel army were drawn up in an immense line upon the bluff, with their backs toward the river. Their officers, in great dejection, were grouped together on one side. The patriot army advanced with gleaming weapons, and were spread out in a double line in face of the conquered garrison. The patriot officers each took his position in front of his men. General Gardner then advanced toward General Andrews and offered him his sword. General Andrews declined receiving it, courteously saying,

"In appreciation of your bravery, however misdirected, you are at liberty to retain your sword."

General Gardner then said, "General, I will now formally surrender my command to you;

and for that purpose will give the order to ground arms."

The order was given. Five thousand men bowed their heads, deposited their arms upon the ground, and rose prisoners of war. Armed guards were then placed over the captives, and the glorious old flag of the Union rose and floated forth like a meteor from the flag-staff. It was unfurled to the breeze from one of the highest bluffs by the men of the steamship *Richmond*. The flag was saluted by the thunders of a battery whose reverberations rolled majestically along the broad surface of the Mississippi. And thus this great national river, upon whose banks uncounted millions are yet to dwell, and which treason had insanely attempted to wrest from the nation, was restored to its rightful owners. Treason has done its utmost to rob the nation of the Mississippi, and has failed. The banner of rebellion will never again go up upon those shores. The Stars and Stripes will never again go down.

As the immediate fruit of this capture there fell into our hands 5500 prisoners, 20 pieces of heavy artillery, 5 complete batteries numbering 31 pieces of field artillery, a large supply of balls and shells, 44,800 pounds of cannon powder, 5000 stand of arms, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 2 steamers, and a considerable amount of commissary stores.

The rebel General Gardner admitted that even if Vicksburg had not fallen he could not have held out three days longer. He had made up his mind that he could not repel another assault. He was therefore anxiously watching every movement, intending that so soon as there should be decisive indications of an assault that he would surrender. The capture of Port Hudson consequently redounds to the glory of the heroic army which surrounded it. It was the result of the Herculean exertions and the military ability of the fleet and the army under Commodore Farragut and General Banks. To them belong the undivided honor.

MY STAR.

I LOOKED upon the starry heavens one night
Long years ago, when I was but a boy;
Then Life seemed brimming over with delight—
Filled was the cup with sweetest draughts of joy.

Among the glittering host which gemmed the skies
I chose one star, and said, "It shall be mine;"
And often in the night my boyish eyes
Turned to that star to watch it gleam and shine.

And oft in childish thought I wondered then
If those bright spheres were teaming worlds like ours,
If cities shone thereon, and crowds of men
Swarmed the long streets, or toiled through weary hours.

The years slid by—the boy to manhood grew;
No longer only roses strewn Life's ways,
Her paths were rugged, and the strong winds blew
Harsher and rougher than in other days.

And like a breeze which over gardens blows,
Laden with faint perfumes of many flowers;
Or as the sun, long hidden, when he glows
Through cloud and mist which veiled his face for hours,

Came the forgotten fancy back again
Through Memory's crystal gates, which stood ajar,
And the Man, looking on the jeweled plain,
Searched the broad heavens in vain for that one star.

Had it gone wandering through the realms of space
Like a lost Pleiad, or had his dull eyes
Forgotten, in the growth of years, its place
Amid the glittering splendor of the skies?

One time he stood with her his heart held dear,
With her he deemed the fairest of the fair;
And words of love had blessed her willing ear,
Falling like gentlest dew upon the air.

That night she pointed to a brilliant star,
And called it hers, with all its myriad rays;
And lo! within the shining heavens afar
He saw the lost star of his boyhood's days.

Since then, somehow, the skies have sunnier grown,
And goldener seem the fleeting, honeyed hours,
And all along Life's rugged paths have blown
Sweet-scented buds, and fragrant, lovely flowers.

SUGAR-MAKING IN CUBA.

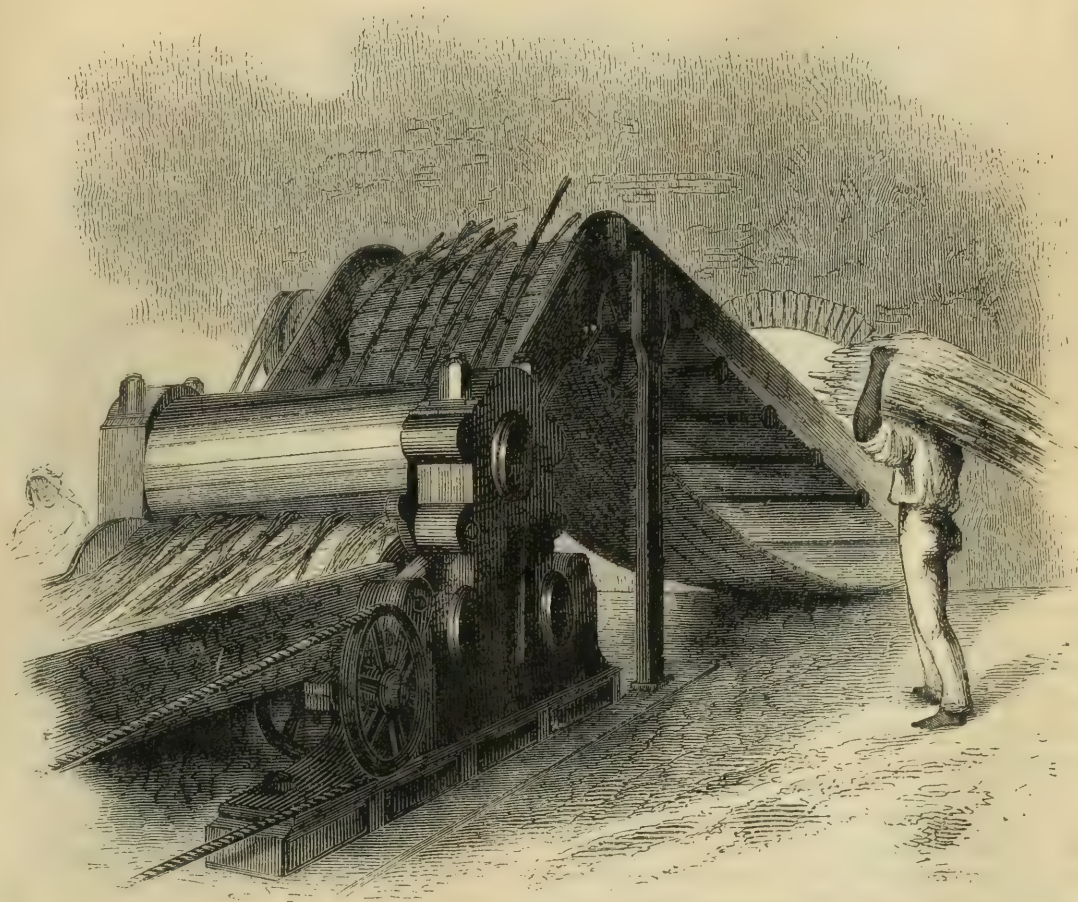


INGENIO EL FLOR DE CUBA.

ALMOST twelve years ago (November, 1853) this Magazine described the processes of making sugar then in use in Louisiana. The processes then employed in Cuba were essentially the same. Since that time great improvements have been introduced into Cuba. It is proposed in the present paper to describe the processes now employed upon the larger "Yngenios" or sugar estates.

Since the difficulties attending the slave-trade became serious, and the cost of African slaves

has been consequently increased, the Cuban planters have carefully scrutinized every improvement likely to reduce the cost of labor, and have generally abandoned the cultivation by the hoe, so that the quality of clayed sugar produced by good machinery and scientific process now surpasses that of any other country in the world. There is no want now of enterprise among the leading sugar-planters, and they are not deterred by the cost of any machinery which will, in their judgment, save

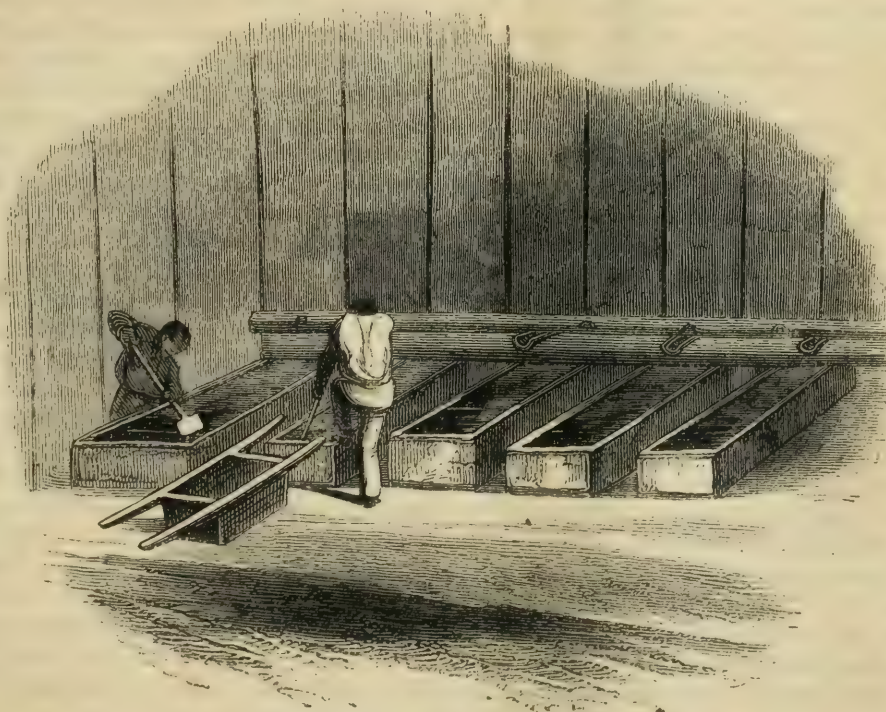


SUGAR-MILL.

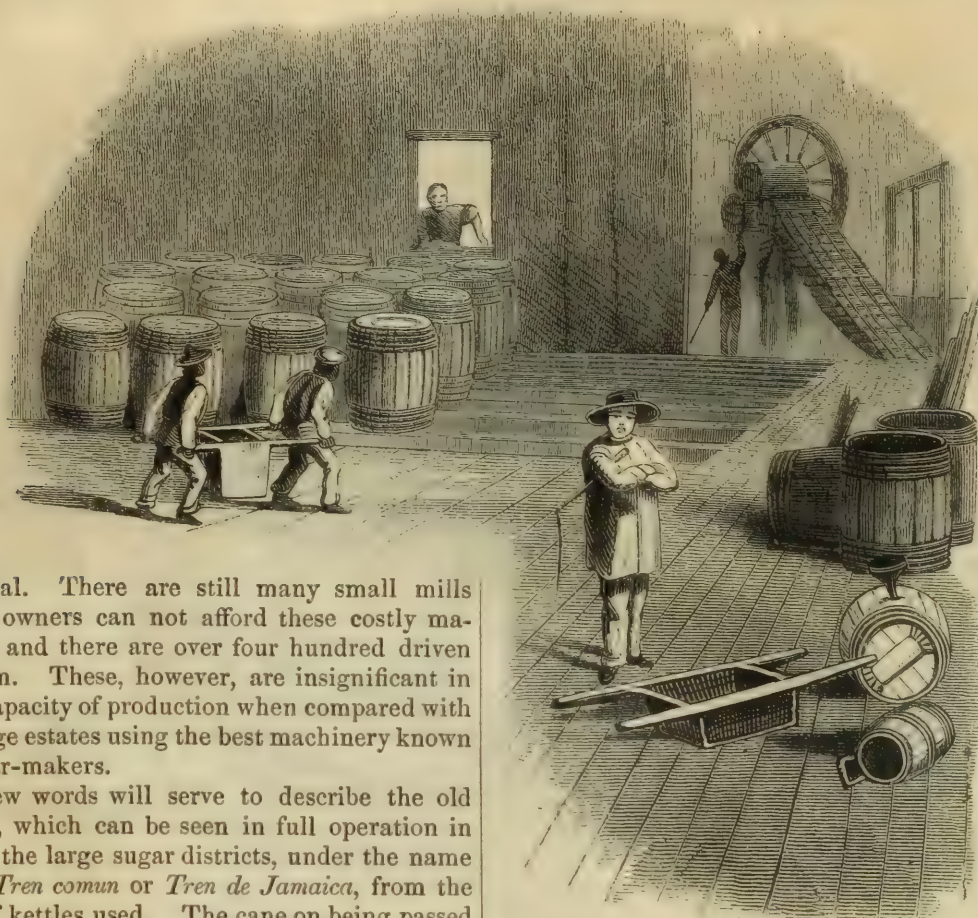
money. On the contrary, they are more apt to err by extravagant outlay on projects yet untried; and more than one fine estate has passed through the hands of liquidators on account of its ruinous cost.

trains is abandoned on the largest estates; and where it is yet practiced, it is generally in connection with some improved process of filtering, or at least of drying the molasses sugar or "muscovado." It must not be understood that the expensive process of boiling in vacuum-pans is

The old wasteful process of boiling in open



SUGAR COOLERS EL TREN COMUN.



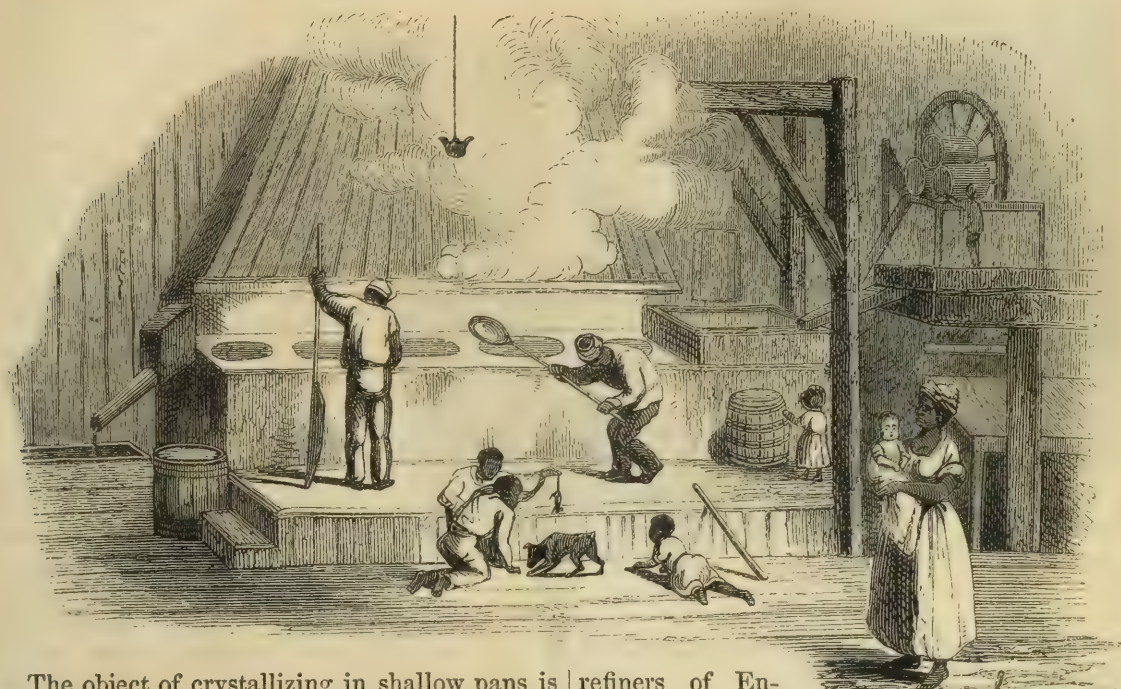
THE PURGERY.

universal. There are still many small mills whose owners can not afford these costly machines, and there are over four hundred driven by oxen. These, however, are insignificant in their capacity of production when compared with the large estates using the best machinery known to sugar-makers.

A few words will serve to describe the old system, which can be seen in full operation in any of the large sugar districts, under the name of *El Tren comun* or *Tren de Jamaica*, from the class of kettles used. The cane on being passed through the rollers of the grinding-mill is deprived of its juice, and the fibre, or "trash," is carried on by an endless band to fall into a cart below, from which it is spread out in the fields to dry, and in due time finds its way back to the furnaces. Meanwhile the juice runs through strainers, and is lifted by a force-pump to oblong troughs which stand near the chimneys of the furnace. In these it is allowed to settle, and the scum rises in a few minutes to the surface, a gentle heat being applied meanwhile. The sirup is then drawn off into a train of copper kettles below to be converted into sugar. In the first of these kettles it is treated to a little milk of lime, which causes the scum to rise to the surface in a dense body, when it is removed by the negroes with a common strainer or skimmer. From this pan it is passed to others, according to its advance toward crystallization, nearer and nearer to the mouth of the furnace, boiling furiously meanwhile until it reaches at last, after a passage of several hours, the pan called the *teache-pan*, or *strike-pan*, over the very mouth of the furnace. As the entire contents of one pan is discharged into the next at the same time that a fresh supply of juice is introduced from those behind it, all are kept full, and the scene is very lively when the fires are good and the sirup boils briskly. A negro guards each pan, or more frequently has two under his care, and is actively at work tossing the sirup into the air when the bubbles become too large and run over into the next pan, thus showing that there is danger of burning the

sugar. At other times the negroes are busy skimming off, with a light hand, any feculencies which may arise.

The most delicate process in this rather rude manufacture is the test of the sugar, when it reaches the last pan and becomes thick. In the last few minutes, before it is fit to be removed from the fire, the crystals form with great rapidity, and the sugar-master is constantly trying the sirup with his finger and thumb, the *teache* or "touch" test, which gives the name to this pan. Baumé's Saccharometer is also used, but not generally, the proof by the eye being simpler and better. When the sugar reaches this state there is much danger of burning; and upon the skill of the sugar-master, in making the *strike* at the right moment, will depend the quality of the sugar. From the strike-pan the sugar is run into shallow coolers, where it remains for about twenty-four hours, and is then transferred to cones, such as are used in sugar-refineries, to drain off the molasses. In some places, however, it is customary to pass the *strike* into a long, narrow box, with fenders six feet high on two of its sides. Two negroes, taking their position, one at either end, toss the sirup into the air with copper ladles working on pivots until it is so exposed to the air as to be frothy, and crusts the sides of the box like the spongy lava around the crater of a volcano. It is then passed directly into the cones and crystallizes in a few hours.



BOILING-HOUSE—EL TREN COMUN.

The object of crystallizing in shallow pans is that the crystals, floating loosely in a greater space, may form freely and of a large grain. Those who crystallize in cones say that the same object is obtained by gently stirring the cooling sirup once or twice on the first day. On the second day the cone is moved into the purging-house, and is not touched again for three weeks, except once to remove the plug at the bottom of the cone that the molasses may drain off into proper receptacles, to be boiled again and dried as muscovado sugar. A cloth is laid over the top of the cone while the molasses is draining off, and soft mud or clay spread upon it. This, draining through the sugar, drives the molasses before it to the apex of the cone; and after twenty days the loaf of sugar in the cone is found to be hard, white at the base, whity-brown in the middle, and yellow with molasses at the apex. These divisions being separated and dried are known as the *Blanco*, *Quebrado*, and *Cucurucho* or *Cugucho*, commonly quoted in the Havana market. The first of these would be called by our housewives "coffee-sugar;" the meaning of the second is "Leavings;" and of the third "*Cornucopiæ*"—the points of the cones.

In all these processes, as practiced in the old-fashioned mills, a very serious loss occurs. They rarely express more than half the sugar from the cane which analysis has proved to exist there, and in all the different manipulations it would seem as if the object was to waste, and not to save sugar. The boiling-house is filled with the vapors rising from the kettles, and in the tossing undergone by the sirup much sugar is evaporated. The consequence is much molasses and little sugar; and it is to obviate these losses that costly machinery has been invented.

Boiling *in vacuo*, which is the great principle of improved sugar-making, is nothing new. It has long been in use in Cuba and Jamaica, and is the principal means used by the great sugar-

refiners of England and the United States. But though long used, it has worked its way among the sugar plantations very slowly, and few of the great mills of

Cuba date back further than twelve or fourteen years. The machinery for such undertakings is so costly, that it was only when the great Dons found that slaves were hard to get, and they themselves were growing so rich that they hardly knew how to invest their money to advantage, that they seriously set to work to build mills capable of grinding the product of 2000 acres of cane-land, and at the same time reducing the number of negroes necessary on an estate by more than one-third. Success only stimulated them to build larger mills and import finer machinery, until now the sugar-mills of Cuba are not unworthy to be named with the cotton-mills of England.

A large sugar estate like the San Martin, the Alava, El Flor de Cuba, Ponina, San Rafael, España, Habana, and others which we might name, is a small village in itself. Let us take for description the San Martin, in the jurisdiction of Cardenas, bordering on that of Colon, and about forty-five miles by railroad from the city of Cardenas; since it is the largest Yngenio in Cuba, and possesses the most costly machinery probably of any on the island. It lies in the midst of cane-fields, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and from the *casa de purga* can be seen the chimneys of five or six of the finest estates of Cuba. The jurisdictions of Cardenas and Colon produce nearly half of the sugar exported from the island, and the village of Banagüises, within three miles of the San Martin, is the centre of this rich sugar country.



IN THE BARRACON.

Approaching the estate of San Martin from the railroad, the size and height of the chimney attract immediate attention, it being 23 feet in diameter at the base, and rising to the height of 180 feet. In the houses which cluster around this great chimney one recognizes the Spanish model of a village—a grand square, or plaza, and streets running off at right angles from every side. The Mill and Curing House are, of course, the most prominent objects in this great square. They form its northern boundary for 800 feet. To the right of the mill is the “barracoon,” or building for the slaves, of whom there are some 900. It occupies the entire side of the square, and is itself a hollow square, with long sheds, substantially built of brick, running around it; the doors opening into the inner court, in the style common to Spanish and South American cities. Each one of the doors has a small hole, about six inches square, cut near the floor, to promote ventilation; and as there is a barred window high up in every room, on the opposite side from the door, good ventilation is secured. In the centre of the court is a large building, with a steam-engine for pumping water and a furnace, in which the food for nearly a thousand souls is cooked in common. Corn-meal and bananas are the staples. In crop time, however, there is a good deal of private catering going on, with the aid of sirup and molasses.

The barracoons of the San Martin cover about four acres of land, and being well painted and kept in good order, have a pleasing appearance. The same style of architecture for barracoons—a single-storied shed, forming a hollow square, with its cook-house in the centre—prevails on most of the large plantations, for security as well as convenience; some of them having high walls, and all access or egress being strictly guarded. On others, however, the negroes live in wooden or thatch hovels, in such proximity to the sugar-house as may be convenient.

The Chinese have quarters by themselves, and on more than one estate have been permit-

ted to put up huts for themselves, in which may be recognized the peculiar architecture of a Chinese city, if bamboo and bits of matting are accessible. The interiors of the Chinese huts are cleanly, but behind them—or rather, between them, for they are laid out in streets—are the usual collections of garbage which, as much as any other cause, make the Asiatic cholera so fearful in the cities of the East.

The southern side of the square of the San Martin is occupied by the houses of the administrador of the estate, the engineers, and sugar-master—the hospital and fine gardens stretching for several hundred feet to their rear. To the east

are the saw-mill, tool-shops, and other buildings. The Hospital is said to be the finest on the island, and certainly surpasses any which it has been our privilege to examine in a lengthened tour of Cuba. It covers about an acre of ground, the open court in the centre being partly paved and partly covered with flowers. In the middle of this court is a fountain, and an aviary containing doves and quails, the whole presenting a pleasing effect to the eye. Over the doorway is an inscription in Spanish, to the effect that it is “consecrated to suffering humanity.” To the right on entering is the *Botica y Drogueria*, full of medicines, and arranged with all the neatness and possessing all the medicines of a good pharmacy. To the left is the *Salon de Practicante*, where new cases are examined and trivial ones prescribed for. The doors of the various halls which open on the corridors have appropriate inscriptions for males, females, and Chinese—each being dedicated to some saint. There is also a mortuary-house (*Capilla y Deposito*), with skull and cross-bones over the doorway, and warehouses for drugs, dispensary, etc. Entering one of the halls we find it full of beds, with the head-board to the wall, at equal distances apart, each neatly numbered. Each man’s basin hangs at the head of his cot, and each one is supplied with a blanket. The beds are made by stretching a bullock’s hide on a solid frame, the most suitable bedding in a hot climate; but some of the beds are merely boards laid lengthwise, insuring coolness and cleanliness. It is evident that every care is paid to the condition of the sick; and we may cite as a proof of the superior management of this estate, as well as the wisdom of humane treatment, that out of 900 negroes and 170 Chinese only 14 were in the hospital, and of them about two-thirds were able to sit up. Most of them were confined by accidents, such as happen daily in the cane-fields with people so careless. In one of the wards was a woman suckling her child, dressed in the style of

negro infants—a bit of string around the wrist. These proofs of humanity and care for the slaves and Chinese apprentices were the more pleasing from the fact of their being undoubtedly compelled to labor very severely. They lead at the best a hard life, far worse on most of the Cuban estates than on the Southern plantations of our own country. As was rudely observed by one of the many American mechanics in Cuba, "They treat a nigger like a gentleman in Alabama to what they do here." A large number of those found in Cuba are native Africans, rude, savage, and ready to commit any atrocity. Nothing but the whip can keep such men in subjection and compel their labor. With every opportunity they skulk away to the cane-fields, where they often lie hid for many weeks. Some are in shackles half their lives, for when the chains are off away they go like wild beasts.

As for any attempt to civilize these rude creatures further than whipping them when they will not work, a man must look far and carefully to see it in Cuba. It is true that the priests in the cities gather them into the churches, where, on grand occasions, they distribute among them catechisms and cigars, and make it a point to baptize every negro baby; but it is little that the slaves learn of the Christian religion, and they will sooner kneel to their masters than to God. Indeed one can not but think that their master is a greater and more powerful being in their eyes than the Almighty. On the sugar estates in the country they rarely see a priest; churches are unknown except in the cities and towns; Sabbaths are passed without notice; and from birth to death the native African and his children live as much like the beasts as if in Africa itself, the only real difference being that in Africa they are wild beasts, in Cuba they are beasts of burden.

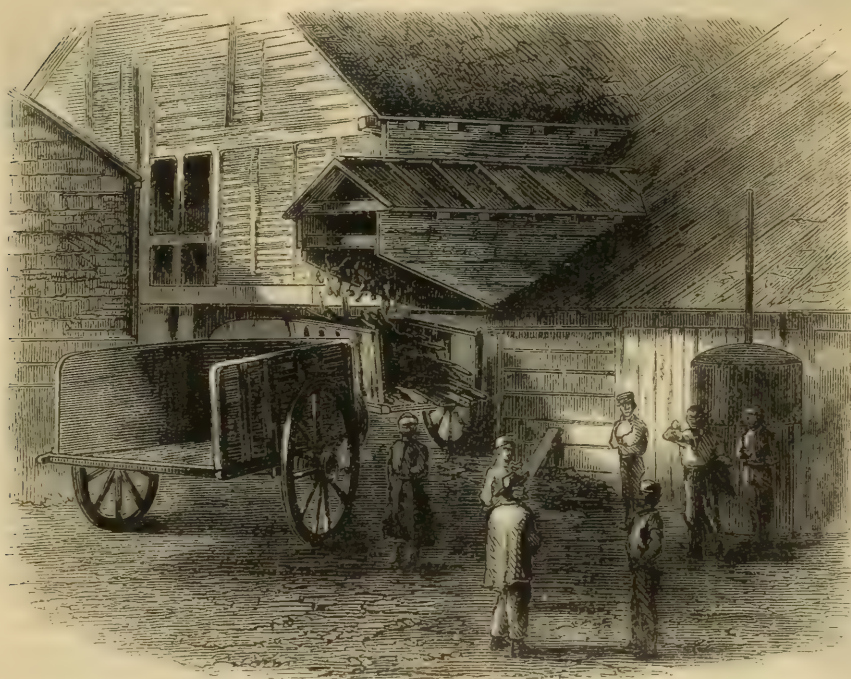
It needs but to see a negro funeral on a large estate to realize the bitter mockery of that philanthropy, which claims that the slave is most charitably ransomed from death in his own country to be civilized and Christianized; and for these priceless boons he is made "an organized laborer." We saw one once on the Alava estate, one of the largest in Cuba. We have seen men buried on the field of battle, have seen many a pauper funeral, have heard the burial-service mumbled at sea by an infidel captain over the remains of a god-

less wretch, but we never saw any burial more wretched than that of a miserable slave. It was a rainy afternoon—and a rainy afternoon in the tropics means a fierce thunder-storm—when one of the Spanish overseers remarked that "there was another dead," and pointed out a procession of three negroes, two of them bearing the body with a piece of bagging thrown over it, and the third following with a spade in his hands. The bearers were old men who could be spared for the duty, and walked very slowly, which seemed to suit the gravedigger well, for he had irons on both legs, and though a lusty fellow, could not go much faster than his elders. The group had not enough clothing between them for one man. The old men had breeches of an unknown mud color, and their bent backs were bare; the follower was minus the breeches, but he had obtained a long coffee or sugar sack, had cut a hole in the bottom for his neck and two at the sides for his arms. They passed behind the mill, but no one looked up, through a crowd of women and girls who were raking up the cane-trash, and down to the edge of the cane-field. No notice whatever was taken of them, while the stout fellow in chains dug a shallow trench, in which they left their burden. The whole job, for ceremony there was none, took about half an hour. Just as the rain ceased they hobbled back to their ordinary tasks, well soaked but indifferent.

These things have little effect on the negro; but it is very different with the Chinese; and for the treatment of Chinamen in this matter the Spaniards and Cubans have undoubtedly earned the hatred of many individuals who would otherwise be content. When we recollect that at home the Chinaman actually worships his dead ancestors, that he procures his own coffin in his



THE TRASH-FIELD.



CATCHING THE TRASH.

lifetime, often spending \$1000 upon it; that China is justly described as a vast burial-ground; and that wherever Chinese are colonized they send their dead to their own country, if they can afford it—the greatness of the outrage in the eyes of a Chinaman, of this burial like a dog, will at once be perceived. He has superstitions which oblige him to burn paper figures of clothes, money, etc., for the use of his departed friends in the other world. All these superstitions exist still, but can not be carried out in Cuba, and he knows that at his own death no friend can perform the rites for him. We will venture to say, from actual statements of Chinese themselves, that this is, in their own opinion, the greatest grievance of their lot as laborers in Cuba. They are, however, a casuistic race, and comfort themselves with the belief that immediately after death their souls return to the Flowery Empire, and hover around the altars of their ancestors, where the relatives whom they left perform the necessary rites, in the benefits of which they participate.

Possibly this belief in the immediate passage of the soul to their native country will explain the alarming prevalence of suicide among the Asiatics when they first discover how severe their lot is, or when they become homesick. Suicide is more or less common among the newly-arrived, and breaks out suddenly like an epidemic, without any change of labor or treatment, which would seem a reasonable provocation to self-destruction.

Some of the best of machinery is to be seen on the Yngenio San Martin; and we will endeavor to describe the process of sugar-making, as practiced on that estate, remarking that it is similar, with a few slight alterations, on all plantations using the fine system of Derosne.

In this system the boiling of the sirup is

conducted entirely by steam. The cane is first crushed in a powerful mill, made at Paris, by J. F. Cail and Co., in 1853, which has been in operation ever since with only the most trifling repairs, and is now in as fine condition as when it was put up. The engine is of 60 horse-power, turning three powerful rollers for crushing, eight feet in length and three feet in diameter. The cane is supplied by an endless chain, with slabs as in a tread-mill, moving in a channel-way of the same width as the rollers, and running almost level

with the ground for 50 or 60 feet. Some thirty or forty women are constantly employed in supplying this feeder with cane-stalks, which are smoothed by others. The stalks pass unceasingly between the rollers, the crushed cane falling upon another channel-way, like the feeder, which carries it out of the mill, and to such a height that the refuse drops into carts standing ready to carry it to the fields to be spread out to dry. Some idea of the volume of cane passing through the mill may be obtained from the fact that seven light carts, each holding as much as would fill a New York omnibus, are kept at work, receiving and distributing the "trash" as it falls from the mill. A still better idea of the immense bulk of cane crushed in a day is gained by watching the trains of cars running on a tram-way from the cane-fields to the mill, and discharging their contents, and then to find at night, that, although the train of seven or eight cars has been running incessantly, a space of at least fifty feet square, where the cane in the morning was piled up twenty feet high, is quite bare by sundown. Indeed it is necessary to stop the mill every few days for want of cane, and to turn all hands into the cane-field.

The juice runs out from below the rollers in a stream as thick as a man's leg; and passing through copper strainers, the holes of which are as large as an English six-pence, it leaves behind a portion of the dirt and bits of cane which fall with it from the rollers. It is then forced up to cisterns in the boiling-house, from which it is to be discharged into copper clarifying kettles, called *defecadores*. These are made with an iron jacket in which steam can be admitted. In the Yngenio San Martin there are sixteen of these. When ready for use they shine so that you can see your face in them. The coolie turns a great stop-cock and a stream of tawny

liquor rushes as from a hydrant, and in three or four minutes fills the kettle up to a certain mark, about 10 inches from the top, when the stop-cock is closed in that kettle and one opened in the next.

We will wait and see what is done to the juice in the first defecator, while one after another of the train is receiving its supply. It will detain us only a few minutes. After starting the next kettle the workman returns and gives a few turns to a little wheel by which steam is admitted below the defecators. A grand commotion follows that shakes the light flooring on which we are standing, and for about five minutes there is a mysterious boiling going on in the depths of the great pot, which shows itself by a frothy scum rising to the surface. A little lime has been slaked in a bucket and poured into the mess. As to the quantity the sugar-master has a word to say about that, and generally sees to its being all right before it goes in, the proportion varying according to the quality of the cane. As soon as the kettle is fairly boiling steam is shut off and the contents are left quietly simmering for ten or fifteen minutes. Meanwhile the bubbles have gone down, but a very muddy scum—the *cachazza*—is forming on the surface, growing blacker and thicker with every minute. You can draw lines through it with your stick, as though writing in the sand by the sea-shore. When this scum begins to crack it is time to draw it off through the meshes of a sieve, and if you go below the defecator you will find a stream of hot juice, looking like turpentine, running into a trough. The scum settles in the bottom of the defecator, and as soon as the liquor begins to run very dirty the pipe is turned by the coolie below to discharge over another trough which carries it into a receptacle where it is purified again. The light scum is drawn off also, and a jet of cold water is started in the defecator, while the workman carefully cleanses it to be ready in its turn for another charge of juice. It is necessary to have a train of kettles sufficient to keep the stream of *guarapo* from the grinding-mill always running. In the San Martin the circuit is completed in about an hour.

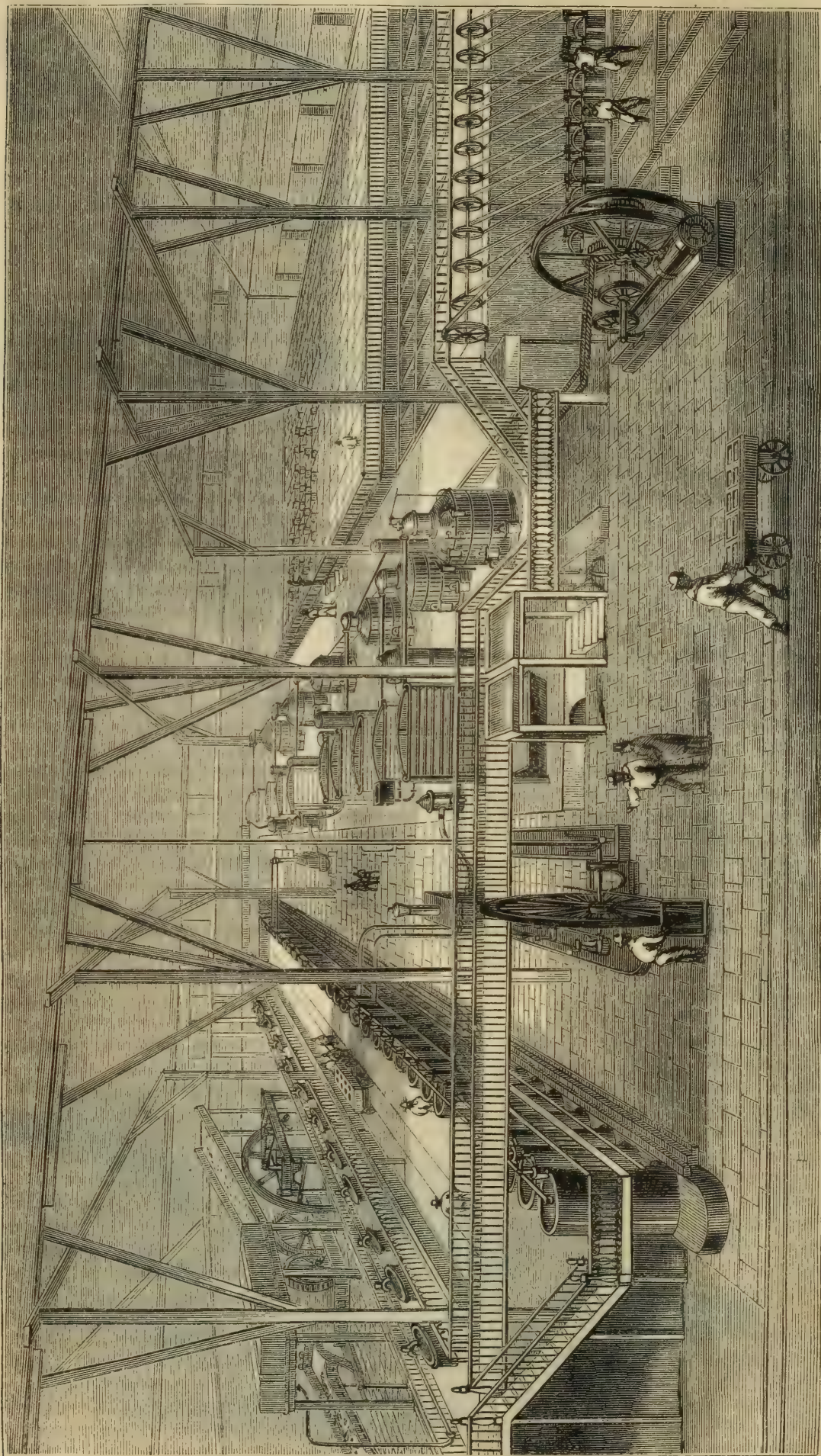
Meanwhile the hot stream of defecated juice is pouring into a small charcoal filter about ten feet high, twenty-three of which stand in a grim row, dividing the defecators from the bulk of the machinery, and behind them is another rank of tall fellows,

twenty in number, and as many feet in height, in which the juice is finally purified after making the circuit of the boiling-house once or twice more.

The black vats full of animal carbon—in common English, “bone charcoal”—perform an important duty in the sugar-house, and cost a great deal of money. The charcoal can be bought in Havana for about \$3 per 100 pounds, and each one of these great filters holds 1800 pounds, which can only be used for seven or eight days, so that the value of the charcoal used in the train during that time is nearly \$2000. The cost is reduced on the large estates by burning the bones and by washing the charcoal each time it is taken from the filters. To do all this a large house with furnaces, many retorts, and a considerable force of slaves are required. Unburned bones are brought from South America and other parts of the world, and cost in Havana about \$1 per 100 pounds. They require four days’ burning in the furnaces to make charcoal, and much care and attention during the process. After being used the coal is returned to the charcoal-house, sticky with molasses and quite lustreless. It is then passed through a revolving washing-machine, and afterward finds its way to the furnaces. This process being repeated until the coal is too fine for use, the loss for each week in the filter is not much more than ten per cent. Great efforts have been made to economize charcoal and fuel (coal), as these two materials are the most expensive in the sugar-house. Numerous experiments have been made in retorts and furnaces, every improvement in this department effecting a considerable saving; but after all experiments, animal carbon remains the best refining material known, and the use of a certain quantity appears indispensable to produce white sugar. The higher the filters the better the product of the Yngenio. Sulphurous gas has been employed with a cer-



DELIVERING THE CANE.



INTERIOR OF THE INGENIO SAN MARTIN.

tain degree of success, but it has scarcely found its way into the Cuban Yngenio, whatever use may be made of it by the sugar-refiners of England and the United States. There are other means of clarifying the "guarapo" and of discharging the molasses from the sugar, which should only be used by men well acquainted with chemistry, as they require the employment of poisonous acids. These, therefore, do not concern the sugar-planter or manufacturer of clayed sugars, but belong properly to the more scientific refiner.

After passing through the smaller of the two kinds of carbon-filters in the San Martin, the juice—*el guarapo*—passes over a series of pipes called *condensadores*, which perform the double function of condensing the steam rising in the vacuum-pans and of evaporating the juice. Theoretically this machine is an exceedingly ingenious adjustment, and constitutes the distinguishing feature of the Derosne train; but practically it has many objections. It is formed of horizontal pipes about six inches in diameter, arranged in a tall rack, and turning so sharply that they are parallel, one above the other, at a distance of not more than three inches apart. From twenty to twenty-three of these turns occur in each machine, so that at a distance it looks like a rack of parallel bars arranged horizontally. The juice is carried to the top of the frame, and falls through fine holes, which discharge a drop at a time. Falling upon the hot pipes it condenses the steam within, and loses some of its own liquid, which rises in a dense vapor. It does not remain long enough on each pipe to become burned, and in the fraction of a second occupied in its passage from one pipe to another it loses heat to the atmosphere. Near the bottom there is more risk of burning the sirup; but here again the steam in the pipe has lost much of its heat, and as the liquor becomes hotter the pipe is cooler, a nice equilibrium being maintained by the relative action of the two. Now this is all very well as long as the pipes are kept clean and the liquor runs over them in an unbroken shower of small drops as regular as the teeth of a comb; but, unfortunately, as soon as the mill is stopped the copper pipe is covered with a rusty coat, and looks more like sand-paper than a tube of polished copper. It is then necessary to clean it carefully by dropping water over it for some time before and after using it; and even with the greatest care it will be noticed that in many places three or four drops will run together, and the action become irregular. When once the sirup has formed little channel-ways for itself in this manner it is exceedingly difficult to obtain good action, and the sirup is injured. It will be readily seen, too, that the constant action of minute drops of sirup or water must very soon wear out the copper.

Besides these defects, there is grave objection to the constant clouds of steam which it throws off, filling the boiling-house with moisture, and interfering with the crystallizing of the sugar at

a later stage. In the Yngenios using Derosne's *condensadores* it is observed that they obtain the best sugar when they take the greatest pains to keep the machinery scrupulously clean, and any carelessness in this respect, especially if it occurs at this stage, is sure to injure the quality. In this matter the San Martin is a model establishment. After long trial some sugar-masters have ceased dropping sirup over the *condensadores*; but by dropping water instead they still use them as condensers for the waste steam from the vacuum-pans. On the whole, a steam injection column (which is also attached to Derosne's machinery) would seem to answer the purpose better, taking less room, and doing away with the objectionable vapor. Another very serious objection to Derosne's *condensadores* is their liability to cracking when much worn. Fine holes as small as the head of a pin and little cracks in the joints are not easily found in a machine enveloped in clouds of steam, and little leaks like these very much interfere with the vacuum in the pans.

After passing over the *condensadores*—or, directly from the first filters where *condensadores* are not in use—the sirup passes into the first vacuum-pans.

The principle of the vacuum-pan is well understood. In them the same processes of boiling and evaporation are performed which we have already described in the open or Jamaica train, but at a much lower temperature, and without risk of burning the sugar. The loss by evaporation in the open train is also avoided. This loss is considerable, owing to the violent tossing it undergoes in the open air. In the first vacuum-pans the boiling is slow, and sugar is not formed in them, the object being to increase the density of the sirup by evaporating a part of the water composing it, after which it has to undergo further clarifying before it is boiled down into sugar. The usual form of Derosne's vacuum train is what is called *double-effect*; that is, two pans stand side by side, one of which is boiled by the steam rising from the sirup in the other, the sirup also being drawn, at intervals, from the first to the second. In the San Martin they possess two trains of three pans each, the middle pan being slightly the largest, and discharging its steam into both the others. In some places a *treble-effect* has been tried, the first pan boiling the second, and the steam from that second pan boiling the third; but it is found that too much heat is lost by this plan. The art of boiling sugar in a vacuum-pan requires quite as much skill and experience as in the open train, the proof by *teache*—or touch—being the same in both instances. The sirup to be tried is drawn by a simple and ingenious proof-stick from the very centre of the pan, and is tested either by *teache* or by Baume's saccharometer. This is a tube of mercury or fine shot in a bulb like a thermometer, but, unlike the thermometer, containing atmospheric air. In water it sinks, but in sirup it rises in proportion to the density of the sirup. A degree on the scale

marks 0.019 parts of sugar in the sirup. Thus if the saccharometer, floating in sirup, marks 10° B. we have $.019 \times 10 = .19$, and know that there is nineteen per cent. of sugar in that sirup. If the sirup is boiling, however, it is denser than when cold by about three degrees; but *thin* juice is of the same density, hot or cold. Although these distinctions are not often known to the solemn-faced Asiatics or darkeys who use this beautiful little instrument, they are able to get as much practical good from it as the sugar-master himself, the latter having made a mark upon it for their guidance. The skill lies in admitting thin juice, or *guarapo*, from the reservoir, or from the other pans when the sirup becomes too thick; and when the panful is properly "cooked," or brought to a density ranging from 26° to 28° B., where it is about half sugar, to discharge it promptly into the caldrons for further defecation. The same heat to which the sirup had been subjected in the vacuum-pans is kept up in these by means of a steam-coil at the bottom, into which the operator admits steam at will. Just enough steam is admitted to bring the liquor to a froth; very little vapor arises from the caldron, and the instant it does the steam is turned off. Each time that it is brought to the boiling-point it throws up with the froth some of the impurities which none of the former processes had removed, and these are lightly skimmed off as they arise.

The process is repeated again and again, and the sirup is not only purified but concentrated. It is now turned off into the high filters, where the last process of clarifying is performed. From these it runs out a clear bright liquor, as pleasant to the eye as fine old sherry. This pure liquor, which has been round and round the boiling-house so many times, now finds its way into the great vacuum-pan, called the *strike-pan*, where at last it will become sugar. Here it is boiled at the temperature of 180° F.; but gradually as the sirup becomes thicker the temperature is lowered until, when the crystals have begun to form, the heat is not greater than 160° F. The reduction still goes on until, finally, when the sirup is ready for "striking," the temperature is the lowest at which proof-sugar will boil at three inches below a perfect vacuum, say 145° F. It is now thick with crystals of sugar floating in molasses, and the trial by *teache* is repeated momentarily. The engineer peers anxiously through the glass-windows at the boiling sirup, and finally makes preparations to discharge his pan into the "heaters" below. The sirup falls from the bottom of the strike-pan of a rich auburn color, and often the crystals can be seen as it flows. The strike-pan, or great vacuum-pan of the Yngenio San Martin, is a magnificent piece of workmanship, costing \$70,000, and capable of boiling from 1100 to 1500 *panes* or cones of sugar, containing 100 pounds each of green sugar, in a day.

In the heaters below the *strike-pan* steam is applied by means of a cast-iron jacket, such as we saw around the *defecadores* where the juice

was first heated; the thick molasses is stirred freely, and speedily carried from thence to the ordinary sugar-cones, or *panes*, where it stands for a day in the high temperature of the boiling-house until the crystals acquire some solidity. The *panes* are then removed to the *casa de purga*, where they undergo the claying process, and are purged of their molasses. This process is the same on estates using the Jamaica train, and needs no further notice. The *casa de purga* is generally the largest house on the estate. That of the San Martin is 400 feet long and 150 feet broad, and contains room for 22,220 *panes*. The general plan of the *casa de purga* is the same on all the estates, there being one floor pierced for the cones, and a packing and drying room below. In the lower room are double rows of cars, one above the other, placed on tram-ways, and so arranged that they may be run out into the sunshine with their loads of moist sugar to dry. This plan of building is simple and effective, and could not be improved. The white sugar, or *blanco*, when dried in the sun is ready for market. The *quebrado* requires a little more time, and is spread over an oven; but the *cuguchos*, or points of the cones, are brought back to the boiling-house, ground up thoroughly, moistened with water, and passed through the centrifugal machines to free them from molasses. The sugar is now of the grade of *quebrado*; or being further moistened with water, and placed in *panes* it may be brought again to the purging-house and regularly clayed, making good white sugar, although not of as good quality as first sugar. The smaller quantity obtained will not generally pay for the extra labor.

The molasses that drips from the *panes* in the *casa de purga* is collected in tanks and returned to the boiling-house, when it is taken up by the vacuum-pan and boiled again, making very good sugar; but this time, instead of being placed in *panes* to make clayed sugar, it is run into shallow iron tanks, about ten by four feet, in which the crystallization proceeds more slowly than in the former. When the sugar in these has hardened it is cut out by coolies with spades, worked until it is a thick paste of sugar and molasses, and poured into the centrifugal drying-machines, with which all large Yngenios are furnished. These are of various patterns, prominent among them being those of J. F. Cail and Co. of Paris, Aspinwall and Woollys of the United States, and Fawcett, Preston, and Co. of Liverpool. The Yngenio San Martin has fifteen of the first-named manufacture. Cail's centrifugal, although very good, is not so easily managed as the others, especially the machine made by Fawcett, Preston, and Co. The power is communicated from above by common shafting in the French machine, and from below in the American; otherwise the two are very similar. The American method leaves the top of the centrifugal unencumbered by machinery, and facilitates the operation of supplying it with molasses. It also gives the laborer more room when scooping



THE COOLING TANKS.

out the sugar than in the French arrangement. These are the only distinctions between the French and American systems. In both the machines are charged before they are set in motion. Revolving with great rapidity, the molasses is speedily thrown by centrifugal force to the sides, which are made of wire netting, corrugated for greater strength. The molasses flies off through the meshes of this netting, leaving, in six or eight minutes, a fine, dry sugar, called *miel de purga*—the common brown sugar of the grocers. The grain is finer than that of the sugar made from the first boiling of the sirup; and this quality of sugar can be afforded at a low price. The color is regulated according to desire by running the centrifugal machine for a longer or shorter period with each charge of molasses; and when a whitish sugar is wanted, it is obtained by turning a jet of steam upon the revolving mass. The bleaching effect of steam is well known. The use of steam, however, causes it to part with so much of the molasses that it loses weight, and the higher price of the whiter sugar rarely compensates the planter for the loss. It is therefore customary to turn on the steam for only a minute or two before stopping the machine, causing a crust of white sugar about a quarter of an inch thick to form on the two or three inches of *miel de purga* which clings to the sides of the machine. As each machine can be thrown out of gear without interfering with the others all stages of drying can be observed at once. The molasses from this second purging is boiled and passed again through the centrifugal machines, so that the common "third" molasses of commerce contains little crystallizable sugar.

The English centrifugal machine differs en-

tirely, except in principle, from both the others named. Instead of being set with vertical shafting, as those are, it is hung like a coach-wheel, on horizontal shafting, two machines being generally hung on one shaft, but each being thrown out of gear at pleasure, independently of the other. Instead of being two feet in diameter, it measures four; and instead of being charged while at rest, the molasses is run into it by a trough while in rapid motion. Being of larger size, and requiring no increase of power to turn it, its makers claim that it is more economical,

and justly so in our opinion. With six-horse power it can clean 400 pounds of sugar in an hour. It is supplied with a small steam-pipe, to be used in bleaching if desired. The brakes used in these three machines all differ slightly; but this is of no importance, as all are excellent. Probably there is less friction with the English brake, owing to the peculiar hanging of the machinery.

On many of the sugar estates, when the owners can not afford the costly copper vacuum-pans and the amount of machinery and charcoal filters which accompany them, it is not unusual to find the old Jamaica train used with a Wetzel pan, or that invented by M. Bour, to concentrate the molasses. Sometimes a small vacuum-pan of the Rillieux patent is used for this purpose, and the molasses purged, finally, in a few centrifugal machines connected with it.

The Wetzel pan is heated by steam. It is a long tank, the bottom being rounded to form the half of a circle. In this tank, which is filled with molasses, revolves a hollow wheel, through which steam passes freely. The hollow drums of this wheel are also full of steam, and placed at either end of the tank, revolving in the molasses. Through their centres passes a large pipe, also steam-filled; and the circumference of these two drums are connected by pipes, about an inch and a half in diameter and two inches apart. Revolving slowly, a considerable heating surface is thus presented to the molasses; and each of the smaller pipes, as it rises from the liquid, carries a considerable quantity with it, which is dripping throughout its semi-revolution, until it plunges again into the molasses. The whole mass of molasses in the tank is gently agitated by the constant revolution of the

machine, and is concentrated rapidly, much more so than over an open fire, but without risk of burning.

The Bour pan is similar in principle to the Wetzel, the only difference being that the liquid is distributed equally over a number of drums similar to those at the ends of the Wetzel tank.

The Rillieux vacuum-pan is of cast-iron, and differs in shape from the copper pans of other makers, the pipes being set horizontally instead of vertically, as in the dome-shaped vacuum-pan. The lower half of the Rillieux pan is filled with pipes an inch and a half in diameter, laid lengthwise, as in the boiler of a locomotive; the upper half is filled with sirup and the steam arising from it. The use of iron instead of copper very much reduces the cost, and makes the pan popular for boiling *miel de purga* in small mills, the same steam-engine giving power to the centrifugals. The only drawback to the use of this economical system is the difficulty of cleaning iron pipes and preventing corrosion.

There are in Cuba, as well as in Louisiana, estates of from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres of cane which use Rillieux's train, greatly to their satisfaction. It is simpler and less costly than that of Derosne, or any other on the same general system as Derosne's, dispensing with the *condensadores*, which are of questionable advantage in that system, and substituting a steam injection-column. For a complete train under the system of Rillieux three pans are required; but, as they stand side by side, and as their shape allows great compactness with large heating surface, they require fewer boilers than the same number of pans under other circumstances.

In the first pan the *guarapo*, after coming from the smaller filters, receives its first boiling, the pipes being heated for the purpose with the exhaust steam of the engine which works the grinding-mill. A dense steam arises, which passes into the heating-pipes in the next pan, and gives heat to concentrate the sirup to 28° Baumé. The sirup then passes into caldrons furnished with the steam coil for further defecation, and thence into the large filters, passing from them into the strike-pan, as in the Derosne apparatus. The strike-pan, or third pan, is supplied with fresh steam from the boilers. The condensation of the waste steam, both for the purpose of maintaining the vacuum and for keeping a constant current of fresh steam in the heating apparatus, is maintained by a small vacuum-engine, a steam injection-column, and a fan for cooling the condensed water. Water being very scarce in many places, it is necessary that the same supply should be used over and over again, and the devices for economizing water are very ingenious. One of the finest mills in Cuba using the Rillieux train is that of Don Diago at Perico, called the Yngenio Tinguaro. It has a train made by Merrick and Sons, of Philadelphia, from which a "strike" of 260 *panes*, or about 2500 pounds of green sugar, can be made at once, and the three vacuum-pans,

each eleven feet long, have respectively 240, 354, and 260 pipes of 1½ inch diameter. The sugar made by this estate is excellent. That of the adjacent plantation, Santa Elena, with similar machinery, is also of superior quality. A new mill at Bolondron, called the San Rafael, has been recently fitted with the Rillieux machinery, and here the system may be studied with the greatest advantage. The sugar of this mill is of very good quality.

It does not always follow, however, that the Yngenio possessing the finest machinery makes the best sugar. This is notably illustrated in the neighborhood of Banagüises, where the adjacent estates of "Habana" and "Alava" differ greatly in the quality of their refined sugar. The "Habana" has the reputation of making the best in Cuba; and as the two estates are the property of the same gentleman, Señor Zulueta, one of the richest sugar-planters on the island, and master of we know not how many Yngenios and *cabellarias* of land, it might be expected that any talent possessed in the one Yngenio would be exerted to improve the other, or that if there was any decided advantage in machinery enjoyed by the one it would be introduced into the other. It is certainly not for want of fine machinery that the sugar of the "Alava" is not the best; for the machinery of the "Alava" is the newest and best of the two, and the estate has in its time turned out a crop of 21,000 boxes. The machinery of the "Habana," on the contrary, is rather indifferent, and not to be compared with that of the "San Martin" or "El Flor de Cuba," in the same neighborhood; and yet all agree that no sugar-planter of that country has surpassed "La Habana." Their loaves are of snowy whiteness, and bear favorable comparison with those of the refiner. The superiority is generally ascribed to better land and better cane; but it is very singular that the adjacent estates, possessing soil of the same character and the same kind of cane—*la caña blanca*, commonly known as the Tahiti cane—do not produce equally fine sugar.

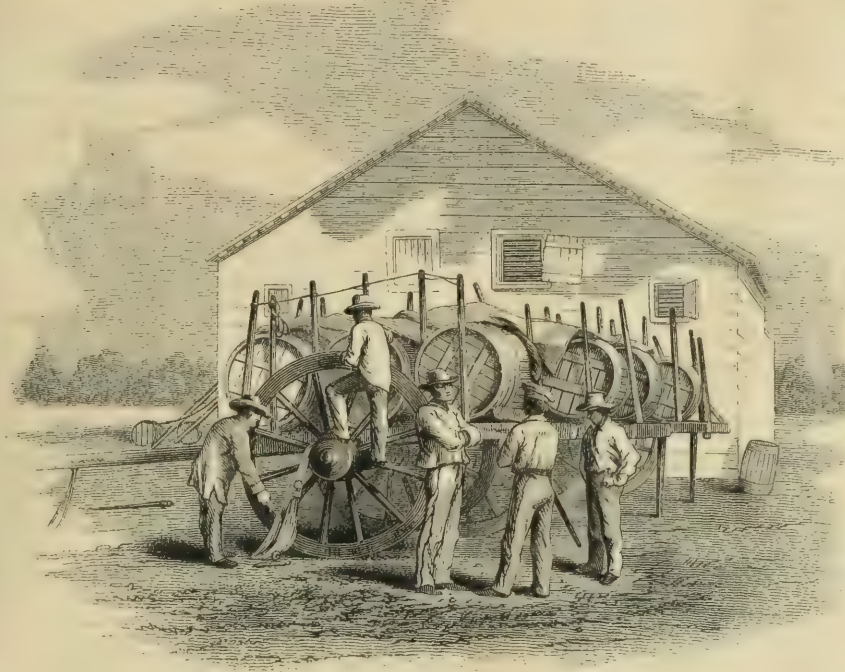
While capital has been lavished on costly machinery, and vast improvements have been made in the manufacture of sugar, the general principles of defecating with lime, filtering with bone charcoal, and concentrating under a vacuum have remained unchanged, although it has long been felt that some chemical substitutes for the present expensive process would be very desirable, and some of the best chemists of Cuba and the United States have long studied this problem.

Any process which would do away with the use of animal carbon and prevent the formation of molasses in boiling would work a great revolution, and Señor Alvaro Reynoso, of Havana, announces that he has discovered such a process. It as yet remains a secret, and but for the high reputation and chemical experience of the gentleman claiming to have made the discovery its announcement would be received with incredulity. Señor Reynoso, however, is the director of the Institute for Experimental Chemistry in

Havana, Doctor of the Faculty of Science in Paris, Honorary Member of the Imperial Institute of France (Academy of Sciences), besides possessing other honorary titles, and has given much time and attention to the culture of the

sugar-cane, having published several able essays on the subject. A man of his character would not be likely to hazard his reputation on a visionary scheme, and Señor Reynoso has claimed that he can produce excellent sugar at one boil-

ing by chemical treatment of the *guarapo* while cold. He claims that no molasses is formed, but after drawing off the impurities of the cane-juice a pure crystallized sugar remains. He asks a large sum of money for his secret, and professes himself ready to disclose it as soon as this is guaranteed. The matter has excited much interest in Havana, and will probably be thoroughly investigated. If it is practicable, and good sugar can really be made without the machinery and capital at present required, its manufacture will be enormously extended.



READY FOR MARKET.

MR. RASPTON'S RESURRECTION.

I.

MR. RASPTON held to the belief that a man should be master in his own house. Some of his sex have consented to a divided sway in life, it being admitted that they reign supreme over their own department, while the domestic world is ordered by their better half. Other more timid spirits have entirely given up the reins of government, and are content to go whithersoever the leading genius drives. For such Mr. Raspton entertained a contempt far transcending that he bestowed upon the meanest member of the brute creation. His was a mind that, like Napoleon's—if it *were* Napoleon—included the minutest details as well as the grand scope of affairs. No cook could lay aside a surreptitious ounce of sugar, no washer-woman pocket the remnant of a bar of soap without being brought to book. Nor did this penny wisdom tend in the least to that proud foolishness which the proverb satirically intimates. It never interfered in any way with the conduct of an extensive business, or hindered for a moment the golden flow of profits.

If there had ever been a time when these traits were unfelt or unacknowledged by his fellow-men, it was far back in the forgotten Past. The clerks in Mr. Raspton's store never read the newspaper or sat by the stove, chairs a-tilt, in the intervals of business. For all spare mo-

ments they found useful work; or, did rare leisure offer, stood erect behind their counters waiting, alert, the advent of fresh custom. The "hands" in his factory were all assembled long ere the bell had given its final clang. The maid in the kitchen, like her mistress in the parlor, ever felt an eye upon her watching all her movements. And Maria Jane, the oldest daughter, would no more have dared to call her practicing done at fifty-nine minutes past nine instead of plump ten o'clock, than she would have ventured any other insane or impossible achievement. She would have known that her father in that high perch away "down street" which he called his office, would instinctively become aware of the deficit, and punish it accordingly. There had been a period in Mrs. Raspton's history when she had offered some faint opposition to the autocratic sway—a period to which she now recurred with feelings such as those with which Mr. Van Amburgh might be supposed to contemplate his former sojourn in the lion's mouth. For, strange as it now seemed to all who looked upon him, Mr. Raspton had once been young and, after his fashion, in love. He had gone through a form of courtship, rigid and mechanical, it is true; he had had a honeymoon, a pale, cold article, but intended to do duty for the real thing. These were the only shams of which he had to accuse himself in a life of stern devotion to practical and actual facts. It was at this time that Mrs. Raspton

had shown trifling symptoms of a will of her own—symptoms at once repressed and stifled by the guiding hand. She was now perfect in her routine. So much money was dealt out to her per week, and from that, she knew, just so much household comfort must be provided, not one pennyworth lacking. A settled sum was allowed for the family dress, and their appearance must do credit to it. Twice a quarter the children were examined to see if the requisite amount of knowledge had instilled itself into their brains, and woe to student and teacher if either were derelict. Oft, with all his rigidity, Mr. Raspton could not fairly be called penurious. His table was well spread; his expenditure in all ways respectable, though not liberal; he had his charities even regulated, like every thing else, with mathematical exactness; was punctual in attendance at church and prayer-meeting; and looked forward without apprehension to the final settlement of accounts, assured that there would be a balance in his favor.

But his family never rested from an oppressive sense of responsibility. Maria Jane and the boys envied in childhood the freedom of every ragged little imp that made dirt-pies or played in the gutter, and as they grew older the feeling varied in object but not in quality. Then, too, both they and Mrs. Raspton were aware that they lived far, far within their income, and each had their little longings and ambitions. Thought was free, at any rate, and speech as well, provided it came not to the ear of the ruling powers.

"What a sweet place the Brinleys have!" remarked Mrs. Raspton, pensively, as she and Maria Jane sat at their work one afternoon. "So complete all through! If there is any thing I do dote upon it is a pretty house and grounds."

"And there is no reason why we shouldn't have them, I am sure, if father only thought so," responded the daughter. "But I suppose we shall stay here as long as the timbers will hold up the roof. No hope of any change for us."

"I'm afraid not. Father would think it awfully extravagant to build."

"I wouldn't ask for that," said Maria Jane, with generous concession, "if he would only fix up this place a little. Put on a wing with two parlors and bedrooms above, and furnish them all up in modern style, and cut these windows down to the floor, and have a veranda across the front, and new carpets and sofas and pictures, and, oh! a thousand things that we haven't and never shall have as long as we live."

"No," agreed the mother. "But it would be very pretty. I always *did* like a piazza. It's so pleasant to take your chair out and sit there when the sun is off; and we could have vines climbing up to make it shady, you know."

"And hanging-baskets," said Maria Jane. "I saw the most lovely trailing plants at Huger's yesterday."

"And it would be such a nice place for the

flower-pots; my geraniums and the oleanders are quite wasted as it is."

"And we do so need new parlors and a spare bedroom," continued Maria Jane. "This is a perfect thoroughfare, and every thing in it so shabby and old-fashioned. A wing with rooms above would just give us what we want."

"Yes," said the mother; "and parlors opening into each other are always so pleasant. I like to look through folding-doors into the next room; it gives you such an idea of space, somehow."

"That's partly due to the tall mirrors," explained Maria Jane; "they almost double the size of an apartment."

"But they're terribly expensive, aren't they?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"We can't help that—every body has them," said Maria Jane, with decision.

"Well—do you like these little figures they have in Brussels now?"

"Oh, mamma, I think they're lovely! A green carpet—not grass-green, nor blue-green, but just the right shade, and then a small, bright pattern—oh!" and she clasped her hands in mute ecstasy, unable to express the rest.

"You would want green chairs then, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, and curtains, and picture-cords."

"Wouldn't there be too much of it?"

"No, I think not—we should have buff walls, you know. Buff and green are such a pretty contrast."

"So they are, dear. And the bedrooms—should they be green too?"

"Oh no!—don't let us have every thing alike. What should *you* say, mamma?"

"My fancy would be maroon. Yes, the front-room, which would be the largest, in maroon; and the furniture rich and heavy to correspond. The back-room simpler—say blue-and-white."

"How sweet! And what sort of furniture?"

"I like carved rose-wood," said Mrs. Raspton, who, once launched in her expenditure, gave her imagination full sweep. Maria Jane was for a moment stunned, as it were, by the thought of such magnificence, but soon recovered.

"How splendid!" she said, with high appreciation of her mother's taste. "And in the back-room we would have enameled; it's simple, but very pretty."

"Yes, and that should be yours, my dear. You keep your things so neatly that you deserve a nice room."

"Thank you, mamma! And we would get wash-stand and toilet china all to match."

"And bed-linen and blankets the very best quality," said Mrs. Raspton, with housewifely care.

"There would be nothing in the other part of the house to correspond with it, though," said Maria Jane; and as her eye fell on the brass-nailed sofa and the great octagonal figures of the carpet, the vision faded, and she came painfully back to the realities of things.

"Where's the use of talking, mamma?" she said, bitterly. "It can never come to any thing, and we know it."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Raspton; "still it's pleasant once in a while. When you were lying in your cradle I used to sit and fancy how nice it would be to have a grown-up daughter by-and-by. Time has brought that true, and perhaps it will do the same with these other fancies." So saying, she turned the conversation adroitly into other channels, and Maria Jane's overclouded brow grew clear again.

The boys meanwhile had grievances of other character. "How I hate a sight like that!" said James to his brother Arthur, as they walked along the street together. "A carriage all polish and silk and silver-plate, drawn by a couple of old crowbaits! I wonder if the man thinks we can't count their ribs through those fine showy nets!"

"Well," said Arthur, as the equipage moved on, "if you like to see things in keeping you've only to look at our own establishment; there are no such contrasts there. I declare I wonder my mother and Maria Jane are willing to ride in the old shell. A pretty figure we make, driving up to the church-steps, among all the handsome turn-outs! I always expect to have my face peppered with mud, down there between the wheels!"

"And all the new carriages are hung so high!" continued James, with bitterness. "It looks as if it had come over in the *Mayflower*. And as for *our* horses they haven't even a net to hide their bones."

"And Jo Bright has such a splendid bay team that he'd sell any day at a good offer. I should think father would *jump* at the chance; but no—he'll go on driving old Spavin and Wind-gall to the end of the chapter!"

"I tell you, Arty, we boys ought to have a horse apiece, and Maria Jane a pony. She's growing up a splendid figure of a girl, and she'd ride like Di Vernon—she's lots of pluck. But she'll never have a chance, nor we either, while the Governor's term of office lasts."

"You may bet your head on that," was the classic response—and the academy gate shut off the colloquy.

As time went on it brought new trials to the young spirits. Maria Jane grew prettier with each succeeding day, and Mrs. Raspton felt that she might be made "an ornament to any circle." She sounded the praise of boarding-schools in Mr. Raspton's ears, and was met by the assertion that no money of his would be wasted on such follies; if Maria Jane couldn't learn enough at the academy she must remain in ignorance. Vainly, too, did she suggest a term or so with the *maitre de danse*, who expounded to the village youth the mysteries of waltz and German; Mr. Raspton at once defined his position—and Maria Jane's performances on the light fantastic toe had to be guided by her own taste and observation. And by-and-by arose another source of trouble. The girl's pretty, round face and

hazel eyes made conquest of Ned Brinley, the most admired of all the rustic beaux. Her set envied her, and wondered at her good fortune; but Mr. Raspton saw the matter in another light. Ned had never settled down very steadily at business, and no idle fop, the autocrat declared, should have the spending of *his* money. The lover was forbidden the house, and Maria Jane cried herself sick without in the least softening her father's iron heart. The boys, too, had fresh troubles. Arthur, who was bent on college, was ordered to renounce that fancy and go into the store—a mandate which he perforce obeyed, but with continued and open discontent. James had taken to business kindly, and Mr. Raspton had great hopes of him; but he, like the rest, seemed destined to cross his father's will, and be crossed in turn. He had fallen seriously in love with Nelly Ray, the child of one of Mr. Raspton's poorest tenants—a sweet, sensible girl, but without beauty or any other outward charm to account in the eyes of the angry parent for his son's infatuation. This affair, too, he at once nipped in the bud, enforcing a seeming obedience, though James declared his intention of taking his own way as soon as he became his own master. Having thus vindicated authority Mr. Raspton calmly pursued his own course quite unmindful of the hot, young rebellion around him. The poor mother meanwhile had no such peace. Into her sympathizing bosom Maria Jane poured all her tears; to her the boys uttered their indignant protests. Among the three the kind woman was nearly distracted.

Things were in this position when Mr. Raspton was suddenly called abroad; some great purchase of iron demanded his personal supervision. No especial grief was felt or feigned by the family. The wife bestirred herself to get his shirts and socks in order, and Maria Jane hemmed half a dozen new handkerchiefs. Twenty-four hours from the announcement of his proposed departure he was on his way, and a day or two after Mrs. Raspton read his name among the list of passengers by the Liverpool steamer. Nothing more could be heard from him for some time, of course, and all resigned themselves without difficulty to their ignorance. For the first time in their lives the children drew free breaths. It was magnificent autumn weather, the woods aflame with gorgeous colors, the sky piled with rich clouds, the air sweeter than Eden. Maria Jane felt almost happy spite of her separation from her lover; she could think of him unrestrainedly at any rate, which she hardly dared do with her father's cold eye upon her. The boys lingered a little at meals, loitered a trifle down the street, or stopped to chat with an acquaintance. Mrs. Raspton's kind face lost its anxious look, and altogether the absence of the stern head was pleasantly felt through all the house. The change in outward act was slight, however, for he would soon return, and the habit of obedience too was powerful.

Twenty days passed by—three weeks—and

some surprise was felt that no word reached them of his safe arrival. Nobody was prepared, though, for what came—a letter from the captain of the steamer, stating that on such a night, it being dark and stormy, Mr. Raspton had fallen overboard, and spite of every exertion it had been found impossible to save him. The circle stared wildly at each other. Could this be true? Father gone! All that strong will, that pervading influence, utterly withdrawn, and that so quietly! Were they never to hear any more than this? No; he had perished alone in the darkness with the wild sea, and out of its depths his voice would never rise again.

II.

"I don't know what to think about it," said Mrs. Raspton. "My own feelings were always in favor of mourning, but your poor father disapproved of it; he said it did no good to any one, and was a large bill of expense."

"We need not mind the expense, mother," said James, gravely. He had taken the direction of matters since the news had come. "It is a question of respect to father's memory, and I think it should be paid."

"I'm very glad you feel that way, my son," said Mrs. Raspton, wiping her eyes. "He meant well, James," she added, deprecatingly. "Father seemed a little harsh sometimes, but it was all intended for your good."

"Yes, mother, I suppose so," he replied, looking back with a sensation of awe to things which a few weeks since had roused such strong resentment. How strange it seemed to be free from that stern control, to be accountable only to himself for what he chose to do! Did he grieve; did any of them? It was not possible to feel the sorrow which the loss of a more tender parent would have caused; but they experienced a great shock, they felt that an event most solemn and painful had occurred. Uneasily conscious of the lack, without admitting it to themselves, they strove to make it up in outward observance and respect. Their mourning was the deepest, their veils the longest that could be procured; funeral services were held in the largest church of the village, and to it the relatives were summoned from far and near. A tall monument of the most expensive marble towered above the plainer tombstones of the cemetery, bearing the record of his virtues and his fate. Many a time during these arrangements did his wife start at their extravagance and dread Mr. Raspton's displeasure; then, as suddenly remembering all, put her handkerchief to her eyes. Her tears did not flow in a hot rush of passionate grief; they welled up gently from a prevailing sadness. And by-and-by she ceased to think of him as Mr. Raspton; he was "Severus" again, as he had been in their young days. She was by nature a little sentimental, but the tendency had long been stifled in her daily conflict with the hard facts of life. Now it renewed itself. She mused with not unpleasing melancholy on the events of their early life and courtship; looked

often at the little pin set with his hair and that of her first baby, whom she lost, and related to Maria Jane various amiable incidents which showed her father in quite a new light. "It's only natural that I should feel it most," she would say; "you and the others are young; you'll have new ties and new interests; but nothing can ever make up the loss to *me*." Meanwhile the neighbors had very different views. A good-looking woman, still rather young, and with plenty of means, she was sure to marry again after a decent interval, and three or four eligible matches were selected for her in a month's time.

The winter went by quietly; James looked into the affairs, and found them largely more prosperous than any one had supposed. Spring came, and workmen were busy about the mansion. The coveted veranda ran across the front, French windows opening upon it, and vines newly set out gave promise of luxuriance and shade in time. By fall the proposed wing was completed, and Maria Jane and her mother went to New York with *carte-blanche* for furniture. A few weeks rendered all complete. The early dreams were adhered to in most items; there were the green carpets and buff paper-hangings, the carved rose-wood and maroon. Maria Jane had the promised back-room where she set her feet on violets and snow, or looked up at walls where azure bells swung gracefully from slender vines. Cord *reflets* of marble, rich hues of Bohemian glass, clear depths of mirror were not wanting. And many a costly trifle had been added; a picture here, an engraving there, rich volumes for the table, or elegant articles of decoration. Maria Jane surveyed the effect with delight unbounded, her mother with a kind of mournful pleasure. "I only wish poor Severus could have seen it!" she remarked, with a sigh. The daughter was silent. She greatly doubted if "poor Severus" would have enjoyed the sight.

Other changes not less important had been wrought. James promoted the father of his beloved to a better place and higher wages, and removed the family to a neat cottage of his own. Many an evening he and Nelly spent together, many a drive they took behind the fine "bay team" for which the boys had longed. Ned Brinley's sentence of exile was annulled, and he was received as Maria Jane's affianced; only it had been stipulated, for her sake and his own, that the marriage should not take place till he were established in practice. Meanwhile he came and went at will, worshiped by his betrothed and by her mother scarcely less. Arthur was in college and doing nobly.

Such was the state of things one late October afternoon, when a gentleman left the train at Bromley station, and, looking about for a conveyance, presently descried one that met his wants.

"Can you take me up to Mr. Raspton's?" he inquired.

"Mr. Raspton's?" said the man, hesitatingly.

"Yes—Severus Raspton's. You must surely know the place."

"Oh, the widder's, you mean." Why did the gentleman start at that word? "Old Raspton's dead, you know," he explained; "lost at sea a year ago or thereabouts."

"I know. I forgot for the moment. Drive fast."

"I'll have you there in fifteen minutes. That your baggage, Sir? It's a good two mile, but I'll land you at the door before you know it."

"Very well," said the stranger, quietly.

"Why does he seem so wrapped up in himself like?" thought Jo Bright. "What's that cap drawn over his eyes for, as if he was just ready to be swung off, and the cloak round his chin? And why can't he look a feller in the face? Fine day, Sir," he added, aloud.

"Very," responded the laconic stranger.

Three minutes passed in silence. As they turned a corner a pretty sight revealed itself; a gentleman and lady were riding toward them. He tall and stately on his fine black horse, she graceful, erect, her face all bloom and radiance. As the pair flashed by the stranger turned eagerly to gaze.

"There's Maria Jane this minute," said Jo Bright. "Ain't she a good one to look at, though? And the young feller with her is Ned Brinley, that she's agoin' to marry; ain't half nor a quarter good enough for her. I'm of the old chap's mind about that."

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a semblance of interest.

They reached the cemetery, its carefully-kept turf still verdant, its quiet precincts solemn with evergreen and the white dazzle of marble.

"See that tall stun up there?" asked Jo, pointing to a lofty shaft that rose, snow-pure, against the dark back-ground of cedars. "That's his monnymment. They put it up this spring as soon as ever the frost was out of the ground; frost heaves a tombstun dreadful, you know. *Wouldn't* he have groaned at the expense! It cost an awful sight. But they had their own head about it, to be sure. 'When the cat's away the mice 'll play;' and this time the cat was away for good and all."

"Stop here," said the stranger, suddenly. "I should like to see the stone."

"Oh, certingly," said Joe, getting down and opening the gate.

"Stay with your horses, if you please," said the gentleman, decidedly, as Joe prepared to accompany him.

The stranger proceeded up the walk, the dry leaves rustling at his tread. Dead leaves, dead hopes, dead ambitions; how well they met together in this place, he thought. He reached the monument. The burial-plot was fenced by iron chains; there was one little grave, the first baby's, with its tiny head-stone. Glossy-leaved myrtle overran the spot, dark pansies lent their purple glow, a mournful willow drooped its long boughs near; all showed loving thought and tendance. He knelt and kissed the little mound, then leaned his forehead on the chilling marble. What solemn thoughts went through his mind

of what might have been, what almost was! what contritions for the past and hopes for the future!

"Friend o' his'n?" said Jo, bursting with curiosity, as the stranger resumed his seat. But he received no answer.

They went across the stream by the foundry, the factory, and the store. The gentleman looked up at the signs on each.

"They've left the old name," he said.

"Yes," replied Jo. "It was a good name in business. Great on that, the old man was."

They drove on till the house was reached—the house with its new wing and veranda, shining with fresh paint, its door-yard glowing with verbena and geranium blossoms.

"Why, what's this? It can't be the place!" exclaimed the stranger.

"All right—here you are, Sir," said Jo, driving rapidly up the graveled sweep which had replaced the cart-worn lane.

Mrs. Raspton was sitting comfortably at her sewing in the amended parlor; through the long windows she could see the hanging-baskets she delighted in, and the gay glint of fall-flowers in the beds beyond. The afternoon was cool, and a bright fire burned in the grate. The crimson curtains, the dark, rich carpet, all wore a look of cheer and comfort; nor was Mrs. Raspton's figure, despite its widow's weeds, at variance with the general effect. Comely and peaceful she pursued her work, snipping off a thread now and then, or glancing out.

"I wish Maria Jane would come," she thought.

"She and Ned ride too long. What's that? Jo Bright. He's brought up a gentleman from the station. Who can it be, I wonder?"

A minute more, and some one came into the hall—the parlor door opened—she gave a shriek and swooned away.

Maria Jane and Ned arrived as James came up from business. The lovers bade good-by at the door with an appointment for the evening, and brother and sister went in together. The lamp was lighted on the parlor-table, and by their mother on the sofa sat a gentleman who had his arm around her. For one moment the young people stood confounded; the next all was a wild whirl of feeling. "Father! father!" they cried—and had no words to express their agitation, their amazement. And their delight? I don't know. They were glad to welcome him back to cheerful day again, to dissociate him from ideas of gloom, to find him once more a part of the active, breathing world. But Maria Jane thought, with fearful misgiving, of the altered house, the costly furniture, and, most of all, Ned. Would her father *ever* allow her to keep him? While James's swift fears ranged to Nelly and the bays, and a thousand other topics. Mrs. Raspton had no such drawbacks. She sat holding her husband's hand in hers, and feeling as if the Severus of her youth had come back to her. Happily the neighbors' prophecies had been unfulfilled, and there was no new im-

age to interfere. She listened to the tale of his danger, his suffering as he clung to the plank which the ship had flung him, his fear, his despair, his last thoughts of home, his final rescue. How those who saved his life had robbed him of all else; how he had been left penniless in a far, foreign land to work his way back as best he might; how he had written letters which, he now learned, had never come to hand; how he had dreaded death or disaster to them in his absence; how he had toiled and grieved; how he was here at last—at home, safe, with an unbroken circle. The wife cried and laughed together, while the children's eyes were wet, and the harsh lines of the father's face grew soft.

"Here, Maria Jane," said Mrs. Raspton, pulling off her widow's cap, "get me a bit of red ribbon or flowers, or something to put in this border; and take off that black dress, and put on your blue silk that you had just before father went away. It's no time to be wearing mourning *now*."

"Never mind!" said Mr. Raspton, kindly. "I can't spare her long enough for that." And the girl remained, looking at her father with more filial feelings than she had ever known, yet wondering, with a constant undercurrent of dread, what he would say when he knew all. What should she do, what *could* she do, if Ned were again banished?

In the midst of these agitations tea appeared, and the wondering domestic had to hear the news, and retire to spread it rapidly from house to house. It reached Ned Brinley among the rest, producing in that young gentleman's mind considerably more than the average excitement.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "Go up at once? That's the most open way, the most manly. But then he might consider it intrusive, and it would work against us. Yet I can't leave Maria Jane to face his displeasure unsupported. They won't tell him the first night," he at last decided; "and early to-morrow I'll have it out. If he keeps his old mind concerning me I must just take the dear girl off at once—if she'll come; and I think she will! I wish he *would* turn me out-of-doors! but no, that would be bad for *her*. I can't wish any thing that would give *her* pain, the sweetest, dearest—" But he can pursue these musings just as well alone.

Tea over, Mr. Raspton began to look about as if noting the changes in the room. Maria Jane trembled as she watched him, but no decrease of graciousness was visible.

"You have made some alterations I observed as we drove up," he presently remarked. "Suppose we go about and see what they are."

"Now is the time!" thought the poor girl, nervously; but there was no use in trying to evade the crisis. Light in hand she led the way, and they all went over the new building so handsome, and, alas! so costly. She saw with alarm a deep seriousness overspread her father's countenance—an alarm that would have deepened had she read his mind. "What!" he

inwardly exclaimed. "Had they no limits to their folly! I could have borne much and borne it patiently, but this passes all! Such extravagance! such reckless, willful extravagance! They thought I was gone"—with bitterness—"and never could come back to interfere. Perhaps they would have liked if I never had."

But his eye fell on his wife's happy, agitated face, on Maria Jane with her pretty, pleading looks. There was a struggle, sharp but short; his brow cleared, and he went serenely through the remainder of the exhibition.

The struggle was renewed in the still hours of night when good Mrs. Raspton slept peacefully at his side, and the children in rooms above woke every hour or so from uneasy slumber to wonder what the morrow would bring forth. Strong, stern displeasure would arise whenever he thought of that extravagance, so contrary to every known wish of his; whenever he remembered the changed lives and plans of those who had hitherto been utterly subject to his will. What hindered him from taking affairs into his own hands again? The house was altered, to be sure; he could not conjure it and its plenishing back to their original state and the money they had cost into his coffers; but nothing else was irrevocably fixed. Arthur might be recalled from college, Maria Jane's engagement broken off, James made to give up that girl without a penny. Or, at any rate, his will could be declared; and if they ran counter to it he could banish them from his house and deprive them of his property. And strongly tempted was he, as he lay there, to resolve it.

But a vision came over him of that dark night a year ago. Of the black waters, cold as death; the agony, the remorse, the despair. In warm contrast rose the bright room of that evening, the glad, tearful faces, the bliss of home regained. Should he cloud it all, bring sullen bitterness instead, make them wish that the sea had indeed never given up its victim. It was a hard conflict and a long.

How it ended we may best judge by looking in upon a Christmas gathering two years later. Arthur, who graduated the past summer with distinction, is an honored guest; so are Mr. and Mrs. Brinley, a young pair in the full pride of health and beauty. Mr. Raspton begins to wear a benevolent-old-gentleman aspect, and his wife is the picture of comely matronage.

"Why are Nelly and James so late?" she asks, going to the window, and looking out with some anxiety. "Oh here they are—baby and all!"

A rush is made for the door, and baby is seized upon and unmuffled; there are kisses and handshakes and all manner of happy Christmas greetings. And when dinner is over, and all are comfortably seated around the fire, grandpa takes the young wonder on his knee and meekly submits his forefinger to the mercies of those two sharp teeth that are beginning to peep through the pink gums.

So let the curtain fall.

POOR ISABEL.

THE gate at the foot of Mrs. Deshaughne's garden slowly swung open, and was closed by a timid hand again, and then a hesitating step went up the crackling gravel. It was the step of a young woman, wavering and uncertain in approach, and pausing every moment or two while its owner ran her eye over the windows that glared at her from behind a lofty screen of blossoming white lilacs which shook their dripping plumes in the gay sunshine and scattered their powerful perfume abroad through the hemisphere of fresh morning air.

The young woman, decently but poorly clothed in black, was something almost at variance with the gladness and sparkle of that finest hour of June; the budding briars, the opening honey-suckles, the twittering birds, all seemed to belong to a different world from that in which she had lived. And so indeed they did; for, in the first place, they were the arabesques, the gay border and marginery of health and wealth and possible joy, and she was born of illness and poverty and pain; and, in the second place, they sung and bloomed and were fragrant in the clear dazzle of American air, and she had never drawn till now other than the humid ocean-breath of English shores.

This young person was rather above the customary height of women, but thin and worn in figure, stooping and narrow, and of a somewhat awkward and angular gait. She had none of the curving contours of her countrywomen, nor any of those peach and rosy tints that so illuminate the massive mould of material beauty. Nevertheless, to an attentive glance, the pale face withdrawn among its shadows, abounded in a peculiar loveliness of its own, though that glance searched twice to find it. The delicate features were as clearly cut as though, instead of being modeled in perishable clay, they belonged to some antique marble; the heavy lids and a slight droop of the mouth gave them a pensive cast, and the eyes were large and dark and mournful, though seldom raised: had the fine-edged lips been of deeper dye, had any flush of pink stained the white cheek or ear, had any radiance blessed the tear-acquainted eye, the face would have been a miracle to look at. As it was, the dark hair waved a little about her temples, thought better of it, and retreated into its shielding cap, and to a casual or inferior eye she presented only a strange appearance, as of something unique for a maid-servant, but scarcely to be coupled with any idea of delight. An artist, a poet, or even a man of culture, might have reveled in the daily vision of those perfect outlines; the clod whom she would probably wed, if indeed she ever married at all, would doubtless think her ugly; the mistress whom she should serve would certainly never look again at that pallid countenance, the wrinkle of suffering dividing its forehead, the dark circles around its eyes, nor give it a second thought in all her idle wanderings of fancy.

The young woman drew near the door at last, and hesitated; it was the grand entrance, pillared and porched; with her old-country ideas it would never do to knock there; she quietly stepped back and found a side-door, and asking for the lady of the house was shown into Mrs. Deshaughne's presence.

Mrs. Deshaughne sat in her summer parlor, opening on the velvety lawn, where the webs of woven dew yet glittered. She fancied she was very busy while she copied out recipes for a cookery-book-according-to-chemistry, whose publication she meditated; for one of her crotchets was that she was a famous housewife. This was the right side of the pattern. If she could have seen the wrong side, perhaps she might have learned that she was an infamous task-mistress.

As the new-comer stood in the door before her she commandingly nodded her in, and then surveyed her leisurely from head to foot, skewering her, so to say, on the gaze. If she secured her services it was unlikely that she would ever fairly look at her again; thus it was well to make the inspection complete at present, but it required to effect it some peculiar qualities that are scarcely looked for in a young and handsome woman.

"So you wish to obtain the situation in my nursery?" she asked, having frightened the girl with her gaze entirely out of what courage she began with.

"If you please, ma'am."

"Are you equal to it?"

"Oh, I hope so, ma'am."

"It is not a question of your hopes but of your ability," said the lofty lady. "Are you strong, are you healthy?"

"I am quite healthy," said the applicant, hesitating over her reply. "I have never had a downright illness, that is."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Perhaps I am not so strong just at the present," she added, fearing lest she had misled her questioner, "being but lately off the sea."

"From where?"

"Out of London, ma'am."

"English, then." The tone said that was good, for Mrs. Deshaughne had begun life by forbidding the daughters of Erin her kitchen.

"You are accustomed to children?"

"Very well accustomed."

"You have had whole charge of any?"

"I had the care of my young brothers and sisters for a year and more, while my mother was away to her work."

"Brothers and sisters! I dare say. That is a very different affair. What was your condition in England?"

"We were farmers, ma'am, till my father was misfortunate, and lost his land. And then—he was laid up, and mother she worked."

"Why was it that you did not go out yourself instead?"

"My hands were full at home, ma'am, with father and the children; and mother did nursing."

"Not very capable then," was the audible commentary upon the full hands.

The girl colored, and looked at the lady of the house a moment, as if she questioned her right to that title, then sighed, and dropped her eyes.

"How happened you to come to America?" continued Mrs. Deshaughne.

"The children died—"

"Died? How? Through any carelessness? Oh, really!" was begun in an alarm of curiosity.

"Oh no, indeed—no, indeed, ma'am! They took the fever; and mother couldn't abear it when they were gone, and we just emigrated," the lifted eyes growing shining and dewy while she spoke.

"Dear me! Well. Yes. And where are they now—your father and mother?"

"They are dead, too, ma'am." And the dew in her eyes became tears that ran down her quiet face like rain.

"Oh dear! That is sad. And then you are quite alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"No followers?"

"None, ma'am."

"And you wish to be a nursery-maid?"

"If you please, ma'am."

"Have you any character?" continued the catechism.

"Oh! I trust there's no one has a word against me."

"Pshaw! Any written character?"

"I'm begging your pardon, ma'am. The surgeon of the ship gave me a writing, ma'am."

"The surgeon of the ship! Now this is too much. He had probably seen you at odd times during two months."

"He was a gentleman from our place, ma'am. He was knowing to our bad luck, and had seen me often in our better days."

"Better days!" said Mrs. Deshaughne to a lady who sat, with a book, in the embrasure of the window beside her, and who had fidgeted a good deal during the dialogue; "I must say it is very disagreeable to order about people who have seen better days. Every body has invariably. For my part, these are the best I have ever known or ever hope to know. If I decide to engage you," proceeded she, in much the same tone, to the young woman, "I wish to hear nothing at all of better days. Let me see your recommendation."

The girl approached the awful judgment-seat and tendered it. It proved to be something more satisfactory than anticipated.

"Hm," said Mrs. Deshaughne, running the jeweled head of her gold pen over her lips. "Hm. Very well. You are twenty-seven years old then?"

"Last May, ma'am."

"Never mind the month. What wages do you expect?"

"Whatever may be the custom I was wishing."

"Yes; of course. But as a beginner, untried, ignorant, I should not think of paying you the same as an experienced nurse. I shall say nine shillings. To be doubled after the first year has expired. Will that satisfy you?"

The girl hesitated a moment. "Indeed, ma'am, I hardly know," she said. "I was—that is—I entered into an obligation to pay the debt of my mother's burial. I am afraid that would not let me do it in the time, and have any thing over."

"Oh, I have nothing to do with that. That is all I shall be willing to allow under the circumstances. As for dress, though, I dare say you could get along with cast-off things such as would fall to you from my sister and myself or Madame Deshaughne."

"That might make a difference, ma'am," said the girl, coloring again, hating to go further, and fearing to find worse, if worse could be. "Will you engage me, ma'am, at that rate?"

"I must think about it.—Can you cook any? Arrow-root, for instance, barley-water, caudle? Let me hear how you make a wine-panada," said the cunning amateur, in hopes of a new prescription from across the seas.

"Indeed I shouldn't be giving it to children at all," was the astute reply.

"Very true. But bread every one should be equal to. Not that you would be called upon to make it, but if you were, how should you raise it, with yeast or with muriatic acid?"

"With what, ma'am!" exclaimed her terrified listener.

The dietetic reformer shrugged her shoulders. "How far prejudice and ignorance can go!" murmured she, to her companion. "Half poisoned already at the sound. We use the acid here," continued she, aloud and maliciously.

"I should think the bread would be sour, ma'am!" was the innocent reply.

"Oh no. Let me see," resumed Mrs. Deshaughne, referring to her tablets; "you say you are good-natured?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't say so. I'm of a quick temper."

"Ah, that would never do."

"Perhaps, ma'am, you'd not discover it but for my telling. I could say that I am patient with children, on the whole."

"That is very bad, very bad. I can't have that example set for Agatha; and as for Arnold, he is a high-spirited child, and I can't have him thwarted."

"Certainly, ma'am," meekly answered the prospective termagant.

"Very bad. I don't know. Are you a good seamstress?" asked Mrs. Deshaughne, as if an affirmative would remove her doubts in relation to the quick temper, and would moreover cover a multitude of sins.

"I've done a deal of fine sewing, ma'am. Lace-work and embroidery. And I earned ten pound flossing flannels one year."

"Is that so?" said the astonished hearer. "Have you any specimens?"

The girl drew a wonderful bit of needle-work from her reticule, and handed it to the lady. Mrs. Deshaughne checked the exclamations that rose to her companion's lips; it would never do to let the creature know how valuable she was. Her eyes devoured it; then she tossed it aside as a trifle; for though she was preparing a great future warfare against dress, embroideries were still her wedge of Achan. "Well," said she, "what did you say our name was?"

"Isabel Throckmorton."

Isabel Throckmorton! Mrs. Deshaughne had something like literary proclivities. It ran through her mind that the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh was none other than Elizabeth of that name—and what was Isabel but Spanish for beautiful Elizabeth?—the absurd coincidence answered for potent argument, settling the vexed point in her mind; and, under the patronage of the noble lady dead this three hundred years, Isabel Throckmorton was dismissed the presence, a nursery-maid of the mighty Mrs. Deshaughne, and Mrs. Deshaughne continued to copy out directions for concocting Flummery and Floating Island, Trifle and Tipsy Squire.

It was not by any means a sinecure that Isabel found in her place. The slave of two spoiled children—subject to every one of their caprices, bathing them, dressing them, walking with them, amusing them all the day long, and by night, so soon as they were asleep, stitching on the endless embroideries with which her mistress kept her supplied, till her back ached and her soft eyes grew bloodshot and bleared—she could count her nine shillings at the close of the week with satisfaction as honestly earned. Of a nervous temperament, interiorly quick and passionate, she was forced, as was right, to keep herself persistently curbed, lest Miss Agatha should follow a bad example, or Master Arnold, who must not be thwarted, should by any accident have his spirit broken; and she became in process of time gently and sadly yielding enough to satisfy Mrs. Deshaughne herself. But every gain has its drawbacks; for no sooner had the servants below stairs descried the hesitating self-surrender and timidity of this sensitive and inwardly fiery creature, than, not to be above the littlenesses of human nature, they took advantage of it in every possible way; so that between high and low the poor, dispirited girl was fairly pushed to the wall, and grew every day more touchingly submissive to Fate—if the great engine can be supposed to impinge upon so small affairs as hers. For encounter with a fresh torrent of such cruel questioning as that she had experienced upon entering this place was something she felt herself, as Mrs. Deshaughne would have phrased it, unequal to, and once established therein nothing would induce her to leave it till the debt of her mother's burial were paid, at least; service would always be service, she felt, to her, be it where it would, and stairs were as hard to climb in one house as another, always provided it were not her own.

One other thing made Isabel's bondage en-

durable; this poor nursery-maid had formed an attachment, and that not to one of her equals, but to the best blue blood of the house. There were two Mrs. Deshaughnes, one regnant, to be sure, the other, as a wicked son had christened her in satire of his brother's marriage, Dowager; but once in a while the Dowager raised her idle sceptre from the side of the arm-chair out of which all day she never stirred unless lifted, and, when the wand fell, the atmosphere of the house had experienced a purification. Her daughter-in-law held the placid moon-faced silver-haired old lady in wholesome awe, and therefore did her bidding, but never said much about it. It was to the Dowager that Isabel had attached herself; she must have something to love, and until usage should have made them dear, even as we hug our sorrows, Miss Agatha and Master Arnold were out of the question. The Dowager lady's apartment, by day, opened with folding-doors into the nursery, and these were usually slid apart only for morning-prayers, but, after she had acquired an idea of the state of things, they were made to remain apart—the two rooms were thrown into one, and the tolerable-and-not-to-be-endured little Deshaughnes were under surveillance, so that only a limited portion of Isabel's arm was subject to their thumbs and forefingers, and Master Arnold's boots were entirely frustrated, if Miss Agatha's pins were not. To this kind but eccentric old lady, for in that dwelling kindness was eccentricity, Isabel owed whatever breathing-space she found; for when it was evident that all the odd jobs which no one else desired to do, but which by somebody must be done, were tacitly imposed upon the nursery-maid, the Dowager, bit by bit, instituted a new order of things, and without exactly becoming a religieuse had Isabel sit and read godly books to her by the half hour, pages that refreshed her when she noted what she was reading, and that slipped off like oil when her mind preferred to wander upon other themes. And when she found Isabel capable of understanding these things, she forgot the distance between their stations, talked to her of the past, since there was no one else to listen and she loved to speak, and first moaned and then jested over her scapegrace son in India, the wild Harry, whom she seemed to love, with the natural inconsistency of womankind, far more than her perfectly well-regulated son George, of the present household; and she would have Isabel ferret out his letters from all manner of inconceivable hiding-places, and would take her great glass and follow along the lines, and read out to her the blackest passages of all the absurd boy's confessions with unfeigned enjoyment, always finishing by the kind of absolution which perusal of a chapter of Holy Living and Dying might give her and him together. And though the Dowager was every whit as imperious as Miss Agatha, Isabel wore her rue with a difference. The old lady at the same time innocently appeared to take fresh interest in her grandchildren, which Mrs. Deshaughne regarded as a sign of the breaking up

of her constitution, since usually she had forbidden them her presence, having designated them as a couple of cubs. But when she had thrown their cages together, as she said, she decided to do the work thoroughly, and so every day took one of them out with her on her little drive; and of course the nurse must go too, as otherwise she would be in fear of her life, she declared—a very unnecessary fear, as their mother and Talleyrand might have thought it. This pleasuring, however, did not last long, for the cold weather came and the asthmatic Dowager could no longer breathe the outer air. She ordained then a summer indoors; the neglected conservatory was rehabilitated, filled with the richest exotics and healthiest vines, and a skillful gardener was secured, who was expected to make the product of the vines pay for the beauty of the blossoms. Here, of course, she could not go herself, unless specially borne, and accordingly Isabel did her behests there morning and night, gathering the baskets of flowers, advising, seeing, reporting, ordering. And if Isabel lingered in such a pleasant place, between the tiers of splendid plants, all odorous and hung with bloom, the kind Dowager had no reprimand for her. And when once that lady herself, having been carried down, had sat for an hour in person in the tepid and half-enchanted atmosphere, and had held conversation with the young gardener there, it would have been noticeable, if there had been any one to notice it, that immediately thereafter Isabel was deputed extraordinary envoy half a dozen times a day with queries and instructions and commendations in the matter of this last hobby of the Dowager's till any body's patience but her own would have been exhausted. Singularly enough, it seemed that Isabel found a pleasure in it.

One day—it was a dull, rainy day in the January thaw when all the world beyond the pane looked dismal—the Dowager, resolved to have even more floral cheer than customary about her, determined, as she said with her bit of irreverence, to get the upper hand of Nature herself—a thing which every one believed the Dowager to have done years ago, as otherwise she must have been long beneath the sod. Accordingly Isabel was dispatched to the conservatory, not only for the usual flowers and ivies, but to see if the marvelous South American plant had yet parted its sheath, and to bring any new-blossomed wonders bodily away to blow a while under her eyes, cheating the weather into believing itself fair, after which the Dowager would have had June in January's teeth.

"What is there new to-day, Mr. Dunyan?" asked Isabel, opening the little glass door and stepping down before the handsome fellow, one of whose glances always made her blush.

"Well, Miss, there's the roses," said the young gardener, merrily; "there's the red ones, I've never seen finer;" but as Isabel did not take his mischief he went on in another vein. "And there's the double yellow roses—it's like those Chinamen to have their roses yel-

low, is it not now? You'll not be having white ones—there's snow enough out of doors."

"And to spare, it seems," answered Isabel, timidly.

"Then there's some lilies, a white Japan; and a chap just blown from the Cape of Good Hope—wherever that may be. Well now, he's worth seeing; cast an eye at his color; 'as a villainous look, 'asn't he? Like a snake ready to spring, if snakes 'ad such colors."

"I've read of their like to the old lady," said Isabel.

"Have you now?" answered the gardener, admiringly. "I'm not much of a reader myself. Perhaps you'd tell me about it some time."

"Oh yes, indeed."

"That would be kind of you. I read the book the old lady—Madame Deshaughne I would say—sent me, and I'd beg you to return it with my respectful thanks. I found it—well—when your gentlemen hundertake it they talk above the profession, and there's little to be learned from them. It's practice tells, Miss Isabel."

"Ah yes," answered Isabel, not daring to lift her eyes in his face. "Has the Dove blown yet, may I ask, Mr. Dunyan?"

"The South American plant, do you mean? The Flower of the Holy Spirit. Yes, Miss, step this way, there it is." And the young man took off his hat as if in homage before the magnificent orchid, over whose scarlet bosom a tiny white dove seemed poising and fluttering, but in reality merely to run his hand through the thick brown curls that shadowed his winning face. "That," said he, "is what I call fine. There's no green-house this side of East River has its mate."

Isabel stood breathless before the beautiful thing that almost seemed to stir and palpitate with life, while the gardener ran volubly on in his nimble praises. Then at last she picked up the basket of cut flowers and slung it over her arm, and Mr. Dunyan lifted the pot in which the Flower of the Holy Spirit bloomed, and placed it in her hands to be carried up for the Dowager's delectation. As he did so his hands touched hers, his face was near hers; something, Isabel was innocent of any knowledge concerning it, made her suddenly tremble, her fingers did not at once clasp over what it had been supposed they would, the pot slid through, dashed on the bricks in halves, the flower dragged its sheer petals in the dust, and with the confusion of escape from such a possibility Mr. Dunyan set his heel upon the stem, and dove and blossom, white and red, were crushed and blended in one ruin. Isabel was faint with horror. As for Mr. Dunyan, he did not love his flowers to the point of tears.

"Gather up the fragments and let nothing be lost," said he, coolly; and in a few moments no vestige of the wreck remained in the pathway, but all had been tossed into a corner and hidden under an inverted basket.

"Oh, oh, Mr. Dunyan! What can I do?

What can I do? I am ruined—I have ruined you!" cried Isabel, in an agony. "She will turn us off!"

"Then somebody else must turn us on," said Mr. Dunyan, quite enjoying himself.

"And she'll be so disappointed. Oh, she counted upon it."

"Never mind, never mind, Miss. I've the mate to it coming forward. 'Twill be out in a week or so. I'll send her word that this one is delayed—that's all."

"I'd not have you be telling an untruth in my behalf!"

"It's the Queen's own truth, no less. And as for that I'd tell twenty for you, Miss Isabel," said the gallant gardener, not meaning a syllable he said.

The color flew so over Isabel's face that for a moment, as it subsided, the gardener surprised himself wondering if she were not pretty. Then she stood pale, and faded, and weary-looking again, her eyes a little swollen and heavy, and he laughed at his fancy. It was only a moment's fancy though at best, for before it ended Isabel grew fairly livid with fear, and, turning, Mr. Dunyan saw the reigning Mrs. Deshaughne at the door, with Miss Agatha swinging by one hand from her gown, and peering at the two out of a pair of satisfied malicious eyes. Without doubt, as his quick intelligence instantly taught him, the little imp had followed Isabel down, and had spied out the evil deed and reported it to her mother. That good lady had risen straightway from the composition, on paper, of a Gooseberry Fool, and hastened to the scene of action, for she prided herself on being one of those careful housewives whose servants always pay for the broken crockery. Mr. Dunyan, then, seeing the cloud on the mistress's face, chivalrously resolved to play the part of conductor to its lightning himself, and immediately putting his best foot forward made his salute.

"I was just telling of a misfortune I have met with, ma'am," said he. "A beautiful plant that I had purchased myself as a present for Miss Agatha, when it flowered, fell from my 'ands a moment since and was ruined."

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mrs. Deshaughne. "I understood that Isabel had broken the new South American plant."

"Not at hall, ma'am, not at hall. The Spirito Santo has not yet come forward; I have it behind there in a warmer spot. Probably it will not fully flower this fortnight. Could you look at it, ma'am?" And the slippery-tongued gallant led the way down the little alley, while Isabel stared in amaze.

Mrs. Deshaughne looked condescendingly at the plant in question, then cast her eyes around, and—woe worth the while—they alighted on the refraction that a broken corner-pane made with a ray of sunshine, and then followed the betrayer down to the little heap just thrown there temporarily and partly covered with the basket; they were hawk's-eyes, perhaps to match

the hawk's-nose between them. She moved forward, displaced the basket, and raised the broken stem and torn, trampled blossom. She held it a moment suspended over her hand, turned and looked at the white, guilty Isabel, flashed her eyes over the dumb-stricken gardener, and uttered their sentence.

"You have told me a falsehood, Mr. Dunyan," said the lady. "You are dismissed from my service."

Isabel turned, warmed into courage. "Oh, ma'am, if you please," she cried, "it was my fault, all my fault! It was I myself that did it. He only meant to be generous, ma'am. He was hiding my blame. Oh, Mrs. Deshaughne, if you would be so kind—if you would reconsider, ma'am—"

"I shall not dismiss you, Isabel, though you have committed a grave fault," interrupted her majesty. "Do not be concerned. Mr. Dunyan will find his wages in the hall." And the morning's work was done.

The lady swept away, followed by the pleased Agatha, and left the two as she found them. Isabel remained silent through terror at the consequences of her carelessness. When at last she dared to raise her eyes Mr. Dunyan was surveying her and laughing. He immediately stepped forward and sent the reserved plant which he had shown the lady spinning through the air.

"She'll not have that neither," said he; and his eye gave a mischievous glance at the trembling girl as his foot gave the wicked toss.

"Oh, Mr. Dunyan, don't do so, please!" exclaimed Isabel, with clasped hands. "I am going directly to beg the old lady's good word. Oh! perhaps she will take you back."

"Be hanged if I'll be taken, Miss," said he. "I've had a plenty of it."

"You can't mean that," stammered Isabel, her heart quaking afresh in spite of herself.

"I mean that I'd sooner go to Coventry than heat any more of that woman's salt," replied he, with a will. "Why, she hasn't a bone to throw to a dog."

"But what can you do? Oh, I have ruined, I have ruined you!"

"Nonsense. What can I do? Why, I can get lodged at Dame Halsey's down at the foot of the road, and do the gardening for 'alf a dozen gentlemen's places at once. I only came here till I could look about me."

"Dame Halsey's! Are you English, then, Mr. Dunyan? I always thought your voice sounded like home."

The young man colored and frowned a moment, then laughed a laugh that showed all his white teeth and lighted up his face like sunshine.

"English!" said he. "What could 'ave put that into your 'ead? I had an English nurse, to be sure."

"Oh!" said the subdued Isabel. "I was in hopes you were my countryman."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss," he answer-

ed, drawing near and still slightly smiling as his black eyes sparkled on her from under their dark brows, and the lashes thick and long as any girl's—"sorry to disappoint you. But I was born in Trevence."

And as Isabel knew no more of Trevence than she did of the Ultima Thule she remained both disappointed and convinced. There was something she wanted to say, but she had no words to say it, and the idea that she could ever be of use to this strong and proud young man seemed to her preposterous.

"If I could ever hope to make it up to you," she murmured; "if I could ever serve you—"

Mr. Dunyan proceeded to gather up such tools as belonged to himself while she spoke.

"Now, my dear," he remarked, "you've said enough. Let by-gones be by-gones." Then he took his basket, hung his blue jacket across his shoulder, and stood towering a moment beside her. "Well," said he, "I'm off, Miss Isabel. Now and then I shall drop in upon you of an evening. I'm going to get my wages at present, and I'll have the last ha'penny, depend on't. Don't you fret now." And the audacious fellow suddenly bent and left the mark of his lips on the white cheek that grew instantly crimson beneath their touch, while its startled owner felt thoroughly suffused with some new, pleasant, unfamiliar warmth, and it seemed to her that a very rose of joy had suddenly bloomed in her heart, and was scattering perfume and color throughout her whole being. It was the first kiss Isabel had ever received from any but her mother; it was strange as delicious. When its second of time was over she looked up and found herself alone, but with the saucy, smiling, bending face of Dunyan fixed indelibly, as it seemed, before her eyes. It never crossed the unconscious girl's mind that all this meant any thing beyond the moment, or had the remotest relation to that first scene of the great drama of life, some part in which, tragedy, or comedy, or chorus, every one is called upon to play. She was sure it was very impertinent in Mr. Dunyan to have stooped and kissed her so daringly, very foolish and perhaps wrong in her not to have resisted him; but then how sweet it was! Poor Isabel!

Blushing and tingling now, she gathered up her burdens and sought the Dowager's room, finding the nursery still vacant, for Miss Agatha was enjoying the fruits of her labors, and had dragged Master Arnold down into the hall to see Mr. Dunyan dismissed with his wages. Isabel at once rehearsed the morning's misfortunes, and the old lady, when she had finished laughing at them, began to pity them. She was a sprightly soul, this Dowager, after the fashion of a past generation that filliped at its sorrows, and she contrived to extract some cheer even from the hard cushions of her arm-chair. When this nursery-maid, to whom she had taken one of the violent fancies that age sometimes takes to youth, was about her, or when her son visited her, she was gay and garrulous as a magpie.

On the occasions when her sceptre was effecting any of its irresistible revolutions in the household she sat upright and calm, and was the moon-faced, placid, silver-haired old lady again, whom you would have deemed a happy angel of peace and submission. It was not, moreover, because she lacked attention from others that she demanded so much from Isabel; for did not Mrs. Deshaughe every morning, in the performance of her filial-in-law duty, read to her the last written page of the Complete Housekeeper's Guide to a Healthy Table? And perhaps the amusement which the old lady derived from the entertainment did something toward helping the insubordination on its account below stairs.

"So Mr. Dunyan has gone," said she. "Very inconsiderate of Martha. Mrs. Deshaughe ought to have known that the first thing the man would do would be to finish the other one. Then, I suppose her temper was soured, making a fool of herself and the gooseberries too. Now we shall have no Spirito Santo at all. You're the only one of us all that has seen it, Isabel, lucky girl! So he went. Did he bid you good-by?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

"How, may I ask?"

"Oh, he said he would drop in of an evening now and then."

"That's all? You bring him up to me when he does. I'll have him over the coals for you. What is that red spot on your cheek—Miss Agatha's *griffes*?"

"It's—it's where—he kissed me there," said Isabel, desperately, first putting up her hand, and then covering the red spot in a universal mantle of the tint.

"Ah, ah, ah, how naughty!" And then the Dowager grew serious. "No more of that, Isabel, my good girl. Keep your cheeks for their owner."

"Who is that, ma'am?" was asked in a slight perplexity.

"You'll know him by his sign-manual on your left hand. Your husband, girl!"

"Oh!" was the comprehensive and shame-faced reply.

"Yes, yes, give the lads their distance. 'Idle dallying never came to naught,' says the proverb, which, you know, is 'one man's wit but many men's wisdom.'" And then, despite her caution, the venerable lady was softly sighing under her breath, "Alas for the good old days when we were young!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Isabel, not catching the words.

"Never mind about it," was the response. "'Twould do you no good. There! Now we'll spend a profitable half hour to hide our folly. Here's a sermon upon the rainbow like unto an emerald. Let us discover how much the man has seen of it. Read now."

Isabel missed Mr. Dunyan as the days went on after this, she had grown to be so accustomed to his impertinent politenesses. The new

gardener was a gruff old Dutchman who spoke scarcely two intelligible syllables, and whose stupidity was a thorn in the flesh whenever she undertook to execute the Dowager's orders. Mrs. Deshaughne also began to enter remonstrances concerning the amount of the nursery-maid's time appropriated by others, and proposed that the elder lady should procure an attendant of her own.

"Very well, then," declared the Dowager. "I'll take Isabel, she suits me. You may get another nursery-maid."

But Mrs. Deshaughne had no mind to relinquish the skillful fingers that furnished her with the best of foreign embroidery for nothing at all, and angrily withdrew her forces from the field.

"She has reached the tart in her list," said the Dowager, as the authoress retired. "As for me, I have only come as far as spice, but that does for snaps!"

It was only a week or two after this that Mrs. Deshaughne was rewarded for her forbearance, when Isabel awoke one night startled from sleep by a bell striking at her ear. It was the Dowager's ring, and she hastened to answer it.

"Light the lamp, Isabel," gasped the old lady. "I am going—to die—I believe. But I should really—like to see how to do it. No matches? Ah! Martha might long ago—have had gas brought in. But there—what odds is it to me when—I am going out!" And her laugh came near suffocating her.

"Don't be frightened, my good Isabel," resumed she, as the girl trembled to look at her. "I dare say it is hard to be alone with—almost a ghost. But then—I never hurt you, living—why should I, dying?—Death—is only a condition. I have been ill. I convalesce. Tomorrow—I shall be well."

"Oh, ma'am, let me just call the master!" cried Isabel, alarmed at the labored breathing, and fancying the old lady's mind wandered.

"No, no—his grief—he'd be sorry—not so sorry as my poor Harry though. George's grief would—disturb me. How could I die in peace?"

"But Mrs. Deshaughne, then?"

"Tush!" cried the dying woman, with her inextinguishable spirit. "No, no, I say, child. Death terrifies her. He is going to swallow her some day. He is her bugaboo. The great giant—that shall crack her bones. Not the great angel that shall lift her on his wings. I dislike being—abhorrent to her—when I can not—retort. Stay here. You are not like a—servant, Isabel. You are—my friend. I hope I—have done you no harm."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, ma'am! Never!"

"Good. There are worse things—than dying, Isabel. If my poor Harry were only here! Ah, my boy, my boy! Put the pillows behind me. Wipe my forehead, be so kind. Pretty soon—I shall have nobody. Think of that, child. Oh, what freedom! Rest and rest. Now—read the prayers for the dying." And

when Isabel finished reading the Amen gurgled in the Dowager's throat, and she was gone.

Isabel prepared her old friend for the grave herself that night; a deed over which Mrs. Deshaughne fairly melted into thanks in the morning, and the glow of gratitude at being relieved from death-bed attendance was still so genuine in the vacuum that would be popularly termed her heart, that when the Dowager's will was read and it was discovered that she had left to her faithful Isabel Throckmorton the sum of one thousand dollars, Mrs. Deshaughne did not utter a syllable of contravention, but, satisfied with her own share, had her husband attend to Isabel's before any other of the legacies. That done, Agatha might pinch and prick, and Arnold tread and thrust with impunity—Mrs. Deshaughne felt that her duty had been nobly done, and there were the subjects of wafers and waffles, and wheys and whips, yet awaiting her attention.

The possessor of such an inheritance, Isabel could readily have become a personage now among the servants had she once dreamed of it. But having paid her poor little debt, and put the balance at interest with Mr. Deshaughne, she never thought of assuming her proper dignity; and, with the natural inertia of a timid mind, remained where she was, supposing every other place would be equally as bad, and forgetting about her fortune. The consequence therefore was, that in a little while her companions forgot about it too, and she was pushed as closely to the wall as ever. So Isabel walked with the children, and ran errands, and did the work of others, uncomplainingly and all day long as before, and stitched lace-work, wheel-work, long-stitch, and satin-stitch, half the night. And now and then, as he had promised, and only now and then, Mr. Dunyañ dropped in at the lower door, and cut Isabel to the heart by flirting with every other girl in the house beside herself; but with her, somehow, a diffidence had lately possessed him, and what all the rest expected as matters of course he dared not offer Isabel. But how was she to know that?

At about this time Mrs. Deshaughne finished the labors of her pen, and proceeded to put her theories into practice. That book was never to go out upon the world until its recipes, each and every, had been tested in her own kitchen and tasted on her own table. That people should exist and perform the routine of heavy tasks on such diet proved, of course, impossible; and then the concoctions were not to their mind. Yet so rich material must not be wasted—where was Isabel? The viands were sent up to the nursery and not expected to come down again. And, growing every day more cadaverous, Isabel was slowly eating her way through the book in miseries of indigestion and panics of sudden death, and not in the least hoping to be alive at the word *Finis*.

Thin and pale and destitute of strength upon this book-worm provender, Isabel was one afternoon, on the edge of twilight, returning through

the lane on a commission of Mrs. Deshaughne's, when she heard a trampling and lowing close behind her, mingled with the crying of drivers and cracking of whips, and found herself at the front of a herd of cattle whose tossing heads and horns loomed through the gray air like the phantasmagoria of a nightmare. Once this would not have alarmed her, now a flock of demons would have been preferable companions in the narrow place. Flight was out of the question; they were swifter than she, and full of their wickedness; yet without flight she would be trodden under foot. There was nothing to do; so after her first scream she pressed close against the fence and shut her eyes. As she stood there, while the bellowing troop drew near, suddenly a voice sounded in her ear:

"Look alive, Miss Isabel, and lend an'and!" and opening her terrified eyes she saw a shadow like Mr. Dunyan on the other side of the hedge, his two arms extended to grasp her waist, and after a moment's doubtful poise in air she also was safe on the other side, and Mr. Dunyan had set his foot in the hole of a decayed post, had fallen, and lay with a broken limb. When the cause of this disaster had passed, and Isabel had seen the last of the tasseled tails whisk in the twilight air, she began to wonder that Mr. Dunyan yet remained on the ground, and speaking to him and receiving no answer, stooped and found him insensible.

Here was an occasion for whatever fibre Isabel had, no wailing nor wringing of hands; she remembered the brook in the field, ran to it and brought water in his cap to revive the injured man, dragged him away a little, with exertion of all her force, that she might straighten the limb whose condition she at once discerned. Then when he had awakened with a groan, she ran to alarm some neighbors, to extemporize a stretcher, and shortly had him at home, and a physician summoned, and had privately fee'd Dame Halsey with a fabulous sum to attend to every want of the patient. After which she went home half broken-hearted, and wondering if she were born to be this man's doom and destruction.

The next day, when it was time for Isabel to walk with the children, she took the tangible translation of one of Mrs. Deshaughne's recipes, sent up at her dinner—for it would have been strange indeed if, proceeding as far in the list as the jellies, not one of the whole number of compounds had been gustable—and staid a moment at Dame Halsey's door to deliver it; for probably even that, she thought, would be an improvement upon the Dame's diet-drinks. And on the following evening, having bribed the housemaid to sit in the nursery till her return, she ran down with a handkerchief over her head just to inquire how Mr. Dunyan might find himself. Mr. Dunyan's own voice cried out in response, "Come in here, Isabel; come in here!"

Isabel hesitated, but Dame Halsey gave her a friendly shove through the door, and she stood beside him and straightway burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Dunyan, I shall be the death of you yet!" she cried, as she saw his flushed face and pained features.

"I dare say you will!" he answered, with a grimace. "But not just this time, unless I die of a broken ankle; which I won't!"

"You'll never forgive me," sobbed Isabel. "I've lost you a place first, and now perhaps I've lost you a limb!"

"Come, I wouldn't be borrowing trouble, you have to pay such bitter usury, I've 'eard. I'll be about in a couple of months, the Doctor says, good as new; in fact, better'n ever, for I'd worn that bone some thirty years, now it's warranted sound for sixty more to come. You call in now and then, bring me your goodies, as you did yesterday, and we'll call it square. I say, was that some of the High and Mighty's cookery? 'Twasn't so bad now. Didn't know she was up to any thing but slops. If she feeds her people on that they fare better than when I was there. Eh, Isabel?"

"They won't eat it," said Isabel, laughing through her tears. "And so I have to. And you can have it all, only you'd die."

"That's a good girl. Give us the dimple again. I declare, Isabel, you're fairly pretty when you laugh."

"Then I'm a fright the most of my time," she answered, still laughing, but with half the mind to cry.

"You've made me feel better already. If my 'ead didn't hache so cursedly I'd shoulder a crutch and see you home."

"Your head? Then you must have fever. Did the doctor leave you any drops?"

"Yes. There they are. It's about time for them now. Perhaps you'd give them to me, Isabel?"

"Yes, indeed," and Isabel counted them out with alacrity, sweetened his mouth afterward, shook up his pillow, bathed his forehead, and left him at last feeling refreshed and restored and ready to fall asleep.

Ofcourse, then, she came again the next evening; for Lucy, the new housemaid, shamed into generosity by Isabel's distress and munificence, offered to sit again an hour with the sleeping children. On her way the cook beckoned her into the pantry and put something into her hands. "There," said she, "you just take that to Mr. Dunyan with my respects. It's some of her draff, to be sure, but then sick folk likes it, and the house must be rid of it. Laws a me! I hopes my nex' missis won't run mad a elevating the digesters. As for this one, she ain't half baked herself, no more'n that dish in the story was—when the pie was opened the birds began to sing—and as for the most of her mixin's they're just about as sensible as that one—pocketful of rye, and four-and-twenty black-birds baked into a pie! Covering my range all day with her meddlin' messes! What's that? For me? Is that another? A fresh fuddle? I'd drop a pinch into 'em that would make her wish her cake was dough, that I would! if 'twarn't

that you have to make 'way with the most of 'em, Isabel, and you're a good patient soul that lets folks put upon you!" And the cook retreated in dudgeon over the remembrance of her wrongs, spelling out as she went the directions for walnut-sauce that the other had just brought down to her. "Catsup indeed!" muttered she, between her teeth. "Catlap would be more to the pint! Well, I've give warning!" And, not caring to hear more, Isabel sped down the field to her destination.

And so for a week or more, constant to the moment, every evening Isabel made a little call on the invalid, never forgetting to provide herself with some welcome dainty, a jelly, or a cream, or a bunch of grapes begged from the gruff old gardener, till at last Mr. Dunyan looked for her coming with eager interest, and experienced actual disappointment if the door-latch lifted after dark and it were not she.

So Isabel came and went, brought cheer and left it, made him more comfortable in her short hour than Dame Halsey did in the whole twenty-four; told the news, lent the papers, brought the flowers in which the young gardener really had an interest; listened to his schemes for the future, and became with all her care and attention no longer the pale, silent, tear-sodden maid-servant in his eyes, but a rosy, smiling person of importance.

One noon when he had been able for some time to move about, though he had had it kept a careful secret from Isabel, as Mr. Dunyan sat in his chair in the sun, he looked up at Dame Halsey stirring round in her household affairs, and said, "Seeing you a counting your eggs, puts me in mind to say that I've nothing beforehand in the world, Dame, not a farthing—a shiftless wretch. You'll have to wait for my debt to you till I get quite about again."

"That's all settled!" answered the Dame, with a fling of her duster over the basket of eggs.

"Settled? How?" he said, turning on her with surprise.

"Isabel," said the sententious body.

"Isabel? What has she to do with that?"

"She paid me beforehand; that's all. The night she brought you home. She broke you, and she must mend you, I suppose."

The young man made no more reply, but pondered silently for hours with a brow growing constantly more vexed and more perplexed, and walked and stood and sat alternately, doing neither three consecutive moments, wearing a flushed and paling face and bitten lip, till at last night and Isabel came.

Isabel wore a little red hood over her dark hair from which she had long since stripped the prim cap, for the weather belonged to one of those chilly days that sometimes surprise the ardent August himself, and whether it were that, or the run in the cool air, that gave her cheek its color, who could say? At any rate, as she approached, the glowing sky behind her, and the evening-star hanging just over her head, she seemed so happy and lovely a woman, so

different from the dreary dismal girl of yore, that Dunyan felt his heart give a throb as he rose on his cane and went to meet her. He paused half-way. "Now," said he to himself, "be a man, and let her alone, she's none of yours." And then his eyes rested on her. "How pretty she is!" he added in his thoughts. "I didn't know I cared about her. Why can't I leave her now, she's good as gold? She's got gold, too. She likes me, that she does. What's that other one to me? what right has the hag! Little Isabel. Ah you red cheek. No, I can't, I can't. By God, I won't!" And when Isabel reached him he stamped his well foot upon the ground, as if to set a seal thereby on some determination.

"I am nearly well you see, Isabel," said he, aloud.

"Ah yes, you can walk," answered Isabel, pulling off her hood, "I am so glad!"

"Are you then? I can't say the same. You'll not be running down of an evening much longer."

Isabel's face crimsoned.

"You think, perhaps," continued Dunyan, then, "that I'll be running up? You think wrong," he said. "Not a step of it."

"You'll forget all about us then?" answered Isabel, with a great cadence of disappointment in her voice. "You'll not be dropping in now and then any more?"

"No."

Isabel shivered as she stood at the thought of it.

"Put on your hood, girlie," said he. "You're catching cold; I saw you. No, I'll not go up to the house; what should I go there for? There'll be no soul I care to see!"

He paused, but Isabel was speechless; if she had spoken perhaps her voice would have been a cry.

"No," continued he, unabashed. "There isn't a soul in that house at present that I ever care to see again. And to tell you the truth, Isabel, I'm thinking of being married."

Isabel said nothing still lest she should shriek; she could keep calm if she could keep quiet; she only gazed at him with great, amazed, despairing eyes, and there was silence.

"Isabel," said Mr. Dunyan, suddenly, "what did you go and pay Dame Halsey for? Heh?"

But he received no answer.

"And what have you been bringing me jellies and sauces and relishes for, and making me comfortable all this time?"

Still Isabel could not have replied. She never had any spirit.

"You got me this cane," said he. "Do you think I can get along with only one cane? I want another. I want one just as high as your shoulder. I want it all the time." He placed his hand on her shoulder as he spoke, and walked, leaning a trifle of his weight upon it. "Why don't you answer me then?" said he. "Why don't you say I can have it?" And he bent to look in her face, and, doing so, saw her lip quiver. "Tears?" said he. "Because I'm not go-

ing up to Squire Deshaughne's any more? Who do you suppose I'd care to see there when you're gone? Would I suffer you to go back and stay there? Who do you suppose it is I am going to marry, Isabel?" And all at once, as the shower gushed from her eyes and her heart, he had caught her in his two arms and was folding her close to his strong breast, and saying over and over again in her ears, "No one but you, no one but you, my dear, my love, my little Isabel!"

On her return that night, having left Mr. Dunyan, who had limped home with her, in the kitchen, the nursery-maid sought her mistress, and announced her intention of leaving. Mrs. Deshaughne looked up in consternation. "Going?" she said. "And only one breadth embroidered of the dress Miss Agatha is to wear at her Aunt Maria's wedding?"

"I can work on it just as well after I'm married, ma'am," said Isabel, blushing.

"Married! You are in earnest? What a foolish girl! What under the sun are you going to be married for? I never can conceive why people in your situation in life marry at all."

"Why does Miss Maria marry?" asked Isabel, already emboldened.

"That is quite another thing. If you are going to take me up in that way, Isabel, I shall not regret losing you. But here you are, comfortable, surrounded by plenty; and there you will be poor, struggling, hard-working, and instead of one mouth very likely a dozen."

"You can do for your own, ma'am, and love lightens the way."

"Well. You will do as you please, I suppose; people always do. I have performed my duty in warning you, Isabel; for you have been a good girl, taking your inexperience into consideration, and I could wish better things for you. Foolish, foolish! However."

Following these encouraging remarks, there was a little jeering among the envious maids in the kitchen.

"Ah, she's taken bad," said Lucy.

"Awful spasms," answered the cook. "It's an epemetic always going round."

"Yes," said the waiting Dunyan, "it needed both my arms to hold her."

"Is she often took that way?" asked Lucy.

"Tell me, girlie," whispered Dunyan, "is it hard to take?"

But the next day it was all amply compensated by Mr. Deshaughne's ringing for her, and after assuring her that he should never forget her kindness to his mother, and bidding her call upon him if she needed help in the future, paying over her legacy, and making up the balance of all she had drawn, so that it lay, as before, a round check for a thousand dollars.

One fine September morning, a month from that day, Mrs. Isabel Dunyan had indorsed her maiden name on the back of the slip of paper, and Mr. Robert Dunyan had folded its proceeds neatly into his pocket-book in the bank as if he had been in the habit of cashing drafts every

day of his life, and coming away, had paid it all over for the little house and garden at the head of the lane; and with a wedding present of the Complete Housekeeper's Guide to a Healthy Table from Mrs. Deshaughne, the two were established in life together.

If Isabel all the days of her life had known only trouble and grief, now in her thirtieth year she began to experience the blessedness of being. They were different skies under which she breathed from the cloudy heaven of her youth; it was a different soil upon which she trod from her previous path among graves. She remembered that it was said there shall be new heavens and a new earth; and when her husband, happy as herself, sometimes paused in the midst of his happiness to forbode, she would repeat it to him, and assure him that if this were not already the millennium, still their delight was so simple and so innocent that it must certainly be eternal. If Robert kept the garden and vines and paling perfect in order and neatness out of doors, Isabel kept the floors and furniture as exquisitely within; it was outside a little nook of bowery beauty, and internally a nest of spotless precision. When the gay-tinted autumn had vanished, and white winter lay on the land, Isabel's well-swept hearth and polished irons reflected the ruddy fire in a thousand dancing lights to greet the husband returning at dark; and her snowy table glittered in the glow as gayly as if its plated ware had been the silver of Potosi, spread, as it was, with none of Mrs. Deshaughne's olla podridas, but with pure and healthy dishes, as pleasant to the palate as to the eye. Often in the long evenings she read to him while he practiced his mechanical skill upon some trifle; or at other times she sewed with a swift needle, and listened to the gossip of his day's duties; or, later, while he sat on a low seat before the falling fire, she came and placed herself on the mat at his feet, resting her head upon his knee, and he told her little incidents of his youth, and hearkened in return to her mournful tale, and promised anew, with tears in his eyes, to make all that sorrow up to her now in joy; and if there were any thing concealed in his recital of by-gone days beneath imaginary sketch and detail Isabel never suspected it.

By-and-by spring came up the round side of the earth, and the pretty white cottage was odorous in the atmosphere of its broad plats and beds of violets, double and deepest blue, from which Robert gathered much income; and Isabel laid their pressed sweetness away in a drawer where she had hidden her latest possessions; for now she no longer sewed on the well-paid embroidery, but garnished little linens and cambrics of her own, with all the art of her needle running riot in snow-flakes and vines and frost-work of fern-like tracery. It seemed to Isabel that never before had there blossomed such a spring—a spring of such gentle and balmy winds, such perfumed air, such shining skies; she almost feared that never would there come another. All the time

she followed her husband with adoring eyes; she found him so strong, so kind, so gay, he anticipated her wishes, prevented her whims, was as devoted to her as the sunbeam is to the earth; every day, beneath that caressing warmth, her heart opened and expanded.

June came, with all its roses, went, and left them lingering yet behind; and when the last of them hung fully blown upon its bending stem, and shedding its fragrant petals slowly down, Isabel lay burdened with unspoken satisfaction and a dearer little rose nestled on the pillow beside her.

It was touching to see the mother then in all those succeeding months. She was like some one who found it impossible to believe in her good luck; and she regarded her baby as if it were a cherub that, for some divine reason, had taken mortal shape a while, but which must eventually escape from her unworthy retention. Nor was the father far behind. He saw a miracle lying across Isabel's lap; he recognized the beauty of God's laws that had created so lovely a thing in his image; and each time that he looked from the dark eyes of the pale little child into Isabel's face his heart filled with a yearning tenderness over her and the gift she had given him. Every day made him a nobler and a better man, it seemed; there was not a moment when he would have hesitated to lay down his life for the sure welfare of the two treasures of his hearth. But in the midst of all his joy a haunting horror beset him: and after any moment of peculiar pleasure, the autumn day when at the close of many weary months Isabel first set her foot outdoors; the afternoon when, returning home, the baby first doubtfully faltered the name he was to wear for her through life; after any such incident he seized his hat and rushed away with desperation, as if it were not possible to breathe freely again till he had walked off some weight, be it of terror, or of remorse, or any agony of apprehension. Then he would return to find the child asleep, and fear that it were dead perhaps, and call for Isabel to make the dark eyes open; or he would find her sitting before the fire with it lulled upon her knee, holding up the tiny pink foot to the blaze till he kissed its five dimples, and laid his wife's cool hand upon his burning cheek and wet it with his tears. If all this meant any thing but excess of gladness Isabel had no dimmest glimpse of the truth behind. She was so content and blest that she forgot all the possibilities of the sinful, sorrowful world. Ah, what a happy, happy twelvemonth flew by! Two years it made, of quiet and pride and delight, so swift that at the close they seemed but to have breathed two breaths.

It was more than Dunyan deserved. And so it became high time for fate to put out a strong hand and crush such a hollow satisfaction.

One morning, an hour before noon, the dinner simmered over the fire, Isabel sat at her quilling-irons, and the baby stood by a chair just within the door of the other room. It had

been an ailing child, and had but lately stood at all, now she could make her way round by clinging to various objects, but had never yet toddled off alone. The sunshine fell brightly in at the opposite window, and gilded the yellow locks of the little girl till her head seemed fairly covered with a glory, and every thing in either room was light and bright and cheery.

Suddenly the outer door of the room where Isabel was burst open and Dunyan entered—entered precipitately, bent and almost falling in, like one staggering. His hat dropped upon the floor, he was pale as death, and his hair lay all wet upon his forehead.

"Isabel, darling," said he, hurriedly, in a strange, thick voice, "can you pack up in an hour?"

"Can I? Why of course I can. But in an hour? What for?"

"Never mind what for. All your things, and hers, and mine?"

"Why, why, where are we going, Robert?"

"To Philadelphia first. Then further."

"Philadelphia!" she uttered, in astonishment. "To live?"

"To live somewhere, away from 'ere. I can't breathe here another day, Isabel. Oh, I am choked, I am choked!" he cried, tearing at his throat.

His voice, his way, made a fearful feeling come over her that perhaps he had been drinking. Yet Dunyan never drank. No, it was no other intoxication than that of intense excitement.

"Robert!" she exclaimed, alarmed, "what can you mean?"

"Come, come, dear! spring to it. There's only an hour," he said.

"But, Robert, your work! And then my embroidery—I was making enough by it to have kept us, nearly."

"You can make by it as well there."

"And all my customers?"

"I'll promise you new ones."

"But—"

"There's no time for words, Isabel."

"Oh, don't look so!" she exclaimed, at his fixed and desperate face. "Surely I'd follow you to the world's end. Don't speak to me so! There, there, never mind it, I'll run up and get your things off first. But what's to do with the furnishing?"

"I've sold the house, Isabel, and all that's in it as it stands."

Often after a blow the first remark is trivial enough to laugh at.

"And the dinner in the pot!" said Isabel.

Dunyan scarcely heard her; he was laying down some bills on the table. "Not quite so much as it cost us, dear," said he. "Only nine hundred; but it will start us fresh. And then we've 'ad two years' wear out of it. Two years' wear! Two years' wear!"

"Oh, when we were so happy!" said Isabel, gathering up her quilling lest any moisture should fall upon it.

All this time the baby, dancing on heel and toe, holding by one hand to the chair, its little curls flashing in the light, had been crying unnoticed, "Papa! papa!" and ringing melodious changes on the sound.

"Ah, my God! look at her!" cried Dunyan; and the child, leaving her support, set one foot before another, at first suspiciously, then firmly, followed it up, and walked waveringly, with extended balancing arms, laughing face, and shining hair, along the sunbeam to her father. He snatched her to his heart. "You are mine! you are mine!" he cried, so fiercely that the frightened child put up a trembling lip. "No one shall tear me away. I will not forsake you! Oh, my darling! my darling! my little child, my only one! life of my life!" and he bowed over her till the tiny hands she pushed against his face were wet with his great passionate scalding tears. In some perplexity Isabel took the child from him and stood her upon the floor. He bent then and kissed her own mouth. "God bless you, my dear wife, my true wife! My true wife before God!" said he; and she laid her head for a moment against his shoulder. As they remained so, Isabel felt the baby pulling stoutly at her skirts; she raised her head and turned. A shadow fell upon the floor. Dunyan had left the door ajar; now it was open; and a woman stood upon the threshold.

A woman, tall, and large, and fair, her cheeks dyed with a deep rose of anger, her luxuriant blonde hair falling in large, short ringlets about her white throat, her blue eyes burning and sparkling over the two—the fury that possessed her consuming the marks of a grosser demon. Once beautiful, now nothing but the incarnation of a vixen and a shrew, the weight of the moment gave, perhaps, to her full-curved and massive figure some of the majesty of a Nemesis.

"Very pretty of you, Mr. Everard, I do declare!" said the Nemesis.

"Who is this?" asked Isabel, indignantly stepping forward.

"I might hask the same," replied the other, holding the door open with the handle of her parasol. "But instead of that I'll tell you. I am that man's wife."

Isabel laughed in the midst of her trouble.

"Just hear her, Robert," said she. "She's crazy, I suppose, poor thing!" she added, in an undertone.

"No more than you be," said the woman, catching the sound. "I've come all the way over seas after my legal 'usband. What if the bans warn't cried for us? The priest bound us; and there's 'is ring hon my 'and."

A flash of terror and anguish smote Isabel. Why didn't Dunyan laugh with her? Could this be what ailed him? Then she hid her fear in an impenetrable disbelief.

"There! that's enough," said she, shortly.

"As it ought to be," replied the other. "I've tracked 'im 'ere, hand a awful time I've 'ad of it! And if there's a Lord in heaven, and if there ain't, I'm that man's wife!"

"Oh, you wicked woman! you false, false woman!" cried Isabel, aflame. "You are telling an untruth. I am his wife!"

"More's the pity, then—for here are two of us. Yes. Don't you put hon your virtuous hairs; there's time enough for that. I was Robert Everard's wife a dozen years ago; hand as for you—but I'll call you no names." And Mrs. Everard magnanimously folded her arms under her shawl and nodded with complacency.

"Everard? Oh, you are mistaken!" said Isabel then, with her crazed brain clinging, like a drowning man's hand, to a straw, "there is no one of the name of Everard here."

"Oh! ain't there? Yes there is; yes there is!" triumphantly cried the other. "Everard's his name at 'ome, whatever Dunyan may be 'ere; and Margaret Heverard's my name. That man," said she, slowly drawing out her arm and pointing the finger at him, "ran away from me five years ago. I've raised 'eaven and hearth to find him. The law's on my side. And now I've got him, and now I mean to keep him!"

"Oh, it's not true, it's not true!" cried Isabel. "Robert, Robert, why don't you speak?"

"And here's my certificate, if that'll do you any good," said the woman.

Isabel seized and tore it into twenty fragments.

"Hoity toity, my mistress! That's your game, is it?" And in reward Mrs. Margaret dealt Isabel's hands a blow with her parasol that scored them. At the sound Mr. Dunyan turned, seized the parasol, and flung it far beyond the gate, took the stout shoulder in his grip, and would have sent its owner after it but for Isabel's voice:

"Wait a moment, Robert. That woman is lying to me, is she not?" And her eyes besought him.

"Why don't you speak, Everard?" said the woman, quietly, feeling the game was safe.

Dunyan's hand fell from her shoulder. He looked from one to the other, from one to the other. Then his eyes seemed to grow to Isabel's, and to her the silence was terrible.

"No, Isabel," he murmured at last, in husky whispers; "she is telling the devil's own truth."

Isabel caught up her child. An instinct taught her to hold it as her shield against the world.

"I am his lawful wedded wife," asserted the conquering intruder.

"And what am I?" cried Isabel.

"What are you?" answered Margaret. "Look in the glass yonder and see. What are you indeed? Look at your stooping, one-sided, lank, lean picture, and think to keep my man away from me!" And she drew herself up like a queen. "A hussy to boot. And that's what you are. For a viper!"

Mr. Dunyan put his hand back on the woman's shoulder, thrust her through the door, and shut and bolted it. And crying out, "I never came all the way from home to give the thing up now. You'll come with me!" she re-

gained possession of her parasol, calmly took her seat on the door-stone, and awaited the results of her conjugal faithfulness.

For a few moments after the door was closed Dunyan stood there, not daring to look up.

"You can not forgive me, Isabel?" said he, finally.

"It was my fault," she answered. "I should never have put myself in your way. I ought to have seen that you were a married man."

How quiet she was! Not a tear, a groan, an exclamation. He half expected her old vehemence and her blind, helpless appeals; that she would be frantic with grief; that he could soothe her, promise her, console her. Then he saw that he should have known Isabel better. How far she had gone from him already! A fresh wave of agony swept over Dunyan, his frame shook with a great tearless sob.

"Oh, Isabel!" he said; "you *will* not forgive me."

"I do, I do—if there is any thing to forgive." She turned away quickly, but soon resuming, said: "We will not speak so of it. We must see what can be done."

"Yes, Isabel, what can be done. I will go away a while—out West, where such things are easy. I will 'ave my divorce. It will be but a month or two. Then I will come back to you, my darling, my own girl!"

Isabel hesitated. Home again, joy again, a happy, honest woman once more of unsullied name, his love, his care, his dear, dear presence! And then certain holy words seemed to illuminate themselves in letters of light before her eyes, and far, far off she heard a voice, like a tolling bell, saying, "Whosoever putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery."

"Has she done you any wrong, Robert?" asked Isabel.

"She! She does me wrong by drawing breath to-day!"

"Oh, Robert, there it is! You must go with her—your wife."

"My wife!" He ground his teeth at the word, and wrung his great, hard hands. "Yes," said he, "my wife. But let me tell you how. A boy of twenty, caught by a woman of thirty—caught as the prey by the fowler. Handsome then, handsome as the devil, she was; and why she fancied me he only knows. But she did—God! she did. Married in a frolic, and trapped and secured—nothing loth then either, not loth till too late. Jealous if I spoke to a jill on the way; after me if I sat an hour at the show; crying out at me with her loud voice the length of the street; taking to the drink; keeping my 'ouse unclean, my food uncooked, my clothes unwashed, unmended, with her pot companions beside her. Ah! ah! she led me seven years of hell, and then I ran away. But every Michaelmas since I've sent her a matter of twenty pound, enough to keep her in any honest way, though it pinched me. And though I sent it to London, it's by that she tracked me. Ah, Heaven! hunted like a hare!"

"Poor boy! poor boy!" sighed Isabel.

"Ah, my girl, I thought you would say so. I thought you would never send me away from you. From you and her, my little pretty one." He picked up his hat as he spoke, and stood fingering the brim like a culprit awaiting sentence. "Isabel," said he then more boldly, looking up and drawing a freer breath, "I'll be rid of this woman, and it shall all go as before between us! you and me? We'll spend the balance of our days together yet."

"Ah, Robert, can you think so poorly of me as that?" she sadly answered. "You and I must part to-day."

"Don't say that," urged he. "Don't say that! You are going to break my heart!"

"No, no, Robert; you have done wrong—"

"I know it. Wrong, most grievous wrong to you, my dear. But I was never meaning you should know—"

"I was not thinking it. No wrong to me. You have blessed me instead. You have given me two happy years I never looked for; all their memories; and—you have given me her to be my delight all the days of my life. You'll not be taking her from me, Robert?" and she looked up at him with wistful eyes.

"How can I lose her? How can I lose her?" he answered, sitting down and burying his face in his hands.

There was a pause—full of noble bitterness. It was broken at last by Isabel.

"You shall have her if you will. Oh, if you will! But 'twill be hard for me to miss you both and to be all forlorn. And yet, poor man—and yet, poor man," she faltered, swallowing great gulps of trouble. "It's worse for you who can't have your sorrow out alone, who won't be by yourself. Oh, good-by, my little lass! There, Robert, take her, take her!"

"To be under that jade's thumb. Oh no. She's safe with you. She's yours." He looked at the child, crowing and capering in Isabel's arms, and in reward she was still a moment and turned—her eyes, large and dark as purplest hearts—ease all gilded in sunlight, shining up at him.

"Oh, I can't go, I can't go!" he cried.

"There's no other way, Robert. You can't stay. It's your duty and your atonement," said the sad-voiced Isabel. "You've done wrong, as I was saying. Oh, I forgive you, but what will God do? Perhaps you'll wipe it out by doing right. 'Twon't be for long—folk are cruel—and in the next world there'll be God to judge betwixt us—she and me!"

She went up to him with the child in her arms; he rose, and would have covered both in one embrace; but Isabel left the baby there and retreated; herself, like a feather blown by a breath.

"Oh already, Isabel?" he said, bitterly, setting down the child. "You're going to forget me? You've begun so soon?"

"It is my duty to."

"Well, then, I'll bid you all good-by together,

you and her and the sun. I'll not see to-morrow's rise I'm thinking."

But as he turned to go, his fingers so tightly locked that they were bloodless, the quick footfall reversed him, the hands were on his shoulders, the face raised to his. "Oh, put your dear arms about me!" cried Isabel. "Oh, for the last time, the last, last time! Be strong, be strong, Robert, as I shall. This life's not all. Oh, God help us! bear it bravely for my sake!"

"There, there, I'll try," he murmured. "God bless you, girl, and forgive me!"

And Isabel and happiness were for this world divorced.

When Robert, half a dozen hours later, sat by Margaret's side, jolting southward in the cars, he waked from a sort of stupor of abstraction, and took off his hat to wipe the forehead on which a cruel moisture started with reviving memory. As he did so his eye was caught by something tucked within the lining of the hat. It was the parcel of bills, the nine hundred dollars received for the house, that he had laid upon the table, and that Isabel must have hidden there while he sat with his face in his hands. He returned them to their place, with a look in his eye that told Margaret what would become of them at the next station. But there were many miles before them ere that could be reached; they were rushing through a darkening landscape, the air in the car was hot and oppressive, he had just passed a period of strange excitement, he was weighed down by a heavy consciousness that wherever he fled from this woman she yet would find him out, and that her clemency alone kept him from the bigamist's cell. Jolting monotonously onward, before that station was reached and left behind Robert was asleep, Margaret had obtained possession of the parcel; and applying to it some generosity, though a curious logic, had sent three hundred to Isabel, and had kept the balance herself—reasoning that, as there were three of them, six hundred was not any more than the share of two.

So Isabel began life again. All that night she kept her baby, a little unconscious cuddling dreamer, close to her cold stone of a heart for comfort; but she refused to think—she was only stolidly miserable, far better that than the acute agony of comprehension. The next day she gathered their clothes together, left the little cottage without once looking behind her, persuaded Dame Halsey to take the child to board, and went to secure for herself a situation as seamstress with Mrs. Deshaughne again—a thing which Mrs. Deshaughne all the more willingly accorded to her because she found a grim pleasure in the fulfillment of her prediction.

If Isabel had been a fine lady now, if she had "Fed upon roses and lain in the lilies of life," perhaps she would have died. But no one under Mrs. Deshaughne's roof was an idler; the Complete Housekeeper being off her hands and

the cook's, she had turned her attention toward thrift of apparel and the invention of a Universal Costume. And, lest that were insufficient, if any of her fine friends were at a loss for the marking of their republican crests and plebeian initials, the transfer of their old embroideries, or the decoration of new ones, Mrs. Deshaughne knew of a poor woman who would be glad to do it all for a less sum than that usually given—the work was put into Isabel's hands and the money into Mrs. Deshaughne's; and the conscience of the latter lady was elastic enough to tell her that, as she had a perfect right to employ her seamstress as she pleased, farm her out, or otherwise, she had also a perfect right to employ the aforesaid money in the purchase of sunshades for the little brown girls of the Zahara. Work, therefore, there was, and plenty of it; and in it Isabel buried herself, while her needle flew faster than her pulses. Not to think was all her desire—to become a breathing automaton her aim. She succeeded at the cost of half her nervous strength. When she knelt down in the morning she repeated her false husband's name, to be sure, but only mechanically; at midnight, well worn, unstrung, and tired to the last point of endurance, all that sheathing of fortitude melted; and, though she half believed it wrong even to think of the man, his mention came involuntarily, and her petitions were full of fervor and tears, wrestling for him in prayer to the pitch of madness. But even then she would lie down at last in bed, feeling that she was but turning over from a happy dream; that she had really only retaken her old life; that she had more than cause for gratitude enough on account of that delicious season to remember. It was only when she saw her little girl that the floods fairly came over Isabel; that the passion mounted and surged over hope and faith and memory; that she felt in agony the difference between herself and the Isabel of two years ago; that recollection gave a keener pang to pain; and then, with it all, wild apprehensions for Dunyan, wild sympathy with his sorrow tore her bleeding heart. But after one of these occasions Isabel worked with such a will, stitched and tamboured with such electric speed, that her mistress recalling it, was perfectly ready to spare her another hour with her child on the next time she asked for it.

Mrs. Deshaughne's will was good; but in spite of it, at last, those fingers had to rest, and then the reaction of all this strain followed fast upon poor Isabel in illness; but even in the delirium at dead of night she hid her face in the pillow, half aware that she was weeping and wailing about a forbidden name. When fever, that great remedy of abused Nature, had finally left Isabel, she would have found it easy to sink away into the reposeful hollows of death had not the child which they brought to her bedside goaded her back to labor and patience, and once more she pricked out the pattern of her life with her needle.

That Isabel had not been turned adrift upon

the summons of the physician, when it was part of Mrs. Deshaughne's principles that a servant sick was no longer a servant, and the poor-house and not hers was the place for paupers, was certainly a wonderful thing; but, in the first place, the head of the house, who now and then made people aware of his existence, would not listen to it; and, in the next place, Mrs. Deshaughne was a woman, and sight of Isabel's little girl, whom Miss Agatha brought up to the house and found great pleasure in dressing and undressing like a doll, melted her principles into compassion; and, once allowing her to remain there, of course the rest was done thoroughly, and she was nursed as carefully as if she had been the first lady of the land.

Naturally enough then, when once more reinstated in her little straw chair, with her sewing-bird beside her, Isabel desired to make her mistress some thank-offering. But what had she in the world to give except her labor, and that already belonged to Mrs. Deshaughne. Isabel looked at her tambour-frame, and felt that it was capable of far more than she had ever demanded of it; but where was she to obtain the material for any splendid design? Buy it she could not, nor would it be befitting if she could. Were there only something of Mrs. Deshaughne's very own that she could ornament lavishly as some sacerdotal stole, her needle would be blest. Casting about in her mind, Isabel bethought herself of a great trunk in the attic, containing old East Indian things, and once belonging to the Dowager, that long ago Mrs. Deshaughne had bidden her empty among the servants, but which she had neglected to do, supposing perhaps that it contained merely a raff of soiled and unsuitable finery, and fearing their sneers, till it was forgotten. Now she determined to overhaul it. It required some courage on Isabel's part to brush away the tribes of spiders who had fastened their tent-ropes to its big brass nails; but then, that done, the lid lifted, and article after article displaced, it proved to be quite as she suspected—a medley of jams and jumbles equal to Mrs. Deshaughne's book, as the Dowager herself would have said—old satin gowns worn to the thread, napless velvets and faded muslins; here a parcel of yellow gloves, there odd pairs of the Dowager's countless slippers; for her tiny feet and hands had preserved their shape to the last, and she had been as particular about their covering as Cinderella's godmother herself could have been; then an untouched piece of damask, a web of sheer lawn, a bundle of letters, with the string broken, a conjuror's handkerchief with the ace of hearts in the corner, a child's doll, a receipt-book, maliciously tucked out of her junior's way, and, at the very last, something pinned up with rusty pins in linen. Perhaps this would be what she wanted, said presentiment; she unfastened a corner, then tore the rest back, ran down to her own room, and spread the thing out on her bed.

It was an India silk, one of those coarse-fibred fabrics without lustre which can be wrung out

of a rain-storm uninjured, probably sent to the Dowager by her scape-grace of a son, valued by her too much to be given away, but thrown aside on account of its inappropriate color, which was the last shade and suspicion of sea-green just before melting into perfect white. Isabel smoothed it out over the foot-board, and watched how unbrokenly it took and blended all the various ripples of light; and as she knew it would meet with no manner of approbation from Mrs. Deshaughne as it was, she hurriedly cut off the breadths by a gown she had just finished for that lady, and locked the rest away in a drawer. Then she obtained permission to walk into town, where she selected her device and her flossy silks of most fine and exquisite hues, and, returning, fastened the first length of the material into her tambour-frame. Rising then every day a couple of hours before her usual time, she gave the earliest sunbeams to her task; and whenever she went to see her child the tambour-frame went too, till at last, surprised to see what pleasure she had found in it, breadth after breadth and the long bodice-piece beside, she ripped from the frame, free and finished.

As Isabel entered Mrs. Deshaughne's sitting-room with the work spread upon her arm, that personage forgot her usual caution, all her recent principles of retrenchment and the livery of the race as well, which had been taking shape in her head, and burst into exclamations of rapture and then of questioning surprise over it. Isabel proceeded to explain; and fearing lest his wife should feel her dignity assailed by a servant's expression of gratitude, intending soon, moreover, to tread the Universal Costume under foot, and glad of so dazzling an ally, Mr. Deshaughne, who happened to be present, hastened to acknowledge the gift in the warmest words warrantable.

Isabel held it out to the light with some admiring pleasure herself. Up more than half of every length, and on all the prominent points of the long bodice-piece, wandered a wild convolvulus-vine, the leaves laid in softest shades of thick rich green, dark under the shelter of the open blossom, the delicate pink of whose cup seemed just wrought to hold the rosy light of morning, and brightly caught beyond upon the shining beards of silver spikes of wheat. "I must have been here when Harry sent it," said Mrs. Deshaughne to her husband, "but I remember nothing of it—do you?"

"I'll bring the balance, ma'am," said Isabel, and went lightly up to her drawer.

Taking the yet faded remnant from its place, and shaking it carefully out, several open letters fell from between the long-laid plaits, probably put there once, after the Dowager's odd ways, to hold them stiff. Isabel stooped to pick the letters up, and glancing at them, saw that they were in the script of the wild Harry. As she did so the name of Robert Everard caught her eye. Robert Everard? Robert Dunyan? What could Harry Deshaughne have to say of him so long ago? Or was it another? Were

there possibly two such? Would it be wrong in her to see when his mother had read her so many others? All this must have sped like lightning through Isabel's thoughts, with its *pros* and *cons*, for she had instantaneously perused the page.

At first the letter seemed to be nothing but one of wild Harry's customary recitals to this confidante whom he had chosen in his mother. But after a few lines the interest deepened, and Isabel read breathlessly. Harry was making his correspondent acquainted with his sundry cronies, and having already delineated several, was sharpening his pen upon another—one who, having been disappointed in some love affair at home, had entered the British army, and was just arrived in the southern hemisphere.

"As if all India were powerless to make a man believe in metempsychosis," wrote Harry, "out comes Kingsbury, grave as a Hindoo, steady as a clock. But consider, he's just wound up. I'll answer for him by-and-by, toward the small hours, and on tick too. Meanwhile, patience, and shuffle the cards; and when Kingsbury turns up it will be with the knave and the deuce, and taking all the tricks in his suit. Abandon the case of a scamp whose pranks you can recite by the hour? A specimen? You shall have it. But take the first that comes to hand, my wicked little mother with her ears pricked for worse. I staid at their place, you know, when I was in England, on my way over. Crossing the fields one night, Kingsbury and I, we came on a parcel of work-people from the town, who had been frolicking all their holiday. They had drunk their beer and the foam had not fallen, and they were a jovial company. Wearing his severest airs, if you saw him now you would think it was we who were the peasants. Kingsbury advanced to them, reprimanded them, exhorted them; and so well did he play the priestly part that before he left he had united two of them in marriage, a boy called Everard and a buxom blonde-haired beauty who answered to the name of Margaret something, I furnishing the ring for the occasion and giving the bride away. And to set a seal on the solemnity, after the ceremony he presented them with a certificate that in the morning they might see the evening had been no dream, and I don't doubt that to this day young Robert Everard and his wife Margaret are living together, blaming or blessing their frolic and their holiday, as the case may be. Ah no, dear Dowager, Kingsbury is worth yet a dozen of those *graves qui font trembler l'Olympe au mouvement de leur sourcil*."

Isabel fairly flew down the stairs, and entering the sitting-room, with the silk in one hand, held up the letter in the other, her white face and blazing eyes like the moon breaking through clouds.

"That rag!" cried Mrs. Deshaughne. "Is it possible you have brought to pass this marvel from that dab of a thing?"

"O Sir! O Ma'am!" cried Isabel, "will you just read this?"

And while she clenched both hands on her furious heart, Mr. Deshaughne, a little wondering, calmly read it aloud to his wife.

"I congratulate you, Isabel," said he, then, looking up; "this letter will perhaps be the means of reinstating you in all you have lost."

"Not me, Sir—oh, not me!" said she, with her melancholy voice. "I can never be a whole woman again. But it sets her right—my little lass!"

"Yet for all that," remarked Mrs. Deshaugne, blandly, "I hope you see that it would all have been much better for you if you had followed my advice."

And that night, having assembled the domestics, Mrs. Deshaugne, taking a magisterial pleasure in the act, read to them the unadulterated passage as wild Harry wrote it, and announced that inasmuch as his previous marriage must be invalid Isabel was undoubtedly the true and legal wife of Robert Everard.

It was perhaps as well for Isabel in the estimation of her companions that the announcement was made so early—for it was only the next day that Mr. Deshaugne, in turn, brought to her another letter, the only one she had ever received, although Fate had ordained that a half dozen years ago the reckless Harry should write that page to no one in reality but his sister-in-law's waiting-maid. By the following night Isabel had reached Philadelphia, and was mounting the narrow stair of a lodging in the suburbs, to which she had been directed.

Isabel paused a moment at the landing, her hand upon the lock of the door, and, finding that her heart beat only more turbulently the longer she delayed, opened it and entered. There was the flicker of a street-lamp cast up the ceiling, filling the place with a gusty twilight; there was a bed upon the floor, a woman crouching in the corner, a dead man on the straw.

Too late for her to tell him what she knew, to hear the reassuring word from him, to kiss his lips to peace, to shut his aching eyes with her tender hand. She had not once hoped in her journey to bring him back to health and life again, had scarcely dared desire it; but she had trusted to sit yet beside him for an hour, to tell him all the little things about their child, to feel his warm arms fold round her once again as her forehead lay upon his heart, to hush him perhaps away from pain to death as she sang a verse he had liked to hear when long ago she idly sang it to her baby nor dreamed of its meaning—

Close, close thine eyes, the night is long,
But day is breaking—
Fall, fall asleep beneath my song
To Heaven's awaking.

In the wildest fear of all her hurrying travel she had only fancied that perhaps the lip would shake, the mouth would fall; but first he would have gazed on her and said, "I loved you then, my wife, I love you now." Alas, that when Isabel kneeled there and leaned her head upon

his shoulder in the old fond way, it could be he that neither turned nor stirred. For Robert, long-worn and weary, had gone to his rest.

But there was no rest for Isabel; neither was there time for tears. The world crowded on her too fast even to let her suffer her desolation by herself. When she had made the common earth dearer by giving to it what she loved yearningly and tenderly best, there was Margaret yet to win—and how could she win the woman unless she loved her first herself? And so Isabel tore for a little the black veil off her heart that she might take Margaret in. But once lifted that black shadow seldom falls again. Sore task it was and sad, but Isabel mastered it at last, and while she grieved one night over the stubborn spirit all at once the woman fell upon her neck and wept.

So Isabel returned to the place that these few years had bound to her with such strong ties that it seemed the one central spot of the earth; and with her came a strange and decent body, clad in weeds, whom no one knew and no one was to know—a haggard, faded woman, exhausted of life, if one had but discerned it, by intemperance and want, the color on her cheek no longer rose or carnation but the dull smoulder of disease. Once more the little cottage at the head of the lane was rented, the child was taken home, the violet beds made ready for the spring, and Isabel's needle—now far more famous than Mrs. Deshaughe's cookery-book—earned the three a generous livelihood. And many an autumn afternoon, when the pale sunshine fell through the golden canopy of the great elm that crowned the house, one could see the strange woman, sealed as one not long for this life, sitting in the door and playing with the little child that darkly looked at her out of Robert Everard's eyes. And Isabel would come and stand beside her till Margaret, turning, smiled up trustingly in her quiet face; and then, taking the child between them, the three would go in and be housed from the evening shades together.

OUR LESSONS IN STATESMANSHIP.

I CONFESS to having brought home a new sensation, and perhaps a new idea—or one new to me, at least—from the ballot-box at the late Presidential election. There was something in the look and manner of the crowd there gathered that was peculiar and most impressive. Nothing, or next to nothing, was said, but the great thing was taken for granted. I found that just after sunrise, when I expected to find the coast clear, so that I could drop my votes into the boxes without delay, a long line, not likely to pass away under an hour, was in advance. The prospect of waiting so long without breakfast compelled a retreat. Two hours later—when it was said that the crowd would probably be the least—I went again, and joined the end of this *queue* of freemen, and in about an hour and a half I reached the ballot-box, some-

what naughtily taking comfort in seeing the rear-rank as full as when I came, and therefore requiring of new-comers the same delay.

What memorable demeanor in that whole company! Every man seemed at once to affirm his own duty and his neighbor's equal right. There was no crowding, no bad temper, no dispute, no profanity, not even any show of partisanship, except in the mottoes quietly presented upon the placards on the two little stands of the rival vote-distributors. The person directly in front of me was a handsomely-dressed young man, apparently a merchant, who barely indicated his political preferences by modestly saying what candidate, in his opinion, would win the day and the White House—a prediction which, as I supposed, proved to be wrong, yet was not in the least offensive. Behind me stood a man in a plain and well-worn dress, with the look of a working-man, quite intelligent and kindly, but with something in his face and bearing that said that life was not wholly sunshine with him. He said nothing as to the candidates, yet I felt quite at one with him on the subject, and was quite drawn to him, when the rain-began to fall and he held over my improvident head the umbrella which he had wisely brought. The only noticeable change in our ranks was made by the approach of an easy, smart-looking gentleman, who stepped up before my front neighbor, and took the place next above, which was vacated for him by the occupant, a plainly-dressed man, who fell back to the extreme rear. Nobody complained of this arrangement, by which a leading German merchant thus secured an early vote by sending his coachman to keep a place for him till he came, for the coachman too was a voter, and could have held the place for himself, and nobody was defrauded. On we passed in tranquil order, and all the proof I had of the presence of the mighty arm of the law was a bland request from one of the policemen near the ballot-box to tell him how long it took for each person to vote on the average. In reply to my remark that the time varied, according to the voter's quickness and the number of questions put to him, from twenty seconds to about a minute, he said that, according to his calculation, ten men voted on an average in seven minutes, which would amount to about eighty-five an hour—an allowance sufficient to accommodate all the voters in the district between sunrise and sunset.

This simple story of facts is given merely to serve as text for the thoughts that are to be presented. The question comes, What does this mean—what idea, what motive, what destiny are before the thousands and tens of thousands of people who meet thus quietly, in this great and sometimes tumultuous city, in unison with the millions of freemen who, at the same time, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, are casting their suffrages that are to decide who shall rule the nation with a royal authority, though without royal name, for four years during this fearful civil war and all its attendant burdens and anx-

ieties? It may be said that the more than Sunday quiet of the city was owing to the military force at hand to quell riot. But not a soldier was to be seen, and no well-informed man can for a moment suppose that the voters at large needed any such restraint, however much it might be called for to keep down a certain ruffian class of inhabitants, or look after rebel intruders. I called at noon on the commander-in-chief of the National troops, and chatted half an hour with him as pleasantly as on any New England Sunday, and was well assured that he had no fears of what was coming, confident as he was that the people at large meant no ill, and that the malcontents and traitors dared do no ill. I confess to being greatly comforted by the visit, quite confirmed in the faith that the nation is sound and strong, and that the sword is in the hands of men who know and love the law, and will not see it trodden under foot.

The explanation of the marvel of this great election lies in the simple fact that our people, as never before, went to the ballot-box as a nation deeply conscious of the solemnity of the issue before them, and transformed from partisans into patriots, and rising above the shifts of politicians into the calm attitude of statesmen. We are impressed as never before with the truth that our people are learning statesmanship, and giving noble fruits of their training. It may be, and doubtless is, true that their conduct was deeper than their theory, and their act was wiser than they knew. This is the case with all earnest action, and there is much in our great impulses that passes our understanding. Yet our people can not be accused of acting blindly, and never has the discussion of great principles entered more largely into public debate than of late. Nor would we exclude either of the great parties from our commendation, for both professed fidelity to the same essential laws, and both held themselves bound by the issue of the ballot. Nothing better expresses our sense of the spirit of the people than an illustration from the great motive powers of nature. The atoms and globes are held and moved by certain elementary forces, and each particle of the crystal, each pebble of the globe, each globe of the system reveals, if we will rightly interpret it, the dominant powers that keep the universe in due rest and motion. Pick up a pebble from the shore, and we can deduce from its history and phenomena all the great laws of the heavens. So take a voter, and analyze the mind that moves him—and the history, idea, and destiny of the nation speak out from him at once. Consider somewhat carefully the National Idea and its practical development in our Manifest Destiny, in the light of the late movement of the people.

What do those millions of men all over the country—from New York to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans—take for granted but the characteristic idea of the nation, of the *Many in One, and the One in Many*. Every man feels that he is rightly among the many, under a

government that claims the many diversities of places, persons, and parties, under the unity of its jurisdiction? He has been educated to understand very well the organic relation between himself and the nation. In fact, every school-boy knows the simple facts that seem to puzzle most of the political wiseacres of Europe, and can read in every national election the steps of the process by which the individual is related to the town, the town to the county, the county to the State, and the State to the Nation. Our bright boys and girls too are learning that this complex relation has been evolving itself, under God's providence, for more than two centuries, or from the very beginning of the American colonies, instead of being the result of a specific compact. In its present form, indeed, the written Constitution shaped our National Union, but by no means created it. The Constitution expressed and embodied the previous dispositions and life of the people, whom God had been forming into a nation, and its authority rests more upon the habits and institutions which it completes than upon the specific compact which it enacts. We accept the compact, but not as a mere bargain between the States, that may be set aside at the pleasure of the parties. Our people do not believe that any paper of itself creates obligation, but honor the paper because of the inherent worth of the obligation which it recognizes. They believe that national life *grows*; that it had been growing for centuries, under colonial neighborhood, French and Indian wars, Revolutionary struggles, Confederate articles, Constitutional law; nor did the growth then end, for nothing stops growing until it begins to die. The nation has been growing these seventy-five years since the Constitution was formed—growing not only in *extent* but in *intent*, or in spirit and idea, and can not deny this fact without abjuring its own life or laying hands upon its own being. Our people are feeling as well as thinking this great truth, and it is idle to try to make them believe that their life as a nation rests upon an arbitrary compact or optional partnership, not upon a providential evolution and a solemn covenant. They believe that nations, like families, are under Divine rule, and that civil ties have as much sanctity as household ties between those whom God joins and man is not to put asunder. It is evident to us that this faith entered largely into the recent contest, and more and more do our people insist upon the first article of true American statesmanship, that we are a nation, under God—and such, under Him, do we mean to continue.

This conviction expresses itself in the calm assurance with which the millions go to the ballot-box without the least misgiving, as the nation's right and duty to be and to prosper. Distance of place serves but to confirm the conviction; and our hearts beat warmly, but not strangely, as we note how closely the remotest regions answer to our own pulses, and East and West annihilate space and faction at one blow, as loyal word flashes from ocean to ocean that

the nation is up and doing, and liberty and law walk hand in hand together. So far as space is concerned, the national domain is practically less in danger of separation than when the Constitution was adopted; and San Francisco is nearer New York in thought, and will soon be nearer in exchange of goods, than Boston was in 1789. Chicago is nearer New Orleans than the Ohio was to the great Lakes at that date; and the whole country now is one as never before, in the growing sense of the unity of its geographical lines and the true fellowship of its commodities. The people are feeling that in territory we are a nation, and rising above sectional narrowness to statesmanlike enlargement.

The diversity of persons, as decided by locality, education, or race, offers a harder problem to the statesman, and Europe gives us over to destruction as being bound to go to pieces through so many distracting and heterogeneous elements. Our people do not seem to have any such fear, but have solved practically the problem of national oneness with such personal varieties. We have taken in foreigners enough perhaps to make two nations as large as our whole population at the Declaration of Independence; and while we can not say that the foreign element has been all that could be wished, it surely has not been our foremost danger; and the two leading emigrant races, the Irish and the German, have done us much good by their agricultural and mechanical labor, while they have marvelously counterbalanced each other by the reaction of Irish clan-nishness and ecclesiasticism against individualism and free companionship. A portion of the Irish, indeed, have seemed to have a mortal and dangerous antipathy to the negro; but this trouble has come to a head and been settled by the riots of 1863 and their summary end. The negro is not to be hunted down and murdered in our streets. Of this our soldiers are quite sure, and we believe that the class that furnished the rioters are also sure. Our people are firm in the faith that mobs are to be put down, and that bayonets and grape-shot are shorter and more merciful medicine than soft speeches or Quaker guns.

The hostility between North and South is the greatest of our dangers of a personal nature, because so many circumstances of climate, trade, and history combine with personal dispositions to set the two at variance. But our people have never believed in any inevitable, irrepressible antagonism between Northerners and Southerners. In old times the two sections mingled freely together, and the great men of both sections had a peculiar liking for each other, as the nature of things prepares us to believe. Since affinities thrive in the midst of contrasts, the reserved, laborious Northerner took comfort in the genial, indolent Southerner, in the ancient days of national loyalty. The one has always, perhaps, tended more to pride and the love of power, the other more to culture and prosperity; but the two got on very well together so long as their interests led the same way, and the plant-

er's power was helped forward by the manufacturer's enterprise and thrift. The same congeniality will return when the cause of discord is removed. Already one obstacle is out of the way, and that is the mutual contempt that had begun to exist on account of the supposed shiftlessness of the South and the supposed cowardice of the North. The two parties have learned a certain respect for each other in the stern ordeal of war, and both have been too effective and too brave to foster any more contempt upon that score. Our soldiers bring back no fierce hatred for their antagonists, in spite of their too frequent cruelties; and our officers have apparently little fear of the rise of amicable fellowship as soon as the Secession leaders are out of the way, and the people return to their elective affinities.

But the negro—what shall we do with him, and how can the nation be one again, with such a barrier as those millions of blacks between the two sections, with the apparent antagonism of emancipation on one side and perpetual slavery on the other? Precisely what is to be done with the negro we do not profess to say, clear as the principle is that he is a human creature, and ought at once to have the rights of person, property, and family that civilization, even in despotic countries, secures to the humblest peasantry. Emancipation is the inevitable issue of the causes now at work in both sections. Jefferson Davis himself has affirmed the negro's manhood and his love of freedom; and the rebel President, by his assault on Sumter and by his last proclamation, is practically the prince of abolitionists, and has struck a blow at the Southern institution that Abraham Lincoln could never strike. Our people have always believed that emancipation would come at last, but they never looked for it or wished it in this way. The enemy hath done this, and compelled the nation thus to free the negro to save the white man. So let it be, and let slavery fall under the stroke of its own friends. Its fall, whether immediate or gradual, must bring North and South together by mutual need; for the millions of blacks must be the curse of the whole people unless they are made the blessing of the whole.

Our people have already settled the statesmanship of emancipation, and are as free from negromania as from negrophobia. They are understanding the negro's defects and excellences very well, and seeing his fitness for the careful training that he needs and accepts. They are seeing that the way to get rid of him is to accustom him to help himself. Our people have never had that disease of *negro on the brain* that has so afflicted the slavery propaganda and their Northern allies, for they have been disposed to let him alone, and have not been eager either to tread him down or to glorify him. The war has given him new consequence, by showing—what our fathers well knew—that he can be a good patriot and a good soldier. Our people are for giving him a fair chance to find his own level. We are in no danger of having him on the brain so long as we give him fair play; and injustice

is always sure to haunt its authors with the ghost of its victims. Do a man wrong, pick his pocket, fire his house, forge his name, or poison his coffee, or even cherish any grudge against him, and we are quite sure to have him on our brain day and night. The only sure way to lay the ghost is to cease the wrong and set it right.

There are undoubtedly immense difficulties in the way of successful emancipation, but they are greatly lessened by recent experiences. It is clear that the negro is more docile than was anticipated, far less fierce and dangerous; and if less proud and intellectual than the average white man, much more mild, amiable, and reverential. It is clear, too, that the Southern horror of destroying the white man's social position by putting the negro on the same level of civil right is wholly idle. Liberty gives every class its proper level; and whatever the negro is or can be, he will be when emancipated. He will be himself, and not the white man. The war is setting this matter right, and no observing man can suppose for a moment that freedom destroys all elective affinities, and confounds all minds and tastes in one indiscriminate mass. In our army, where all are under the same flag, our men keep their social affinities; and character and culture, whether in officer or private, are sure to tell. Our negro soldiers have a character and worth of their own; but they are themselves, and not white men, and they are content to be themselves, with their own associations and aptitudes. It is so here at home, where labor follows its own law, and party passions are silent. No man thinks his social position injured by the fact that our laws protect our colored people as well as himself. Nor do our colored servants claim undue rank because of their freedom. In the country black and white laborers freely meet together under the proprietor's eye, and no white man thinks himself at all in danger of degradation by the company. A few weeks ago, after finishing a rustic tower upon a high rock, to serve as a kind of Temple of Loyalty, that should lift up the banner and cross aloft in honor, I had need of a team of oxen to drag great stones to complete a rough wall along the base of the structure, and no team could be procured but one belonging to a colored man, a small farmer in the neighborhood. He came with his two oxen, and worked all day with our own excellent man-of-all-work, an excellent specimen of Erin, as trusty as capable. The work was admirably done. The oxen were driven skillfully and gently, the rocks were adroitly handled, the chat between the two men was playful and friendly; and when, at the close of the day, the dark man came cheerfully and resolutely along with a huge block of white quartz upon his dray, and deposited it snugly in its place, near the foot of our Union tower, it seemed to me that there might be an omen in the event, and that, under God's providence, it might be the mission of the dark race to finish the temple of our American Liberty and Union by removing the old stigma on our shield, and bringing North and South

into new and lasting fellowship. Our people are willing to believe in some such issue, and the robust, healthy instinct of the nation has never been afraid that freedom could destroy any inherent faculty or taste, or set any race above or below its natural and proper level.

The gravest danger to our national life threatens us from the quarter of party-spirit. Parties, more than differences of places or persons, have been and are our sorest evil; yet, in some respects, the evil has been less than was feared. Socialism has not troubled us, as was predicted; and it is marvelous that there is so little antagonism between rich and poor in our current politics; and the inanities of Communism have no hold of our people. The chief cause, probably, of the quiet feeling between the rich and poor is the fact that there are no fixed classes of rich and poor, but there is such free passage from one to the other, that he who makes war on either class may be fighting against his own children, and even against his own future condition. It is a striking fact, moreover, of our social condition, that the very order of persons who have been thought, from their lineage and condition, most dangerous to our civil order, are very fast becoming land-owners, and showing something of the conservatism that goes with property. As far as our observation goes, it appears clear that our laboring class in the country are bent on owning land; and within a few years we have seen many an acre of ground, with cottages, barn, pig, and cow, purchased by men who, in the old country, would never have aspired beyond a piece of hired land and a miserable shanty. No socialistic terrorism threatens us yet, nor has religious rancor risen to such proportions as to endanger our liberties. Our people have an instinctive sense that religious as well as civil liberty is safe, and the moment they see any disposition to interfere with it they will let the intruders know that freedom has weapons of its own, and knows how to strike as well as how to let alone.

Political parties have come near destroying us; and the present rebellion is the work of a political faction that has for thirty years been preparing for its accursed work. Yet no fair-minded, philosophical man will accuse either of the great historical parties of the country of originating secession. Andrew Jackson was as good a Union man as Henry Clay, and General M'Clellan affirmed the nation's right to defend its unity as emphatically as Abraham Lincoln. The two great historical parties have started from different poles of the same nationality—the first affirming the *one* organism, and the second affirming the *many* members in our national being, yet neither of them of necessity bound to deny the other's position; for if we believe that there are many in one, we must believe that there is one in many. Secession sprung indeed from one branch of the party of the many; but it is not a legitimate growth of that party, for it repudiates an essential of the Democratic idea, and insults and degrades the

many States and people by assailing the unity that gives to the many liberty, dignity, and peace. Our people have seen from the beginning that secession is national suicide, and must be put down. Hence the persistency of the war spirit for four years, and the marvelous indorsement of that spirit at the late election. Neither party at the polls avowed secession, nor intended to favor it; but the political tricksters who drew up one of the platforms basely shrank from declaring openly the power of the nation to defend its life by arms, and foully insulted our slain and wounded heroes by declaring their sacrifice a failure and a folly. Our people would not stand such disloyalty and nonsense. They smelt the rat with their nostrils before they had time to speculate deeply upon the philosophy of the offense, and they would have nothing to do with any candidates who were mixed up with its abettors. Our people re-elected our President for many reasons indeed, but mainly from the best of all reasons, because they believed that he represented the vital, historical, Providential life of the nation; and that, with all his defects, he is a sound, old-fashioned American, and means to live, and have us all live, under the old flag in spite of all rebeldom, even with England and France as its backers. The people are right, we believe; and it was the best statesmanship to re-elect Abraham Lincoln.

He takes his honors modestly enough, and probably understands his position, and what is expected of him. He intends to prove that his Unionism means not the ruin but the salvation of the States, and will ere long show that in the Union, not out of it, even the now rebel States will find a prosperity, peace, and security that they could never win by being torn away from their historical and normal relation. He has proved that the *many* were meant to be *one*, and will prove that the *one* will protect and encourage the *many*, so as to secure to our great future a variety in unity such as we have never before known in the palmiest days of the republic. Our true policy will bring out all positive elements of local character as well as wealth, and in due time it will appear that the very traits that have done us wrong and moved our indignation can do us good and win our admiration. When Southern valor again becomes loyal we too shall be proud of it, and the Stonewall Jacksons of the future shall rank as do the Andrew Jacksons of the past. Even Southern Rights may cease to be an offensive word, and may enlist our enthusiasm and strength, when sought for and enjoyed in the Union, against all oppression and all misrule.

So we believe that our people hold fast to our great National Idea of the Many in One in face of all the differences of places, persons, and parties that seem to threaten it. Their religious sentiment is evidently accepting and exalting this national principle as never before, and singing and praying and preaching patriotism as of the essence of true faith. Our reading of history, our trust in Providence, our discipline

of labor and sorrow, our sense of our mission in God's kingdom—nay, even our study of the variety and unity of nature around us, the law of differentialism and integration, the plainest teachings of God's bounty to us, and through us to the world, all combine to lift loyal conviction into an inspiration, and to make us hear the eternal Word confirming our great habit and popular instinct of nationality, and assuring us that God hath made us, and not we ourselves, and we have no right to abdicate the dignity to which we are called.

Our *manifest destiny* is substantiating our *national idea* by exhibiting its practical development in the great spheres of *industry, government, morality, and religion*. We are not speaking now of any ambitious theories or adventurer's visions, but of the obvious drift of affairs, and of the dispositions and work of our people.

We are a working people, and never since time was has there been a nation in which so many persons have taken a direct interest in the welfare of the country, and identified its welfare with their own. We all believe in getting a fair living; and our industry and enterprise have told wonderfully not only upon our national prosperity but our national spirit. An idea is nothing or next to nothing without some corresponding spirit; and what Plato calls spirit, or the irascible quality, is a necessary trait of the rational man if he would be practical or do any thing in the world. Now surely our labor has been a great school of public spirit or of national will; and while we have been severally thinking of getting a living, and opening springs of industry to please ourselves, Providence, by its own prevailing laws, has been connecting these together, as it connects the rills of the mountains with the brooks of the meadow and the waters of the sea, until what seemed dribbling weakness and feeble loneliness swells into combined majesty, and the grandeur of the all flows out from the little offerings of each. How magnificent is the wealth of the country, and what patience and strength and persistency have entered into the spirit of the people under this long discipline of toil! Power, like substance, is not lost, but only transformed; and what a startling manifestation of national power has sprung from the rising of industrial energy into public spirit!

The *wealth* of the country feels the pulsation of its great heart, and a unity of life is seeking to assimilate its commodities together in a true economy and fellowship. What wonders from the mine, as iron, copper, lead, coal, silver, and gold, come up from the dark earth; and not demons of darkness, but spirits of light, they join hands in benign activity, and distance the legends of magicians by the miracles of their harmonized utilities. Our fields and orchards join them in their ministry, and enrich and unite the nation with their gifts. Our grain, wheat, corn, rye, are all loyal servitors, and bind us to the sugar and rice and cotton of the South by a thousand affinities. Our products make us one

nation as well as our lakes and mountains and rivers and seas, and our political economy is an important part of our manifest destiny. Our people are seeing this; and not only do industrial statistics now enter into common education, but our mechanics' and farmers' fairs and festivals are teaching the magnificence of our resources and the Providential unity of our domain. Even the burden of taxation has pressed upon us the conviction of our national ability as well as need; and the purse is regarded as the loyal defender of the flag. Our laboring class are feeling a new sense of proprietorship in the soil and its products; and the mines of Pennsylvania and of the Pacific coast not only swell our statistics of revenue but animate the courage and loyalty of the people, as if each man had interest and honor in the affluence of all. So let it be, until we work out our destiny to the full, and He to whom the earth with its fullness belongs enables us to see that His will is done in our fullness, and prosperity is the handmaid of humanity and religion.

We take as cheerful a view of the development of our national idea in the sphere of *government*. We have been learning to govern and to be governed for more than two hundred years, and our native American people especially have the hereditary spirit that reconciles liberty with law, and so unites two master forces, obedience and authority, in our loyal temper. The spirit of good government was nurtured in the old colonial townships, and went up through successive steps to the chair of the state and the nation. Never, probably, in history has there been so much schooling in the function of government as here within a century, and a mighty habit of order has been formed that has taken possession even of the rude border regions, and won the wild passions of the rough populace to the restraints of law and the blessings of civilization. California, when cut off from the direct control of the national arm, became a law to herself; and her own people, not a mob but a Vigilance Committee, like Saul of Tarsus, were won by an inward manifestation of the rightful rule to true loyalty, and they carried to the sister States, as Paul carried to the Apostles' college, the commission of membership, which came not so much of flesh and blood as from above. Our national order has been a constant schooling of public spirit, and our statesmen have been the generals of our peace, as our generals have been the statesmen of our war.

Undoubtedly the chief source of our satisfaction in our strong men is in their power to bring out the purpose that we all cherish or do what we all wish to do. A great thinker or speaker charms us by bringing out our own latent *thought*, and the word *comes home* to us, we say, because it touches a chord all ready to be touched. So a hero, whether in the Senate or the field, *comes home* to us by bringing out our own latent *will*, and doing for us what we can not do of ourselves. Our leaders in peace and war lead our *spirit* as well as our *idea*, and while we are proud

of them, we thank them most for their mastery of heroic force, their power to win us by their very command. So now we delight in our great generals, as they cheer, and strengthen, and integrate our own wavering spirits, and the national pluck is embodied and organized in their will. We are no more afraid of being trodden on by them than we are afraid of being oppressed by a great thinker; for the hero ceases to be himself the moment he ceases to be possessed by the public will, just as the thinker ceases to be himself, and loses his charm the moment he sacrifices truth to passion or policy, and private feeling displaces intellectual loyalty. We rejoice greatly, therefore, in our noble generals and their brave armies. They develop powers that are to live in the life of the nation; and our people feel the truth even better than they know how to express it, and believe that peace, when it comes, will find us braver, as well as more loyal than ever, from the permanence of the spirit of discipline that goes from the camp and field to the household and school and Senate. There are, of course, bad soldiers; and war of itself is a sad evil, yet its temper is not selfish, but social and patriotic; and they who fight bravely under the flag affirm the law of the land in every blow, and declare the first essential of peace by the sword. War is the necessary act of government when assailed, and is as justifiable in certain circumstances as the police of our cities, which defends our persons and property by making constant war upon crime. We accept the military discipline of the last four years as part of the manifest destiny of the Nation, and are convinced by it that we have a heroic will as well as a leading idea. We have been laughed at as a set of braggarts half drunk with reveling in the wealth of a land that came to us by chance. We shall be laughed at no longer after such valor by sea and land. We do not laugh at our antagonists, for they too are brave, and are our own countrymen, and are to be again under our flag. We had rather fight with them than against them, and again, as of old, count their blood as part and parcel of our own.

We have no time to treat of our national destiny in its highest sphere, the region of morals and religion; and we must be content with the merest glance. It is becoming every year more evident, that while with us Church and State have been, are likely to be, distinct in organization and function, they are to have great influence upon each other, and that religion is feeling as well as shaping the character of our people and institutions. Recent struggles have brought out the temper of our great churches, and done much to bring them together in a certain fellowship of thought and feeling, if not of name. Take, for example, the most widely contrasted branches—the branches of extreme centralization and extreme individualism—the Roman Catholic and the Puritan Independent, the former with its historical priesthood and polity, its national council and far-seeing con-

servatism and its fixed authority; the latter with its popular will, congregational freedom, subjective mind, and radical temper. How strongly the Puritan Independent has argued and worked and fought for the national life, and given largeness to his method by loyal fidelity. How much he has done to connect the stubborn individualism of which he has been the sturdy champion, with the national fellowship without which individualism runs mad with self-conceit and self-will. The Roman Catholic, with the other prelatical bodies, has helped us perhaps more than he has known by keeping in view the historic unity and progress of true civilization, and never consenting to surrender the integrity of his church organization to party passions or sectional strifes. The Roman Catholic Church, as is the case with all prelacy, has been too timid in some respects, and not all of her prelates have, like Purcell and Timon, spoken out fully the word of humanity and patriotism that the nation craves, and Christendom should give now as of old. Yet Catholicism has done us good by keeping open great lines of fellowship between the belligerents as well as presenting us with noble specimens of generalship. She will do us more good when we, as a nation, study better the secret of her organic power, and master the arts of administration which her leaders have so well understood not always in the interests of liberty and progress. Between the two, the Independent and the Catholic, dwell a great company of thoughtful and well-balanced Christians, who can help the nation vastly in the present need by uniting depth of personal conviction with breadth of vision and force of will, in such a way as to bring out the resources of American character and fulfill our destiny in the kingdom of God on earth. Not in form, but in fact, the American Church is uniting the radical idea of the many with the conservative idea of the one.

We are near some crisis that is to call out the higher principles and powers of our people as never before. We are at war with States who speak our language, profess our religion, and share our history and laws with us. We must subdue their rebellion and reclaim them to loyalty. It is vain to hope to do this, either part of it, by arms alone, essential as it is to wield arms, and not for a moment yield to the sentimentalism that prolongs war by imbecile peace. The religion of the country must affirm the sanctity of the national idea, and exalt the public will by homage to the Supreme will, so as to make even the enemy respect the motive, and discriminate between brute force or sectional pride, and civic virtue or moral heroism. The religion of the country must help on the coming reconciliation by a spirit as gentle as it is brave, as merciful as it is just and true. A great work is to be done in this way, and it is too much to expect of our rulers to do the whole of it, or look even to Presidential Messages, or Cabinet Reports, to say all that the best heart and culture of the people craves. Precisely what is to be said or done by Christian influence we will not

undertake to say; but sure we are that the time is near for a Christian mediation that must leave its mark upon the national life, and show that not only in the age of miracles did living waters flow from the flinty rock.

The American's character itself is to be invigorated, softened, and enlarged, and lifted up, by the discipline of war and pacification. He is to have a certain individualism, but not like the German, who hates organization; he is to hold fast to institutions, but not like the Englishman, who dreads progress; he is to love universal ideas, but not like the Frenchman, who makes ambitious abstractions bow the knee to imperial pride. Independent, steadfast, cosmopolitan, the American will keep the post to which Providence has called him, and his manifest destiny shall bring ruin upon no other race or nation, but serve the welfare of mankind and the glory of God.

Thus, near the 4th of March, 1865, we interpret the cheerful lessons in Statesmanship that are taught us by the 8th of November, 1864.

MAUD MOLYNEUX'S MUSIC-BOX.

I.

SAY what you will, there is something bewitching in the graceful runes of a music-box! One feels as though it were not a senseless machine, but an imprisoned spirit sighing forth its tender heart; piping dim remembrances of falling water, singing winds, green fields, soft skies, and smiling stars, forbidden by the limits of this Bastille it inhabits; one feels impelled to make a desperate assault thereupon, shiver it in atoms, and restore the lonesome little sprite to the delights of the sun and wandering airs. At least it seems strange enough that music—this remnant of Eden, higher than aspiration, deeper than thought, broad as love, the speech of the gods, and silence of stars—should make this bit of rose-wood a temple wherein to perform its mysteries and choral rites. Behold I take the key and let it loose, and straightway, like some pet bird, it returns to its prison, ready to sing yet again at my bidding!

Maud Molyneux's world was shut up in her music-box; on rising in the morning she wound it up and let it tinkle a cheerful accompaniment to her pretty toilet—pity we couldn't all wind the world up to please our whims!—if she "sewed or sang," its melody kept step with glistening needle or gliding verse; and at night the moon and stars looked into her little chamber, and seemed to listen, well pleased, to the sweet measures that lulled her into perfect dreams.

Maud was scarcely of the kind who go music-mad. I fancy music hardly vouchsafed her a sentiment before this box came to hand, though the new organ at church had discoursed psalm and fugue in her unawakened ear. Don Giovanni and all the operatic corps thundered their open-sesame at the gate of this sleeping palace.

What was it, then? What elfin gift, what wand of illusion ruled in this box, that it first should make to her the grand revelation of all grand possibilities in harmony? Let us conjecture! First, then, it was a present. And the donor? Young Eagleston—I have forgotten his Christian name. Ah! now we have the clew, perhaps! Suppose we follow it, and surprise mignonnette in "the round tower of her heart!"

Just before Eagleston went to India, and after having bidden Maud Molyneux a tender good-by—which, after all, was a grain or two unsatisfactory, maybe—the express-man one twilight left at the door an unusual package, whose wrappings, various as a mummy's, disclosed a music-box, the polished surface reflecting like a mirror, while inlaid ebony and pearl arabesqued fantastically along its border. With this came a note beseeching her acceptance in pretty phrase, adding: "Do not forget me until this little instrument forgets its tunes; and when it makes life sweet with its blithe endeavor, believe I am with you in spirit, and that life to me is nowhere else so pleasant!"

During the three years that followed no other message passed between them; perhaps he thought "the least said the soonest mended." I am afraid the prescription didn't answer."

And so it happened that the music-box became the interpreter of her nature, the consoler of emotions, the enlivener of despondency, the Pegasus of imagination, the arrow of remembrance, the axis whereon her sphere of thought revolved, to which all other was but sun and moon lighting it on its infinite way.

Three years are a long time, if you only think of it. One grows gray in less, and weary of conjecture. This may stand as an apology for Maud Molyneux, if she needed one, while sitting in a tasteful sewing-room, opening through the windows upon blooming parterres, the music-box close at her elbow, but silent, a mass of muslin, like fleecy summer clouds, every where about, which the glad wind toys with. You think she is too busy over a new furbelow to care for the box to-day, do you? Last night it was wound as usual, got through one or two melodies with a something wavering measure, swung half-way into—

"The days when I went gipsying,
A long time ago!"—

and stopped. Three years, then, had done something for this music-box. Had they worn it out, or merely snapped some portion easily repaired? Perhaps it had simply lost equilibrium; for when the neighboring belfry tolling midnight awoke her the magical instrument, as if waiting for this *dénouement*, took up the tune where it had been left and deftly finished, then it went to sleep, and no winding or coaxing whatever could break the charm.

While she sat with the afternoon sun at her feet, thinking of—who shall say what?—some firm step crossed the open sill behind, and a young man, maybe a thought bronzed, stood before her.

"Oh, Eagleston!" she cried, springing up, all the work flying to the four winds.

He took her hand and carried it to his lips.

"And you knew me?" curling his mustache.

"Oh, I should know you if you wore the guise of an angel, or came with the stealth of a burglar!"

"A doubtful compliment. Some have entertained angels unawares."

"Are angels abundant in India?" brushing something aside that he might find a seat, which, however, he did not take.

"Not at all; they are an imported luxury."

"Doesn't it seem very queer to be here? Aren't you homesick after living there so long?" in an odd kind of embarrassment.

"No, indeed; it would seem queer to be any where else at this moment. It is as if I had never left this."

"Is it?"

"Yes; when I last saw you you sat just there, your work strewn about as now—I have shrined you so in my thought. When tired and homesick I always found you here, in the cool of the falling day, busy with your shining fabrics. Have you never finished that piece of nonsense?"

Speaking, he stooped to gather up the scattered muslin, brought it to her, laid it in her arms, and looked in her eyes.

"This?—oh, this—is quite another affair"—shrinkingly—"no nonsense! Do you know I am making my wedding-dress!"

"That is just what I came to ask you to do."

She dropped her face in her hands, and for a breathing space was speechless, then:

"Next week I shall marry Mr. Ollendorff. The marriage contract is signed, the guests invited; see! this is his ring. You have come—"

"Too late! And yet you love me?"

There was no reply.

"Do you ever expect to care—for him?"

"I must try. He is kind, he loves me, and my mother adores him."

"And you?"

"And I?—I must not answer."

"And you?" with stern imperiousness.

"Half an hour since I should have thought it made no odds to me."

"You had then grown indifferent?"

"Or at least proud. Oh, why did you not speak before! how should I know? Surely it was right to smother the blaze when the guest delayed!"

He ground his teeth, taking a turn across the room. How young they were, reader!

"Yes, if you have absolutely resolved to make this sacrifice, for Heaven's sake perfect it! Oh, my love, you were sold under the hammer, and I was not here!"

A door swung open and Mrs. Molyneux appeared, a shimmer of lace across her arms.

"Maud, how deep— Oh! Eagleston; what a stranger! When did you arrive? I want to know, Maud, how deep you will have the hem of your veil? Perhaps you're not aware, Eagleston, that we are going to marry our little girl?"

"I have been informed."

Mrs. Molyneux, cold and sharp as a Damascus blade, and as penetrative, saw at a glance that a squall had but half blown over, and believed it the better part of valor to withdraw, lest it should expend its energy upon her devoted head.

This marriage madame had planned, manoeuvred for, raised heaven and earth to compass; its object was intelligent, handsome, and wealthy. Judge then if, at the very point of victory, she was not discomfited to find Blucher in the field? She had of old regarded Eagleston as a dangerous foe, and was heartily glad when he turned his face toward the rising sun. Years before, as they strolled through the garden arcades, or when young Eagleston brought his ponies for a canter, Mr. Molyneux would remark:

"A fine couple—nothing better!" To which his wife would answer:

"Don't be a fool, Molyneux! Maud is a beauty, and must make a match!"

"Matches are made in heaven." Than which Mr. Molyneux should have known better, since he was junior in a match-manufactory—where, perhaps, madame acted the senior, judging from her capacities in that branch. One thing is certain, Mr. Molyneux had found his match here below, and it had proved a lucifer.

The anxious mother disappeared, and Eagleston returned to the charge.

"There is one chance left us—we can fly," he said; "two hours and twilight will abet us. You can walk to the garden-gate opening from the honey-suckle alley; and contracts, and auction-sales, and the whole diabolical crew, will count as nothing in our programme!"

"Eagleston! Eagleston!" she sobbed, "do not tempt me! I have pledged my word, my sacred honor;—and think of my poor disappointed mother! Do not conjure such bewildering visions, or I may forget what is right, I am so weak!"

"Then there is no reprieve. You are simply too weak to make a just decision. Oh love, forgive me! I do not mean to reproach you—that belongs to me! I am not master of my words. I will go!"

She stood up waveringly to bid adieu, both hands resting on the mute music-box, the wedding muslin across one arm.

"And will you not come to my wedding—and—eat my cake?"

"Certainly not; it would choke me!"

Her scalding tears fell upon the pretty polish of the music-box.

"Oh my darling box! tears will stain you!" she sighed, with a funny practicality in the midst of all. "I shall have nothing else to comfort me by-and-by!" And brushing them away with the bridal attire she drew Eagleston's attention.

"Ah! your music-box. Where are its songs?"

"It has been very sweet and patient. I have tried it long; but yesterday it broke, and will sing no more."

"A tell-tale box. You forget your lover, your own divine accord; and this little machine advertises the fact by forgetting too."

"Eagleston, you are cruel! Though I am almost the same as another's wife, I will confess that not for one moment have I forgotten you, and Heaven knows if I ever shall! Go. It is you must help me to what I most deplore!"

She gave him a hand to kiss, watched him pass through the garden, lost him behind the shrubbery and into the wide world.

II.

And so there was a wedding at Mr. Molyneux's. One wonders what sort of a knot is tied on these occasions. Certainly not the far-famed, indissoluble fantasy of song and story—the true-lover's knot? Then not the wonderful Gordian?—Stay! this must be the very thing, since our magistrates sunder it so easily with the Sword of Justice! Fie, Justice! do you lend your doughty weapon to such one-sided conflict?

I beg Mr. Ollendorff's pardon—peace to his ashes!—for these strictures upon what Mrs. Molyneux considered one of the sublimest matches of the century. You know there are some men who seem to squint at every subject, themselves included; and not being near-sighted, it distorts instead of clearing their vision. How should he know he was not the suitable *parti* for blooming youth, when hundreds of managing parents dinned into his unsuspecting ears his unsuspected excellences—his preserved youth, his resistless fascinations, his fabulous learning; so sugar-coated him with subtle flat-teries and gilded with courteous blandishments, that he came to fancy himself fit to be prescribed as cure for the heart-disease of the prettiest girl in Christendom? 'Twasn't his fault, and I don't blame him for it. What I contend for is this—Where were the rosy dimples, the glinting eyes, the soft white hands of twenty-five years back? Where the pretty girls he danced and sang and coquetted with so long ago as that? For shame, at fifty to be celebrating your wedding-day, and not a silver one at that, Mrs. Molyneux to the contrary notwithstanding! I simply call you, Mr. Ollendorff, to account for the true and warm hearts slighted in auld lang syne; I don't mean to charge you with any *particular* breach of promise, but there have been twenty odd years in which you might have wooed, won, and worn, and have left Maud and Eagleston to follow your illustrious example, instead of coming in as marplot of their felicity! And therefore, with regret, I say, I believe to my heart that the eyes you should have brightened, the cheeks that should have blossomed at your coming, have faded and grown dim awaiting.

Very probably Mr. Ollendorff at twenty-five was quite a different specimen of man from that which his friends found him to be at fifty; *gauche* in manners, cadaverous in countenance, monosyllabic in conversation, distressingly industrious, continually out of pocket, and occasionally

out at elbow; but the last twenty-five years had proved the wand of enchantment, divested him of rags and ravelings, and tricked him up in all the elegant elaborations of a wise and wealthy gentleman. Maybe he had been too deeply engrossed in dollars and cents to remember the possibility or feel the need of what most men seek first; now at fifty, with a fortune ready at hand, he suddenly found necessary some one to spend it; so he withdrew from business and set himself soberly to cultivating that rare exotic which the puzzle-book declares is to be found only in the dictionary. Happiness is a stubborn recluse; try to draw her out, and she is worse than a molar tooth. She will not be looked out of countenance, nor coaxed into quarters, nor surprised at her post, nor outflanked, nor taken by siege; but lay down your arms, make as though you can do without her favor, and in a trice she has enlisted under your banner and become your bosom friend! Never expect her or she will keep you waiting, and proffer the cold shoulder where you anticipate the festive feast.

Thus Mr. Ollendorff came to look upon the daughters of men and found that they were fair; and as the courtship was so ably conducted by Mrs. Molyneux, with slight skirmishes from his part on the outskirts of the subject, he slid comfortably and unsuspectingly from the gloomy solitude of a bachelor into the stately groove of marriage.

Maud Molyneux found in the morning paper a paragraph which matches that of her marriage directly above; it was a list of passengers in the steamer for India, and the first name was Eagleston!

"He will die in India," she thought, "and I shall die here presently; we shall never see each other again!"

Horridly improper! and I will agree with you. But one can't always command one's thoughts and make them skip along in pleasant places, with never a stupid stile or noisy beck to turn them aside!

The twisted cordon of "What will folks say?" fetters woman hand and foot; and though she be born tongue-tied too, all the lords of creation, with all their statutes and powers, can no more control her thoughts or bind them to one circumscribed sphere than a cobweb can hold together a crumbling building. However new and startling this tongue-tied theory may appear, you know all reform is subversive of worn-out creeds.

I do believe it was a sorry honey-moon, that of Mr. Ollendorff. What did it matter that he wore a brilliant on his sleeve, if it were only borrowed for the occasion? What that he carried Mrs. Ollendorff from mountain to beach, if no latitude could thaw her? What that he burdened her with jewels and arrayed her as a princess, so long as his name hung upon her like the chain of a captive, and his love harassed her like an evil conscience?

She was colder than an iceberg, more pitiless than the inaccessible stars, and lived as though

all delight in art or nature, all hope or fear or passion whatsoever, touched her no more than it touched a statue.

Only one day she aroused herself, dispatched the music-box to be repaired, and would have let it hum itself to death but for an after-thought.

"A pretty enough idol," said Mr. Ollendorff one day, after having listened to it. "Where did you get it, my dear?"

"From a friend," was the distant reply. Nevertheless, the question startled her. What was a friend? One who wished *you* to be the crowning flower of humanity, the acme of all virtues, doing your highest duty, standing morally on the mountain-peaks of life, even though the eternal snows encompassed and the icy solitudes perplexed you? Was she doing, after all, what would please Eagleston? or worse yet, was she doing rightly? She glanced stealthily at Mr. Ollendorff, absorbed in a newspaper with wrinkled brow. His eyes nailed upon the last debate in Congress, he was thinking of quite other things: wondering if all men's wives were as high and mighty; supposed they must be; he couldn't tell, he wasn't used to these things; and some dim foreboding crossed his mind that it would have been well if he had never dreamed of getting used to them.

Mrs. Ollendorff bethought herself if she could not love where it would have been peace to love, if she could not call back the affection that had flowed out like the tide of a great river and threatened to leave her soul barren and exposed to the accidents of time, she could yet gratefully receive the shower from heaven, the early and latter rains, and rejoice in their joy.

And so many saints and simpletons will cry out against Mrs. Ollendorff because she played a part. Let them remember that it was a good part, a moral part, a highly respectable part, nothing romantic and ridiculous, and that she did not overdo it; that her poverty and not her will consented, because she could hardly expect to recall her own, in order to present it intact to its legal heir.

Saul's daughter played a *rôle* to save her lord from ruin, why not Mrs. Ollendorff?

So it chanced that the climate of Ollendorff Place became temperate. There were no more solos on the music-box—it was locked up in a dusky closet; no more solitary evenings for the master; for its mistress had put on the purple, and reigned with splendid urbanity. She sang her old ballads in his drowsy ear, read to him the dry columns of the day, joined in his walks, entertained him with funny and fantastic humors; and where some women sparkle their *morceaux* of wit and wisdom on the *beau monde*, she kept hers for the fireside, made heaven of a stormy day, and strung each on such a firm leash of sweetness and felicity that he doubted if, at last, Paradise would seem strange.

Sometimes, to be sure, when the evening shadows fell, and there was a pause, during which Mr. Ollendorff lost himself in a doze, she would remember, with something like self-reproach,

that this was the hour Eagleston and she used to spend in the garden, wandering through its dim aisles, where the night-dew drenched the roses and flung their fragrance abroad; where now and then a bird, over-anxious, stirred and crooned in its sheltered nest, and the fire-flies flickered like distant beacon-lights; and with such remembrance came a bitter flood of regret lest she were untrue to him, and the consciousness that to be untrue were less sinful. Then she pictured him in her mind alone and uncared for in a foreign land; perhaps sick and suffering for her love; perhaps weary, and no home-sunshine to refresh him. Then sometimes, self-tortured to the depths of despair, she would suddenly find herself transported hence to the pinnacle of pride, spurred by another image that presented itself uninvited, an image wherein Eagleston performed the part to some haughty beauty which he had rehearsed to her one summer afternoon! But always she returned with a sad remorse to Eagleston's forlornness and her own inconstancy, perhaps forgetting that the overflow of affection, like that of the Nile, enriches waste places without exhausting the source.

And when, finally, death touched Mr. Ollendorff gently, lowered him tenderly into the grave, fond hands they were that administered to him; and sinking into eternity, the vista of the forsaken world vaguely shadowed forth to him a fair and tearful face, and he went his way believing Maud the most devoted of wives. And the world adopted his creed.

III.

It needed six years to bring this to pass. Two years later, and Eagleston stepped upon the quay and into a coffee-house to refresh himself before looking about him. Eight years beneath a tropic sun had not altered him so very much. To be sure, he had grown to resemble the natives somewhat, as all residents do, and bore a something grave aspect not familiar when last we saw him; but his eyes had the same old mischievous glitter beneath lashes black as night, and the white magic of his teeth flashed more brilliantly when they broke the dusky spell that climate had imposed.

It was the identical coffee-house at which he had taken his last gloomy meal before leaving home and hope and happiness behind; even some of the servants were the same, but they had forgotten him, and among the guests not one friendly face! He brooded over it with melancholy reflections upon the whirligig of time, sipping his claret indifferently, as if the claret, like the life of to-day, had lost flavor and fragrance in comparison with that of eight years gone.

He wondered, sitting there, if Maud were alive, and passing time gayly with her family about her, forgetful of youth and its passages, bound up in fashion and folly, a matronly woman of the world!

Then he fancied she must be dead, or some one would have told him about her before now—not remembering he had forbidden all mention

of her name—and with a strange unfeelingness speculated upon the sensations such a fact would create within him if he should much care, or be less desolately unhappy!

Within speaking distance from him sat two gentlemen swallowing physical and mental viands at the same time, both bidding fair to be of an indigestible nature. They had pished and poohed over their newspapers, and execrated the wines for some time before Eagleston was brought out of himself to observe them by one rather loudly asking the other—

“Paul, did you see this ridiculous advertisement? Who was such a guy, pray?”

“What's it about? Making your fortune with a postage-stamp?”

“Nothing of the sort. Listen. ‘Taken’—how delicately put!—‘from Ollendorff Place within the last week a *Music-box*, of no great market value, but inestimable to the owner as a gift. Any person restoring it to said Place, or designating any other where it may be found, shall receive two hundred dollars upon the spot, and no questions asked. Otherwise means will be taken for the detection of the individual concerned therein.’ There! isn't that sublimely simple and generous?”

“Not in the least. That's Mrs. Ollendorff's. She told me last night she had advertised. Ten to one but she'll recover it. The reward is a big bait; and then the thief is probably some one who knows the sort of woman he has to deal with—one who keeps her word, and has no cracks in it for the passage of deceit.”

“Don't go to rhapsodizing, Paul. Of course, it's not ridiculous if it's Mrs. Ollendorff, the little widow. But what's the great row about its value? Did you present it?”

“Pshaw! Thereby hangs a tale: some lost sweet-heart or other trumpery.”

“Poor lad! You never had a piece of bread particularly nice and wide, but that 'twas always sure to fall, and always on the buttered side, did you? Any clew to the thief?”

“The servants suspect an old umbrella-man, whom she took in one stormy day, raked the house for desirable umbrellas for him to mend, and dined him on the fat of the land, but when my gentleman had departed, there was no music-box to be found! After all, it was a rattle-brained affair; it had stopped the day before while I was there; just caroled ‘The days when I went gipsying,’ and there it shut up like a knife, as Reade would say. Tantalizing that it should stop short of the pretty refrain.”

“Perhaps it was out of regard to your feelings, being aware that your acquaintance was a thing of yesterday and not of a ‘long time ago!’ And whom does Madame suspect?”

“Madame suspect! she is too much of a lady for that sort of thing. She declares it was simply some wandering minstrel, some troubador who had lost his instrument; but still she doesn't want to lose hers, you see, ah!”

“Then it wasn't a love-match with Mr. Ollendorff?”

"Folks say it was so like the very thing there was no detecting the difference; a capital counterfeit, I take it!"

"What, the woman with no cracks in her word? I always thought she had a wonderfully *distracte* air, as of something on her mind!"

"Excuse me, I can't allow you to air your wit at the expense of my friends," concluded the other in an undertone, as they left the place.

Here were volumes for Eagleston more thrilling than Sand's or Sue's, with the pathos of Dickens to him, the satire of Thackeray, the suggestiveness of Karr, and the facts of Boswell.

Maud was a widow, she still valued his gift, perhaps she had not forgotten *him*. She had lost the music-box; he must bring it back to her, and defeat if possible the manœuvres of this admirer, his foe and rival! That was the plot he made of it.

Thoreau inquires, "Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?" Adding, "I know of no reading another's experience so startling and informing as this would be!" So if Monsieur Paul and his friend could have looked through the eyes of their sedate neighbor, have read his experience, I wot they would have known more and spoken less; but they went their ways, little dreaming of having brushed against the only person perhaps in all the world who could have read them Mrs. Ollendorff's riddle!

How many of us, without doubt, meet daily in our walks and amusements those who could tell us what we most desire to know, who sit at the same board with one we seek, whose commonplaces open the sequel to our romances, whose household words would solve our problems, and behold we pass them as heedlessly as the very mile-stones.

Eagleston engaged in his search much as the emissaries of the queen in the fairy-book did in order to discover the secret name of that rare scoundrel Rumpelstiltskin, who, otherwise, threatened to confiscate her young son in payment for the straw-spun gold with which she had deceived her royal spouse. He scoured the city and suburbs, dragged into light out of inconceivable cellars, improbable garrets, and unsuspected closets, that grotesque tribe, calling itself old umbrella-men, but most of whom appeared like gnomes dingy with the atmosphere of subterranean furnaces, with aspects as mysterious as though they were acquainted with all the processes of the alchemy of the earth by which it converts charcoal into diamond and solidifies sunshine in its veins; creatures speaking a gibberish unintelligible as themselves.

One thing was gained, he found golden opportunities for practical charity; it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and perhaps, upon this principle, there is nobody who leaves this world but that some other body is glad to step into his shoes be they ever so slipshod.

Eagleston bought old umbrellas *here* in order to be armed with patronage *there*; but it all eluci-

dated nothing. Though one had an old fiddle upon which he tortured "Hull's Victory" into a complete Defeat, and another a flageolet which had lost its breath, no whisper could he hear of a music-box; and, horrible to relate, when he made cautious inquiries about such an instrument, a hand-organ warranted to play "Shubert's Serenade" in forty seconds was offered for inspection!

Eagleston was waxing impatient, he was losing time, living without a glimpse of Maud, and what might not his rival compass in the mean while? And all for a music-box, which, should he find, what would it signify? A truce to such nonsense!

Walking gloomily to his *café*—for he lived a kind of gipsy life, taking his daily bread to-day in Dan, to-morrow in Beersheba; dining now in brilliant company and again in the crowded solitude of a restaurant—as he sauntered toward this last, he felt some one grasp his arm, and found himself locked in that of one of his Indian friends, who had returned at the same time with himself.

"Come, you dismal mope, you look as you were prowling round seeking whom you may devour!" said this parasite.

"Not quite exact, Bayard; *what* I may devour would be more to the purpose."

"Then go to the masquerade to-night with me, and devour beauty, and fashion, and eccentricity, and taste, with your *hermosos ojos*!"

"I don't feel like it; I'm not invited."

"Yes you are; I'm entreated to bring all the single gentlemen of my acquaintance, and you're expected to personate a rajah!"

"I hope you intend to provide the costume then; come and dine with me, and we'll see about it."

"With all my heart. I mean, with all my art of keeping bread from moulding; but I sup nectar and ambrosia at Ollendorff Place. Ah, you should know Mrs. Ollendorff, and you would never want to dine at a restaurant again, unless her mamma seasoned the soup!"

"Then there's a dragon guards the Hesperides? Will she favor the mask to-night?"

"The dragon? Heaven forbid! Not unless she plays duenna, foster-sister to dragon."

"I mean Mrs. Ollendorff."

"Oh, without doubt, she has just begun to frequent company; and this is at the house of an intimate—confoundedly too intimate to please the rest of us, if I must say it!"

"And where is that, pray? Is the rajah to go wandering about town in search of the maskers, and perhaps stumble upon the scene of revel at daybreak, when he should be disappearing with the ghosts and shadows and other hobgoblins?"

"Pshaw! didn't I tell you? At Paul Frederic's—'one of us'—*nous autres*—single wretches. Temple Avenue. I'll call for you."

"No, thank you; I'll go incog. See if you can penetrate me, and I'll do you as good a turn. Good-by, and seasoned soup if you will!"

IV.

The dancing-hall at Temple Avenue presented a gorgeous phantasmagoria to Eagleston, leaning in at the window in his black domino. It seemed like some wondrous exhalation evoked from chaos by the wand of a fanciful magician. For the first moment it was as if the flowers nodding in the conservatory, the strange birds asleep in the aviary, with all the imperial moths and gold-brown bees that haunt the one and the song that overflows from the other, had lent their grace, their fantasy, their color and dazzlement, their fragrance and spirit, their aerial lightsomeness, their very incarnate selves to the effect.

"Behold!" cried a sylph, in an over-robe of cobweb spangled with dew-drops, "there is a shadow black as Egypt looming in at the window!"

"Who fears shadows, Arachne?" returned her gallant; "I should be less pleased with Aurora just now; and true to the old adage, here she comes, swimming up the waltz in the embrace of Phœbus—I hope they're not published yet!"

"Ho! the shadows are lowering," quoth Wehrwolf to little Red Ridinghood. "Never fear, I'll come for you anon."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," she replied.

"The shadows are beginning to look into the window!" sang a street-girl, laden with dainty wares. "The twilight's abroad and I may not stay. Sweetmeats! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

"We have our sweet-hearts, thank you!"

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day,"

quoted Harlequin, helping himself from the wares. "Substance before shadow for me!"

"The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And hid them all away,"

concluded the likeness of a raven, snapping up the dainty.

"The gods sent me to you with a charm against yonder shadow," whispered Mercury, dropping down beside the Goddess of Liberty, the wings on his sandals glistening like jewels.

"And how goes the day on Olympus?"

"Every thing at sixes and sevens. Your furlough has expired down here."

"Shall I tell your fortune? Your shadow would devour millions such as this dour statue," said a querulous witch, pointing at Eagleston and shuffling the cards before Napoleon as he came by, cocked hat in hand.

"Thy wheel and thee are shadows," and fortune favors the brave and the beautiful," he replied, bowing profoundly.

"Well said, after Waterloo and Elba and Josephine! But here comes good Queen Bess. She would like to hear a *mot* about her pretty Essex?"

"Where, then, is my ring? Why does he not send it?"

"Some woman has it—not he."

"Begone, slanderer!" And turning to the black domino, "Shall I contend for a shadow?"

A gray-bearded priest, lost in his gilded breviary, stumbled on a Turk coiled upon his carpet and smoking a chibouque.

"Do you know whom you trample upon?"

"A brand from Bedlam without doubt," and jostling Eagleston with the return impetus, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" he cried.

Undine, in a shimmer of Brussels lace, like a white spray of waterfall, kissed her necklace as though it were a rosary, and inquired every where for Bertha.

Eagleston lost not a moment, but glided in among the quaint gamblers. The necklace was a trinket as familiar as his own face. Undine had sunk upon an ottoman—not after the manner of the priest—and slid the necklace through her fingers.

"A pretty bauble," he said, crouching like her shadow at her feet. "Did the mermaids twine it, of 'turkis and agate and almondine?' And where is Hildebrand?"

"You ask too many questions at once," a trifle nervously, and staring at her interlocutor. "And what do you want with Hildebrand?"

"Only my own; besides, time is precious. How do I know but any moment you will vanish in a foam-wreath?"

"And then?"

"Then I shall lose you again."

"Have you been seeking me?"

"For æons; you, among other things."

"Complimentary. And what are they?"

"Things you seem to have lost: your heart, your memory, and your music-box. It seems that you are catechist in your turn."

"Enough, Paul," she muttered, half hesitatingly, half interrogatively, and rising to her feet, "Did you select your voice at the costumers? I understood you were to play the medieval knight."

Just then a dancer in that trim kissed his hand to her in passing.

"Ah!" glancing back at Eagleston scrutinizingly, "I must get to the air; I shall suffocate here!"

"I will conduct you with pleasure," he returned, offering his arm, while Arachne, spinning by as though for dear life, exclaimed,

"So that is Undine's shadow! But I fancied she had none."

Undine looked distrustfully at her companion.

"You're unfathomable, I believe," she said.

"I thought you were Mr. Frederic at first; but I must have been mistaken."

"Then why don't you beg my pardon?"

"I may be doing him an injustice."

"May I be so imprudent as to inquire what particular trait in my personality or behavior has the honor to resemble our host?"

"Certainly you may; but it doesn't follow that you shall be rewarded for your inquisitiveness. But pray, do you bring me word of my music-box?"

"And you do not inquire for the other missing articles—your memory and heart?"

"Because I know just where to lay my hand upon them."

"Lucky Undine!" stooping to pick up her necklace. "What dainty shells! each is a gem in itself, and each once held one atom of life, that great 'open secret.' Where did you say you got it?"

"I didn't say, Monsieur L'Ombre."

"Is it a game at Ombre?" broke in the medieval knight, advancing. "I shall have pleasure in appropriating you for the quadrille forming."

And bowing to Eagleston he would have led her away, but that she lingered to say:

"You remind me of some one."

"Yes, of Monsieur Paul Frederic," trembling in his shoes.

"No!" peremptorily. "And you will not tell me about my music-box?"

The knight's eyes shifted uneasily from one to the other, and he took an impatient step forward.

"You have a music-box, then?" said the shadow.

"I—"

"Madame," interrupted the knight, "we shall lose the quadrille as well as the music-box, and that is my affair, is it not?" a little tenderly.

He had made it so most decidedly, for the identical thing lay upon a tripod in that gentleman's private dressing-room, secure from feminine inspection; and there Eagleston found it half an hour afterward, when, retiring to arrange his mask and observe if any thing could have betrayed him, he, by mistake, took the wrong door. There it lay under his very eyes, the actual discoloring of Maud's tears on the polished lid, and her name inside in his own hand!

Monsieur Paul had probably reasoned thus: "Mrs. Ollendorff estimates absurdly this bauble; there must be more in it than appears. She clings to it; she must cling to me. Out of sight, out of mind. We will remove it till she belongs to me, when it can be easily discovered at a pawnbroker's."

So he had done it. Who the partner was he included in the "we" I do not know, unless it was the— But what am I saying?

Monsieur L'Ombre did not wait to break bread with this Pharisee, nor drop his mask at the feast, though Undine and others waited and wondered thereat; but he took the music-box beneath his ample domino and departed, with no one the wiser.

V.

Some half dozen evenings after this the doorbell at Ollendorff Place was pulled lustily; a footman opened to a somewhat tall person wearing a long black cloak and broad *sombrero*, and carrying a bundle, who spoke with a foreign accent that I will not attempt to render.

"I must see Madame!"

"What is your errand? Madame, as you call her, is engaged!"

"My errand is with Madame, and I shall see her!"

"Your name then?"

"I will give it to Madame."

Madame, hearing the altercation, called,

"James, what is it?"

"Please, mum, it's a somebody to see you without ever sending his card!"

"Show him in directly, James!"

And he was ushered into a spacious drawing-room, dimly lighted, where he deposited the bundle upon a small teapoy farthest from the light.

"I have brought it," he said; "the music-box."

She made a rush toward it.

"Oh! oh! Mine? And where did you get it?"

Then recollecting herself into the stately courtesy of the lady; "and who are you, that I may thank you?"

"You said there should be no questions asked," he muttered.

"True!" retiring and trembling, "I will ask none. But are you sure it is the one? Let me examine."

She rang for a taper.

"You're not going to call the watch?"

"Certainly not; haven't I given you my word?"

"How do I know that you are to be trusted, that your word to-day is what it was yesterday?"

This was an odd position of affairs, she thought, but answered, smiling,

"I haven't changed; see, I do not arouse the domestics, except this maid—thank you, Bessy, that will do—nor arrest you, but simply dismiss you with this!" and she proffered a purse, between whose meshes the gold pieces smouldered as though they would burn their way through; he balanced it a moment on his finger and flung it upon the nearest table!

"What! Is it not enough?"

"Not enough!"

"But you have not counted it!"

She brought her taper to the teapoy, as if she would see what this audacious burglar most resembled. She spread the pieces upon the box and told them off. Suddenly he laid a detaining hand beside her own, on the polished wood, not brown with any craft, but white and smooth and shapely. And suddenly, as if responsive to the touch, a little gurgle of tune uprose, and where it had broken off its burden the music-box was taking it up again—

"A long time ago—a long time ago,"

and slowly, softly, lingeringly ringing out the melody. Then in a momentary kind of fearless forgetfulness she glanced up. A new and sweet revelation smote upon her with quick, convincing ray.

"Oh, Eagleston!" she cried, and— I think you and I had better leave the room.



REVERIE.

WHO stands by the clustering vine?
 More fair than all flowers is she—
 A mortal form, with a face divine,
 And a child's simplicity.

Her lips may utter no word,
 Yet her spirit speaks through her eyes,
 And an angel writes the record,
 While she looks on the boundless skies.

"Have I tasted the purest joy,
 Or must I evermore pine
 To find in the noblest no alloy,
 In the search no folly of mine?
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"Tears force a way to my eyes,
 For I know not whom to trust;
 And a woman's tenderest sympathies,
 Like leaves, may be trampled in dust.

"I hardly can grope a way
 To life's brighter, happier part;
 O that some angel now would say
 Where I may trust this heart!

"Till I see e'en a shadowy way
 To that land where the young find rest;
 If not to enter at once and stay,
 Yet to feel its light in my breast."

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

ONE stepping back under the dark shelter of the bulwark, and one standing out boldly in the yellow light of the moon, the two friends turned face to face on the deck of the timber ship, and looked at each other in silence. The next moment Allan's inveterate recklessness seized on the grotesque side of the situation by main force. He seated himself astride on the bulwark, and burst out boisterously into his loudest and heartiest laugh.

"All my fault," he said; "but there's no help for it now. Here we are, hard and fast in a trap of our own setting—and there goes the last of the doctor's boat! Come out of the dark, Midwinter; I can't half see you there, and I want to know what's to be done next."

Midwinter neither answered nor moved. Allan left the bulwark, and, mounting the fore-castle, looked down attentively at the waters of the Sound.

"One thing is pretty certain," he said. "With the current on that side, and the sunken rocks on this, we can't find our way out of the scrape by swimming, at any rate. So much for the prospect at this end of the wreck. Let's try how things look at the other. Rouse up, mess-mate!" he called out, cheerfully, as he passed Midwinter. "Come and see what the old tub of a timber ship has got to show us astern." He sauntered on, with his hands in his pockets, humming the chorus of a comic song.

His voice had produced no apparent effect on his friend; but at the light touch of his hand, in passing, Midwinter started, and moved out slowly from the shadow of the bulwark. "Come along!" cried Allan, suspending his singing for a moment, and glancing back. Still, without a word of answer, the other followed. Thrice he stopped before he reached the stern end of the wreck: the first time, to throw aside his hat, and push back his hair from his forehead and temples; the second time, reeling giddily, to hold for a moment by a ring bolt close at hand; the last time (though Allan was plainly visible a few yards ahead) to look stealthily behind him, with the furtive scrutiny of a man who believes that other footsteps are following him in the dark. "Not yet!" he whispered to himself, with eyes that searched the empty air. "I shall see him astern, with his hand on the lock of the cabin door."

The stern end of the wreck was clear of the ship-breaker's lumber, accumulated in the other parts of the vessel. Here, the one object that rose visible on the smooth surface of the deck, was the low wooden structure which held the

cabin door, and roofed in the cabin stairs. The wheel-house had been removed, the binna-cle had been removed; but the cabin entrance, and all that belonged to it, had been left untouched. The scuttle was on, and the door was closed.

On gaining the after-part of the vessel, Allan walked straight to the stern and looked out to sea over the taffrail. No such thing as a boat was in view any where on the quiet moon-brightened waters. Knowing Midwinter's sight to be better than his own, he called out, "Come up here, and see if there's a fisherman within hail of us." Hearing no reply, he looked back. Midwinter had followed him as far as the cabin, and had stopped there. He called again, in a louder voice, and beckoned impatiently. Midwinter had heard the call, for he looked up—but still he never stirred from his place. There he stood, as if he had reached the utmost limits of the ship, and could go no further.

Allan went back and joined him. It was not easy to discover what he was looking at, for he kept his face turned away from the moonlight; but it seemed as if his eyes were fixed, with a strange expression of inquiry, on the cabin door. "What is there to look at there?" Allan asked. "Let's see if it's locked." As he took a step forward to open the door Midwinter's hand seized him suddenly by the coat-collar and forced him back. The moment after the hand relaxed, without losing its grasp, and trembled violently, like the hand of a man completely unnerved.

"Am I to consider myself in custody?" asked Allan, half astonished and half amused. "Why, in the name of wonder, do you keep staring at the cabin door? Any suspicious noises below? It's no use disturbing the rats—if that's what you mean—we haven't got a dog with us. Men? Living men they can't be; for they would have heard us and come on deck. Dead men? Quite impossible! No ship's crew could be drowned in a landlocked place like this, unless the vessel broke up under them—and here's the vessel as steady as a church to speak for herself. Man alive, how your hand trembles! What is there to scare you in that rotten old cabin? What are you shaking and shivering about? Any company of the supernatural sort on board? Mercy preserve us!—as the old women say—do you see a ghost?"

"*I see two!*" answered the other, driven headlong into speech and action by a maddening temptation to reveal the truth. "Two!" he repeated, his breath bursting from him in deep, heavy gasps, as he tried vainly to force back the horrible words. "The ghost of a man like you, drowning in the cabin! And the ghost of a man like me, turning the lock of the door on him!"

Once more young Armadale's hearty laugh-



MY BROTHERS THE DOGS.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 338.]

ter rang out loud and long through the stillness of the night.

"Turning the lock of the door, is he?" said Allan, as soon as his merriment left him breath enough to speak. "That's a devilish unhand-some action, Master Midwinter, on the part of your ghost. The least I can do, after that, is to let mine out of the cabin, and give him the run of the ship."

With no more than a momentary exertion of his superior strength he freed himself easily

from Midwinter's hold. "Below there!" he called out, gayly, as he laid his strong hand on the crazy lock and tore open the cabin door. "Ghost of Allan Armadale, come on deck!" In his terrible ignorance of the truth he put his head into the doorway, and looked down, laughing, at the place where his murdered father had died. "Pah!" he exclaimed, stepping back suddenly, with a shudder of disgust. "The air is foul already—and the cabin is full of water."

It was true. The sunken rocks on which the

vessel lay wrecked had burst their way through her lower timbers astern, and the water had welled up through the rifted wood. Here, where the deed had been done, the fatal parallel between past and present was complete. What the cabin had been in the time of the fathers, that the cabin was now in the time of the sons.

Allan pushed the door to again with his foot, a little surprised at the sudden silence which appeared to have fallen on his friend, from the moment when he had laid his hand on the cabin lock. When he turned to look, the reason of the silence was instantly revealed. Midwinter had dropped on the deck. He lay senseless before the cabin door; his face turned up, white and still, to the moonlight, like the face of a dead man.

In a moment Allan was at his side. He looked uselessly round the lonely limits of the wreck, as he lifted Midwinter's head on his knee, for a chance of help, where all chance was ruthlessly cut off. "What am I to do?" he said to himself, in the first impulse of alarm. "Not a drop of water near but the foul water in the cabin." A sudden recollection crossed his memory; the florid color rushed back over his face; and he drew from his pocket a wicker-covered flask. "God bless the doctor for giving me this before we sailed!" he broke out fervently, as he poured down Midwinter's throat some drops of the raw whisky which the flask contained. The stimulant acted instantly on the sensitive system of the swooning man. He sighed faintly, and slowly opened his eyes. "Have I been dreaming?" he asked, looking up vacantly in Allan's face. His eyes wandered higher, and encountered the dismantled masts of the wreck rising weird and black against the night sky. He shuddered at the sight of them, and hid his face on Allan's knee. "No dream!" he murmured to himself, mournfully. "Oh me, no dream!"

"You have been over-tired all day," said Allan; "and this infernal adventure of ours has upset you. Take some more whisky—it's sure to do you good. Can you sit by yourself, if I put you against the bulwark, so?"

"Why by myself? Why do you leave me?" asked Midwinter.

Allan pointed to the mizzen shrouds of the wreck, which were still left standing. "You are not well enough to rough it here till the workmen come off in the morning," he said. "We must find our way on shore at once, if we can. I am going up to get a good view all round, and see if there's a house within hail of us."

Even in the moment that passed while those few words were spoken Midwinter's eyes wandered back distrustfully to the fatal cabin door. "Don't go near it!" he whispered. "Don't try to open it, for God's sake!"

"No, no," returned Allan, humoring him. "When I come down from the rigging I'll come back here." He said the words a little constrainedly; noticing, for the first time while he now spoke, an underlying distress in Mid-

winter's face, which grieved and perplexed him. "You're not angry with me?" he said, in his simple, sweet-tempered way. "All this is my fault, I know—and I was a brute and a fool to laugh at you, when I ought to have seen you were ill. I am so sorry, Midwinter. Don't be angry with me!"

Midwinter slowly raised his head. His eyes rested with a mournful interest, long and tenderly on Allan's anxious face.

"Angry?" he repeated, in his lowest, gentlest tones. "Angry with *you*?—Oh, my poor boy, were you to blame for being kind to me when I was ill in the old west-country inn? And was I to blame for feeling your kindness thankfully? Was it our fault that we never doubted each other, and never knew that we were traveling together blindfold on the way that was to lead us here? The cruel time is coming, Allan, when we shall rue the day we ever met. Shake hands, brother, on the edge of the precipice—shake hands while we are brothers still?"

Allan turned away quickly, convinced that his mind had not yet recovered the shock of the fainting-fit. "Don't forget the whisky!" he said, cheerfully, as he sprang into the rigging, and mounted to the mizzen-top.

It was past two; the moon was waning; and the darkness that comes before dawn was beginning to gather round the wreck. Behind Allan, as he now stood looking out from the elevation of the mizzen-top, spread the broad and lonely sea. Before him, were the low, black, lurking rocks, and the broken waters of the channel, pouring white and angry into the vast calm of the westward ocean beyond. On the right hand, heaved back grandly from the waterside, were the rocks and precipices, with their little tablelands of grass between; the sloping downs, and upward-rolling heath solitudes of the Isle of Man. On the left hand, rose the craggy sides of the Islet of the Calf—here, rent wildly into deep black chasms; there, lying low under long sweeping acclivities of grass and heath. No sound rose, no light was visible, on either shore. The black lines of the topmost masts of the wreck looked shadowy and faint in the darkening mystery of the sky; the land-breeze had dropped; the small shoreward waves fell noiseless; far or near, no sound was audible but the cheerless bubbling of the broken water ahead, pouring through the awful hush of silence in which earth and ocean waited for the coming day.

Even Allan's careless nature felt the solemn influence of the time. The sound of his own voice startled him, when he looked down and hailed his friend on deck.

"I think I see one house," he said. "Here-away, on the main land to the right." He looked again, to make sure, at a dim little patch of white, with faint white lines behind it, nestling low in a grassy hollow, on the main island. "It looks like a stone-house and inclosure," he resumed. "I'll hail it, on the chance." He passed his arm round a rope to steady himself;

made a speaking-trumpet of his hands—and suddenly dropped them again without uttering a sound. “It’s so awfully quiet,” he whispered to himself. “I’m half afraid to call out.” He looked down again on deck. “I sha’n’t startle you, Midwinter—shall I?” he said, with an uneasy laugh. He looked once more at the faint white object in the grassy hollow. “It won’t do to have come up here for nothing,” he thought—and made a speaking-trumpet of his hands again. This time he gave the hail with the whole power of his lungs. “On shore there!” he shouted, turning his face to the main island. “Ahoy-hoy-hoy!”

The last echoes of his voice died away and were lost. No sound answered him but the cheerless bubbling of the broken water ahead.

He looked down again at his friend, and saw the dark figure of Midwinter rise erect, and pace the deck backward and forward—never disappearing out of sight of the cabin when it retired toward the bows of the wreck; and never passing beyond the cabin when it returned toward the stern. “He is impatient to get away,” thought Allan; “I’ll try again.” He hailed the land once more; and, taught by previous experience, pitched his voice in its highest key.

This time another sound than the sound of the bubbling water answered him. The lowing of frightened cattle rose from the building in the grassy hollow, and traveled far and drearily through the stillness of the morning air. Allan waited and listened. If the building was a farm-house, the disturbance among the beasts would rouse the men. If it was only a cattle-stable, nothing more would happen. The lowing of the frightened brutes rose and fell drearily; the minutes passed—and nothing happened.

“Once more!” said Allan, looking down at the restless figure pacing beneath him. For the third time he hailed the land. For the third time he waited and listened.

In a pause of silence among the cattle he heard behind him, on the opposite shore of the channel—faint and far among the solitudes of the Islet of the Calf—a sharp, sudden sound, like the distant clash of a heavy door-bolt drawn back. Turning at once in the new direction, he strained his eyes to look for a house. The last faint rays of the waning moonlight trembled here and there on the higher rocks, and on the steeper pinnacles of ground—but great strips of darkness lay dense and black over all the land between; and in that darkness the house, if house there were, was lost to view.

“I have roused somebody at last,” Allan called out encouragingly to Midwinter, still walking to and fro on the deck, strangely indifferent to all that was passing above and beyond him. “Look out for the answering hail!” And with his face set toward the Islet, Allan shouted for help.

The shout was not answered, but mimicked with a shrill, shrieking derision—with wilder and wilder cries, rising out of the deep distant darkness, and mingling horribly the expression

of a human voice with the sound of a brute’s. A sudden suspicion crossed Allan’s mind, which made his head swim and turned his hand cold as it held the rigging. In breathless silence he looked toward the quarter from which the first mimicry of his cry for help had come. After a moment’s pause the shrieks were renewed, and the sound of them came nearer. Suddenly a figure, which seemed the figure of a man, leapt up black on a pinnacle of rock, and capered and shrieked in the waning gleam of the moonlight. The screams of a terrified woman mingled with the cries of the capering creature on the rock. A red spark flashed out in the darkness from a light kindled in an invisible window. The hoarse shouting of a man’s voice in anger was heard through the noise. A second black figure leapt up on the rock, struggled with the first figure, and disappeared with it in the darkness. The cries grew fainter and fainter—the screams of the woman were stilled—the hoarse voice of the man was heard again for a moment, hailing the wreck in words made unintelligible by the distance, but in tones plainly expressive of rage and fear combined. Another moment and the clang of the door-bolt was heard again; the red spark of light was quenched in darkness; and all the islet lay quiet in the shadows once more. The lowing of the cattle on the main land ceased—rose again—stopped. Then, cold and cheerless as ever, the eternal bubbling of the broken water welled up through the great gap of silence—the one sound left, as the mysterious stillness of the hour fell like a mantle from the heavens, and closed over the wreck.

Allan descended from his place in the mizzen-top and joined his friend again on deck.

“We must wait till the ship-breakers come off to their work,” he said, meeting Midwinter half-way in the course of his restless walk. “After what has happened, I don’t mind confessing that I’ve had enough of hailing the land. Only think of there being a madman in that house ashore, and of my waking him! Horrible, wasn’t it?”

Midwinter stood still for a moment and looked at Allan with the perplexed air of a man who hears circumstances familiarly mentioned to which he is himself a total stranger. He appeared, if such a thing had been possible, to have passed over entirely without notice all that had just happened on the Islet of the Calf.

“Nothing is horrible *out* of this ship,” he said. “Every thing is horrible *in* it.”

Answering in those strange words he turned away again, and went on with his walk.

Allan picked up the flask of whisky lying on the deck near him, and revived his spirits with a dram. “Here’s one thing on board that isn’t horrible,” he retorted briskly, as he screwed on the stopper of the flask; “and here’s another,” he added, as he took a cigar from his case and lit it. “Three o’clock!” he went on, looking at his watch, and settling himself comfortably on deck with his back against the bulwark. “Daybreak isn’t far off—we shall have the

piping of the birds to cheer us up before long. I say, Midwinter, you seem to have quite got over that unlucky fainting-fit. How you do keep walking! Come here and have a cigar, and make yourself comfortable. What's the good of tramping backward and forward in that restless way?"

"I am waiting," said Midwinter.

"Waiting! What for?"

"For what is to happen to you or to me—to both of us—before we are out of this ship."

"With submission to your superior judgment, my dear fellow, I think quite enough has happened already. The adventure will do very well as it stands now; more of it is more than I want." He took another dram of whisky and rambled on, between the puffs of his cigar, in his usual easy way. "I've not got your fine imagination, old boy; and I hope the next thing that happens will be the appearance of the workmen's boat. I suspect that queer fancy of yours has been running away with you while you were down here all by yourself. Come now! what were you thinking of while I was up in the mizzen-top frightening the cows?"

Midwinter suddenly stopped. "Suppose I tell you?" he said.

"Suppose you do."

The torturing temptation to reveal the truth, roused once already by his companion's merciless gayety of spirit, possessed itself of Midwinter for the second time. He leaned back in the dark against the high side of the ship and looked down in silence at Allan's figure stretched comfortably on the deck. "Rouse him," the fiend whispered, subtly, "from that ignorant self-possession, and that pitiless repose. Show him the place where the deed was done; let him know it with your knowledge, and fear it with your dread. Tell him of the letter you burnt, and of the words no fire can destroy, which are living in your memory now. Let him see your mind as it was yesterday, when it roused your sinking faith in your own convictions, to look back on your life at sea, and to cherish the comforting remembrance that, in all your voyages, you had never fallen in with this ship. Let him see your mind as it is now, when the ship has got you at the turning-point of your new life, at the outset of your friendship with the one man of all men whom your father warned you to avoid. Think of those death-bed words, and whisper them in his ear, that he may think of them too. Hide yourself from him under an assumed name. Put the mountains and the seas between you; be ungrateful, be unforgiving; be all that is most repellent to your own gentler nature, rather than live under the same roof and breathe the same air with that man." So the tempter counseled. So, like a noisome exhalation from the father's grave, the father's influence rose and poisoned the mind of the son.

The sudden silence surprised Allan; he looked back drowsily over his shoulder. "Thinking again!" he exclaimed, with a weary yawn.

Midwinter stepped out from the shadow and

came nearer to Allan than he had come yet. "Yes," he said, "thinking of the past and the future."

"The past and the future?" repeated Allan, shifting himself comfortably into a new position. "For my part I'm dumb about the past. It's a sore subject with me—the past means the loss of the doctor's boat. Let's talk about the future. Have you been taking a practical view? as dear old Brock calls it. Have you been considering the next serious question that concerns us both when we get back to the hotel—the question of breakfast?"

After an instant's hesitation Midwinter took a step nearer. "I have been thinking of your future and mine," he said; "I have been thinking of the time when your way in life, and my way in life, will be two ways instead of one."

"Here's the daybreak!" cried Allan. "Look up at the masts; they're beginning to get clear again already. I beg your pardon. What were you saying?"

Midwinter made no reply. The struggle between the hereditary superstition that was driving him on, and the unconquerable affection for Allan that was holding him back, suspended the next words on his lips. He turned aside his face in speechless suffering. "Oh, my father!" he thought, "better have killed me on that day when I lay on your bosom than have let me live for this!"

"What's that about the future?" persisted Allan. "I was looking for the daylight; I didn't hear."

Midwinter controlled himself, and answered. "You have treated me with your usual kindness," he said, "in planning to take me with you to Thorpe-Ambrose. I think, on reflection, I had better not intrude myself where I am not known and not expected. His voice faltered, and he stopped again. The more he shrank from it the clearer the picture of the happy life that he was resigning rose on his mind.

Allan's thoughts instantly reverted to the mystification about the new steward, which he had practiced on his friend when they were consulting together in the cabin of the yacht. "Has he been turning it over in his mind?" wondered Allan; "and is he beginning at last to suspect the truth? I'll try him. Talk as much nonsense, my dear fellow, as you like," he rejoined; "but don't forget that you are engaged to see me established at Thorpe-Ambrose, and to give me your opinion of the new steward."

Midwinter suddenly stepped forward again, close to Allan.

"I am not talking about your steward or your estate," he burst out, passionately; "I am talking about myself. Do you hear? Myself! I am not a fit companion for you. You don't know who I am." He drew back into the shadowy shelter of the bulwark as suddenly as he had come out from it. "O God! I can't tell him," he said to himself, in a whisper.

For a moment, and for a moment only, Allan was surprised. "Not know who you are?"

Even as he repeated the words his easy good-humor got the upper hand again. He took up the whisky-flask, and shook it significantly. "I say," he resumed, "how much of the doctor's medicine did you take while I was up in the mizzen-top?"

The light tone which he persisted in adopting stung Midwinter to the last pitch of exasperation. He came out again into the light, and stamped his foot angrily on the deck. "Listen to me!" he said. "You don't know half the low things I have done in my lifetime. I have been a tradesman's drudge; I have swept out the shop and put up the shutters; I have carried parcels through the street, and waited for my master's money at his customers' doors."

"I have never done any thing half as useful," returned Allan, composedly. "Dear old boy, what an industrious fellow you have been in your time!"

"I have been a vagabond and a blackguard in my time," returned the other, fiercely; "I've been a street-tumbler, a tramp, a gipsy's boy! I've sung for half-pence with dancing dogs on the high-road! I've worn a foot-boy's livery, and waited at table! I've been a common sailor's cook, and a starving fisherman's Jack of all trades! What has a gentleman in your position in common with a man in mine? Can you take *me* into the society at Thorpe-Ambrose? Why, my very name would be a reproach to you. Fancy the faces of your new neighbors when their footmen announce Ozias Midwinter and Allan Armadale in the same breath!" He burst into a harsh laugh, and repeated the two names again, with a scornful bitterness of emphasis which insisted pitilessly on the marked contrast between them.

Something in the sound of his laughter jarred painfully, even on Allan's easy nature. He raised himself on the deck, and spoke seriously for the first time. "A joke's a joke, Midwinter," he said, "as long as you don't carry it too far. I remember your saying something of the same sort to me once before, when I was nursing you in Somersetshire. You forced me to ask you if I deserved to be kept at arm's-length by *you* of all the people in the world. Don't force me to say so again. Make as much fun of me as you please, old fellow, in any other way. *That* way hurts me."

Simple as the words were, and simply as they had been spoken, they appeared to work an instant revolution in Midwinter's mind. His impassible nature recoiled as from some sudden shock. Without a word of reply he walked away by himself to the forward part of the ship. He sat down on some piled planks between the masts, and passed his hand over his head in a vacant, bewildered way. Though his father's belief in Fatality was his own belief once more—though there was no longer the shadow of a doubt in his mind that the woman whom Mr. Brock had met in Somersetshire and the woman who had tried to destroy herself in London were one and the same—though all the hor-

ror that mastered him when he first read the letter from Wildbad had now mastered him again, Allan's appeal to their past experience of each other had come home to his heart, with a force more irresistible than the force of his superstition itself. In the strength of that very superstition he now sought the pretext which might encourage him to sacrifice every less generous feeling to the one predominant dread of wounding the sympathies of his friend. "Why distress him?" he whispered to himself. "We are not at the end here—there is the Woman behind us in the dark. Why resist him when the mischief's done, and the caution comes too late? What *is* to be *will* be. What have I to do with the future? and what has he?"

He went back to Allan, sat down by his side, and took his hand. "Forgive me," he said, gently; "I have hurt you for the last time." Before it was possible to reply he snatched up the whisky-flask from the deck. "Come!" he exclaimed, with a sudden effort to match his friend's cheerfulness, "you have been trying the doctor's medicine, why shouldn't I?"

Allan was delighted. "This is something like a change for the better," he said; "Midwinter is himself again. Hark! there are the birds. Hail, smiling morn! smiling morn!" He sang the words of the glee in his old cheerful voice, and clapped Midwinter on the shoulder in his old hearty way. "How did you manage to clear your head of those confounded merrims? Do you know you were quite alarming about something happening to one or other of us before we were out of this ship?"

"Sheer nonsense!" returned Midwinter, contemptuously. "I don't think my head has ever been quite right since that fever; I've got a bee in my bonnet, as they say in the North. Let's talk of something else. About those people you have let the cottage to? I wonder whether the agent's account of Major Milroy's family is to be depended on? There might be another lady in the household besides his wife and his daughter."

"Oho!" cried Allan, "*you're* beginning to think of nymphs among the trees, and flirtations in the fruit-garden, are you? Another lady—eh? Suppose the major's family circle won't supply another? We shall have to spin that half-crown again, and toss up for which is to have the first chance with Miss Milroy."

For once Midwinter spoke as lightly and carelessly as Allan himself. "No, no," he said; "the major's landlord has the first claim to the notice of the major's daughter. I'll retire into the back-ground, and wait for the next lady who makes her appearance at Thorpe-Ambrose."

"Very good. I'll have an Address to the women of Norfolk posted in the park to that effect," said Allan. "Are you particular to a shade about size or complexion? What's your favorite age?"

Midwinter trifled with his own superstition as a man trifles with the loaded gun that may kill him, or with the savage animal that may

maim him for life. He mentioned the age (as he had reckoned it himself) of the woman in the black gown and the red Paisley shawl.

"Five-and-thirty," he said.

As the words passed his lips his factitious spirits deserted him. He left his seat, impenetrably deaf to all Allan's efforts at rallying him on his extraordinary answer, and resumed his restless pacing of the deck in dead silence. Once more the haunting thought which had gone to and fro with him in the hour of darkness went to and fro with him now in the hour of daylight. Once more the conviction possessed itself of his mind that something was to happen to Allan or to himself before they left the wreck.

Minute by minute the light strengthened in the eastern sky, and the shadowy places on the deck of the timber ship revealed their barren emptiness under the eye of day. As the breeze rose again the sea began to murmur wakefully in the morning light. Even the cold bubbling of the broken water changed its cheerless note, and softened on the ear as the mellowing flood of daylight poured warm over it from the rising sun. Midwinter paused near the forward part of the ship, and recalled his wandering attention to the passing time. The cheering influences of the hour were round him look where he might. The happy morning smile of the summer sky, so brightly merciful to the old and weary earth, lavished its all-embracing beauty even on the wreck! The dew that lay glittering on the inland fields lay glittering on the deck, and the worn and rusted rigging was gemmed as brightly as the fresh green leaves on shore. Insensibly, as he looked round, Midwinter's thoughts reverted to the comrade who had shared with him the adventure of the night. He returned to the after-part of the ship, and spoke to Allan as he advanced. Receiving no answer, he approached the recumbent figure and looked closer at it. Left to his own resources, Allan had let the fatigues of the night take their own way with him. His head had sunk back; his hat had fallen off; he lay stretched at full length on the deck of the timber ship, deeply and peacefully asleep.

Midwinter resumed his walk; his mind lost in doubt, his own past thoughts seeming suddenly to have grown strange to him. How darkly his forebodings had distrusted the coming time—and how harmlessly that time had come! The sun was mounting in the heavens, the hour of release was drawing nearer and nearer; and of the two Armadales imprisoned in the fatal ship one was sleeping away the weary time, and the other was quietly watching the growth of the new day.

The sun climbed higher; the hour wore on. With the latent distrust of the wreck which still clung to him Midwinter looked inquiringly on either shore for signs of awakening human life. The land was still lonely. The smoke-wreaths that were soon to rise from cottage chimneys had not risen yet.

After a moment's thought he went back again

to the after-part of the vessel, to see if there might be a fisherman's boat within hail astern of them. Absorbed for the moment by the new idea, he passed Allan hastily, after barely noticing that he still lay asleep. One step more would have brought him to the taffrail—when that step was suspended by a sound behind him, a sound like a faint groan. He turned, and looked at the sleeper on the deck. He knelt softly, and looked closer.

"It has come!" he whispered to himself.

"Not to *me*—but to *him*."

It had come, in the bright freshness of the morning; it had come, in the mystery and terror of a Dream. The face which Midwinter had last seen in perfect repose was now the distorted face of a suffering man. The perspiration stood thick on Allan's forehead, and matted his curling hair. His partially-opened eyes showed nothing but the white of the eyeball gleaming blindly. His outstretched hands scratched and struggled on the deck. From moment to moment he moaned and muttered helplessly; but the words that escaped him were lost in the grinding and gnashing of his teeth. There he lay—so near in the body to the friend who bent over him; so far away in the spirit that the two might have been in different worlds—there he lay, with the morning sunshine on his face, in the torture of his dream.

One question, and one only, rose in the mind of the man who was looking at him. What had the Fatality which had imprisoned him in the Wreck decreed that he should see?

Had the treachery of Sleep opened the gates of the grave to that one of the two Armadales whom the other had kept in ignorance of the truth? Was the murder of the father revealing itself to the son—there, on the very spot where the crime had been committed—in the vision of a dream?

With that question overshadowing all else in his mind, the son of the homicide knelt on the deck, and looked on the son of the man whom his father's hand had slain.

The conflict between the sleeping body and the waking mind was strengthening every moment. The dreamer's helpless groaning for deliverance grew louder; his hands raised themselves and clutched at the empty air. Struggling with the all-mastering dread that still held him, Midwinter laid his hand gently on Allan's forehead. Light as the touch was, there were mysterious sympathies in the dreaming man that answered it. His groaning ceased, and his hands dropped slowly. There was an instant of suspense, and Midwinter looked closer. His breath just fluttered over the sleeper's face. Before the next breath had risen to his lips Allan suddenly sprang up on his knees—sprang up as if the call of a trumpet had rung on his ear, awake in an instant.

"You have been dreaming," said Midwinter, as the other looked at him wildly, in the first bewilderment of waking.

Allan's eyes began to wander about the wreck

—at first vacantly, then with a look of angry surprise. "Are we here still?" he said, as Midwinter helped him to his feet. "Whatever else I do on board this infernal ship," he added, after a moment, "I won't go to sleep again!"

As he said those words his friend's eyes searched his face in silent inquiry. They took a turn together on the deck.

"Tell me your dream," said Midwinter, with a strange tone of suspicion in his voice, and a strange appearance of abruptness in his manner.

"I can't tell it yet," returned Allan. "Wait a little till I'm my own man again."

They took another turn on the deck. Midwinter stopped and spoke once more.

"Look at me for a moment, Allan," he said.

There was something of the trouble left by the dream, and something of natural surprise at the strange request just addressed to him, in Allan's face, as he turned it full on the speaker; but no shadow of ill-will, no lurking lines of distrust any where. Midwinter turned aside quickly, and hid, as he best might, an irrepressible outburst of relief.

"Do I look a little upset?" asked Allan, taking his arm and leading him on again. "Don't make yourself nervous about me if I do. My head feels wild and giddy; but I shall soon get over it."

For the next few minutes they walked backward and forward in silence—the one bent on dismissing the terror of the dream from his thoughts, the other bent on discovering what the terror of the dream might be. Relieved of the dread that had oppressed it, the superstitious nature of Midwinter had leaped to its next conclusion at a bound. What if the sleeper had been visited by another revelation than the revelation of the Past? What if the dream had opened those unturned pages in the book of the Future which told the story of his life to come? The bare doubt that it might be so strengthened tenfold Midwinter's longing to penetrate the mystery which Allan's silence still kept a secret from him.

"Is your head more composed?" he asked. "Can you tell me your dream now?"

While he put the question a last memorable moment in the Adventure of the Wreck was at hand.

They had reached the stern, and were just turning again when Midwinter spoke. As Allan opened his lips to answer he looked out mechanically to sea. Instead of replying he suddenly ran to the taffrail, and waved his hat over his head, with a shout of exultation.

Midwinter joined him, and saw a large six-oared boat pulling straight for the channel of the Sound. A figure, which they both thought they recognized, rose eagerly in the stern-sheets and returned the waving of Allan's hat. The boat came nearer; the steersman called to them cheerfully; and they recognized the doctor's voice.

"Thank God you're both above water!" said Mr. Hawbury, as they met him on the deck of

the timber ship. "Of all the winds of heaven which wind blew you here?"

He looked at Midwinter as he made the inquiry; but it was Allan who told him the story of the night, and Allan who asked the doctor for information in return. The one absorbing interest in Midwinter's mind—the interest of penetrating the mystery of the dream—kept him silent throughout. Heedless of all that was said or done about him, he watched Allan, and followed Allan, like a dog, until the time came for getting down into the boat. Mr. Hawbury's professional eye rested on him curiously, noting his varying color and the incessant restlessness of his hands. "I wouldn't change nervous systems with that man for the largest fortune that could be offered me," thought the doctor as he took the boat's tiller, and gave the oarsmen their order to push off from the wreck.

Having reserved all explanations on his side until they were on their way back to Port St. Mary, Mr. Hawbury next addressed himself to the gratification of Allan's curiosity. The circumstances which had brought him to the rescue of his two guests of the previous evening were simple enough. The lost boat had been met with at sea by some fishermen of Port Erin, on the western side of the island, who at once recognized it as the doctor's property, and at once sent a messenger to make inquiry at the doctor's house. The man's statement of what had happened had naturally alarmed Mr. Hawbury for the safety of Allan and his friend. He had immediately secured assistance; and, guided by the boatmen's advice, had made first for the most dangerous place on the coast—the only place, in that calm weather, in which an accident could have happened to a boat sailed by experienced men—the channel of the Sound. After thus accounting for his welcome appearance on the scene, the doctor hospitably insisted that his guests of the evening should be his guests of the morning as well. It would still be too early when they got back for the people at the hotel to receive them, and they would find bed and breakfast at Mr. Hawbury's house.

At the first pause in the conversation between Allan and the doctor Midwinter—who had neither joined in the talk, nor listened to the talk—touched his friend on the arm. "Are you better?" he asked in a whisper. "Shall you soon be composed enough to tell me what I want to know?"

Allan's eyebrows contracted impatiently; the subject of the dream, and Midwinter's obstinacy in returning to it, seemed to be alike distasteful to him. He hardly answered with his usual good-humor. "I suppose I shall have no peace till I tell you," he said, "so I may as well get it over at once."

"No!" returned Midwinter, with a look at the doctor and his oarsmen. "Not where other people can hear it—not till you and I are alone."

"If you wish to see the last, gentlemen, of your quarters for the night," interposed the

doctor, "now is your time! the coast will shut the vessel out in a minute more."

In silence on the one side and on the other, the two Armadales looked their last at the fatal ship. Lonely and lost they had found the Wreck in the mystery of the summer night. Lonely and lost they left the Wreck in the radiant beauty of the summer morning.

An hour later the doctor had seen his guests established in their bedrooms, and had left them to take their rest until the breakfast hour arrived.

Almost as soon as his back was turned the doors of both rooms opened softly, and Allan and Midwinter met in the passage.

"Can you sleep after what has happened?" asked Allan.

Midwinter shook his head. "You were coming to my room, were you not?" he said. "What for?"

"To ask you to keep my company. What were *you* coming to *my* room for?"

"To ask you to tell me your dream."

"Damn the dream! I want to forget all about it."

"And I want to know all about it."

Both paused; both refrained instinctively from saying more. For the first time since the beginning of their friendship they were on the verge of a disagreement—and that on the subject of the dream. Allan's good temper just stopped them on the brink.

"You are the most obstinate fellow alive," he said, "but if you will know all about it, you must know all about it, I suppose. Come into my room and I'll tell you."

He led the way, and Midwinter followed. The door closed, and shut them in together.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN Mr. Hawbury joined his guests in the breakfast-room the strange contrast of character between them which he had noticed already was impressed on his mind more strongly than ever. One of them sat at the well-spread table, hungry and happy; ranging from dish to dish, and declaring that he had never made such a breakfast in his life. The other sat apart at the window; his cup thanklessly deserted before it was empty, his meat left ungraciously half eaten on his plate. The doctor's morning greeting to the two, accurately expressed the differing impressions which they had produced on his mind. He clapped Allan on the shoulder, and saluted him with a joke. He bowed constrainedly to Midwinter, and said, "I am afraid you have not recovered the fatigues of the night."

"It's not the night, doctor, that has damped his spirits," said Allan. "It's something I have been telling him. It is not my fault, mind. If I had only known beforehand that

he believed in dreams I wouldn't have opened my lips."

"Dreams?" repeated the doctor, looking at Midwinter directly, and addressing him under a mistaken impression of the meaning of Allan's words. "With your constitution, you ought to be well used to dreaming by this time."

"This way, doctor; you have taken the wrong turning!" cried Allan. "I'm the dreamer—not he. Don't look astonished; it wasn't in this comfortable house—it was on board that confounded timber ship. The fact is, I fell asleep just before you took us off the wreck; and it's not to be denied that I had a very ugly dream. Well, when we got back here—"

"Why do you trouble Mr. Hawbury about a matter that can not possibly interest him?" asked Midwinter, speaking for the first time, and speaking very impatiently.

"I beg your pardon," returned the doctor, rather sharply; "so far as I have heard the matter does interest me."

"That's right, doctor!" said Allan. "Be interested, I beg and pray; I want you to clear his head of the nonsense he has got in it now. What do you think?—he will have it that my dream is a warning to me to avoid certain people; and he actually persists in saying that one of those people is—himself! Did you ever hear the like of it? I took great pains; I explained the whole thing to him. I said, warning be hanged—it's all indigestion! You don't know what I ate and drank at the doctor's supper-table—I do. Do you think he would listen to me? Not he. You try him next; you're a professional man, and he must listen to you. Be a good fellow, doctor, and give me a certificate of indigestion; I'll show you my tongue with pleasure."

"The sight of your face is quite enough," said Mr. Hawbury. "I certify, on the spot, that you never had such a thing as an indigestion in your life. Let's hear about the dream, and see what we can make of it—if you have no objection, that is to say."

Allan pointed at Midwinter with his fork.

"Apply to my friend, there," he said; "he has got a much better account of it than I can give you. If you'll believe me, he took it all down in writing from my own lips; and he made me sign it at the end, as if it was my 'last dying speech and confession' before I went to the gallows. Out with it, old boy—I saw you put it in your pocket-book—out with it!"

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Midwinter, producing his pocket-book with a reluctance which was almost offensive under the circumstances, for it implied distrust of the doctor in the doctor's own house.

Mr. Hawbury's color rose. "Pray don't show it to me if you feel the least unwillingness," he said, with the elaborate politeness of an offended man.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Allan. "Throw it over here!"

Instead of complying with that characteristic request Midwinter took the paper from the pocket-book, and, leaving his place, approached Mr. Hawbury. "I beg your pardon," he said, as he offered the doctor the manuscript with his own hand. His eyes dropped to the ground, and his face darkened, while he made the apology. "A secret, sullen fellow," thought the doctor, thanking him with formal civility—"his friend is worth ten thousand of him." Midwinter went back to the window and sat down again in silence, with the old impenetrable resignation which had once puzzled Mr. Brock.

"Read that, doctor," said Allan, as Mr. Hawbury opened the written paper. "It's not told in my roundabout way; but there's nothing added to it, and nothing taken away. It's exactly what I dreamed, and exactly what I should have written myself, if I had thought the thing worth putting down on paper, and if I had had the knack of writing—which," concluded Allan, composedly stirring his coffee, "I haven't, except it's letters; and I rattle *them* off in no time."

Mr. Hawbury spread the manuscript before him on the breakfast-table and read these lines:

ALLAN ARMADALE'S DREAM.

"Early on the morning of June the first, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I found myself (through circumstances which it is not important to mention in this place) left alone with a friend of mine—a young man about my own age—on board the French timber ship named *La Grace de Dieu*, which ship then lay wrecked in the channel of the Sound, between the main land of the Isle of Man and the islet called the Calf. Having not been in bed the previous night, and feeling overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep on the deck of the vessel. I was in my usual good health at the time, and the morning was far enough advanced for the sun to have risen. Under these circumstances, and at that period of the day, I passed from sleeping to dreaming. As clearly as I can recollect it, after the lapse of a few hours, this was the succession of events presented to me by the dream:

"1. The first event of which I was conscious was the appearance of my father. He took me silently by the hand; and we found ourselves in the cabin of a ship.

"2. Water rose slowly over us in the cabin; and I and my father sank through the water together.

"3. An interval of oblivion followed; and then the sense came to me of being left alone in the darkness.

"4. I waited.

"5. The darkness opened and showed me the vision—as in a picture—of a broad, lonely pool, surrounded by open ground. Above the farther margin of the pool I saw the cloudless western sky red with the light of sunset.

"6. On the near margin of the pool there stood the Shadow of a Woman.

"7. It was the shadow only. No indication was visible to me by which I could identify it, or compare it with any living creature. The long robe showed me that it was the shadow of a woman, and showed me nothing more.

"8. The darkness closed again—remained with me for an interval—and opened for the second time.

"9. I found myself in a room, standing before a long window. The only object of furniture or of ornament that I saw (or that I can now remember having seen) was a little statue placed near me. The statue was on my left hand, and the window was on my right. The window opened on a lawn and flower-garden; and the rain was pattering heavily against the glass.

"10. I was not alone in the room. Standing opposite to me at the window was the Shadow of a Man.

"11. I saw no more of it—I knew no more of it than I saw and knew of the shadow of the woman. But the shadow of the man moved. It stretched out its arm toward the statue; and the statue fell in fragments on the floor.

"12. With a confused sensation in me, which was partly anger and partly distress, I stooped to look at the fragments. When I rose again the Shadow had vanished, and I saw no more.

"13. The darkness opened for the third time and showed me the Shadow of the Woman and the Shadow of the Man together.

"14. No surrounding scene (or none that I can now call to mind) was visible to me.

"15. The Man-Shadow was the nearest; the Woman-Shadow stood back. From where she stood there came a sound as of the pouring of a liquid softly. I saw her touch the shadow of the man with one hand, and with the other give him a glass. He took the glass and gave it to me. In the moment when I put it to my lips a deadly faintness mastered me from head to foot. When I came to my senses again the Shadow had vanished, and the third vision was at an end.

"16. The darkness closed over me again; and the interval of oblivion followed.

"17. I was conscious of nothing more till I felt the morning sunshine on my face, and heard my friend tell me that I had awakened from a dream."

After reading the narrative attentively to the last line (under which appeared Allan's signature) the doctor looked across the breakfast-table at Midwinter, and tapped his fingers on the manuscript with a satirical smile.

"Many men, many opinions," he said. "I don't agree with either of you about this dream. Your theory," he added, looking at Allan, with a smile, "we have disposed of already: the supper that *you* can't digest is a supper which has yet to be discovered. My theory we will come to presently; your friend's theory claims attention first." He turned again to Midwinter, with his anticipated triumph over a man whom he

disliked a little too plainly visible in his face and manner. "If I understand rightly," he went on, "you believe that this dream is a warning, supernaturally addressed to Mr. Armadale, of dangerous events that are threatening him, and of dangerous people connected with those events, whom he would do wisely to avoid. May I inquire whether you have arrived at this conclusion as an habitual believer in dreams? or, as having reasons of your own for attaching especial importance to this one dream in particular?"

"You have stated what my conviction is quite accurately," returned Midwinter, chafing under the doctor's looks and tones. "Excuse me if I ask you to be satisfied with that admission, and to let me keep my reasons to myself."

"That's exactly what he said to me," interposed Allan. "I don't believe he has got any reasons at all."

"Gently! gently!" said Mr. Hawbury. "We can discuss the subject without intruding ourselves into any body's secrets. Let us come to my own method of dealing with the dream next. Mr. Midwinter will probably not be surprised to hear that I look at this matter from an essentially practical point of view."

"I shall not be at all surprised," retorted Midwinter. "The view of a medical man, when he has a problem in humanity to solve, seldom ranges beyond the point of his dissecting-knife."

The doctor was a little nettled on his side. "Our limits are not quite so narrow as that," he said; "but I willingly grant you that there are some articles of your faith in which we doctors don't believe. For example, we don't believe that a reasonable man is justified in attaching a supernatural interpretation to any phenomenon which comes within the range of his senses, until he has certainly ascertained that there is no such thing as a natural explanation of it to be found in the first instance."

"Come! that's fair enough, I'm sure," exclaimed Allan. "He hit you hard with the 'dissecting-knife,' doctor; and now you have hit him back again with your 'natural explanation.' Let's have it."

"By all means," said Mr. Hawbury; "here it is. There is nothing at all extraordinary in my theory of dreams: it is the theory accepted by the great mass of my profession. A Dream is the reproduction, in the sleeping state of the brain, of images and impressions produced on it in the waking state; and this reproduction is more or less involved, imperfect, or contradictory, as the action of certain faculties in the dreamer is controlled more or less completely by the influence of sleep. Without inquiring farther into this latter part of the subject—a very curious and interesting part of it—let us take the theory, roughly and generally, as I have just stated it, and apply it at once to the dream now under consideration." He took up the written paper from the table, and dropped the formal tone (as of a lecturer addressing an au-

dience) into which he had insensibly fallen. "I see one event already in this dream," he resumed, "which I know to be the reproduction of a waking impression produced on Mr. Armadale in my own presence. If he will only help me by exerting his memory, I don't despair of tracing back the whole succession of events set down here to something that he has said or thought, or seen or done, in the four-and-twenty hours, or less, which preceded his falling asleep on the deck of the timber ship."

"I'll exert my memory with the greatest pleasure," said Allan. "Where shall we start from?"

"Start by telling me what you did yesterday, before I met you and your friend on the road to this place," replied Mr. Hawbury. "We will say, you got up and had your breakfast. What next?"

"We took a carriage next," said Allan, "and drove from Castletown to Douglas to see my old friend, Mr. Brock, off by the steamer to Liverpool. We came back to Castletown, and separated at the hotel door. Midwinter went into the house, and I went on to my yacht in the harbor. By-the-by, doctor, remember you have promised to go cruising with us before we leave the Isle of Man."

"Many thanks—but suppose we keep to the matter in hand. What next?"

Allan hesitated. In both senses of the word his mind was at sea already.

"What did you do on board the yacht?"

"Oh, I know! I put the cabin to rights—thoroughly to rights. I give you my word of honor I turned every blessed thing topsy-turvy. And my friend there came off in a shore-boat and helped me. Talking of boats, I have never asked you yet whether your boat came to any harm last night. If there's any damage done I insist on being allowed to repair it."

The doctor abandoned all further attempts at the cultivation of Allan's memory in despair.

"I doubt if we shall be able to reach our object conveniently in this way," he said. "It will be better to take the events of the dream in their regular order, and to ask the questions that naturally suggest themselves as we go on. Here are the first two events to begin with. You dream that your father appears to you—that you and he find yourselves in the cabin of a ship—that the water rises over you, and that you sink in it together. Were you down in the cabin of the wreck, may I ask?"

"I couldn't be down there," replied Allan, "as the cabin was full of water. I looked in and saw it, and shut the door again."

"Very good," said Mr. Hawbury. "Here are the waking impressions clear enough, so far. You have had the cabin in your mind, and you have had the water in your mind; and the sound of the channel current (as I well know without asking) was the last sound in your ears when you went to sleep. The idea of drowning comes too naturally out of such impressions as these to need dwelling on. Is there any thing else be-

fore we go on? Yes; there is one more circumstance left to account for."

"The most important circumstance of all," remarked Midwinter, joining in the conversation without stirring from his place at the window.

"You mean the appearance of Mr. Armadale's father? I was just coming to that," answered Mr. Hawbury. "Is your father alive?" he added, addressing himself to Allan once more.

"My father died before I was born."

The doctor started. "This complicates it a little," he said. "How did you know that the figure appearing to you in the dream was the figure of your father?"

Allan hesitated again. Midwinter drew his chair a little away from the window, and looked at the doctor attentively for the first time.

"Was your father in your thoughts before you went to sleep?" pursued Mr. Hawbury. "Was there any description of him—any portrait of him at home—in your mind?"

"Of course there was!" cried Allan, suddenly seizing the lost recollection. "Midwinter! you remember the miniature you found on the floor of the cabin when we were putting the yacht to rights? You said I didn't seem to value it; and I told you I did, because it was a portrait of my father—"

"And was the face in the dream like the face in the miniature?" asked Mr. Hawbury.

"Exactly like! I say, doctor, this is beginning to get interesting!"

"What do you say now?" asked Mr. Hawbury, turning toward the window again.

Midwinter hurriedly left his chair, and placed himself at the table with Allan. Just as he had once already taken refuge from the tyranny of his own superstition in the comfortable common sense of Mr. Brock—so, with the same headlong eagerness, with the same straightforward sincerity of purpose, he now took refuge in the doctor's theory of dreams. "I say what my friend says," he answered, flushing with a sudden enthusiasm; "this is beginning to get interesting. Go on—pray go on."

The doctor looked at his strange guest more indulgently than he had looked yet. "You are the only mystic I have met with," he said, "who is willing to give fair evidence fair play. I don't despair of converting you before our inquiry comes to an end. Let us go on to the next set of events," he resumed, after referring for a moment to the manuscript. "The interval of oblivion which is described as succeeding the first of the appearances in the dream may be easily disposed of. It means, in plain English, the momentary cessation of the brain's intellectual action, while a deeper wave of sleep flows over it, just as the sense of being alone in the darkness, which follows, indicates the renewal of that action previous to the reproduction of another set of impressions. Let us see what they are. A lonely pool, surrounded by an open country; a sunset sky on the farther side of the pool; and the shadow of a woman on the near side. Very good; now for it, Mr. Armadale! How

did that pool get into your head? The open country you saw on your way from Castletown to this place. But we have no pools or lakes hereabouts; and you can have seen none recently elsewhere, for you came here after a cruise at sea. Must we fall back on a picture, or a book, or a conversation with your friend?"

Allan looked at Midwinter. "I don't remember talking about pools or lakes," he said. "Do you?"

Instead of answering the question, Midwinter suddenly appealed to the doctor.

"Have you got the last number of the *Manx* newspaper?" he asked.

The doctor produced it from the side-board. Midwinter turned to the page containing those extracts from the recently published *Travels in Australia*, which had roused Allan's interest on the previous evening, and the reading of which had ended by sending his friend to sleep. There—in the passage describing the sufferings of the travelers from thirst, and the subsequent discovery which saved their lives—there, appearing at the climax of the narrative, was the broad pool of water which had figured in Allan's dream!

"Don't put away the paper," said the doctor, when Midwinter had shown it to him, with the necessary explanation. "Before we are at the end of the inquiry it is quite possible we may want that extract again. We have got at the pool. How about the sunset? Nothing of that sort is referred to in the newspaper extract. Search your memory again, Mr. Armadale; we want your waking impression of a sunset, if you please."

Once more, Allan was at a loss for an answer; and, once more, Midwinter's ready memory helped him through the difficulty.

"I think I can trace our way back to this impression, as I traced our way back to the other," he said, addressing the doctor. "After we got here yesterday afternoon my friend and I took a long walk over the hills—"

"That's it!" interposed Allan. "I remember. The sun was setting as we came back to the hotel for supper—and it was such a splendid red sky we both stopped to look at it. And then we talked about Mr. Brock, and wondered how far he had got on his journey home. My memory may be a slow one at starting, doctor; but when it's once set going, stop it if you can! I haven't half done yet."

"Wait one minute, in mercy to Mr. Midwinter's memory and mine," said the doctor. "We have traced back to your waking impressions the vision of the open country, the pool, and the sunset. But the Shadow of the Woman has not been accounted for yet. Can you find us the original of this mysterious figure in the dream-landscape?"

Allan relapsed into his former perplexity, and Midwinter waited for what was to come, with his eyes fixed in breathless interest on the doctor's face. For the first time there was unbroken silence in the room. Mr. Hawbury looked in-

terrogatively from Allan to Allan's friend. Neither of them answered him. Between the shadow and the shadow's substance there was a great gulf of mystery, impenetrable alike to all three of them.

"Patience," said the doctor, composedly. "Let us leave the figure by the pool for the present, and try if we can't pick her up again as we go on. Allow me to observe, Mr. Midwinter, that it is not very easy to identify a shadow; but we won't despair. This impalpable lady of the lake may take some consistency when we next meet with her."

Midwinter made no reply. From that moment his interest in the inquiry began to flag.

"What is the next scene in the dream?" pursued Mr. Hawbury, referring to the manuscript. "Mr. Armadale finds himself in a room. He is standing before a long window opening on a lawn and flower-garden, and the rain is pattering against the glass. The only thing he sees in the room is a little statue; and the only company he has is the Shadow of a Man standing opposite to him. The Shadow stretches out its arm, and the statue falls in fragments on the floor; and the dreamer, in anger and distress at the catastrophe (observe, gentlemen, that here the sleeper's reasoning faculty wakes up a little, and the dream passes rationally, for a moment, from cause to effect), stoops to look at the broken pieces. When he looks up again the scene has vanished. That is to say, in the ebb and flow of sleep it is the turn of the flow now, and the brain rests a little. What's the matter, Mr. Armadale? Has that restive memory of yours run away with you again?"

"Yes," said Allan. "I'm off at full gallop. I've run the broken statue to earth; it's nothing more nor less than a china shepherdess I knocked off the mantle-piece in the hotel coffee-room when I rang the bell for supper last night. I say, how well we get on; don't we? It's like guessing a riddle. Now then, Midwinter! your turn next."

"No!" said the doctor. "My turn, if you please. I claim the long window, the garden, and the lawn as my property. You will find the long window, Mr. Armadale, in the next room. If you look out, you'll see the garden and lawn in front of it—and, if you'll exert that wonderful memory of yours, you will recollect that you were good enough to take special and complimentary notice of my smart French window and my neat garden when I drove you and your friend to Port St. Mary yesterday.

"Quite right," rejoined Allan, "so I did. But what about the rain that fell in the dream? I haven't seen a drop of rain for the last week."

Mr. Hawbury hesitated. The Manx newspaper which had been left on the table caught his eye. "If we can think of nothing else," he said, "let us try if we can't find the idea of the rain where we found the idea of the pool." He looked through the extract carefully. "I have got it!" he exclaimed. "Here is rain described as having fallen on these thirsty Australian trav-

elers before they discovered the pool. Behold the shower, Mr. Armadale, which got into your mind when you read the extract to your friend last night! And behold the dream, Mr. Midwinter, mixing up separate waking impressions just as usual!"

"Can you find the waking impression which accounts for the human figure at the window?" asked Midwinter; "or, are we to pass over the Shadow of the Man as we have passed over the Shadow of the Woman already?"

He put the question with scrupulous courtesy of manner, but with a tone of sarcasm in his voice which caught the doctor's ear, and set up the doctor's controversial bristles on the instant.

"When you are picking up shells on the beach, Mr. Midwinter, you usually begin with the shells that lie nearest at hand," he rejoined. "We are picking up facts now; and those that are easiest to get at are the facts we will take first. Let the Shadow of the Man and the Shadow of the Woman pair off together for the present; we won't lose sight of them, I promise you. All in good time, my dear Sir; all in good time!"

He too was polite, and he too was sarcastic. The short truce between the opponents was at an end already. Midwinter returned significantly to his former place by the window. The doctor instantly turned his back on the window more significantly still. Allan, who never quarreled with any body's opinion, and never looked below the surface of any body's conduct, drummed cheerfully on the table with the handle of his knife. "Go on, doctor!" he called out; "my wonderful memory is as fresh as ever."

"Is it?" said Mr. Hawbury, referring again to the narrative of the dream. "Do you remember what happened when you and I were gossiping with the landlady at the bar of the hotel last night?"

"Of course I do! You were kind enough to hand me a glass of brandy-and-water, which the landlady had just mixed for your own drinking. And I was obliged to refuse it because, as I told you, the taste of brandy always turns me sick and faint, mix it how you please."

"Exactly so," returned the doctor. "And here is the incident reproduced in the dream. You see the man's shadow and the woman's shadow together this time. You hear the pouring out of liquid (brandy from the hotel bottle, and water from the hotel jug); the glass is handed by the woman-shadow (the landlady) to the man-shadow (myself); the man-shadow hands it to you (exactly what I did); and the faintness (which you had previously described to me) follows in due course. I am shocked to identify these mysterious Appearances, Mr. Midwinter, with such miserably unromantic originals as a woman who keeps a hotel and a man who physics a country district. But your friend himself will tell you that the glass of brandy-and-water was prepared by the landlady, and that it reached him by passing from her hand to mine. We have picked up the shadows, ex-

actly as I anticipated; and we have only to account now—which may be done in two words—for the manner of their appearance in the dream. After having tried to introduce the waking impression of the doctor and the landlady separately, in connection with the wrong set of circumstances, the dreaming mind comes right at the third trial, and introduces the doctor and the landlady together, in connection with the right set of circumstances. There it is in a nut-shell! Permit me to hand you back the manuscript, with my best thanks for your very complete and striking confirmation of the rational theory of dreams." Saying those words, Mr. Hawbury returned the written paper to Midwinter, with the pitiless politeness of a conquering man.

"Wonderful! not a point missed any where from beginning to end! By Jupiter!" cried Allan, with the ready reverence of intense ignorance. "What a thing science is!"

"Not a point missed, as you say," remarked the doctor, complacently. "And yet I doubt if we have succeeded in convincing your friend."

"You have *not* convinced me," said Midwinter. "But I don't presume on that account to say that you are wrong."

He spoke quietly, almost sadly. The terrible conviction of the supernatural origin of the dream, from which he had tried to escape, had possessed itself of him again. All his interest in the argument was at an end; all his sensitiveness to its irritating influences was gone. In the case of any other man Mr. Hawbury would have been mollified by such a concession as his adversary had now made to him, but he disliked Midwinter too cordially to leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of an opinion of his own.

"Do you admit," asked the doctor, more pugnaciously than ever, "that I have traced back every event of the dream to a waking impression which preceded it in Mr. Armadale's mind?"

"I have no wish to deny that you have done so," said Midwinter, resignedly.

"Have I identified the Shadows with their living originals?"

"You have identified them to your own satisfaction, and to my friend's satisfaction. Not to mine."

"Not to yours? Can *you* identify them?"

"No. I can only wait till the living originals stand revealed in the future."

"Spoken like an oracle, Mr. Midwinter! Have you any idea at present of who those living originals may be?"

"I have. I believe that coming events will identify the Shadow of the Woman with a person whom my friend has not met with yet; and the Shadow of the Man with myself."

Allan attempted to speak. The doctor stopped him.

"Let us clearly understand this," he said to Midwinter. "Leaving your own case out of the question for the moment, may I ask how a shadow, which has no distinguishing mark about

it, is to be identified with a living woman whom your friend doesn't know?"

Midwinter's color rose a little. He began to feel the lash of the doctor's logic.

"The landscape-picture of the dream has its distinguishing marks," he replied. "And in that landscape the living woman will appear when the living woman is first seen."

"The same thing will happen, I suppose," pursued the doctor, "with the man-shadow which you persist in identifying with yourself. You will be associated in the future with a statue broken in your friend's presence, with a long window looking out on a garden, and with a shower of rain pattering against the glass? Do you say that?"

"I say that."

"And so again, I presume, with the next vision? You and the mysterious woman will be brought together in some place now unknown, and will present to Mr. Armadale some liquid yet unnamed, which will turn him faint?—Do you seriously tell me you believe this?"

"I seriously tell you I believe it."

"And, according to your view, these fulfillments of the dream will mark the progress of certain coming events, in which Mr. Armadale's happiness or Mr. Armadale's safety will be dangerously involved?"

"That is my firm conviction."

The doctor rose—laid aside his moral dissecting-knife—considered for a moment—and took it up again.

"One last question," he said. "Have you any reason to give for going out of your way to adopt such a mystical view as this, when an unanswerably rational explanation of the dream lies straight before you?"

"No reason," replied Midwinter, "that I can give, either to you or to my friend."

The doctor looked at his watch with the air of a man who is suddenly reminded that he has been wasting his time.

"We have no common ground to start from," he said; "and if we talked till doomsday we should not agree. Excuse my leaving you rather abruptly. It is later than I thought, and my morning's batch of sick people are waiting for me in the surgery. I have convinced *your* mind, Mr. Armadale, at any rate; so the time we have given to this discussion has not been altogether lost. Pray stop here and smoke your cigar. I shall be at your service again in less than an hour." He nodded cordially to Allan, bowed formally to Midwinter, and quitted the room.

As soon as the doctor's back was turned Allan left his place at the table, and appealed to his friend with that irresistible heartiness of manner which had always found its way to Midwinter's sympathies from the first day when they met at the Somersetshire inn.

"Now the sparring-match between you and the doctor is over," said Allan, "I have got two words to say on my side. Will you do something for my sake which you won't do for your own?"

Midwinter's face brightened instantly. "I will do any thing you ask me," he said.

"Very well. Will you let the subject of the dream drop out of our talk altogether from this time forth?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Will you go a step further? Will you leave off thinking about the dream?"

"It's hard to leave off thinking about it, Allan. But I will try."

"That's a good fellow! Now give me that trumpery bit of paper, and let's tear it up, and have done with it."

He tried to snatch the manuscript out of his friend's hand; but Midwinter was too quick for him, and kept it beyond his reach.

"Come! come!" pleaded Allan. "I've set my heart on lighting my cigar with it."

Midwinter hesitated painfully. It was hard to resist Allan; but he did resist him. "I'll wait a little," he said, "before you light your cigar with it."

"How long? Till to-morrow?"

"Longer."

"Till we leave the Isle of Man?"

"Longer."

"Hang it—give me a plain answer to a plain question! How long *will* you wait?"

Midwinter carefully restored the paper to its place in his pocket-book.

"I'll wait," he said, "till we get to Thorpe-Ambrose."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

OLD LETTERS.

FAIR with the fairness of Dead Sea fruit;

True with the truth of a siren's smile;

Instinct with soul as an unplayed lute;

Expert of fraud as a serpent's wile—

If she to-morrow will wed for gold,

Flouting the rite with a perjured vow,

Shall not the new take the place of the old;

The sun of the *then* quit the ice of the *now*?

Ah! did he love her? He said so, in sooth;

And she made him say it in mazed surprise:

He swore to his honor to make it truth;

And his true heart clave to her heart of lies.

Was there no churl of her own degree,

No upstart churl with new acres broad,

To come at her call and her slave to be,

Till land married land in the fane of God?

Such were in plenty, for she had gold—

Such is the man she will wed to-morrow;

But she had a fancy that wealth untold,

That fathomless mine, a heart, to borrow.

To borrow, to borrow, but not to keep—

That were to hold it all too dear;

For practice, her hands its strings should sweep,

Her ears the full tones of its music hear.

Resolved, for a season she turned away

From senseless clowns with new acres broad;

Giving the poor and the proud *his* day,

Whose wealth was his brain and trust in God.

She made up her eyes to the depth of pools

Of love in the midst of her beauty's glare:

Fledged with new honors, flushed from the schools,

How should a young man know to beware?

Ah! did he love her? He said so, in sooth;

And she trapped him to say it in mazed surprise:

He said it, and swore to make it truth;

And his true heart clave to her heart of lies.

Will she break it now—the heart she trepanned?

May Heaven forefend! though a spell she throw

Round it of ice, pray a magic hand

May touch it and bid its streams reflow!

If she to-morrow will wed for gold,

Flouting the rite with a perjured vow,

Should not the new take the place of the old?

Where are her thoughts and her fancies now?

Thrice hath the letter she holds been read—

Hath she been snared in her own device?

Why linger now o'er the hopes that are dead?

Let them be tombed with her artifice.

Ah! Memory whispers her hopes and fears,

Her anguish of doubt, till that letter came;

How the writer professed to her bliss and tears

She had lit once, forever, a vestal flame.

The spectacled Prudence, her mother, is kind!

Patient and kind to the griefs of youth;

She will wink at a heart-throb or pang till she's blind,

So her child be but true to her untruth!

Culled from the rubbish doomed to be burned,

Of scandal, of fashion, of fête and fair;

Alas! is his love, with his letters, *returned*,

Coiled round a lock of her worthless hair?

He recks not. Why should he? Both to the fire!

Of her future this prayer the grace shall be:

"God send my sons be not like their sire!

God send my daughters be not like me!"





MISS RIDERHOOD AT HOME.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 374.]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FOUR BOOKS.—BOOK THE SECOND. BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

STRONG OF PURPOSE.

THE sexton-task of piling earth above John Harmon all night long was not conducive to sound sleep; but Rokesmith had some broken morning rest, and rose strengthened in his purpose. It was all over now. No ghost should trouble Mr. and Mrs. Boffin's peace; invisible and voiceless, the ghost should look on for a little while longer at the state of existence out of which it had departed, and then should forever

cease to haunt the scenes in which it had no place.

He went over it all again. He had lapsed into the condition in which he found himself, as many a man lapses into many a condition, without perceiving the accumulative power of its separate circumstances. When in the distrust engendered by his wretched childhood and the action for evil—never yet for good within his knowledge then—of his father and his father's wealth on all within their influence, he conceived the idea of his first deception, it was meant to



MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.—[SEE FEBRUARY NUMBER, PAGE 382.]

be harmless, it was to last but a few hours or days, it was to involve in it only the girl so capriciously forced upon him, and upon whom he was so capriciously forced, and it was honestly meant well toward her. For if he had found her unhappy in the prospect of that marriage (through her heart inclining to another man or for any other cause), he would seriously have said: "This is another of the old perverted uses of the misery-making money. I will let it go to my and my sister's only protectors and friends." When the snare into which he fell so outstripped his first intention as that he found himself placarded by the police authorities upon the London walls for dead, he confusedly accepted the aid that fell upon him, without considering how firmly it must seem to fix the Boffins in their accession to the fortune. When he saw them, and knew them, and even from his vantage-

ground of inspection could find no flaw in them, he asked himself, "And shall I come to life to dispossess such people as these?" There was no good to set against the putting of them to that hard proof. He had heard from Bella's own lips when he stood tapping at the door on that night of his taking the lodgings, that the marriage would have been on her part thoroughly mercenary. He had since tried her, in his own unknown person and supposed station, and she not only rejected his advances but resented them. Was it for him to have the shame of buying her, or the meanness of punishing her? Yet, by coming to life, and accepting the condition of the inheritance, he must do the former; and by coming to life and rejecting it, he must do the latter.

Another consequence that he had never foreshadowed, was the implication of an innocent

man in his supposed murder. He would obtain complete retraction from the accuser, and set the wrong right; but clearly the wrong could never have been done if he had never planned a deception. Then, whatever inconvenience or distress of mind the deception cost him, it was manful repentantly to accept as among its consequences, and make no complaint.

Thus John Rokesmith in the morning, and it buried John Harmon still many fathoms deeper than he had been buried in the night.

Going out earlier than he was accustomed to do, he encountered the cherub at the door. The cherub's way was for a certain space his way, and they walked together.

It was impossible not to notice the change in the cherub's appearance. The cherub felt very conscious of it, and modestly remarked: "A present from my daughter Bella, Mr. Rokesmith."

The words gave the Secretary a stroke of pleasure, for he remembered the fifty pounds, and he still loved the girl. No doubt it was very weak—it always is very weak, some authorities hold—but he loved the girl.

"I don't know whether you happen to have read many books of African Travel, Mr. Rokesmith?" said R. W.

"I have read several."

"Well, you know, there's usually a King George, or a King Boy, or a King Sambo, or a King Bill, or Bull, or Rum, or Junk, or whatever name the sailors may have happened to give him."

"Where?" asked Rokesmith.

"Any where. Any where in Africa, I mean. Pretty well every where, I may say; for black kings are cheap—and I think"—said R. W., with an apologetic air, "nasty."

"I am much of your opinion, Mr. Wilfer. You were going to say—?"

"I was going to say, the king is generally dressed in a London hat only, or a Manchester pair of braces, or one epaulet, or a uniform coat with his legs in the sleeves, or something of that kind."

"Just so," said the Secretary.

"In confidence, I assure you, Mr. Rokesmith," observed the cheerful cherub, "that when more of my family were at home and to be provided for, I used to remind myself immensely of that king. You have no idea, as a single man, of the difficulty I have had in wearing more than one good article at a time."

"I can easily believe it, Mr. Wilfer."

"I only mention it," said R. W. in the warmth of his heart, "as a proof of the amiable, delicate, and considerate affection of my daughter Bella. If she had been a little spoiled, I couldn't have thought so very much of it, under the circumstances. But no, not a bit. And she is so very pretty! I hope you agree with me in finding her very pretty, Mr. Rokesmith?"

"Certainly I do. Every one must."

"I hope so," said the cherub. "Indeed, I

have no doubt of it. This is a great advancement for her in life, Mr. Rokesmith. A great opening of her prospects."

"Miss Wilfer could have no better friends than Mr. and Mrs. Boffin."

"Impossible!" said the grateful cherub. "Really I begin to think things are very well as they are. If Mr. John Harmon had lived—"

"He is better dead," said the Secretary.

"No, I won't go so far as to say that," urged the cherub, a little remonstrant against the very decisive and un pitying tone; "but he mightn't have suited Bella, or Bella mightn't have suited him, or fifty things, whereas now I hope she can choose for herself."

"Has she—as you place the confidence in me of speaking on the subject, you will excuse my asking—has she—perhaps—chosen?" faltered the Secretary.

"Oh dear no!" returned R. W.

"Young ladies sometimes," Rokesmith hinted, "choose without mentioning their choice to their fathers."

"Not in this case, Mr. Rokesmith. Between my daughter Bella and me there is a regular league and covenant of confidence. It was ratified only the other day. The ratification dates from—these," said the cherub, giving a little pull at the lappels of his coat and the pockets of his trowsers. "Oh no, she has not chosen. To be sure, young George Sampson, in the days when Mr. John Harmon—"

"Who I wish had never been born!" said the Secretary, with a gloomy brow.

R. W. looked at him with surprise, as thinking he had contracted an unaccountable spite against the poor deceased, and continued: "In the days when Mr. John Harmon was being sought out, young George Sampson certainly was hovering about Bella, and Bella let him hover. But it never was seriously thought of, and it's still less than ever to be thought of now. For Bella is ambitious, Mr. Rokesmith, and I think I may predict will marry fortune. This time, you see, she will have the person and the property before her together, and will be able to make her choice with her eyes open. This is my road. I am very sorry to part company so soon. Good-morning, Sir!"

The Secretary pursued his way, not very much elevated in spirits by this conversation, and, arriving at the Boffin mansion, found Betty Higden waiting for him.

"I should thank you kindly, Sir," said Betty, "if I might make so bold as have a word or two wi' you."

She should have as many words as she liked, he told her; and took her into his room, and made her sit down.

"'Tis concerning Sloppy, Sir," said Betty. "And that's how I come here by myself. Not wishing him to know what I'm a-going to say to you, I got the start of him early and walked up."

"You have wonderful energy," returned Rokesmith. "You are as young as I am."

Betty Higden gravely shook her head. "I am strong for my time of life, Sir, but not young, thank the Lord!"

"Are you thankful for not being young?"

"Yes, Sir. If I was young, it would all have to be gone through again, and the end would be a weary way off, don't you see? But never mind me; 'tis concerning Sloppy."

"And what about him, Betty?"

"'Tis just this, Sir. It can't be reasoned out of his head by any powers of mine but what that he can do right by your kind lady and gentleman and do his work for me, both together. Now he can't. To give himself up to being put in the way of arning a good living and getting on, he must give me up. Well; he won't."

"I respect him for it," said Rokesmith.

"Do ye, Sir? I don't know but what I do myself. Still that don't make it right to let him have his way. So as he won't give me up, I'm a-going to give him up."

"How, Betty?"

"I'm a-going to run away from him."

With an astonished look at the indomitable old face and the bright eyes the Secretary repeated, "Run away from him?"

"Yes, Sir," said Betty, with one nod. And in the nod and in the firm set of her mouth there was a vigor of purpose not to be doubted.

"Come, come!" said the Secretary. "We must talk about this. Let us take our time over it, and try to get at the true sense of the case and the true course, by degrees."

"Now, lookee here, my dear," returned old Betty—"asking your excuse for being so familiar, but being of a time of life a'most to be your grandmother twice over. Now, lookee here. 'Tis a poor living and a hard as is to be got out of this work that I'm a doing now, and but for Sloppy I don't know as I should have held to it this long. But it did just keep us on, the two together. Now that I'm alone—with even Johnny gone—I'd far sooner be upon my feet and tiring of myself out, than a sitting folding and folding by the fire. And I'll tell you why. There's a deadness steals over me at times, that the kind of life favors and I don't like. Now, I seem to have Johnny in my arms—now, his mother—now, his mother's mother—now, I seem to be a child myself, a lying once again in the arms of my own mother—then I get numbed, thought and senses, till I start out of my seat, afeerd that I'm a growing like the poor old people that they brick up in the Unions, as you may sometimes see when they let 'em out of the four walls to have a warm in the sun, crawling quite scared about the streets. I was a nimble girl, and have always been a active body, as I told your lady, first time ever I see her good face. I can still walk twenty mile if I am put to it. I'd far better be a walking than a getting numbed and dreary. I'm a good fair knitter, and can make many little things to sell. The loan from your lady and gentleman of twenty shillings to fit out a basket with would

be a fortune for me. Trudging round the country and tiring of myself out, I shall keep the deadness off, and get my own bread by my own labor. And what more can I want?"

"And this is your plan," said the Secretary, "for running away?"

"Show me a better! My deary, show me a better! Why, I know very well," said old Betty Higden, "and you know very well, that your lady and gentleman would set me up like a queen for the rest of my life, if so be that we could make it right among us to have it so. But we can't make it right among us to have it so. I've never took charity yet, nor yet has any one belonging to me. And it would be forsaking of myself indeed, and forsaking of my children dead and gone, and forsaking of their children dead and gone, to set up a contradiction now at last."

"It might come to be justifiable and unavoidable at last," the Secretary gently hinted, with a slight stress on the word.

"I hope it never will! It ain't that I mean to give offense by being anyways proud," said the old creature, simply, "but that I want to be of a piece like, and helpful of myself right through to my death."

"And to be sure," added the Secretary, as a comfort for her, "Sloppy will be eagerly looking forward to his opportunity of being to you what you have been to him."

"Trust him for that, Sir!" said Betty, cheerfully. "Though he had need to be something quick about it, for I'm a getting to be an old one. But I'm a strong one too, and travel and weather never hurt me yet! Now, be so kind as speak for me to your lady and gentleman, and tell 'em what I ask of their good friendliness to let me do, and why I ask it."

The Secretary felt that there was no gain-saying what was urged by this brave old heroine, and he presently repaired to Mrs. Boffin and recommended her to let Betty Higden have her way, at all events for the time. "It would be far more satisfactory to your kind heart, I know," he said, "to provide for her, but it may be a duty to respect this independent spirit." Mrs. Boffin was not proof against the consideration set before her. She and her husband had worked too, and had brought their simple faith and honor clean out of dust-heaps. If they owed a duty to Betty Higden, of a surety that duty must be done.

"But, Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, when she accompanied John Rokesmith back to his room, and shone upon her with the light of her radiant face, "granted all else, I think I wouldn't run away."

"'Twould come easier to Sloppy," said Mrs. Higden, shaking her head. "'Twould come easier to me too. But 'tis as you please."

"When would you go?"

"Now," was the bright and ready answer. "To-day, my deary, to-morrow. Bless ye, I am used to it. I know many parts of the coun-

try well. When nothing else was to be done I have worked in many a market-garden afore now, and in many a hop-garden too."

"If I give my consent to your going, Betty—which Mr. Rokesmith thinks I ought to do—"

Betty thanked him with a grateful courtesy.

"—We must not lose sight of you. We must not let you pass out of our knowledge. We must know all about you."

"Yes, my deary, but not through letter-writing, because letter-writing—indeed, writing of most sorts—hadn't much come up for such as me when I was young. But I shall be to and fro. No fear of my missing a chance of giving myself a sight of your reviving face. Besides," said Betty, with logical good faith, "I shall have a debt to pay off, by littles, and naturally that would bring me back if nothing else would."

"*Must* it be done?" asked Mrs. Boffin, still reluctant, of the Secretary.

"I think it must."

After more discussion it was agreed that it should be done, and Mrs. Boffin summoned Bella to note down the little purchases that were necessary to set Betty up in trade. "Don't ye be timorous for me, my dear," said the stanch old heart, observant of Bella's face: "when I take my seat with my work, clean and busy and fresh, in a country market-place, I shall turn a sixpence as sure as ever a farmer's wife there."

The Secretary took that opportunity of touching on the practical question of Mr. Sloppy's capabilities. He would have made a wonderful cabinet-maker, said Mrs. Higden, "if there had been the money to put him to it." She had seen him handle tools that he had borrowed to mend the mangle, or to knock a broken piece of furniture together, in a surprising manner. As to constructing toys for the Minders, out of nothing, he had done that daily. And once as many as a dozen people had got together in the lane to see the neatness with which he fitted the broken pieces of a foreign monkey's musical instrument. "That's well," said the Secretary. "It will not be hard to find a trade for him."

John Harmon being buried under mountains now, the Secretary that very same day set himself to finish his affairs and have done with him. He drew up an ample declaration, to be signed by Rogue Riderhood (knowing he could get his signature to it, by making him another and much shorter evening call), and then considered to whom should he give the document? To Hexam's son, or daughter? Resolved speedily, to the daughter. But it would be safer to avoid seeing the daughter, because the son had seen Julius Handford, and—he could not be too careful—there might possibly be some comparison of notes between the son and daughter, which would awaken slumbering suspicion and lead to consequences. "I might even," he reflected, "be apprehended as having been concerned in my own murder!" Therefore, best to send it to the daughter under cover by the post. Pleasant Riderhood had undertaken to find out where

she lived, and it was not necessary that it should be attended by a single word of explanation. So far, straight.

But all that he knew of the daughter he derived from Mrs. Boffin's accounts of what she heard from Mr. Lightwood, who seemed to have a reputation for his manner of relating a story, and to have made this story quite his own. It interested him, and he would like to have the means of knowing more—as, for instance, that she received the exonerating paper, and that it satisfied her—by opening some channel altogether independent of Lightwood: who likewise had seen Julius Handford, who had publicly advertised for Julius Handford, and whom of all men he, the Secretary, most avoided. "But with whom the common course of things might bring me in a moment face to face any day in the week or any hour in the day."

Now, to cast about for some likely means of opening such a channel. The boy, Hexam, was training for and with a schoolmaster. The Secretary knew it, because his sister's share in that disposal of him seemed to be the best part of Lightwood's account of the family. This young fellow, Sloppy, stood in need of some instruction. If he, the Secretary, engaged that schoolmaster to impart it to him the channel might be opened. The next point was, did Mrs. Boffin know the schoolmaster's name? No, but she knew where the school was. Quite enough. Promptly the Secretary wrote to the master of that school, and that very evening Bradley Headstone answered in person.

The Secretary stated to the schoolmaster how the object was, to send to him for certain occasional evening instruction, a youth whom Mr. and Mrs. Boffin wished to help to an industrious and useful place in life. The schoolmaster was willing to undertake the charge of such a pupil. The Secretary inquired on what terms? The schoolmaster stated on what terms. Agreed and disposed of.

"May I ask, Sir," said Bradley Headstone, "to whose good opinion I owe a recommendation to you?"

"You should know that I am not the principal here. I am Mr. Boffin's Secretary. Mr. Boffin is a gentleman who inherited a property of which you may have heard some public mention: the Harmon property."

"Mr. Harmon," said Bradley: who would have been a great deal more at a loss than he was, if he had known to whom he spoke: "was murdered, and found in the river."

"Was murdered, and found in the river."

"It was not—"

"No," interposed the Secretary, smiling, "it was not he who recommended you. Mr. Boffin heard of you through a certain Mr. Lightwood. I think you know Mr. Lightwood, or know of him?"

"I know as much of him as I wish to know, Sir. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Lightwood, and I desire none. I have no objection

to Mr. Lightwood, but I have a particular objection to some of Mr. Lightwood's friends—in short, to one of Mr. Lightwood's friends. His great friend."

He could hardly get the words out, even then and there, so fierce did he grow (though keeping himself down with infinite pains of repression), when the careless and contemptuous bearing of Eugene Wrayburn rose before his mind.

The Secretary saw there was a strong feeling here on some sore point, and he would have made a diversion from it, but for Bradley's holding to it in his cumbersome way.

"I have no objection to mention the friend by name," he said, doggedly. "The person I object to is Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

The Secretary remembered him. In his disturbed recollection of that night when he was striving against the drugged drink, there was but a dim image of Eugene's person; but he remembered his name, and his manner of speaking, and how he had gone with them to view the body, and where he had stood, and what he had said.

"Pray, Mr. Headstone, what is the name," he asked, again trying to make a diversion, "of young Hexam's sister?"

"Her name is Lizzie," said the schoolmaster, with a strong contraction of his whole face.

"She is a young woman of a remarkable character; is she not?"

"She is sufficiently remarkable to be very superior to Mr. Eugene Wrayburn—though an ordinary person might be that," said the schoolmaster; "and I hope you will not think it impertinent in me, Sir, to ask why you put the two names together?"

"By mere accident," returned the Secretary. "Observing that Mr. Wrayburn was a disagreeable subject with you, I tried to get away from it: though not very successfully, it would appear."

"Do you know Mr. Wrayburn, Sir?"

"No."

"Then perhaps the names can not be put together on the authority of any representation of his?"

"Certainly not."

"I took the liberty to ask," said Bradley, after casting his eyes on the ground, "because he is capable of making any representation, in the swaggering levity of his insolence. I—I hope you will not misunderstand me, Sir. I—I am much interested in this brother and sister, and the subject awakens very strong feelings within me. Very, very strong feelings." With a shaking hand Bradley took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

The Secretary thought, as he glanced at the schoolmaster's face, that he had opened a channel here indeed, and that it was an unexpectedly dark and deep and stormy one, and difficult to sound. All at once, in the midst of his turbulent emotions, Bradley stopped and seemed to challenge his look. Much as though he suddenly asked him, "What do you see in me?"

"The brother, young Hexam, was your real recommendation here," said the Secretary, quietly going back to the point; "Mr. and Mrs. Boffin happening to know, through Mr. Lightwood, that he was your pupil. Any thing that I ask respecting the brother and sister, or either of them, I ask for myself, out of my own interest in the subject, and not in my official character, or on Mr. Boffin's behalf. How I come to be interested I need not explain. You know the father's connection with the discovery of Mr. Harmon's body."

"Sir," replied Bradley, very restlessly indeed, "I know all the circumstances of that case."

"Pray tell me, Mr. Headstone," said the Secretary. "Does the sister suffer under any stigma because of the impossible accusation—groundless would be a better word—that was made against the father, and substantially withdrawn?"

"No, Sir," returned Bradley, with a kind of anger.

"I am very glad to hear it."

"The sister," said Bradley, separating his words over-carefully, and speaking as if he were repeating them from a book, "suffers under no reproach that repels a man of unimpeachable character, who has made for himself every step of his way in life, from placing her in his own station. I will not say, raising her to his own station; I say, placing her in it. The sister labors under no reproach, unless she should unfortunately make it for herself. When such a man is not deterred from regarding her as his equal, and when he has convinced himself that there is no blemish on her, I think the fact must be taken to be pretty expressive."

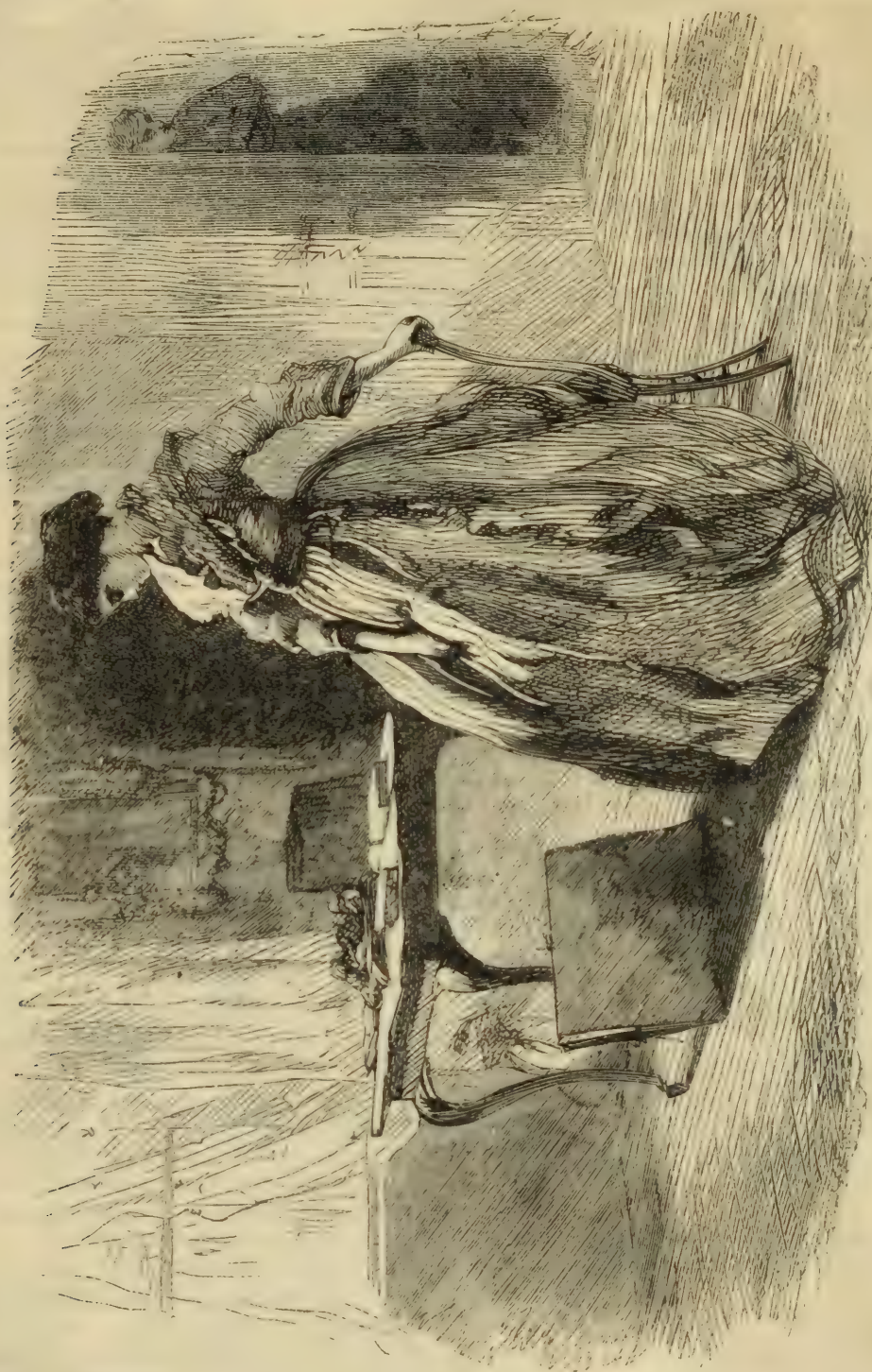
"And there is such a man?" said the Secretary.

Bradley Headstone knotted his brows, and squared his large lower jaw, and fixed his eyes on the ground with an air of determination that seemed unnecessary to the occasion, as he replied: "And there is such a man."

The Secretary had no reason or excuse for prolonging the conversation, and it ended here. Within three hours the oakum-headed apparition once more dived into the Leaving Shop, and that night Rogue Riderhood's recantation lay in the post-office, addressed under cover to Lizzie Hexam at her right address.

All these proceedings occupied John Rokesmith so much that it was not until the following day that he saw Bella again. It seemed then to be tacitly understood between them that they were to be as distantly easy as they could, without attracting the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin to any marked change in their manner. The fitting out of old Betty Higden was favorable to this, as keeping Bella engaged and interested, and as occupying the general attention.

"I think," said Rokesmith, when they all stood about her, while she packed her tidy basket—except Bella; who was busily helping on her knees at the chair on which it stood; "that at



THE BOOFER LADY.

least you might keep a letter in your pocket, Mrs. Higden, which I would write for you and date from here, merely stating, in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, that they are your friends;—I won't say patrons, because they wouldn't like it."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Boffin; "no patronizing! Let's keep out of *that*, whatever we come to."

"There's more than enough of that about, without us; ain't there, Noddy?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"I believe you, old lady!" returned the Golden Dustman. "Overmuch indeed!"

"But people sometimes like to be patronized; don't they, Sir?" asked Bella, looking up.

"I don't. And if *they* do, my dear, they ought to learn better," said Mr. Boffin. "Patrons and Patronesses, and Vice-Patrons and Vice-Patronesses, and Deceased Patrons and Deceased Patronesses, and Ex-Vice-Patrons and Ex-Vice-Patronesses, what does it all mean in the books of the Charities that come pouring in on Roke-smith as he sits among 'em pretty well up to his neck! If Mr. Tom Noakes gives his five shillings ain't he a Patron, and if Mrs. Jack Styles gives her five shillings ain't she a Patroness? What the deuce is it all about? If it ain't stark staring impudence, what do you call it?"

"Don't be warm, Noddy," Mrs. Boffin urged.

"Warm!" cried Mr. Boffin. "It's enough to make a man smoking hot. I can't go any

where without being Patronized. I don't want to be Patronized. If I buy a ticket for a Flower Show, or a Music Show, or any sort of Show, and pay pretty heavy for it, why am I to be Patroned and Patronessed as if the Patrons and Patronesses treated me? If there's a good thing to be done, can't it be done on its own merits? If there's a bad thing to be done, can it ever be Patroned and Patronessed right? Yet when a new Institution's going to be built, it seems to me that the bricks and mortar ain't made of half so much consequence as the Patrons and Patronesses; no, nor yet the objects. I wish somebody would tell me whether other countries get Patronized to any thing like the extent of this one! And as to the Patrons and Patronesses themselves, I wonder they're not ashamed of themselves. They ain't Pills, or Hair-Washes, or Invigorating Nervous Essences, to be puffed in that way!"

Having delivered himself of these remarks, Mr. Boffin took a trot, according to his usual custom, and trotted back to the spot from which he had started.

"As to the letter, Rokesmith," said Mr. Boffin, "you're as right as a trivet. Give her the letter, make her take the letter, put it in her pocket by violence. She might fall sick.—You know you might fall sick," said Mr. Boffin. "Don't deny it, Mrs. Higden, in your obstinacy; you know you might."

Old Betty laughed, and said that she would take the letter and be thankful.

"That's right!" said Mr. Boffin. "Come! That's sensible. And don't be thankful to us (for we never thought of it), but to Mr. Rokesmith."

The letter was written, and read to her, and given to her.

"Now, how do you feel?" said Mr. Boffin. "Do you like it?"

"The letter, Sir?" said Betty. "Ay, it's a beautiful letter!"

"No, no, no; not the letter," said Mr. Boffin; "the idea. Are you sure you're strong enough to carry out the idea?"

"I shall be stronger, and keep the deadness off better, this way, than any way left open to me, Sir."

"Don't say than any way left open, you know," urged Mr. Boffin; "because there are ways without end. A housekeeper would be acceptable over yonder at the Bower, for instance. Wouldn't you like to see the Bower, and know a retired literary man of the name of Wegg that lives there—with a wooden leg?"

Old Betty was proof even against this temptation, and fell to adjusting her black bonnet and shawl.

"I wouldn't let you go, now it comes to this, after all," said Mr. Boffin, "if I didn't hope that it may make a man and a workman of Sloppy, in as short a time as ever a man and a workman was made yet. Why, what have you got there, Betty? Not a doll?"

It was the man in the Guards who had been on duty over Johnny's bed. The solitary old woman showed what it was, and put it up quietly in her dress. Then she gratefully took leave of Mrs. Boffin, and of Mr. Boffin, and of Rokesmith, and then put her old withered arms round Bella's young and blooming neck, and said, repeating Johnny's words: "A kiss for the boofer lady."

The Secretary looked on from a doorway at the boofer lady thus encircled, and still looked on at the boofer lady standing alone there, when the determined old figure with its steady bright eyes was trudging through the streets, away from paralysis and pauperism.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WHOLE CASE SO FAR.

BRADLEY HEADSTONE held fast by that other interview he was to have with Lizzie Hexam. In stipulating for it he had been impelled by a feeling little short of desperation, and the feeling abided by him. It was very soon after his interview with the Secretary that he and Charley Hexam set out one leaden evening, not unnoticed by Miss Peecher, to have this desperate interview accomplished.

"That dolls' dress-maker," said Bradley, "is favorable neither to me nor to you, Hexam."

"A pert crooked little chit, Mr. Headstone! I knew she would put herself in the way, if she could, and would be sure to strike in with something impertinent. It was on that account that I proposed our going to the City to-night and meeting my sister."

"So I supposed," said Bradley, getting his gloves on his nervous hands as he walked. "So I supposed."

"Nobody but my sister," pursued Charley, "would have found out such an extraordinary companion. She has done it in a ridiculous fancy of giving herself up to another. She told me so that night when we went there."

"Why should she give herself up to the dress-maker?" asked Bradley.

"Oh!" said the boy, coloring. "One of her romantic ideas! I tried to convince her so, but I didn't succeed. However, what we have got to do, is, to succeed to-night, Mr. Headstone, and then all the rest follows."

"You are still sanguine, Hexam."

"Certainly I am, Sir. Why, we have every thing on our side."

"Except your sister, perhaps," thought Bradley. But he only gloomily thought it, and said nothing.

"Every thing on our side," repeated the boy with boyish confidence. "Respectability, an excellent connection for me, common sense, every thing!"

"To be sure, your sister has always shown herself a devoted sister," said Bradley, willing to sustain himself on even that low ground of hope.

"Naturally, Mr. Headstone, I have a good deal of influence with her. And now that you have honored me with your confidence and spoken to me first, I say again, we have every thing on our side."

And Bradley thought again, "Except your sister, perhaps."

A gray dusty withered evening in London city has not a hopeful aspect. The closed warehouses and offices have an air of death about them, and the national dread of color has an air of mourning. The towers and steeples of the many house-encompassed churches, dark and dingy as the sky that seems descending on them, are no relief to the general gloom; a sun-dial on a church-wall has the look, in its useless black shade, of having failed in its business enterprise and stopped payment forever: melancholy waifs and strays of housekeepers and porters sweep melancholy waifs and strays of papers and pins into the kennels, and other more melancholy waifs and strays explore them, searching and stooping and poking for any thing to sell. The set of humanity outward from the City is as a set of prisoners departing from jail, and dismal Newgate seems quite as fit a stronghold for the mighty Lord Mayor as his own state-dwelling.

On such an evening, when the city grit gets into the hair and eyes and skin, and when the fallen leaves of the few unhappy city trees grind down in corners under wheels of wind, the school-master and the pupil emerged upon the Leaden-hall Street region, spying eastward for Lizzie. Being something too soon in their arrival they lurked at a corner, waiting for her to appear. The best-looking among us will not look very well lurking at a corner, and Bradley came out of that disadvantage very poorly indeed.

"Here she comes, Mr. Headstone! Let us go forward and meet her."

As they advanced she saw them coming, and seemed rather troubled. But she greeted her brother with the usual warmth, and touched the extended hand of Bradley.

"Why, where are you going, Charley, dear?" she asked him then.

"Nowhere. We came on purpose to meet you."

"To meet me, Charley?"

"Yes. We are going to walk with you. But don't let us take the great leading streets where every one walks, and we can't hear ourselves speak. Let us go by the quiet backways. Here's a large paved court by this church, and quiet, too. Let us go up here."

"But it's not in the way, Charley."

"Yes it is," said the boy, petulantly. "It's in my way, and my way is yours."

She had not released his hand, and, still holding it, looked at him with a kind of appeal. He avoided her eyes, under pretense of saying, "Come along, Mr. Headstone." Bradley walked at his side—not at hers—and the brother and sister walked hand in hand. The court brought them to a church-yard; a paved square court,

with a raised bank of earth about breast high, in the middle, inclosed by iron rails. Here, conveniently and healthfully elevated above the level of the living, were the dead, and the tombstones; some of the latter droopingly inclined from the perpendicular, as if they were ashamed of the lies they told.

They paced the whole of this place once, in a constrained and uncomfortable manner, when the boy stopped and said:

"Lizzie, Mr. Headstone has something to say to you. I don't wish to be an interruption either to him or to you, and so I'll go and take a little stroll and come back. I know in a general way what Mr. Headstone intends to say, and I very highly approve of it, as I hope—and indeed I do not doubt—you will. I needn't tell you, Lizzie, that I am under great obligations to Mr. Headstone, and that I am very anxious for Mr. Headstone to succeed in all he undertakes. As I hope—and as, indeed, I don't doubt—you must be."

"Charley," returned his sister, detaining his hand as he withdrew it, "I think you had better stay. I think Mr. Headstone had better not say what he thinks of saying."

"Why, how do you know what it is?" returned the boy.

"Perhaps I don't, but—"

"Perhaps you don't? No, Liz, I should think not. If you knew what it was you would give me a very different answer. There; let go; be sensible. I wonder you don't remember that Mr. Headstone is looking on."

She allowed him to separate himself from her, and he, after saying, "Now, Liz, be a rational girl and a good sister," walked away. She remained standing alone with Bradley Headstone, and it was not until she raised her eyes that he spoke.

"I said," he began, "when I saw you last, that there was something unexplained, which might perhaps influence you. I have come this evening to explain it. I hope you will not judge of me by my hesitating manner when I speak to you. You see me at my greatest disadvantage. It is most unfortunate for me that I wish you to see me at my best, and that I know you see me at my worst."

She moved slowly on when he paused, and he moved slowly on beside her.

"It seems egotistical to begin by saying so much about myself," he resumed, "but whatever I say to you seems, even in my own ears, below what I want to say, and different from what I want to say. I can't help it. So it is. You are the ruin of me."

She started at the passionate sound of the last words, and at the passionate action of his hands, with which they were accompanied.

"Yes! you are the ruin—the ruin—the ruin—of me. I have no resources in myself, I have no confidence in myself, I have no government of myself when you are near me or in my thoughts. And you are always in my thoughts now. I have never been quit of you since I first saw you."

Oh, that was a wretched day for me! That was a wretched, miserable day!"

A touch of pity for him mingled with her dislike of him, and she said: "Mr. Headstone, I am grieved to have done you any harm, but I have never meant it."

"There!" he cried, despairingly. "Now I seem to have reproached you, instead of revealing to you the state of my own mind! Bear with me. I am always wrong when you are in question. It is my doom."

Struggling with himself, and by times looking up at the deserted windows of the houses as if there could be any thing written in their grimy panes that would help him, he paced the whole pavement at her side before he spoke again.

"I must try to give expression to what is in my mind; it shall and must be spoken. Though you see me so confounded—though you strike me so helpless—I ask you to believe that there are many people who think well of me; that there are some people who highly esteem me; that I have in my way won a station which is considered worth winning."

"Surely, Mr. Headstone, I do believe it. Surely I have always known it from Charley."

"I ask you to believe that if I were to offer my home such as it is, my station such as it is, my affections such as they are, to any one of the best considered, and best qualified, and most distinguished, among the young women engaged in my calling, they would probably be accepted. Even readily accepted."

"I do not doubt it," said Lizzie, with her eyes upon the ground.

"I have sometimes had it in my thoughts to make that offer and to settle down as many men of my class do: I on the one side of a school, my wife on the other, both of us interested in the same work."

"Why have you not done so?" asked Lizzie Hexam. "Why do you not do so?"

"Far better that I never did! The only one grain of comfort I have had these many weeks," he said, always speaking passionately, and, when most emphatic, repeating that former action of his hands, which was like flinging his heart's-blood down before her in drops upon the pavement stones; "the only one grain of comfort I have had these many weeks is, that I never did. For if I had, and if the same spell had come upon me for my ruin, I know I should have broken that tie asunder as if it had been thread."

She glanced at him with a glance of fear, and a shrinking gesture. He answered, as if she had spoken.

"No! It would not have been voluntary on my part, any more than it is voluntary in me to be here now. You draw me to you. If I were shut up in a strong prison you would draw me out. I should break through the wall to come to you. If I were lying on a sick bed you would draw me up—to stagger to your feet and fall there."

The wild energy of the man, now quite let

loose, was absolutely terrible. He stopped and laid his hand upon a piece of the coping of the burial-ground inclosure, as if he would have dislodged the stone.

"No man knows till the time comes what depths are within him. To some men it never comes; let them rest and be thankful! To me, you brought it; on me, you forced it; and the bottom of this raging sea," striking himself upon the breast, "has been heaved up ever since."

"Mr. Headstone, I have heard enough. Let me stop you here. It will be better for you and better for me. Let us find my brother."

"Not yet. It shall and must be spoken. I have been in torments ever since I stopped short of it before. You are alarmed. It is another of my miseries that I can not speak to you or speak of you without stumbling at every syllable, unless I let the check go altogether and run mad. Here is a man lighting the lamps. He will be gone directly. I entreat of you let us walk round this place again. You have no reason to look alarmed; I can restrain myself, and I will."

She yielded to the entreaty—how could she do otherwise!—and they paced the stones in silence. One by one the lights leaped up, making the cold gray church-tower more remote, and they were alone again. He said no more until they had regained the spot where he had broken off; there, he again stood still, and again grasped the stone. In saying what he said then he never looked at her; but looked at it and wrenched at it.

"You know what I am going to say. I love you. What other men may mean when they use that expression I can not tell; what I mean is, that I am under the influence of some tremendous attraction which I have resisted in vain, and which overmasters me. You could draw me to fire, you could draw me to water, you could draw me to the gallows, you could draw me to any death, you could draw me to any thing I have most avoided, you could draw me to any exposure and disgrace. This and the confusion of my thoughts, so that I am fit for nothing, is what I mean by your being the ruin of me. But if you would return a favorable answer to my offer of myself in marriage, you could draw me to any good—every good—with equal force. My circumstances are quite easy, and you would want for nothing. My reputation stands quite high, and would be a shield for yours. If you saw me at my work, able to do it well and respected in it, you might even come to take a sort of pride in me;—I would try hard that you should. Whatever considerations I may have thought of against this offer I have conquered, and I make it with all my heart. Your brother favors me to the utmost, and it is likely that we might live and work together; any how, it is certain that he would have my best influence and support. I don't know that I could say more if I tried. I might only weaken what is ill enough said as it is. I only add that if it is any claim on you to

be in earnest, I am in thorough earnest, dreadful earnest."

The powdered mortar from under the stone at which he wrenched rattled on the pavement to confirm his words.

"Mr. Headstone—"

"Stop! I implore you, before you answer me, to walk round this place once more. It will give you a minute's time to think, and me a minute's time to get some fortitude together."

Again she yielded to the entreaty, and again they came back to the same place, and again he worked at the stone.

"Is it," he said, with his attention apparently engrossed by it, "yes, or no?"

"Mr. Headstone, I thank you sincerely, I thank you gratefully, and hope you may find a worthy wife before long and be very happy. But it is no."

"Is no short time necessary for reflection; no weeks or days?" he asked, in the same half-suffocated way.

"None whatever."

"Are you quite decided, and is there no chance of any change in my favor?"

"I am quite decided, Mr. Headstone, and I am bound to answer I am certain there is none."

"Then," said he, suddenly changing his tone and turning to her, and bringing his clenched hand down upon the stone with a force that laid the knuckles raw and bleeding; "then I hope that I may never kill him!"

The dark look of hatred and revenge with which the words broke from his livid lips, and with which he stood holding out his smeared hand as if it held some weapon and had just struck a mortal blow, made her so afraid of him that she turned to run away. But he caught her by the arm.

"Mr. Headstone, let me go. Mr. Headstone, I must call for help!"

"It is I who should call for help," he said; "you don't know yet how much I need it."

The working of his face as she shrank from it, glancing round for her brother and uncertain what to do, might have extorted a cry from her in another instant; but all at once he sternly stopped it and fixed it, as if Death itself had done so.

"There! You see I have recovered myself. Hear me out."

With much of the dignity of courage, as she recalled her self-reliant life and her right to be free from accountability to this man, she released her arm from his grasp and stood looking full at him. She had never been so handsome, in his eyes. A shade came over them while he looked back at her, as if she drew the very light out of them to herself.

"This time, at least, I will leave nothing unsaid," he went on, folding his hands before him, clearly to prevent his being betrayed into any impetuous gesture; "this last time at least I will not be tortured with after-thoughts of a lost opportunity. Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

"Was it of him you spoke in your ungovernable rage and violence?" Lizzie Hexam demanded with spirit.

He bit his lip, and looked at her, and said never a word.

"Was it Mr. Wrayburn that you threatened?"

He bit his lip again, and looked at her, and said never a word.

"You asked me to hear you out, and you will not speak. Let me find my brother."

"Stay! I threatened no one."

Her look dropped for an instant to his bleeding hand. He lifted it to his mouth, wiped it on his sleeve, and again folded it over the other.

"Mr. Eugene Wrayburn," he repeated.

"Why do you mention that name again and again, Mr. Headstone?"

"Because it is the text of the little I have left to say. Observe! There are no threats in it. If I utter a threat, stop me, and fasten it upon me. Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

A worse threat than was conveyed in his manner of uttering the name could hardly have escaped him.

"He haunts you. You accept favors from him. You are willing enough to listen to *him*. I know it, as well as he does."

"Mr. Wrayburn has been considerate and good to me, Sir," said Lizzie, proudly, "in connection with the death and with the memory of my poor father."

"No doubt. He is of course a very considerate and a very good man, Mr. Eugene Wrayburn."

"He is nothing to you, I think," said Lizzie, with an indignation she could not repress.

"Oh yes, he is. There you mistake. He is much to me."

"What can he be to you?"

"He can be a rival to me among other things," said Bradley.

"Mr. Headstone," returned Lizzie, with a burning face, "it is cowardly in you to speak to me in this way. But it makes me able to tell you that I do not like you, and that I never have liked you from the first, and that no other living creature has any thing to do with the effect you have produced upon me for yourself."

His head bent for a moment, as if under a weight, and he then looked up again, moistening his lips. "I was going on with the little I had left to say. I knew all this about Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, all the while you were drawing me to you. I strove against the knowledge, but quite in vain. It made no difference in me. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I went on. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I spoke to you just now. With Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind, I have been set aside and I have been cast out."

"If you give those names to my thanking you for your proposal and declining it, is it my fault, Mr. Headstone?" said Lizzie, compassionating the bitter struggle he could not conceal, al-

most as much as she was repelled and alarmed by it.

"I am not complaining," he returned, "I am only stating the case. I had to wrestle with my self-respect when I submitted to be drawn to you in spite of Mr. Wrayburn. You may imagine how low my self-respect lies now."

She was hurt and angry; but repressed herself in consideration of his suffering, and of his being her brother's friend.

"And it lies under his feet," said Bradley, unfolding his hands in spite of himself, and fiercely motioning with them both toward the stones of the pavement. "Remember that! It lies under that fellow's feet, and he treads upon it and exults above it."

"He does not!" said Lizzie.

"He does!" said Bradley. "I have stood before him face to face, and he crushed me down in the dirt of his contempt, and walked over me. Why? Because he knew with triumph what was in store for me to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Headstone, you talk quite wildly."

"Quite collectedly. I know what I say too well. Now I have said all. I have used no threat, remember; I have done no more than show you how the case stands;—how the case stands, so far."

At this moment her brother sauntered into view close by. She darted to him, and caught him by the hand. Bradley followed, and laid his heavy hand on the boy's opposite shoulder.

"Charley Hexam, I am going home. I must walk home by myself to-night, and get shut up in my room without being spoken to. Give me half an hour's start, and let me be, till you find me at my work in the morning. I shall be at my work in the morning just as usual."

Clasping his hands, he uttered a short unearthly broken cry, and went his way. The brother and sister were left looking at one another near a lamp in the solitary church-yard, and the boy's face clouded and darkened as he said, in a rough tone: "What is the meaning of this? What have you done to my best friend? Out with the truth!"

"Charley!" said his sister. "Speak a little more considerately!"

"I am not in the humor for consideration, or for nonsense of any sort," replied the boy. "What have you been doing? Why has Mr. Headstone gone from us in that way?"

"He asked me—you know he asked me—to be his wife, Charley."

"Well?" said the boy, impatiently.

"And I was obliged to tell him that I could not be his wife."

"You were obliged to tell him," repeated the boy angrily, between his teeth, and rudely pushing her away. "You were obliged to tell him! Do you know that he is worth fifty of you?"

"It may easily be so, Charley, but I can not marry him."

"You mean that you are conscious that you

can't appreciate him, and don't deserve him, I suppose?"

"I mean that I do not like him, Charley, and that I will never marry him."

"Upon my soul," exclaimed the boy, "you are a nice picture of a sister! Upon my soul, you are a pretty piece of disinterestedness! And so all my endeavors to cancel the past and to raise myself in the world, and to raise you with me, are to be beaten down by *your* low whims; are they?"

"I will not reproach you, Charley."

"Hear her!" exclaimed the boy, looking round at the darkness. "She won't reproach me! She does her best to destroy my fortunes and her own, and she won't reproach me! Why, you'll tell me, next, that you won't reproach Mr. Headstone for coming out of the sphere to which he is an ornament, and putting himself at *your* feet, to be rejected by *you*!"

"No, Charley, I will only tell you, as I told himself, that I thank him for doing so, that I am sorry he did so, and that I hope he will do much better, and be happy."

Some touch of compunction smote the boy's hardening heart as he looked upon her, his patient little nurse in infancy, his patient friend, adviser, and reclamer in boyhood, the self-forgetting sister who had done every thing for him. His tone relented, and he drew her arm through his.

"Now, come, Liz; don't let us quarrel; let us be reasonable, and talk this over like brother and sister. Will you listen to me?"

"Oh, Charley!" she replied, through her starting tears; "do I not listen to you, and hear many hard things?"

"Then I'm sorry. There, Liz! I am unfeignedly sorry. Only you do put me out so. Now see. Mr. Headstone is perfectly devoted to you. He has told me in the strongest manner that he has never been his old self for one single minute since I first brought him to see you. Miss Peecher, our schoolmistress—pretty and young, and all that—is known to be very much attached to him, and he won't so much as look at her or hear of her. Now, his devotion to you must be a disinterested one; mustn't it? If he married Miss Peecher, he would be a great deal better off in all worldly respects than in marrying you. Well then; he has nothing to get by it, has he?"

"Nothing, Heaven knows!"

"Very well then," said the boy; "that's something in his favor, and a great thing. Then I come in. Mr. Headstone has always got me on, and he has a good deal in his power, and of course if he was my brother-in-law he wouldn't get me on less, but would get me on more. Mr. Headstone comes and confides in me, in a very delicate way, and says, 'I hope my marrying your sister would be agreeable to you, Hexam, and useful to you?' I say, 'There's nothing in the world, Mr. Headstone, that I could be better pleased with.' Mr. Headstone says, 'Then I may rely upon your intimate knowledge of me

for your good word with your sister, Hexam?" And I say, 'Certainly, Mr. Headstone, and naturally I have a good deal of influence with her.' So I have; haven't I, Liz?"

"Yes, Charley."

"Well said! Now, you see, we begin to get on, the moment we begin to be really talking it over, like brother and sister. Very well. Then you come in. As Mr. Headstone's wife you would be occupying a most respectable station, and you would be holding a far better place in society than you hold now, and you would at length get quit of the river-side and the old disagreeables belonging to it, and you would be rid for good of dolls' dress-makers and their drunken fathers, and the like of that. Not that I want to disparage Miss Jenny Wren: I dare say she is all very well in her way; but her way is not your way as Mr. Headstone's wife. Now, you see, Liz, on all three accounts—on Mr. Headstone's, on mine, on yours—nothing could be better or more desirable."

They were walking slowly as the boy spoke, and here he stood still to see what effect he had made. His sister's eyes were fixed upon him; but as they showed no yielding, and as she remained silent, he walked her on again. There was some discomfiture in his tone as he resumed, though he tried to conceal it.

"Having so much influence with you, Liz, as I have, perhaps I should have done better to have had a little chat with you in the first instance, before Mr. Headstone spoke for himself. But really all this in his favor seemed so plain and undeniable, and I knew you to have always been so reasonable and sensible, that I didn't consider it worth while. Very likely that was a mistake of mine. However, it's soon set right. All that need be done to set it right, is for you to tell me at once that I may go home and tell Mr. Headstone that what has taken place is not final, and that it will all come round by-and-by."

He stopped again. The pale face looked anxiously and lovingly at him, but she shook her head.

"Can't you speak?" said the boy, sharply.

"I am very unwilling to speak, Charley. If I must, I must. I can not authorize you to say any such thing to Mr. Headstone: I can not allow you to say any such thing to Mr. Headstone. Nothing remains to be said to him from me, after what I have said for good and all to-night."

"And this girl," cried the boy, contemptuously throwing her off again, "calls herself a sister!"

"Charley, dear, that is the second time that you have almost struck me. Don't be hurt by my words. I don't mean—Heaven forbid!—that you intended it; but you hardly know with what a sudden swing you removed yourself from me."

"However!" said the boy, taking no heed of the remonstrance, and pursuing his own mortified disappointment, "I know what this means, and you shall not disgrace me."

"It means what I have told you, Charley, and nothing more."

"That's not true," said the boy, in a violent tone, "and you know it's not. It means your precious Mr. Wrayburn; that's what it means."

"Charley! If you remember any old days of ours together, forbear!"

"But you shall not disgrace me," doggedly pursued the boy. "I am determined that after I have climbed up out of the mire you shall not pull me down. You can't disgrace me if I have nothing to do with you, and I *will* have nothing to do with you for the future."

"Charley! On many a night like this, and many a worse night, I have sat on the stones of the street, hushing you in my arms. Unsay those words without even saying you are sorry for them, and my arms are open to you still, and so is my heart."

"I'll not unsay them. I'll say them again. You are an inveterately bad girl, and a false sister, and I have done with you. Forever, I have done with you!"

He threw up his ungrateful and ungracious hand as if it set up a barrier between them, and flung himself upon his heel and left her. She remained impassive on the same spot, silent and motionless, until the striking of the church clock roused her, and she turned away. But then, with the breaking up of her immobility came the breaking up of the waters that the cold heart of the selfish boy had frozen. And "O that I were lying here with the dead!" and "O Charley, Charley, that this should be the end of our pictures in the fire!" were all the words she said, as she laid her face in her hands on the stone coping.

A figure passed by, and passed on, but stopped and looked round at her. It was the figure of an old man with a bowed head, wearing a large brimmed low-crowned hat, and a long-skirted coat. After hesitating a little the figure turned back, and, advancing with an air of gentleness and compassion, said:

"Pardon me, young woman, for speaking to you, but you are under some distress of mind. I can not pass upon my way and leave you weeping here alone, as if there was nothing in the place. Can I help you? Can I do any thing to give you comfort?"

She raised her head at the sound of these kind words, and answered gladly, "Oh, Mr. Riah, is it you?"

"My daughter," said the old man, "I stand amazed! I spoke as to a stranger. Take my arm, take my arm. What grieves you? Who has done this? Poor girl, poor girl!"

"My brother has quarreled with me," sobbed Lizzie, "and renounced me."

"He is a thankless dog," said the Jew, angrily. "Let him go. Shake the dust from thy feet and let him go. Come, daughter! Come home with me—it is but across the road—and take a little time to recover your peace and to make your eyes seemly, and then I will bear you

A FRIEND IN NEED.



company through the streets. For it is past your usual time, and will soon be late, and the way is long, and there is much company out of doors to-night."

She accepted the support he offered her, and they slowly passed out of the church-yard. They were in the act of emerging into the main thoroughfare, when another figure loitering discontentedly by, and looking up the street and down it, and all about, started and exclaimed, "Lizzie! why, where have you been? Why, what's the matter?"

As Eugene Wrayburn thus addressed her she drew closer to the Jew and bent her head. The Jew having taken in the whole of Eugene at one sharp glance, cast his eyes upon the ground, and stood mute.

"Lizzie, what is the matter?"

"Mr. Wrayburn, I can not tell you now. I can not tell you to-night, if I ever can tell you. Pray leave me."

"But, Lizzie, I came expressly to join you. I came to walk home with you, having dined at a coffee-house in this neighborhood and know-

ing your hour. And I have been lingering about," added Eugene, "like a bailiff; or," with a look at Riah, "an old clothesman."

The Jew lifted up his eyes, and took in Eugene more at another glance.

"Mr. Wrayburn, pray, pray leave me with this protector. And one thing more. Pray, pray be careful of yourself."

"Mysteries of Udolpho!" said Eugene, with a look of wonder. "May I be excused for asking, in the elderly gentleman's presence, who is this kind protector?"

"A trust-worthy friend," said Lizzie.

"I will relieve him of his trust," returned Eugene. "But you must tell me, Lizzie, what is the matter?"

"Her brother is the matter," said the old man, lifting up his eyes again.

"Our brother the matter?" returned Eugene, with airy contempt. "Our brother is not worth a thought, far less a tear. What has our brother done?"

The old man lifted up his eyes again, with one grave look at Wrayburn, and one grave glance at Lizzie, as she stood looking down. Both were so full of meaning that even Eugene was checked in his light career, and subsided into a thoughtful "Humph!"

With an air of perfect patience the old man, remaining mute and keeping his eyes cast down, stood, retaining Lizzie's arm, as though, in his habit of passive endurance, it would be all one to him if he had stood there motionless all night.

"If Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, who soon found this fatiguing, "will be good enough to relinquish his charge to me, he will be quite free for any engagement he may have at the Synagogue. Mr. Aaron, will you have the kindness?"

But the old man stood stock-still.

"Good-evening, Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, politely; "we need not detain you." Then turning to Lizzie, "Is our friend Mr. Aaron a little deaf?"

"My hearing is very good, Christian gentleman," replied the old man, calmly, "but I will hear only one voice to-night desiring me to leave this damsel before I have conveyed her to her home. If she requests it, I will do it. I will do it for no one else."

"May I ask why so, Mr. Aaron?" said Eugene, quite undisturbed in his ease.

"Excuse me. If she asks me, I will tell her," replied the old man. "I will tell no one else."

"I do not ask you," said Lizzie, "and I beg you to take me home. Mr. Wrayburn, I have had a bitter trial to-night, and I hope you will not think me ungrateful, or mysterious, or changeable. I am neither; I am wretched. Pray remember what I said to you. Pray, pray take care."

"My dear Lizzie," he returned, in a low voice,

bending over her on the other side; "of what? Of whom?"

"Of any one you have lately seen and made angry."

He snapped his fingers and laughed. "Come," said he, "since no better may be, Mr. Aaron and I will divide this trust, and see you home together. Mr. Aaron on that side; I on this. If perfectly agreeable to Mr. Aaron, the escort will now proceed."

He knew his power over her. He knew that she would not insist upon his leaving her. He knew that, her fears for him being aroused, she would be uneasy if he were out of her sight. For all his seeming levity and carelessness he knew whatever he chose to know of the thoughts of her heart.

And going on at her side, so gayly, regardless of all that had been urged against him; so superior in his sallies and self-possession to the gloomy constraint of her suitor and the selfish petulance of her brother; so faithful to her, as it seemed, when her own stock was faithless; what an immense advantage, what an overpowering influence, were his that night! Add to the rest, poor girl, that she had heard him vilified for her sake, and that she had suffered for his, and where the wonder that his occasional tones of serious interest (setting off his carelessness, as if it were assumed to calm her), that his lightest touch, his lightest look, his very presence beside her in the dark common street, were like glimpses of an enchanted world, which it was natural for jealousy and malice and all meanness to be unable to bear the brightness of, and to gird at as bad spirits might.

Nothing more being said of repairing to Riah's, they went direct to Lizzie's lodging. A little short of the house-door she parted from them, and went in alone.

"Mr. Aaron," said Eugene, when they were left together in the street, "with many thanks for your company, it remains for me unwillingly to say Farewell."

"Sir," returned the other, "I give you good-night, and I wish that you were not so thoughtful."

"Mr. Aaron," returned Eugene, "I give you good-night, and I wish (for you are a little dull) that you were not so thoughtful."

But now, that his part was played out for the evening, and when in turning his back upon the Jew he came off the stage, he was thoughtful himself. "How did Lightwood's catechism run?" he murmured, as he stopped to light his cigar. "What is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going? We shall soon know now. Ah!" with a heavy sigh.

The heavy sigh was repeated as if by an echo, an hour afterward, when Riah, who had been sitting on some dark steps in a corner over against the house, arose and went his patient way; stealing through the streets in his ancient dress, like the ghost of a departed Time.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.

THE estimable Twemlow, dressing himself in his lodgings over the stable-yard in Duke Street, Saint James's, and hearing the horses at their toilet below, finds himself on the whole in a disadvantageous position as compared with the noble animals at livery. For whereas, on the one hand, he has no attendant to slap him soundly and require him in gruff accents to come up and come over, still, on the other hand, he has no attendant at all; and the mild gentleman's finger-joints and other joints working rustily in the morning, he could deem it agreeable even to be tied up by the countenance at his chamber-door, so he were there skillfully rubbed down and slushed and sluiced and polished and clothed, while himself taking merely a passive part in these trying transactions.

How the fascinating Tippins gets on when araying herself for the bewilderment of the senses of men, is known only to the Graces and her maid; but perhaps even that engaging creature, though not reduced to the self-dependence of Twemlow, could dispense with a good deal of the trouble attendant on the daily restoration of her charms, seeing that as to her face and neck this adorable divinity is, as it were, a diurnal species of lobster—throwing off a shell every forenoon, and needing to keep in a retired spot until the new crust hardens.

Howbeit, Twemlow doth at length invest himself with collar and cravat and wristbands to his knuckles, and goeth forth to breakfast. And to breakfast with whom but his near neighbors, the Lammles of Sackville Street, who have imparted to him that he will meet his distant kinsman, Mr. Fledgeby. The awful Snigsworth might taboo and prohibit Fledgeby, but the peaceable Twemlow reasons, "If he is my kinsman I didn't make him so, and to meet a man is not to know him."

It is the first anniversary of the happy marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, and the celebration is a breakfast, because a dinner on the desired scale of sumptuousness can not be achieved within less limits than those of the non-existent palatial residence of which so many people are madly envious. So Twemlow trips with not a little stiffness across Piccadilly, sensible of having once been more upright in figure and less in danger of being knocked down by swift vehicles. To be sure that was in the days when he hoped for leave from the dread Snigsworth to do something, or be something, in life, and before that magnificent Tartar issued the ukase, "As he will never distinguish himself, he must be a poor gentleman-pensioner of mine, and let him hereby consider himself pensioned."

Ah! my Twemlow! Say, little feeble gray personage, what thoughts are in thy breast to-day, of the Fancy—so still to call her who bruised thy heart when it was green and thy head brown—and whether it be better or worse, more pain-

ful or less, to believe in the Fancy to this hour, than to know her for a greedy armor-plated crocodile, with no more capacity of imagining the delicate and sensitive and tender spot behind thy waistcoat, than of going straight at it with a knitting-needle. Say likewise, my Twemlow, whether it be the happier lot to be a poor relation of the great, or to stand in the wintry slush giving the hack horses to drink out of the shallow tub at the coach-stand, into which thou hast so nearly set thy uncertain foot. Twemlow says nothing, and goes on.

As he approaches the Lammles' door, drives up a little one-horse carriage, containing Tippins the divine. Tippins, letting down the window, playfully extols the vigilance of her cavalier in being in waiting there to hand her out. Twemlow hands her out with as much polite gravity as if she were any thing real, and they proceed up stairs: Tippins all abroad about the legs, and seeking to express that those unsteady articles are only skipping in their native buoyancy.

And dear Mrs. Lammle and dear Mr. Lammle, how do you do, and when are you going down to what's-its-name place—Guy, Earl of Warwick, you know—what is it?—Dun Cow—to claim the flitch of bacon? And Mortimer, whose name is forever blotted out from my list of lovers, by reason first of fickleness and then of base desertion, how do *you* do, wretch? And Mr. Wrayburn, *you* here! What can *you* come for, because we are all very sure beforehand that you are not going to talk! And Veneering, M.P., how are things going on down at the House, and when will you turn out those terrible people for us? And Mrs. Veneering, my dear, can it positively be true that you go down to that stifling place night after night, to hear those men prose? Talking of which, Veneering, why don't *you* prose, for you haven't opened your lips there yet, and we are dying to hear what you have got to say to us! Miss Podsnap, charmed to see you. Pa, here? No! Ma, neither? Oh! Mr. Boots! Delighted. Mr. Brewer! This is a gathering of the clans. Thus Tippins, and surveys Fledgeby and outsiders through golden glass, murmuring as she turns about and about, in her innocent giddy way, Any body else I know? No, I think not. Nobody there. Nobody *there*. Nobody any where!

Mr. Lammle, all a-glitter, produces his friend Fledgeby, as dying for the honor of presentation to Lady Tippins. Fledgeby presented, has the air of going to say something, has the air of going to say nothing, has an air successively of meditation, of resignation, and of desolation, backs on Brewer, makes the tour of Boots, and fades into the extreme back-ground, feeling for his whisker, as if it might have turned up since he was there five minutes ago.

But Lammle has him out again before he has so much as completely ascertained the bareness of the land. He would seem to be in a bad way, Fledgeby; for Lammle represents him as dying

again. He is dying now, of want of presentation to Twemlow.

Twemlow offers his hand. Glad to see him. "Your mother, Sir, was a connection of mine."

"I believe so," says Fledgeby, "but my mother and her family were two."

"Are you staying in town?" asks Twemlow.

"I always am," says Fledgeby.

"You like town," says Twemlow. But is felled flat by Fledgeby's taking it quite ill, and replying, No, he don't like town. Lammle tries to break the force of the fall by remarking that some people do not like town. Fledgeby retorting that he never heard of any such case but his own, Twemlow goes down again heavily.

"There is nothing new this morning, I suppose?" says Twemlow, returning to the mark with great spirit.

Fledgeby has not heard of any thing.

"No, there's not a word of news," says Lammle.

"Not a particle," adds Boots.

"Not an atom," chimes in Brewer.

Somehow the execution of this little concerted piece appears to raise the general spirits as with a sense of duty done, and sets the company agoing. Every body seems more equal than before to the calamity of being in the society of every body else. Even Eugene standing in a window, moodily swinging the tassel of a blind, gives it a smarter jerk now, as if he found himself in better case.

Breakfast announced. Every thing on table showy and gaudy, but with a self-assertingly temporary and nomadic air on the decorations, as boasting that they will be much more showy and gaudy in the palatial residence. Mr. Lammle's own particular servant behind his chair; the Analytical behind Veneering's chair; instances in point that such servants fall into two classes: one mistrusting the master's acquaintances, and the other mistrusting the master. Mr. Lammle's servant, of the second class. Appearing to be lost in wonder and low spirits because the police are so long in coming to take his master up on some charge of the first magnitude.

Veneering, M.P., on the right of Mrs. Lammle; Twemlow on her left; Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P. (wife of Member of Parliament), and Lady Tippins on Mr. Lammle's right and left. But be sure that well within the fascination of Mr. Lammle's eye and smile sits little Georgiana. And be sure that close to little Georgiana, also under inspection by the same gingerous gentleman, sits Fledgeby.

Often more than twice or thrice while breakfast is in progress Mr. Twemlow gives a little sudden turn toward Mrs. Lammle, and then says to her, "I beg your pardon!" This not being Twemlow's usual way, why is it his way to-day? Why, the truth is, Twemlow repeatedly labors under the impression that Mrs. Lammle is going to speak to him, and turning finds that it is not

so, and mostly that she has her eyes upon Veneering. Strange that this impression so abides by Twemlow after being corrected, yet so it is.

Lady Tippins partaking plentifully of the fruits of the earth (including grape-juice in the category) becomes livelier, and applies herself to elicit sparks from Mortimer Lightwood. It is always understood among the initiated, that that faithless lover must be planted at table opposite to Lady Tippins, who will then strike conversational fire out of him. In a pause of mastication and deglutition, Lady Tippins, contemplating Mortimer, recalls that it was at our dear Veneerings, and in the presence of a party who are surely all here, that he told them his story of the man from somewhere, which afterward became so horribly interesting and vulgarly popular.

"Yes, Lady Tippins," assents Mortimer; "as they say on the stage, 'Even so!'"

"Then we expect you," retorts the charmer, "to sustain your reputation, and tell us something else."

"Lady Tippins, I exhausted myself for life that day, and there is nothing more to be got out of me."

Mortimer parries thus, with a sense upon him that elsewhere it is Eugene and not he who is the jester, and that in these circles where Eugene persists in being speechless, he, Mortimer, is but the double of the friend on whom he has founded himself.

"But," quoth the fascinating Tippins, "I am resolved on getting something more out of you. Traitor! what is this I hear about another disappearance?"

"As it is you who have heard it," returns Lightwood, "perhaps you'll tell us."

"Monster, away!" retorts Lady Tippins. "Your own Golden Dustman referred me to you."

Mr. Lammle striking in here, proclaims aloud that there is a sequel to the story of the man from somewhere. Silence ensues upon the proclamation.

"I assure you," says Lightwood, glancing round the table, "I have nothing to tell." But Eugene adding in a low voice, "There, tell it, tell it!" he corrects himself with the addition, "Nothing worth mentioning."

Boots and Brewer immediately perceive that it is immensely worth mentioning, and become politely clamorous. Veneering is also visited by a perception to the same effect. But it is understood that his attention is now rather used up, and difficult to hold, that being the tone of the House of Commons.

"Pray don't be at the trouble of composing yourselves to listen," says Mortimer Lightwood, "because I shall have finished long before you have fallen into comfortable attitudes. It's like—"

"It's like," impatiently interrupts Eugene, "the children's narrative:

"I'll tell you a story
 "Of Jack a Manory,
 "And now my story's begun;
 "I'll tell you another
 "Of Jack and his brother,
 "And now my story is done."

—Get on, and get it over!"

Eugene says this with a sound of vexation in his voice, leaning back in his chair and looking balefully at Lady Tippins, who nods to him as her dear Bear, and playfully insinuates that she (a self-evident proposition) is Beauty, and he Beast.

"The reference," proceeds Mortimer, "which I suppose to be made by my honorable and fair enslaver opposite, is to the following circumstance. Very lately, the young woman, Lizzie Hexam, daughter of the late Jesse Hexam, otherwise Gaffer, who will be remembered to have found the body of the man from somewhere, mysteriously received, she knew not from whom, an explicit retraction of the charges made against her father by another water-side character of the name of Riderhood. Nobody believed them, because little Rogue Riderhood—I am tempted into the paraphrase by remembering the charming wolf who would have rendered society a great service if he had devoured Mr. Riderhood's father and mother in their infancy—had previously played fast and loose with the said charges, and, in fact, abandoned them. However, the retraction I have mentioned found its way into Lizzie Hexam's hands, with a general flavor on it of having been favored by some anonymous messenger in a dark cloak and slouched hat, and was by her forwarded, in her father's vindication, to Mr. Boffin, my client. You will excuse the phraseology of the shop, but as I never had another client, and in all likelihood never shall have, I am rather proud of him as a natural curiosity probably unique."

Although as easy as usual on the surface, Lightwood is not quite as easy as usual below it. With an air of not minding Eugene at all, he feels that the subject is not altogether a safe one in that connection.

"The natural curiosity which forms the sole ornament of my professional museum," he resumes, "hereupon desires his Secretary—an individual of the hermit-crab or oyster species, and whose name, I think, is Chokesmith—but it doesn't in the least matter—say Artichoke—to put himself in communication with Lizzie Hexam. Artichoke professes his readiness so to do, endeavors to do so, but fails."

"Why fails?" asks Boots.

"How fails?" asks Brewer.

"Pardon me," returns Lightwood, "I must postpone the reply for one moment, or we shall have an anti-climax. Artichoke failing signally, my client refers the task to me: his purpose being to advance the interests of the object of his search. I proceed to put myself in communication with her; I even happen to possess some special means," with a glance at Eugene, "of putting myself in communication with her; but I fail too, because she has vanished."

"Vanished!" is the general echo.

"Disappeared," says Mortimer. "Nobody knows how, nobody knows when, nobody knows where. And so ends the story to which my honorable and fair enslaver opposite referred."

Tippins, with a bewitching little scream, opines that we shall every one of us be murdered in our beds. Eugene eyes her as if some of us would be enough for him. Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P., remarks that these social mysteries make one afraid of leaving Baby. Veneering, M.P., wishes to be informed (with something of a second-hand air of seeing the Right Honorable Gentleman at the head of the Home Department in his place) whether it is intended to be conveyed that the vanished person has been spirited away or otherwise harmed? Instead of Lightwood's answering, Eugene answers, and answers hastily and vexedly: "No, no, no; he doesn't mean that; he means voluntarily vanished—but utterly—completely."

However, the great subject of the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle must not be allowed to vanish with the other vanishments—with the vanishing of the murderer, the vanishing of Julius Handford, the vanishing of Lizzie Hexam—and therefore Veneering must recall the present sheep to the pen from which they have strayed. Who so fit to discourse of the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, they being the dearest and oldest friends he has in the world; or what audience so fit for him to take into his confidence as that audience, a noun of multitude or signifying many, who are all the oldest and dearest friends he has in the world? So Veneering, without the formality of rising, launches into a familiar oration, gradually toning into the Parliamentary sing-song, in which he sees at that board his dear friend Twemlow, who on that day twelvemonth bestowed on his dear friend Lammle the fair hand of his dear friend Sophronia, and in which he also sees at that board his dear friends Boots and Brewer, whose rallying round him at a period when his dear friend Lady Tippins likewise rallied round him—ay, and in the foremost rank—he can never forget while memory holds her seat. But he is free to confess that he misses from that board his dear old friend Podsnap, though he is well represented by his dear young friend Georgiana. And he further sees at that board (this he announces with pomp, as if exulting in the powers of an extraordinary telescope) his friend Mr. Fledgeby, if he will permit him to call him so. For all of these reasons, and many more which he right well knows will have occurred to persons of your exceptional acuteness, he is here to submit to you that the time has arrived when, with our hearts in our glasses, with tears in our eyes, with blessings on our lips, and in a general way with a profusion of gammon and spinach in our emotional larders, we should one and all drink to our dear friends the Lammles, wishing them many many years as happy as the last, and many many friends as congenially united as them-

selves. And this he will add, that Anastasia Veneering (who is instantly heard to weep) is formed on the same model as her old and chosen friend Sophronia Lammle, in respect that she is devoted to the man who wooed and won her, and nobly discharges the duties of a wife.

Seeing no better way out of it, Veneering here pulls up his oratorical Pegasus extremely short, and plumps down, clean over his head, with: "Lammle, God bless you!"

Then Lammle. Too much of him every way; pervadingly too much nose of a coarse wrong shape, and his nose in his mind and his manners; too much smile to be real; too much frown to be false; too many large teeth to be visible at once without suggesting a bite. He thanks you, dear friends, for your kindly greeting, and hopes to receive you—it may be on the next of these delightful occasions—in a residence better suited to your claims on the rites of hospitality. He will never forget that at Veneering's he first saw Sophronia. Sophronia will never forget that at Veneering's she first saw him. They spoke of it soon after they were married, and agreed that they would never forget it. In fact, to Veneering they owe their union. They hope to show their sense of this some day ("No, no," from Veneering)—oh yes, yes, and let him rely upon it, they will if they can! His marriage with Sophronia was not a marriage of interest on either side: she had her little fortune, he had his little fortune: they joined their little fortunes: it was a marriage of pure inclination and suitability. Thank you! Sophronia and he are fond of the society of young people; but he is not sure that their house would be a good house for young people proposing to remain single, since the contemplation of its domestic bliss might induce them to change their minds. He will not apply this to any one present; certainly not to their darling little Georgiana. Again thank you! Neither, by-the-by, will he apply it to his friend Fledgeby. He thanks Veneering for the feeling manner in which he referred to their common friend Fledgeby, for he holds that gentleman in the highest estimation. Thank you. In fact (returning unexpectedly to Fledgeby), the better you know him, the more you find in him that you desire to know. Again thank you! In his dear Sophronia's name and in his own, thank you!

Mrs. Lammle has sat quite still, with her eyes cast down upon the table-cloth. As Mr. Lammle's address ends, Twemlow once more turns to her involuntarily, not cured yet of that often-recurring impression that she is going to speak to him. This time she really is going to speak to him. Veneering is talking with his other next neighbor, and she speaks in a low voice.

"Mr. Twemlow."

He answers, "I beg your pardon? Yes?" Still a little doubtful, because of her not looking at him.

"You have the soul of a gentleman, and I

know I may trust you. Will you give me the opportunity of saying a few words to you when you come up stairs?"

"Assuredly. I shall be honored."

"Don't seem to do so, if you please, and don't think it inconsistent if my manner should be more careless than my words. I may be watched."

Intensely astonished, Twemlow puts his hand to his forehead, and sinks back in his chair meditating. Mrs. Lammle rises. All rise. The ladies go up stairs. The gentlemen soon saunter after them. Fledgeby has devoted the interval to taking an observation of Boots's whiskers, Brewer's whiskers, and Lammle's whiskers, and considering which pattern of whisker he would prefer to produce out of himself by friction, if the Genie of the cheek would only answer to his rubbing.

In the drawing-room, groups form as usual. Lightwood, Boots, and Brewer flutter like moths around that yellow wax-candle—guttering down, and with some hint of a winding-sheet in it—Lady Tippins. Outsiders cultivate Veneering, M.P., and Mrs. Veneering, W.M.P. Lammle stands with folded arms, Mephistophelean in a corner, with Georgiana and Fledgeby. Mrs. Lammle, on a sofa by a table, invites Mr. Twemlow's attention to a book of portraits in her hand.

Mr. Twemlow takes his station on a settee before her, and Mrs. Lammle shows him a portrait.

"You have reason to be surprised," she says, softly, "but I wish you wouldn't look so."

Disturbed Twemlow, making an effort not to look so, looks much more so.

"I think, Mr. Twemlow, you never saw that distant connection of yours before to-day?"

"No, never."

"Now that you do see him, you see what he is. You are not proud of him?"

"To say the truth, Mrs. Lammle, no."

"If you knew more of him, you would be less inclined to acknowledge him. Here is another portrait. What do you think of it?"

Twemlow has just presence of mind enough to say aloud: "Very like! Uncommonly like!"

"You have noticed, perhaps, whom he favors with his attentions? You notice where he is now, and how engaged?"

"Yes. But Mr. Lammle—"

She darts a look at him which he can not comprehend, and shows him another portrait.

"Very good; is it not?"

"Charming!" says Twemlow.

"So like as to be almost a caricature?—Mr. Twemlow, it is impossible to tell you what the struggle in my mind has been, before I could bring myself to speak to you as I do now. It is only in the conviction that I may trust you never to betray me, that I can proceed. Sincerely promise me that you never will betray my confidence—that you will respect it, even though you may no longer respect me—and I shall be as satisfied as if you had sworn it."

"Madam, on the honor of a poor gentleman—"

"Thank you. I can desire no more. Mr. Twemlow, I implore you to save that child!"

"That child?"

"Georgiana. She will be sacrificed. She will be inveigled and married to that connection of yours. It is a partnership affair, a money-speculation. She has no strength of will or character to help herself, and she is on the brink of being sold into wretchedness for life."

"Amazing! But what can *I* do to prevent it?" demands Twemlow, shocked and bewildered to the last degree.

"Here is another portrait. And not good, is it?"

Aghast at the light manner of her throwing her head back to look at it critically, Twemlow still dimly perceives the expediency of throwing his own head back, and does so. Though he no more sees the portrait than if it were in China.

"Decidedly not good," says Mrs. Lammle. "Stiff and exaggerated!"

"And ex—" But Twemlow, in his demolished state, can not command the word, and trails off into "—actly so."

"Mr. Twemlow, your word will have weight with her pompous, self-blinded father. You know how much he makes of your family. Lose no time. Warn him."

"But warn him against whom?"

"Against me."

By great good fortune Twemlow receives a stimulant at this critical instant. The stimulant is Lammle's voice.

"Sophronia, my dear, what portraits are you showing Twemlow?"

"Public characters, Alfred."

"Show him the last of me."

"Yes, Alfred."

She puts the book down, takes another book up, turns the leaves, and presents the portrait to Twemlow.

"That is the last of Mr. Lammle. Do you think it good?—Warn her father against me. I deserve it, for I have been in the scheme from the first. It is my husband's scheme, your connection's, and mine. I tell you this, only to show you the necessity of the poor little foolish affectionate creature's being befriended and rescued. You will not repeat this to her father. You will spare me so far, and spare my husband. For, though this celebration of to-day is all a mockery, he is my husband, and we must live.—Do you think it like?"

Twemlow, in a stunned condition, feigns to compare the portrait in his hand with the original looking toward him from his Mephistophelean corner.

"Very well indeed!" are at length the words which Twemlow with great difficulty extracts from himself.

"I am glad you think so. On the whole, I myself consider it the best. The others are so dark. Now here, for instance, is another of Mr. Lammle—"

"But I don't understand; I don't see my way," Twemlow stammers, as he falters over the book with his glass at his eye. "How warn her father, and not tell him? Tell him how much? Tell him how little? I—I—am getting lost."

"Tell him I am a match-maker; tell him I am an artful and designing woman; tell him you are sure his daughter is best out of my house and my company. Tell him any such things of me; they will all be true. You know what a puffed-up man he is, and how easily you can cause his vanity to take the alarm. Tell him as much as will give him the alarm and make him careful of her, and spare me the rest. Mr. Twemlow, I feel my sudden degradation in your eyes; familiar as I am with my degradation in my own eyes, I keenly feel the change that must have come upon me in yours, in these last few moments. But I trust to your good faith with me as implicitly as when I began. If you knew how often I have tried to speak to you to-day you would almost pity me. I want no new promise from you on my own account, for I am satisfied, and I always shall be satisfied, with the promise you have given me. I can venture to say no more, for I see that I am watched. If you would set my mind at rest with the assurance that you will interpose with the father and save this harmless girl, close that book before you return it to me, and I shall know what you mean, and deeply thank you in my heart.—Alfred, Mr. Twemlow thinks the last one the best, and quite agrees with you and me."

Alfred advances. The groups break up. Lady Tippins rises to go, and Mrs. Veneering follows her leader. For the moment Mrs. Lammle does not turn to them, but remains looking at Twemlow looking at Alfred's portrait through his eye-glass. The moment past, Twemlow drops his eye-glass at its ribbon's length, rises, and closes the book with an emphasis which makes that fragile nursling of the fairies, Tippins, start.

Then good-by and good-by, and charming occasion worthy of the Golden Age, and more about the flitch of bacon, and the like of that; and Twemlow goes staggering across Piccadilly with his hand to his forehead, and is nearly run down by a flushed letter-cart, and at last drops safe in his easy-chair, innocent good gentleman, with his hand to his forehead still, and his head in a whirl.

ULTRAMARINE VIEWS.

"YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and believe" the ravings of mad sailors and mendacious poets, listen to a history more veracious than, and equally instructive with, that of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!

I would remark, by way of preface, that there are two modes of seeing one's friends off for an ocean voyage: *First*. You may linger on board with them until the "last syllable of recorded [New York] time" is uttered by the warning bell, then, retreating to the dock, with dislocating backward glances, you may again repeat the round of affectionate adieus by telegraph; and climbing, finally, some perilous roof or rigging, you may make frenzied demonstrations toward them, with whatsoever of your members are not required for the preservation of your physical equilibrium, until the last trace of the vessel has vanished. *Second*. You may establish your friends comfortably on board, make the actual hand-shakings and audible good-bys as earnest as you please, then turn resolutely away and return to your wife, your merchandise, or your *moutons*, with a heart more or less heavy.

In the first instance, you condemn your departing friends to the tortures of the rack. He must be on the alert for every signal you vouchsafe him—stretching the facial muscles to their utmost tension, and making spasmodic lurches at the retreating shore, with the grace and—it it must be confessed, at last—with the sensibility of a frog, for the heart is paralyzed with the unnatural strain, and subsides as far as possible, leaving only its sullen servitor, the body, to do the last offices. Add to this unselfish consideration the fact that the agony is reciprocal; time seems interminable; the steamer crawls; you recall him of the "Thief and the Cordolier," who

"Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,

And often took leave, but seemed loth to depart"—

and are on the verge of a delirious wish for the mortal tightening of the halter, or at least find the moment when you and your friend become mutually invisible absolute bliss.

In the other case, your friend is left at liberty to bring all his powers at once to bear upon his novel surroundings, and adjust them for the voyage; and you may be confident that his fond memory of yourself is brightened by the recent exhibition of loving consideration.

So our friends bade us good-by a month ago, first stocking our state-room with ammunition for the coming battle. Yet I confess (such is the weakness of my peculiarly-human nature) that when our fellow-passengers were seen all madly tip-toeing, nodding, and gesticulating at the densely-crowded pier, I, forsaken at once of my philosophy and my philosophical friends, did deliberately select an inoffensive stranger, whom idleness rather than affection had obviously drawn to the spot among the surging mass, and wave toward him an impassioned adieu! And though doubtless an undeserved, it was an un-

speakable relief, to recognize at the last moment a *bona fide* relative, who, detained past the hour of sailing, smiled the farewell he was too late to speak.

But gradually all objects upon the shore faded, and those about us come into sharp relief. First, foremost, and chiefest throughout the voyage, the veritable little "Commodore" who rules the waves of Liliput; him upon whom his sponsors, with prophetic ken, conferred the modest name of GEORGE WASHINGTON MORRISON, surnamed NUTT! Whereupon, it seems, the little victim, instead of imitating that historic infant who ran away from home at the age of two years because he understood his friends were going to call him Caleb, thwarted destiny by declining to add as many cubits to his stature as there were stories to his name, and became one of the wonders prodigally showered on the country of Niagara and the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

Exhilarated by the prospect of such a *compagnon du voyage*, we descended to inspect our quarters—we consisting, primarily, of the young divine off on sick leave; and, secondarily, of his wife, in the rôle of Dragon (for this trip only, it is to be hoped), guarding from overmuch speech and sight-seeing, and "all the miseries which in this life do either accompany or flow from" the travels of a lone man.

The state-room struck dismay to the heart and nostrils of No. 2, whose first voyage was yet before her, being in size, odor, and general atmospheric effect, like a neglected refrigerator, situated in the interior of the vessel, with no air or light save that doled out, second-hand, by the port-holes of the outer-cabins. Fortunately, the paucity of passengers enabled the purser to rescue us from a dungeon where instant mould and decay would have been our fate, and we had soon set up such of our household gods as were portable and sea-worthy in a room intended for the aggravation of as many cabin passengers as made the first voyage on record.

Returning to the deck after dinner (which proved the only meal throughout the voyage when dishes and meats were not oppositely electrified), we caught the sunset on the wing; but all its golden glory was to our eyes only the sacred nimbus about a little downy head lying in its crib far away—farther and farther away with every revolution of the wheels.

Eighty-five hours of unintermittent sea-sickness, aggravated by head winds blowing a gale! Can I be absolved if I confess that I was almost goaded into sympathy with a certain desperate woman who, overtaken by a storm during a voyage, exclaimed, "If I ever get safe to shore again, I never'll trust myself in the hands of Providence so much again?"

For several hours No. 2 found consolation in the fact of suffering alone (that must be a very shabby misery whose love of company would sacrifice even its dearest friends); but at last the door burst open, and a tall ghost appeared with a lemon under one arm, a flask under the other, and holding fast a heavily-freighted dinner-

plate. After a valiant struggle the apparition succumbed in a long captivity to nausea and Miss Braddon. The latter subjugation was a little triumph to No. 2, who, during her preparations for the voyage, had been adjured to forswear all literature save that conducive to the severest inquisition into the Italian language.

During the reign of terror which ensued we ceased to congratulate ourselves upon the capacity of our room to hold "a few souls, that is, eight," inasmuch as objects propelled gather force from distance, and objects half a foot removed from our berths were absolutely unattainable.

Having once perpetrated an Essay on the "Depravity of Inanimate Things," I lay, desperately clutching the side of my berth, and meditated a salt-water sequel, together with some observations upon the "Animation of Depraved Things." The Lion and Unicorn, stamped upon toilet and table ware, took to themselves wings and contended wildly in mid air. The priest's robes and the matron's crinoline make witch-excursions over and around us. In the midst of our distress we derived grim amusement from the suggestion "how romantic for a bridal tour!" and felicitated ourselves upon bonds thoroughly seasoned to "better or worser."

But a brighter day dawned. Possibly "Britannia rules the waves" no longer, or Thanksgiving-Day, 1864, would have been less calm and beautiful.

Obedient to Father Abraham, we gave thanks, even "by sea," for our country, and so much the more as the day of her redemption draws nigh. Spurred by patriotism and the stewardess, I "made an effort" which would have mollified even Mrs. Chick by its magnitude, and emerged from my berth.

To lift one's head from the pillow, and find hair which was double ratted and waterfalled *à la mode*, four days before, stiffened into an almost impenetrable conglomerate by a supererogatory cascade of Brown's Jamaica Ginger; to feel one's mortal body dimpled with painful depressions exactly corresponding to the various lemons, bottles of ammonia, chloroform, etc., with which misguided friendship has strewn one's bed; to drag one's self to the wash-bowl and find there Seidlitz powders, pomade, tonic pills, Croton oil, jewelry, and cough mixture, triturated into a pleasing compound by the revolutions of a hair-brush, a Balmoral boot, and a French Testament; to attempt one's toilet while the great vessel plunges on, and the noisy screw and one's dizzy head revolve discordantly, and one's convalescent husband sits by alternately laughing and exhorting; all this and more I found it to go down to the sea in ships.

Half-coaxed and half-dragged upward, I encountered in the gangway a Canadian youth whose woe-gone aspect exactly expressed my feelings. He dragged out a miserable existence on shipboard by alternately asking and following the advice of the passengers, one after the other, in regard to his sea-malady. In the pres-

ent instance he was conscientiously engaged in swallowing with tears and groans a huge tumbler of hot rum and water, the prescription of the last individual consulted. In the midst of his struggles a bluff, hearty Scotchman, whose very presence was an offense to such misery as ours, appeared upon the scene with the exclamation, "Hoot mon! What hae ye there—rum? The worst thing in the wurld for ye!" The piteous look and accent of the sufferer are indescribable as he turned reproachfully upon his tormentor and faltered out, "Ye're allus tellin' what's bad for a man but never what's good!"

Mounting to the upper deck I beheld, for the first time, "water, water every where," and was content with a single glance. Mindless of every thing but the law of gravitation and the instinct of self-preservation, I sank down upon the planks and held fast to the railing. The little Commodore came to the rescue with fatherly advice as to the disposition of my person and drapery, and then strode the deck aggravatingly on his firm little legs. Presently also appeared the typical nice old gentleman who is to be found in every company of travelers, who is inevitably reminded by every thing which occurs, or does not occur, of "a most remarkable circumstance." Beaming on me mildly, he proceeded to relate (apropos of nothing) some facts relative to the "most remarkable resemblance" between himself and a certain Captain Tuey, whom he had never seen. It would seem that all mankind were in league to confound these "remarkable" counterparts. "'Pon my honor, a most remarkable circumstance! One day I was walking in Liverpool when a strange gentleman came up to me in the most friendly manner, seizing both my hands, and said, 'Why, Captain Tuey! when did your ship arrive?' 'You are laboring under a mistake, Sir,' I replied; 'my name is not Tuey.' 'Not Captain Tuey? Impossible! A most remarkable resemblance, 'pon my honor!' The very next day the same gentleman crossed the street to meet me, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Tuey! Here you are at last! A great joke happened yesterday. I met a man who was as like you as two peas, and I asked him when his ship got in! On another occasion I went to the office and inquired if there were any letters for me. 'Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir, a dozen!' And, 'pon my honor, the postman handed me a package of letters every one of which was addressed to Captain Tuey,' etc., etc. In default of any perceptible point No. 1 suggested an appendix to these "remarkable circumstances," to the effect, that, once upon a time, said old gentleman and Captain Tuey were on the point of making each other's acquaintance; indeed they actually ran into each other in the hall of a hotel, but each supposing the other to be his own reflection in a mirror turned and walked the other way. After the nice old gentleman had resumed his "constitutional," which consisted of one hundred deck-lengths daily, my *vis-à-vis* at table took his place as my entertainer. This lady,

English, but for thirty years resident in Canada, a person of great kindness, sense, and cultivation, offered a sentiment which is worthy of record as an exponent of British intelligence in regard to America. After some pleasant chit-chat came the inquiry, "You are from the States, are you not?" With justifiable pride, augmented by four days of sea and home sickness, I replied, "Oh yes; from Massachusetts:" and was petrified by the response of my lady (who subsequently stated that she had visited *Boston*). "Ah, Massachusetts; that must be one of the States of the South, I suppose?" Must it indeed! Exhilarated by this sentiment, together with the keen air, and the "Star-Spangled Banner," rendered impressively by the mighty voice of George Washington M'brison Nutt, I found myself at eight bells equal to a place at the Thanksgiving-table, which was set apart for loyal Americans through the management of our obliging fellow-passenger, the author of "Harper's Guide-Book"—a thorough cosmopolitan, but always a true American.

We number perhaps fifteen. We notice at other tables some who should be with us. We pardon the defection of the little Commodore, not in consideration of his "peculiar position," which is plead apologetically, but of his peculiar size; and meditate profoundly upon the awful majesty of the British Cerberus, which extorts a sob from even this atom of humanity, two thousand miles from its domain! On the other side of the gulf there are also a cadaverous Frenchman, whose cotton-mill General Sherman has fired, and who maintains, with hunger-bitten lips, "You are meestaken! there are too mooch to eat to Richmond!"—and a Texan blockade-runner, too honest to take an oath he means to break, and consequently on his way homeward by this circuitous route; together with two or three others less pardonable. So much for the goats.

At our table all is peace. We include a German, an Englishman (all things are possible!), a Neapolitan, and a Spaniard, besides those "to the manner born:" but in loyalty to the old flag (which, in diminutive proportions, floats above a royal sirloin, in honor of the day) we are one.

The young divine gives thanks, during which solemnity the noise at the opposite table is suggestive, and the Lion and Unicorn upon the panel above us, and upon the china and silver before us, wax more than ever rampant.

A turkey of portentous magnitude of course holds the place of honor, and proves of loyal flavor, although at first I smell treason or insult in its unnational garniture of sausage-chains.

I venture to say there was no more cheery table in all Yankeedom that day than that on board the good ship *City of Baltimore*, save when the toast "Our friends at home" suffused our eyes with telescopic tears, which brought dear faces (and chief of all to us that precious little tenant of the crib, far away) too tenderly near us.

This proved to me almost the only white-marked day of all the voyage.

My apparition in the cabin was as uncertain as that of the most erratic of comets; but whenever I emerged, the little Commodore appeared as a star of the first magnitude. He was on terms of equal familiarity with the genial Captain and the imperturbable Boots; and no vicissitudes of weather or eccentricities of motion had power to jostle his charming good-nature. I recall, however, one peculiarly tempestuous evening, when the little elf would have been physically capsized had it not been for the aid and comfort of a friendly candlestick, to which he held fast until the vessel recovered its balance. A moment after he gallantly offered me the support of his puissant arm in crossing the cabin.

But another storm overtook us; I descend again into the inexpressibly disagreeable depths, and see neither sun nor star for many hours.

The cabin-boy (whose society is edifying, although his proffers of food are, to say the least, ill-timed) at last reports that "her jib is carried away." I am rather glad of it; for although I have the vaguest impression as to what a jib may be, yet I suspect it of collusion with the wind and waves in our recent horrors, and rejoice in its final assumption.

The Captain had rashly promised that, although we should lose our own appetite for food at the beginning of the voyage, we should acquire that of a horse subsequently. Our journey drew to its end, with no realization of this equine characteristic, unless it be an inordinate craving for green grass, which, on the eleventh day after our departure, was appeased by the vision of the beautiful coast of Ireland. Antæus was not more invigorated by the touch of mother earth than I by the sight. The terrors and discomforts of the voyage faded like a dream. I found myself gazing complacently, for the first time, upon the exquisite tints of the waves; I listened admiringly to the dolorous refrain of the sailors ("Draw boys, bully boys, draw!"); I even hummed, feelingly, "A life on the ocean-wave," and "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" Nevertheless, the little black water-spider, yclept a pilot-boat, was as welcome to my eyes as the return of the dove to the sea-sick patriarch.

Now culminated the glory of our little Commodore, who assumed command of the vessel, and took us in to Queenstown. Equipped in his dazzling uniform, which the English passengers are told, and solemnly believe, is his by right of an actual commission from the United States Navy, and brandishing a little sword (which is affirmed to be the gift of his brethren in arms), he stood upon the official "bridge," and received the pilot with a gracious "How are you, Murphy!"—while the Captain, holding himself humbly in the back-ground, chuckled convulsively, with something of the emotion with which a good-natured elephant might regard the mimicry of a small mouse.

The burly Irish pilot saluted instinctively, but his hair bristled with superstitious awe at the

apparition of the elfin admiral; and I suspect it is small thanks we owe to the bewildered Murphy that we did not come to grief that day in the harbor. Doubtless, Murphys of the third and fourth generation will listen with bated breath to the recital of their grandsire's pilotage of the little water-sprite.

At Queenstown we land the Texan (who finds three or four blockade-runners awaiting orders in *neutral* British waters) and the majority of steerage passengers. The next morning, at 10 o'clock, we behold the shipping of Liverpool with unutterable joy. On account of the tide we land by means of a tender, and as we are transferred to its deck the little hero of our voyage suggests "Three cheers for Captain M——!" adding, naïvely, "for I think he *needs* them." We all respond with a will, for Commodore and Captain are universal favorites. Whereupon the amiable little Nutt, pleased with his success, pipes pleasantly, "Three cheers for all the

crew!" which unprecedented motion is also carried by the graceful wave of the little morsel of a hand.

We reach the dock: custom-house officials work their own sweet will among such of our possessions as the stormy voyage has spared: then we separate.

The nice old gentleman vanishes in that absurdest of vehicles, a "Hansom," with many a "most remarkable circumstance" (contributed by garrulous or mischievous fellow-passengers) added to the stock of his funny old pate. Our consul at Leeds, whose management of the American question during the voyage, whether with rebel Columbians or gainsaying Britons, has been always fair and admirable, returns to his official duties. George Washington Morrison Nutt takes the high road to fame, and *on dit* to matrimony. Business, health, and pleasure seekers go their several ways, and so ends the history of my first voyage.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of January. The capture of Savannah and Hood's retreat Southward from Tennessee concluded the campaign of 1864. Up to that time the war for the Union had been for the most part a repeated series of campaigns along the border, or at important points along the coast, rarely overstepping certain pretty well defined limits. Virginia and Tennessee had been the great battle-grounds of the war. Two great inroads, however, had been made in the western part of the Confederacy. The capture of Vicksburg in 1863 had secured to the Federal armies undisturbed possession of the Mississippi River to its mouth, and a partial sway over a wide strip of Mississippi on the one side, and of Arkansas and Louisiana on the other. From Cairo to New Orleans the Federal gun-boats paroled the river, absolutely preventing communication between the Confederate armies on either side. From Chattanooga, also, on the southern border of Tennessee, Sherman had advanced through Georgia; in the first stage, and by the rugged marches and severe battles of the summer campaign, transferring his military centre to Atlanta, and in the second stage, by an easy promenade, in the months of November and December, to Savannah on the Atlantic coast. Proceeding upon this second stage, he had left a campaign behind him and a skillful general to decide it; while he was investing Savannah Hood was being defeated and driven from before Nashville. By this movement through Georgia Sherman, if he had not permanently bisected the cis-Atlantic portion of the Confederacy, had at least done so temporarily, by a pretty thorough mutilation of the railroad system centring at Atlanta.

Such was the military situation in the South and West at the close of our last Record. A new era of the war had begun. The Confederacy, by its reverses in the Shenandoah and in Tennessee, had been driven to a purely defensive policy, and, even for the purposes of defense, had been so far exhausted as to be able against three grand armies to oppose

but one—namely, Lee's army in Virginia. That army was immediately threatened from City Point, near at hand, and from Savannah, at a distance. The theatre of impending conflict was narrowed down to the territory between the James and Savannah rivers, including the two Carolinas and the southern half of Virginia. On the James was Grant's army, on the Savannah was Sherman's—both well appointed, confident, and efficient. Lee's army confronted the former; the latter had opposed to it, and in the way of its advance northward, only detachments scattered along the coast and at important points in the interior immediately threatened.

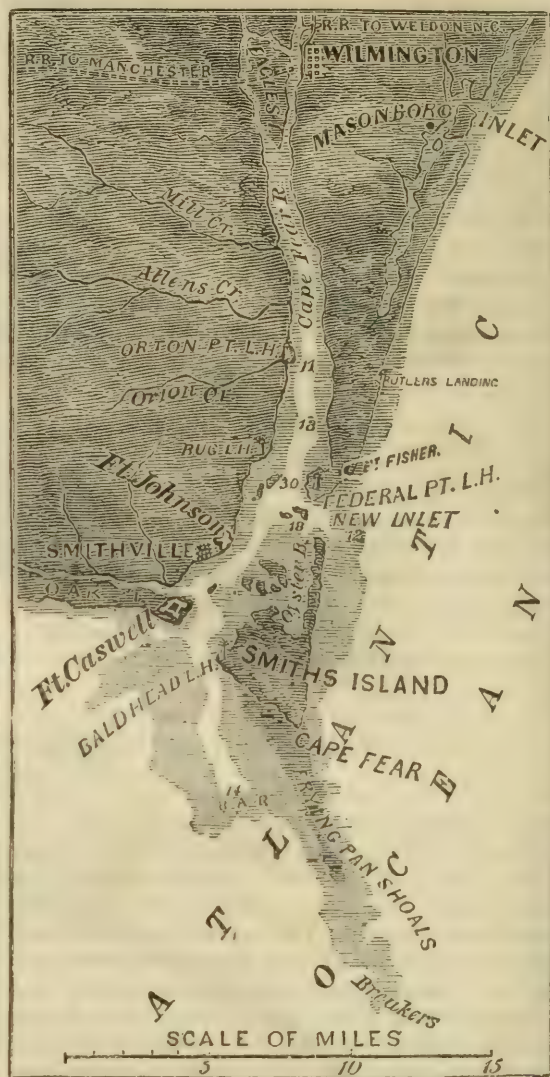
So far as General Sherman is concerned, the last month has been one of elaborate preparation. His army—at the beginning of the year numbering sixty thousand, cavalry and infantry—has been strongly reinforced. Efficient corps formerly associated with it in the West have rejoined it. A portion of the Nineteenth Corps, under General Grover, has relieved General Geary's command from duty in Savannah. The campaign about to be entered upon from this point is stupendous in its proportions, and beset with uncommon difficulties, from the nature of the country in which it is to be conducted. The enemy, too, will be able to oppose an obstinate resistance. It is not unlikely that Sherman will have to confront as large an army as he fought in the Atlanta campaign, and it is quite probable that he will again be opposed to General Joseph Johnston. The Confederate Congress, January 21, passed a measure providing for the office of Generalissimo, with the intent that it should be filled by General Lee. A few days before this bill was passed the General Assembly of Virginia recommended to Mr. Davis the appointment of General Lee as General-in-Chief. Mr. Davis replied that whenever it should be found practicable by General Lee to assume command of all the armies of the Confederate States, without withdrawing him from the direct command of the Army of Northern Virginia, he would place him in such command.

This would seem to indicate that Lee may retain his present position; at least, it is known that up to the 31st he had not even been nominated Generalissimo. If this indication be borne out by facts, it is probable that to General Johnston will be given the command of the army of the Carolinas confronting General Sherman. In that event we shall have repeated the tactics of last summer's campaign in Georgia.

In this opening campaign there are two favorable features. The first arises from the number of available bases of operation along or near the coast from Savannah to Fortress Monroe. Of these there are at least four—Pocotaligo, accessible by Broad River; Charleston; Georgetown, at the mouth of the Santee, which river is navigable to Columbia, as the Savannah River is to Augusta; and Wilmington, accessible by Cape Fear River. The other favorable feature is the temper of the people of Georgia and North Carolina in relation to the war, between which two States South Carolina is sandwiched. The disposition of the people of Georgia to submit to the Federal Government has been greatly increased since the occupation of Savannah. The date of occupation was December 21, 1864. Just one week afterward a meeting of citizens was held, under the call of their Mayor, Doctor Richard Arnold, and resolutions were unanimously adopted "to accept peace, submitting to the national authority under the Constitution, laying aside all differences, and burying by-gones in the grave of the past." Sherman's policy toward the citizens was beneficent and judicious. It was known throughout the State that perfect order reigned in Savannah, and that soldiers were in all instances summarily punished for any interference with the citizens. The charge against Sherman's army, that in its march through the State it had been guilty of outrages upon citizens, was retracted by the Georgia papers as totally unfounded in fact. These facts influenced the people of the State, and more especially the southeastern part, where Union meetings were held, and the people prepared to resist Confederate authority. Among other features connected with Sherman's policy in his Department, which comprises all the territory south of Virginia, the order of January 16, providing homes for freedmen, is noticeable. For this purpose he has appropriated the islands south from Charleston, the abandoned rice plantations along the rivers for 30 miles back from the sea, and the country bordering on the St. John River, Florida. In settlements hereafter to be established no white person is to reside, but the negroes are to have the exclusive management of affairs. General R. Saxton was by this order appointed Inspector of Settlements and Plantations.

The first of the above-mentioned bases of operations in the Carolinas and the one nearest Savannah, Pocotaligo, has already been secured. January 14 the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under Howard, were transferred to Beaufort, and from that point moved upon the place, which was abandoned by the Confederate force, the latter retreating to the north side of the Combahee River. The point thus gained is 50 miles distant from Charleston, and 30 miles from Branchville.

The most important part of the operations against Wilmington, the naval base nearest to the James, was successfully accomplished by the capture of Fort Fisher on the 15th of the month. After the failure of the first attempt against the fort in December, the fleet returned to Beaufort to refit for a



MAP OF WILMINGTON HARBOR.

second expedition. General Butler, at the request of the Lieutenant-General, was removed from command of the army of the James, and General Weitzel took a furlough to get married. There had not been a cordial agreement between the military and naval commanders in the first expedition. In the second, Admiral Porter retained command of the fleet; the military command was assigned to General Alfred H. Terry, a skillful though modest soldier, who had in a quiet way distinguished himself at the capture of Fort Pulaski, in the operations against Morris Island and Fort Wagner, and in the summer campaign of Butler's army north of the James. The force given to General Butler in the first expedition had consisted of 6500 men. Terry's force was the same with the addition of a single brigade, making in all about 10,000 men. Besides these Admiral Porter had over a thousand marines available for the assault. The expedition arrived off Federal Point on the morning of the 13th. In the afternoon the troops were landed with provisions for twelve days. At 7.30 A.M. Porter sent in five monitors—the *Monadnock*, *Mahopac*, *Saugus*, *Canonicus*, and *New Ironsides*, the latter taking the lead; and the action commenced within a thousand yards of the fort. The effect of the bombardment was soon seen upon the southern angle of the work; traverses were disarranged, and one after another the guns were silenced. The wooden ships following the *Brooklyn* formed a second line of attack.

The bombardment from the fleet was continued on the 14th with good effect until sunset, when, says Admiral Porter, "the fort was reduced to a pulp." A reconnoissance was made by Terry, and it was arranged between him and Porter that an assault should be made at three P.M. the next day; the bombardment to continue up to that time. At the time fixed upon for this event, Paine's Division of colored soldiers, carefully intrenched, held the entire width of the beach facing toward Wilmington. This was to confront Hoke's Division, which might approach from Wilmington. This division, in the first expedition, was near at hand on Butler's flank. It did not at this time make its appearance, though it had by way of the river reinforced the garrison of the fort with about one thousand men. The assaulting party was formed in two separate columns—one consisting of the naval brigade, 1200 strong, under Commander K. R. Breese, the other, about 3000 strong, under General Ames. The former advanced against the seaward front of the fort under a terrific fire of grape and canister. The fire of the fleet had broken a way through the stockade guarding the approach to this side by flank, and the advance of the column rushed through to scale the fort. It had been intended that while this was being done a portion of the marine force in the trenches would cover the boarding party with their fire. But this was not done. As the stockade was reached Lieutenants Porter and Preston fell mortally wounded. The assault failed, and the brigade fell back. The garrison of the fort, numbering 2300 men, supposed this to be the main column, and that Ames's Division in the woods was intended as a support. But while they were giving their whole attention to this attack, Ames was already entering the eastern side of the fort facing the river. Here began a series of traverses—seventeen in number—on the northeast face. These were immense bomb-proofs, 60 feet in length and 23 in height, between which were mounted the guns on that side. Seven of these had been gained almost by surprise; the top of the eighth was reached, but was regained by the enemy. Here began the fierce contest in the fort which lasted nearly eight hours. The fire of the fleet was successfully directed against the traverses still in the enemy's possession. At four o'clock one half the fort had been gained, and the position was maintained until nine o'clock, when reinforcements arrived, and a final charge drove the enemy from the fort toward the extremity of the point, where the surrender was made. The fight had been severe—hand to hand, musket against musket; and the loss on both sides was great. Of the garrison 1900 men were surrendered, the other 400 being either killed or wounded. Every one of the brigade commanders of Ames's column—Curtis, Pennybacker, and Bell—had been wounded. The entire loss in the military division was 691, of which 88 were killed and 92 missing. Admiral Porter states his loss at 330. Total loss, 1021. The fort mounted 55 heavy guns, which were captured; among them a 150-pound Armstrong gun, bearing the name of its inventor. The capture of Fort Fisher was immediately followed by the possession of Fort Caswell, commanding the Old Inlet, and all the fortifications near the mouth of Cape Fear River. The capture of Wilmington will probably follow soon, when that city will become the grand base of the Carolina campaign.

The next morning after the capture of Fort Fisher a lamentable accident occurred. By some cul-

pable negligence soldiers were allowed to approach the magazine with lighted candles. This occasioned an explosion, from which upward of 200 casualties resulted, which are included in the above estimate of losses.

The Virginia campaign has developed nothing new. The Shenandoah has ceased to be an important theatre of operations on either side. On the 11th a detachment of the enemy, under General Rosser, advanced to Beverly, in West Virginia, and succeeded in surprising and capturing the small national force stationed at that point.—On New-Year's Day the bulkhead of the Dutch Gap Canal was removed by explosion. The result was hardly satisfactory, as a good portion of the earth returned into the crater formed by the explosion. Six tons of powder were used. This was to have been the final step in a bold scheme for cutting off seven miles of the James River by a canal two hundred yards in length across Dutch Gap—the narrow neck of the peninsula known as Farrar's Island. The work, which was originally General Butler's suggestion, was surveyed August 7, and was under the superintendence of General B. C. Ludlow, assisted by Major Peter S. Michie, chief of engineers on Butler's staff.—On the 23d an attempt was made by the Confederate iron-clads on the James to descend the river past the obstructions off Farrar's Island. It was a bold design directed against General Grant's base at City Point, and against the army north of the river. At least three iron-clads—the *Richmond*, *Virginia*, and *Fredericksburg*—were engaged in the raid. These were accompanied by the *Drewry*, a small wooden gun-boat mounting one gun. This boat got aground and was blown up. The enemy claims that the *Fredericksburg* passed the obstructions, but says that, owing to the *Richmond* and *Virginia* getting aground, the expedition was given up. It was really the land batteries that prevented the success of this daring raid, the most prominent among them being the Curtis House Battery.

General Hood effected his escape across the Tennessee River December 23 at Bainbridge, eight miles above Florence. He owed his safe retreat to Forrest's cavalry, which effectually covered his rear after the stand made at Spring Hill.

On the 21st, General Grierson started from Memphis with a force 3000 strong for a raid against the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in General Hood's rear. He destroyed the road in great part from Corinth to Okalona. Ten miles south of the latter point he met with formidable resistance, and instead of proceeding to Meridian, as was his first intention, he turned westward, striking the Mississippi Central Railroad below Granada, destroying 30 miles of it with several locomotives and 50 cars, together with extensive factories. About 700 prisoners were captured, including Brigadier-General Gholson. There were also brought away 1000 negroes and as many horses.

On the 7th, a party of Indians attacked the Overland Mail coach near Julesburg, Colorado, and robbed the express mail. The troops at Julesburg started in pursuit, and a fight ensued, in which 35 Indians and 19 whites were killed.

The great political event of the month was the passage by the House, on the 31st, of the following joint resolution:

"Be it resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the fol-

lowing articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States; when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the said Constitution, namely:

"ARTICLE 13.—*Section 1.* Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"*Section 2.* Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The vote stood 119 for to 56 against—being two votes more in favor of the resolution than the requisite two-thirds majority. The following members of the Opposition voted in the affirmative: Messrs. Bailey, Coffroth, and M'Allister, of Pennsylvania, Baldwin of Michigan, English of Connecticut, Hutchins of Ohio, Rollins and King of Missouri, Yeaman of Kentucky, Wheeler of Wisconsin, and Ganson, Griswold, Herrick, Nelson, Odell, Radford, and Steele, of New York. There were eight members absent or not voting. Of the votes in the negative only one was from an Administration member—that of Brutus J. Clay of Kentucky. This joint resolution passed the Senate April 8, 1864, by a vote of 38 to 6, six members not voting. It came up before the House May 31, and was lost, there being only 95 votes for to 66 against.

The State Convention of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the 11th, passed the following ordinance by a vote of 60 to 4:

"Be it ordained by the people of the State of Missouri, in Convention assembled, that hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Besides the joint resolution above mentioned the following measures have passed the United States Congress: Resolution of inquiry respecting the credits given to the several States on the ground of naval enlistments, and the principle of their apportionment; to which the Secretary of War replied that the number of credits given for naval enlistments from April 17, 1861, to January 24, 1864, was 67,687, which had been apportioned to the places where the enlisted men resided.—Joint resolution to give the Government of Great Britain notice of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty.—Bill changing the place of holding the United States Circuit and District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia from Richmond to Norfolk.—The Amendatory Loan Bill, providing for no additional loan, but only changing the one already authorized from five-twenties to seven-thirties.—Resolution for the appointment of a Committee to count the votes in the late Presidential election; an amendment was added in the House, excluding from representation in the Electoral College the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill: occasion was taken to insert before the word "Mexico" the words "Republic of" instead of "Empire of."

The following measures have passed the Senate: Joint resolution to free the families of colored soldiers.—Bill amending the act defining the pay of army officers so that a brevet rank shall not entitle the holder to any increase of pay.—Resolution to retaliate upon Southern prisoners for the sufferings inflicted upon our own, with amendments restricting its operations so that they shall conform to the law of nations and the usages of civilized war.

In the House, the following have been the principal measures passed: Resolution of inquiry as to the Parrott guns burst in the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, their number, and the cause of explosion; to which the Secretary of the Navy replied that five guns were destroyed, on the *Ticonderoga*, *Juniata*, *Mackinaw*, *Quaker City*, and *Yantic*.—Bill providing that in any action by or against any executors, administrators, or guardians, in which judgment may be rendered for or against them, neither party shall be allowed to testify against the other unless called to do so by the other.—Resolution of inquiry relative to prisoners confined in Old Capitol and Carroll prisons.—Amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, appropriating, in addition to the \$2,000,000 already appropriated, \$1,777,000 for procuring dies, stamps, and paper for printing and circulating Treasury Notes.—Post-office Appropriation Bill.—Resolution to reduce the duty on imported printing paper from 20 to 3 per cent. *ad valorem*, which was reported in the Senate afterward with an amendment to reduce the duty to 15 per cent.—Resolutions of inquiry into the facts relative to the trade with insurrectionary States.—Resolution providing for the publication of President Madison's correspondence.

The House resolution dropping from the Army List all unemployed general officers was indefinitely postponed in the Senate.

CANADA.

Our relations with Canada have taken a brighter aspect. Burley, who was engaged in the raid on Lake Erie, has been recommitted in spite of Mr. Davis's recognition of him as a Confederate officer. Governor-General Monck includes in his financial estimate of expenses for the current year an appropriation to refund the money captured by the St. Alban's raiders. A bill has been introduced into the Canadian House of Assembly, which passed to a second reading on the 31st, giving power to the Provincial Government, under certain conditions, to remove such aliens from the country as may have proved themselves unworthy of an asylum therein.

EUROPE.

Publicity has been given to a bull signed by the Pope October 8, 1864, condemning all modern religious and political errors having a tendency hostile to the temporal power of the Catholic Church, and exhorting the bishops to confute them. This Encyclical Letter was drawn up by a Committee of Theologians, under the Presidency of Cardinal Caterini. In regard to this bull, which created general surprise throughout Europe, the French Government has decided that it is subversive of the Constitution, and can not be published.

The Spanish Cortes were opened December 22. January 7 Marshal Narvaez submitted a bill to repeal the act reincorporating San Domingo in the Spanish monarchy. The bill met with great resistance from the Opposition. The attitude of Spain toward Peru has become moderate, and it is likely that there will be no hostile collision on the Chincha Islands question.

Victor Emanuel has decreed that the Florentine convents shall be appropriated for the use of Government.

The Russian Emperor has issued an ukase extending the abolition of serfdom to Trans-Caucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE essence of courtesy is kindness. Even when it is merely a form it is still an affectation of good feeling; and a man of truly large heart is generally a man of truly pleasant manners. In a country of travelers like ours courtesy is peculiarly essential to comfort. We live among strangers at hotels and upon railroads and steamers, and a churl is a public nuisance. A kind word, a generous act, a little self-denial, a little consideration of others upon the part of every man, would make a total of national good feeling and comfort to which every one ought to be glad to contribute. Yet it is unpleasantly true that a little meanness and selfishness often carry applause as manliness and shrewdness.

The Easy Chair was painfully reminded of this truth not long ago as it was rolling along the railroad between New York and Boston. The observation it made there will answer for many other railroads and regions in the country.

At Springfield the evening trains from Albany and from New York connect and proceed as an express train to Boston. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. A—, turned in his seat in the smoking-car as the train moved out of Springfield, and said to Mr. B—, who was sitting behind him:

"From New York, Sir?"

Mr. B—, evidently surprised and a little amused by the abrupt question, answered, briefly,

"Yes, Sir."

"Going to Boston, Sir?" was the prompt rejoinder.

Mr. B—, clearly nettled by what he thought an impertinent inquisitiveness, replied, blandly but decidedly,

"Yes, Sir. Are you?"

There was something in the tone which seemed to ask, politely enough, what business it was of Mr. A—'s where Mr. B— was going. The quiet reproof of the tone was evidently felt by Mr. A—, and he explained:

"I beg pardon for my apparent curiosity, but I asked because I come to-day from beyond Albany; and as I live about four miles out of Boston I am anxious to be dropped near my home instead of being carried on and compelled to return so far after midnight. But the conductor will not stop the train for a passenger with an Albany ticket, while he will do so for one from New York. So if you would kindly exchange tickets with me I shall be at home at a reasonable hour, and the train will be delayed scarcely a minute in arriving at Boston."

It was a perfectly frank and fair request, and Mr. B— replied that he would willingly make the exchange. He gave his ticket to Mr. A—, who thanked him warmly and gave his in return. It was a very simple and natural act, and the conversation between the gentlemen was loud enough to be heard by all the passengers around them. The train rolled on; the conductor passed through and clipped the tickets; and at midnight Mr. B—, with the rest, alighted from the cars in the Boston station. He took his place with others in a sleigh for the hotel; but just as it left the station one of the other passengers said, in a chuckling tone, to his neighbor:

"Did you see the neat thing C— did in the cars to-night?"

"No, what was it?" asked his companion.

"Well, there was a fellow who came by the Al-

bany train and joined us at Springfield, who asked a man from New York to exchange tickets with him, because he wanted to get off before reaching Boston, and he said the conductor would not stop the train except for a New York ticket. The New York man exchanged with him, and C— heard the whole thing. When the conductor came along C— told him the story, and pointed out the men. The conductor smiled, passed on, and said nothing. But after we left Worcester, and he came round again, the Albany man asked him if he would slow the train to give him a chance to jump off at his point. The conductor asked him where he came from. The man showed his New York ticket. 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'but you don't come from New York.' 'Why, here is my ticket,' replied the other. 'Yes, my friend, but you came from Albany, and you have exchanged your ticket with a New York passenger, and the train can not stop, you know.' And the Albany chap was brought all the way in, and has got to get out of town as he can, and a darned cold journey he'll have of it. Smart in C—, wasn't it?"

And the two passengers laughed together at C—'s "neat thing."

Yes, it was smart, but it was ineffably mean. It showed a petty and narrow mind, and a lack of that generosity which ennobles men and makes human intercourse delightful. How instinctively you pity the wife and children of such a man! How poor the riches that come by such smartness! It was not a great crime—it was only an infinitely little discourtesy. It kept a man from reaching his home two hours, or perhaps a night, earlier, and it did not bring any other man five minutes sooner to his home. A small peg on the inside of the sole of your shoe is not a sword-thrust into your heart. But courtesy, generosity, the instincts of a gentleman, no more prick you with a pin than they cut you with a sabre. Every man should remember that he is upon trial when he travels. There is an inquest of a car-ful of other men and women upon his politeness and real manliness.

EDWARD EVERETT died a private citizen, although his whole life had been devoted to public service. He died at a most fortunate moment for his fame; and in the general gratitude for his faithful service during the war every body was willing to forget that his prescience had not been equal to his patriotism. But if a man strikes with all his might when danger comes to his country it is rather hard to reproach him that he did not see it coming. In our recent history we have all had need of much forbearance. If some did not see the approach of danger, they have at least been conspicuously steady and strong when it appeared; and, on the other hand, some who foresaw the attack have been very far from wise in the defense.

Mr. Everett was not a man of genius, nor of that temperament which makes or controls epochs in human affairs. But he had remarkable gifts, and they were remarkably cultivated. His powers of literary acquisition were extraordinary, his memory singularly trained and retentive, his intellectual habit rigidly methodical, and his scholarship, therefore, was not only vast and various, but its resources were constantly at the command of his delicate tact and courtesy. If in public speaking he never inspired his hearers, he was always sure to

charm them by the elegance and symmetry of the form, and instruct them by the comprehensive and well-digested substance of his orations.

His various accomplishments made him in many ways a most valuable foreign minister, and he related with a full sense of its humor—for his perception of comedy was acute—a little incident of his official residence as American Minister in London.

One day, at a pleasant country house, where Washington Irving and Bancroft were also guests, the conversation, as was natural among three gentlemen who had all been foreign ministers, fell upon diplomatic life. Irving, with the sly twinkle in his eye, was soon telling comical incidents of his experience when Everett, after listening with an air of great amusement, said:

"One of the drollest incidents in my diplomatic life occurred at my presentation as United States Minister in England. I went to the palace, by appointment, with Lord Melbourne, feeling very uncomfortable in my official toggery, and found that the Neapolitan ambassador, the Prince Castelcicala, was to be presented at the same time. We were introduced to each other, and after a proper interval the official presentations to her Majesty took place. When they were over [probably at Windsor] Lord Melbourne said:

"Your Excellencies will be expected to remain, and in the evening join a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent"—[the Queen's mother].

"We bowed," continued Mr. Everett, "and Lord Melbourne added,

"I play a very poor game myself, in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it."

"And I," said the Prince Castelcicala, turning to me, "I am a very poor player; and if I should chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance."

"We were all moving down the corridor toward the Duchess's apartments," said Mr. Everett, with a grave smile, "and it was very amusing to hear our mutual apologies and deprecations, especially as I remarked in my turn that I was not very familiar with the game. Here we were, three dignified personages in middle life, clad in extraordinary attire, and solemnly proceeding to play a game which we imperfectly understood, and for which we did not care in the least.

"When we reached the Duchess's apartments she was seated at the table, and we were formally presented, and, at her gracious invitation, seated ourselves for the game. Just as we were beginning to play, a lady in waiting approached and placed herself at the back of the Duchess's chair. The Duchess then turned to us and said, politely:

"Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I really am a very poor player."

"It was inexpressibly droll," said Mr. Everett, "and it was a curious illustration of the ceremonial character of court life."

Yet no man was more punctilious in observing all conventional duties than Mr. Everett. His humorous perception of their frequent absurdity did not disturb his respectful deference to them. So in his oratory he did not disdain any dramatic effects, and sometimes used them very skillfully. The felicitous rhetorical stroke which confirmed his fame as an orator was his appeal to Lafayette at the close of his discourse at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society; and in his subsequent eulogy upon

Lafayette in Faneuil Hall he turned at the close of his oration and apostrophized the bust of the General which stood beside him, "Speak, marble lips!" amidst the enthusiastic emotion of his audience.

Less fortunate, however, was his display of the piece of the ocean telegraphic cable in his discourse to the Alumni at Harvard, and his striking his pockets, and jingling the keys and coin in them, in the oration upon Washington, when he alluded to Marlborough, the sordid miser. So also a little story told of his delivery of the same oration illustrates his fondness of elaborate dramatic effect in oratory.

There is a passage in the discourse in which he spoke of the soldiers of the Revolution, and as he was waiting in the ante-room before going upon the platform a Revolutionary veteran was introduced to him. Mr. Everett talked with him pleasantly, and, speaking of his oration, asked the old man to rise and stand before the audience when he began the passage. The old soldier was gratified, and said he would certainly do it.

The company proceeded to the platform, the veteran was seated conspicuously in full view of the audience, and the orator began. When he reached the passage alluding to the old soldiers he turned toward the veteran, who began to move and get upon his legs. After some struggling he succeeded, and the old man stood painfully leaning upon his cane, when the orator, raising his hand and addressing him, exclaimed:

"Nay, Sir, sit down, sit down; it is for us to stand in your presence!"

Upon which the bewildered veteran, somewhat confounded, sank back again into his seat, and afterward said, "That Mr. Everett is a very queer man. He told me to stand up, and the moment I stood up he said to me, 'Sit down, Sir, sit down.'"

But even Burke did not hesitate to aid his oratory by such effects.

It was very striking to see how Boston honored her son in his obsequies. Approaching the city from the north and east, and rumbling over the piles that carry the railroads to the main land, you saw the flag upon Bunker Hill monument, and all the lower flags in the city, hanging at half mast. People in the cars coming from the country to see the pageant were consulting where to find the best places, and there was but one topic in all circles. The street near the church was thronged; the building overflowed; the streets through which the procession was to pass were lined with spectators, and many of the shops upon the route were hung in mourning, while business was generally suspended. By-and-by the minute-guns on the Common and at the Navy-yard began to boom slowly; the church bells solemnly tolled; and the roll of muffled drums and the long, pealing, melancholy wail of the wind instruments filled the air. The mounted soldiers, the infantry, the heavily-curtained hearse, the file of carriages passed by, and the orator who, within the week, had made the last speech of his many speeches upon the theatre of his many triumphs, was hidden from human eyes forever.

The public sorrow at Everett's death is in many of the noblest minds also an act of forgiveness. Had he died four years before he would have missed his best fame. No student of his time can forget that, until those four years, the gifts and graces of this noted American citizen were lost to the cause of America. If it were not recorded, his own confession would remind us of it. And the simplest and

noblest act of his life, the act which restored him to the old love of his old admirers and the fresh respect of the new, was the avowal that he had mistaken his times. With a happiness and satisfaction he had not known for many a year, he saw at last that America was Liberty, and bowing his heart before her she touched his lips with a sweeter music than they had ever known.

And one of the truest and most honored priests of that Liberty, William Cullen Bryant, born in the same year with Mr. Everett, speaks for all who have lamented the long palliation of fatal wrong which his temperament and training imposed upon Everett, in saying at the Union League Club in New York: "If I have ever uttered any thing in derogation of Mr. Everett's public character, at times when it seemed to me he did not resist with becoming spirit the aggression of wrong, I now, looking back upon his noble record of the last four years, retract it at his grave; I lay upon his hearse the declaration of my sorrow that I saw not then the depth of his worth, that I did not discern under the conservatism which formed a part of his nature that generous courage which a great emergency could so nobly awaken."

THE building of the National Academy of Design is now nearly finished, and is one of the most conspicuous objects in the city. It is well situated, upon the corner of the broad Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; and in these winter days its pure white marble walls, rising from the white snow, are contrasted with the blue sky in a more daring manner than most of our architects have attempted. White marble, indeed, is no longer a novel building material in New York; but it is always striking, and its treatment in this structure is original in this country.

A work so elaborate and conscientious as this building no man should dismiss with a careless criticism. We have not examined it critically. More than once, however, we have stopped to observe and to delight in the ornaments cut upon the marble, freshly copied from nature. After the Egyptian and Roman and Grecian and Gothic abominations in brick and plaster and wood with which the city abounds, the decoration of which is purely conventional and the effect humiliating, here is the return to nature for which the best art of modern times has been sighing. And how rich, how graceful, how honest, is the effect!

The building is sure to provoke censure. It is enough to do that that it is new. The passengers in the street cars "don't like such a queer looking thing." There are others who will see in it a little Doge's palace. And certainly it recalls that famous building, although its color and proportions are so different. There are others, too, who will find that the grand entrance, however beautiful and effective in itself, somehow dwarfs the whole and suggests a spacious marble cottage. There are many more who will suggest many more objections. But the architect need not wince. A work so fair and sincere as this will plead against all the charges of "queerness," and plead successfully. Let the passenger who stops to contemplate in the winter morning this happy thought wrought out in snow that does not melt, recall the building at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, where, a few years since, the Academy was housed. Let him go and look at it, and reflect that there was no outburst of popular indignation when it was built, and then ask

himself whether a city may not justly be proud which has advanced in so few years from gravely erecting such a building to this new one upon the Fourth Avenue.

When it is fully finished, what a joyous dedication there ought to be! How all the finest pictures accessible ought to be hung upon the walls, and a very few words be said by the very simplest tongue! When that time comes we hope to say something more about it.

Our kind friend, "A Disappointed Man," will not grudge the little delay in printing his pleasant little essay, for he knows the exigencies of a Magazine, and alas! he has acquired, perhaps, the sad habit of resignation to all kinds of disappointment. But his suggestions are not less true in March than they would have been in February. There is no more royal pleasure than that of music at table. There is no more royal privilege than the power of having it. What a sense of a lordly banquet the last scene in Don Giovanni conveys, when the band enters and plays while the magnifico eats; the band, not the two or three starveling fifers and fiddlers standing around, who sometimes "disfigure or present" it. No, the band, the orchestra rather, as it used to be represented at the Royal Opera in Berlin, where there was a harmonious multitude blowing and scraping in a gorgeous balcony. Music is as much part of a true feast as the mighty sirloin and the ortolan.

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—When my friend, Mr. Christopher Crowfield, told in the December *Atlantic* how cooking should be done, he missed one thing, in my opinion. That thing is music. There is more in music, as connected with digestion, than appears at first thought. Let me illustrate my meaning by an instance.

"There is a little dingy cellar on Anna Maria Street, in this city, the proprietor of which is a stalwart, velvet-clad Frenchman. He gives one a dinner of three courses for a mere trifle, and wine at discretion when paid for extra. The soups are *rather* watery; the entrées not what Soyer would recommend, and the vegetables run pretty much upon one thing—potatoes or spinach. But let that pass. In the wine, I am afraid, there is more than a suspicion of logwood, and the dessert is—one apple. Sometimes, however, there comes into this gloomy, subterranean dining-room a band of three Italians. Two bear harps, and the third a violin. They establish themselves in one corner; and, after the usual amount of thrumming, pour forth a flood of melody that fills every corner. Oh, Sir! that is the secret of this little *salon*. That is the key to the excellence of that French cookery. Three men, with harps and a violin, banish indigestion, and set the stomach at its work to tuneful measures.

"There are no truffles in the 'civet de lievre;' rather onions instead. The bouquet of the wine is not inspiring until the harps ripple out some tinkling stave, and the bread is, to speak mildly, glutinous and potatoey. But after that band of three have struck the props out from under the song, and let it slide down the wires into the air, the guests are guests of Lucullus, the table linen is damask, the earthenware is china of Sèvres, and the wine of such vintage and flavor that one dreams of it long after.

"When I individually hear these harpers I am persuaded, nay, convinced, that the world is much better than it is represented. Three minutes before perhaps the shambling garçon dribbled a rill of gravy from a 'blanquette de veau' that ran white and oleaginous over my coat-sleeve. I forgave him. I shall pension his family; and I thank the harpers that they turned the tide of my wrath into another channel.

"Dear Mr. Easy Chair, you have seen, in rumbling over the different floors in this country, how our respected fellow-citizens eat themselves to death. You know we are, as a race, lank, lean, and bilious. What I would

uggest is this: more music and less grease; more melody and less misery, from a digestive point of view. Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, and I have no doubt he was all the better for the performance.

"When the band strikes up at Newport you can see the members from Africa step more lightly under their fragrant or savory loads. You can see Araminta Dulcibella beam all over with courtesy, and Alphonso chuckle with a suppressed joke. Conundrums rise to propound themselves, and jests and laughter supplant saturnine and splenetic countenances. When my friend Jeremiah Higgins eats his Thanksgiving dinner he does penance for a week thereafter; but Amadée Leschaud dines every day, to the tinkling of cymbals and whispering of harps, on 'perdrix au truffes' and 'concomitants' without a shudder.

"Oh, Sir! if we had fiddlers in every dining-saloon we should have fewer savage editorials in the dailies. Mr. Kenepen, fagged out and overworked, rushes to the nearest restaurant, and devours, in nervous haste, a plate of roast pig. In the course of the afternoon he pens a slashing article on the twaddle, fudge, and utter balderdash contained in the *Morning Tackhammer*. He spells Weekly 'Weakly,' and rejoices as much as his stomach will allow him over this caustic sarcasm. If music can soothe the savage breast, why not the savage stomach? I put it to the Easy Chair: Is it not better to be fluted into a suitable frame of mind during one's repast than to be dinner-pilled after it? Is not a musician better than a physician, and are not songs better than the sighs which emanate from the depths of the stomach? Oh, Sir! when the harper strikes his throbbing wires I feel no mere mortal experience can worry me. There are more guests present than they who sit at meat, and the rustlings that I hear are not merely those made by my neighbor turning his *Times*.

"Therefore, as I remarked at the outset, I wish Mr. Crowfield had said something about music in connection with cookery or our dinners.

"I once 'boarded out' where the daughter of the landlady was in the habit of betaking herself to the piano and bawling out, 'A watcher, pale and tearful,' whenever a meal was in progress. I do not think that aided any one's digestion; 'on the contrary, quite the reverse.' But I know for a certainty that a harp can soothe and assuage the sorrows of many a sensitive organization, and that a flute can warble, or a violin lull the troubled digestion into tractability. I would bring the soul of song into every house instead of potions, and there should be no grief unallayed.

"At twilight fall my wife sits and sings while the baby at her breast draws its life from her. Rosy little cherub! how sweetly it smiles when the lullaby falls gently upon its ear! But let Louisa scold, for instance (though she never does), and I know that pains and pangs unutterable would tweak the bowels of that unhappy child of our love. Sir, to be at ease when dining one must be sung to or played at skillfully and in harmony, and if the best results do not ensue I am A DISAPPOINTED MAN."

THE Easy Chair is glad to see that traveling manners are still a subject of thought among its friends. How can it be believed that he or she who is not a gentleman or lady in a railroad car is so in any other place?

"If any body leaves a seat without a coat, or shawl, or bag, or something to mark his place, I shall take it," said a person in the seat behind a certain traveler.

"Yes, but if a gentleman comes and says that it is his seat?" asked his friend.

"Can't help it. No man can keep a seat in that way."

"Not by his word?"

"No."

It was very clear that if a gentleman came to claim such a seat he would not find one in it. But hear what a small voice from Washington says:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—So very much is said about the courtesy of gentlemen toward ladies manifested in resign-

ing seats and the nameless other little attentions which so much assist ladies traveling alone, I want to tell you something neither you nor Miss Dorinda seem to have noticed. It is, that the same gentlemen who so persistently retain their seats while Miss D. or her friend pass along, looking, not saying, Give me your seats—I am a lady! will rise instantly to resign their seats, even though they are obliged to stand, in favor of that modest little one whose only trouble is fear of troubling others, and her look of thanks, even though she speak not the words, is sufficient recompense. Gentlemen are quick to read the language of the face, and know intuitively whether it says, It is only my due; or, How good you are! Perhaps while Dorinda is thinking, If he were a gentleman he would give me his seat; the same *He* is thinking, If she were a lady I would give up my seat.

"I speak these words impulsively, not to shield the other sex, but for the right. I am a woman and *mean to be* womanly; it were simple justice to say a gentle-woman. Once we were proud of that appellation. Why is it Lady now? I have traveled much, and often alone. I am not handsome, and dress only plainly, and I never yet was obliged to stand in coach or car, however crowded. And now, dear Easy Chair, if you think any one may become more of a *true lady*, through the hint implied in this, please tell it in your own way. Say, too, that the real language of the heart becomes so habitual to the face that it is not easily masked, and especially in those little things. Is it because we are gentlewomen no longer that the name is abandoned? Is it not significant of the change in ourselves that the old name and the old chivalry are departing together?

"Respectfully, from

A LITTLE ONE."

A VERY judicious friend of this Magazine, as will plainly appear from her saying: "I expect, like Bessie, to enjoy *Harper* in heaven. She invariably sings the last two lines of the hymn 'I want to be an angel,'

'A crown upon my forehead,
And a *Harper* in my hand.'"

adds, after some assurances of friendly esteem, her experiences of the theatre:

"I read the account, in the December Number, of your visit to the Opera, and immediately was seized with a desire to tell you my experience. Very limited it is, to be sure, as far as opera and theatre are concerned. But when I deliberately make up my mind to be deceived, I like to be deceived. Don't you? I don't enjoy seeing the scene-shifters (is that the name?) deliberately pull into view a house where there was nothing before but a garden. Because it does not seem like nature, or art either. I remember going one evening to see a distinguished tragedian in Hamlet, where the ghost came upon the stage dressed in a suit of armor, with a little square of blue turlatan thrown over his head, descending to his elbows, where it stood out from him in every direction. I did not wonder that Hamlet appeared startled at the sight of him. I think most people would have been. As Ophelia came on, singing her little, woeful, crazy song, the gas by some mischance went out, whereupon the king very kindly came out with a tallow-candle in his hand, casting a halo of glory about his head, while another actor, with very slim legs, very red cheeks, and an exceedingly rumbled-looking wig, tried to light the foot-lights, gazing upon us, shrouded in darkness, after each unsuccessful attempt, with a ludicrously amazed expression of countenance. This winter I heard the — Troupe in *Robert le Diable*. The libretto said that supernatural sights and sounds would issue from a cave. Unfortunately there was no cave, so the sights came from the side of the stage, and the sounds from the drums and fifes of the orchestra. Whether they were supernatural or not I can not say, but they were certainly terrible. I was almost inclined to agree with the friend beside me, who whispered that he thought that Operas were like tomatoes, one must learn to like them."

THIS is the Easy Chair's letter-day. It does not come very often. But here is a cheerful note which

comes tumbling briskly out of the bag, and speaks a kindly word for England :

"E. CHAIR, ESQ.,—Now you suppose yourself assailed by one of the people who aspire to be literati. Not so. Yet I am one of those who can write better articles than are published. You will be gratified to learn that notwithstanding this, I keep my MSS. in an old pillow-case in the garret, waiting for paper-rags to be worth ten cents per pound :

"Cold, wire-drawn odes! Bucolics where the cows
Would scare the writer if they splashed the mud
In lashing off the flies.
And counterfeiting epics, shrill with trumps
A babe might blow between two straining cheeks
Of bubbled rose to make his mother laugh;
And elegiac griefs, and songs of love,
Like cast-off nosegays picked up on the road,
The worse for being warm"—

for ten cents per pound.

"Emerson says, 'Whoso expresses the poetry that is in him in some sort loses it.' And Tennyson,

"The poet's deep poetic heart
Is better than the poet's fame;"

therefore I am content to be mute.

"I write to thank you for the kindly words that you sometimes say of the English, and to beg you to continue them. It always hurts my heart to see the endeavors of the newspapers to embitter the people's mind against England. I think newspapers give incorrect estimates of public sentiment. Most of us have lived so much in English literature that we have almost lived in England, and it is natural for us to regard England as the nearest and dearest of nations.

"We know London streets and houses by heart, and all the lanes and foot-paths in all the shires—the Hertfordshire lanes, and all the rest. Have we not walked in Oxford Street, Baker Street, the Strand, Pall Mall? Haven't we seen the Monument, and every statue in the British Museum? And have not Mrs. Gore and her friends introduced us to the very bedrooms of Belgravia? And are we not too much attached to them to be forever tilting with their masters? Since my Uncle Toby has made us all cousins, as Southey says he has, we ought to be fond of each other. The mere fact that we have so often been the guests of Doctor Primrose, tasting his best gooseberry wine, and of Elia, drinking tea in old china with himself and his Bridget, to say nothing of the hospitalities of Colonel Newcome, should make us forbearing and complaisant toward England.

"Gramercy for thy courtesy,' dear Easy, to England! I kiss thy hands!"

Editor's Drawer.

THERE is great danger of knowing too much. Jones was clerk in the General Post-office Department at Washington. A letter was given to him to copy: it was to be sent to a man applying for a new Post-office, and the letter refused the application on the ground of his proximity to another office. Jones suggested to his principal that the word "nearness" would be better than "proximity;" but was told to mind his own business, and copy the letter as it was written. He did, and very soon an answer came back from the applicant that he would like to know who the scoundrel was that charged him with *proximity*! This pleased Jones greatly, and when he spoke of it to his principal he got his walking-papers. He was not wanted in an office where he knew more than his betters.

But he got another place. One day a stranger was in, and after finishing his business asked Jones which way he should go to the Patent Office. Jones said he didn't know. The stranger then asked the way to the Capitol, and Jones said he didn't know.

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"Well, where is the White House?" and Jones did not know. "What do you know?" demanded the stranger. "Well, you see," said Jones, "I lost my last place because I knew too much, and now I know how to keep these ere books, and that's all I do know." The stranger retired satisfied and thoughtful.

MICHAEL M'HANNIN ran for Congress last fall. Patriotism was the dodge, and his opponent was a wounded officer fresh from the field of battle, covered with blood and glory. Michael stood a poor chance against such odds, and improved on a story he had read in the Drawer after the Mexican war. In addressing his constituents, mostly of the Hibernian denomination, Michael exclaimed:

"My brave fellow-citizens! No man, dead or alive, has done more for the Government than the humble and honorable individual who now addresses you. When this cursed rebellion first bust forth I could not leave you to go personally, but I hired a substitute to go for me; and there, my friends and fellow-citizens, there, on the red field of battle, in the midst of resounding cannon and the clash of arms, I fit and bled and died for my country!"

This unexampled patriotism in a live man carried all the voters that heard him, and the cheers for Michael made the welkin ring, and shook the stars of the tar-bangled spanner. If Michael had let it go at that it would have been well, and perhaps his country would have had his eloquence in Congress next winter. But excited by his success in rousing the enthusiasm of his friends, he went on to say:

"I was born in Munster, and fatched up in Cork, and if it hadn't been for Providence and another jintleman who guv me an edication, I should have been as ignorant as you are, my fellow-citizens!"

This was not very palatable to the merry Irishmen, and Michael subsided without even getting an invitation to liquor.

SOMETIME during the early portion of last winter, pending the proceedings of a military Court of Inquiry instituted in Washington, D. C., to examine the case of Colonel E—, an officer detached from the regular army, in command of a Pennsylvania regiment, the following conversation took place: The Colonel, who was employed in writing a paper, stopped, and asked General R—, sitting on the opposite side of the table, "How do you spell the word *fulfill*?" The General replied by spelling it. "I have been watching that word for ten years," said the Colonel. "My impression was it was spelled *fulfil*." "Indeed!" rejoined General R—. "You were not far wrong—you came within an 'L' of it."—[But one way is as *right* as the other.]

In the town of —, in Connecticut, lived an eccentric character, Squire S—, noted for his oddity and singular speeches. The town-hearse, having by long use got into a dilapidated condition, it was determined to get up a public subscription to repair it. In due time the committee called on Squire S—, and asked him to subscribe for the object. "No!" says the Squire; "I won't give a single cent. Twenty years ago I subscribed five dollars to build the old thing, and neither my family nor myself ever had any use for it from that day to this, and I won't give a cent to repair it!"

OUR youngest boy had been reading some of

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Mayne Reid's thrilling stories of adventures among the Indians till his mind and heart were, for the time, pretty well filled with their spirit, when one day a friend of his mother sent word inviting her to go on Friday to Dr. H——'s church to join the ladies of the congregation in their sewing society. "Don't go, don't go, mother!" burst out young Master Harry; "they are sewing for the missionaries among the Indians, and they are trying to convert 'em, and I don't want 'em to, for when I grow up I want to go out there and have a regular fight!"

AN out-in-the-West correspondent writes:

A friend of ours, residing not far from Lake T——, has near her house a fine mineral spring, supposed to contain great medicinal virtues. She has been in the habit of receiving bottles from an old gent across the lake to be filled with the water. As each batch of bottles would arrive so would complaints that the water lost its medicinal properties on the route. At last, by way of a joke, she filled one with a mixture of water, molasses, cream tartar, and whisky, and sent him word that it would retain its strength. As luck would have it, he sent that bottle, without examining it, to be analyzed. By return express he received a letter advising him by all means to buy that spring, as a *whisky cocktail* spring was a valuable piece of property.

A WORTHY townsman of ours, who goes by the sobriquet of the Deacon, was met by a lady friend as he emerged from a saloon, and accosted thus: "Good-morning, Deacon; but I am sorry to see you coming out of such a place." To which he dryly replied: "Why, Madam, would you have me stay there all the time?"

NED says that on a visit to a country town last summer he was talking over the gate to a "bonnie damsel," when a rough-looking Hibernian stopped upon the walk and looked admiringly into Dulcinea's eyes. In a moment, as her face glowed with blushes, she asked, "Well, Sir, what will you have?" To which Pat replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Faith, Miss, if I should chuse, 'twould be your own swate self I'd be after having." And upon Ned's request that he should move along he replied, "No offense, honey. 'Twas a civil question from the miss, and a true answer from Pat Malone. Good-morning!"

WHEN General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with every thing that was going on. He wore an old brown coat and a "stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers. One day while walking through the grounds he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule!" said the General.

"Git out!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop!" reiterated the General.

"You mind your business and I will mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said General S. "Do you know who I am? I am General Sherman."

"That's played out!" said the soldier. "Every man who comes along here with an old brown coat

and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outflanked.

SAM BORING was elected sheriff of one of the counties of California. Sam was educated in the Southwest, in one of those districts where the only alphabet they had was taken from the brands on the hides of stolen cattle—so the story runs, but for the latter statement we do not vouch. Now, in process of time and by process of law, Sam took a horse from a debtor by force because he would not pay. The horse was taken to the nearest town, about ten miles, and left at a livery stable. This town was about four miles from the county seat, where the sheriff kept his office. In a few days the debtor, seeing he could not escape payment, called on the sheriff, saying, if his horse would be allowed him, he would ride down among his neighbors and get the money. The sheriff knew it would be all right, and wrote the following order to the livery man for the horse:

"Mr H C—— pleas let the barrer of this not have his horse
S BORING Sheriff"

It was an awful time for mud; but the "barrer" trudged the four miles on foot and presented the "not." The livery man read the document, nodded and smiled, put it carefully in his pocket, and began to whistle. The other was in somewhat of a hurry, and said so. Livery merely looked at his applicant, as much as to say, "D'y'e take me for a sawney?" Owner of horse said, "Come, give me that animal as quick as you can, for I have a long way to go and it is getting late." Livery, bristling up, inquired if the applicant took him to be a fool. "You must think I, like yourself, can't read. Here you come to me asking me to give you the horse, at the same time passing into my hands an order from the sheriff explicitly telling me *not* to let you have the horse." A sight of the document was demanded, drinks followed, and debtor walked to the county seat and back again through the mud—eight miles of the hardest kind of footing—to get an *e* added to *not*, in order to make a *note* of it!

IN a beautiful village away from all the bustle and stir of railroads and steamboats, and not a thousand miles from Detroit, lives Dominie L——, one of the best of men, and pastor of a flourishing church there. Some years ago the Dominie was very much annoyed by the fact that George N——, a godless young blacksmith, who was his nearest neighbor, would persist in sawing his wood under the parson's window on Sunday mornings. Having labored with him to no purpose, and borne the infliction till forbearance had almost ceased to be a virtue, he one morning threw up the window as George was pursuing his accustomed Sabbath morning avocations, saying, "N——, I want to make a bargain with you." George knew what was coming, and looking up with a comical grin, answered, "I make no bargains Sundays."

IF you don't care to read how a brave officer in our brave army rejoiced in the conquest of one number of *Harper*, skip the following and go to the next. The fighting man writes:

I sat down in my quarters this morning, blue, bluer, bluest. An old gunshot-wound had been grumbling in my side till I could hardly walk, and on getting up for the day saw no very encouraging

prospect for the same. What to do to while away the day was matter of serious concern. Nothing to read; can't talk all day; I must be interested by something. The November Number caught my eye. Ah! old friend, I am glad to meet you. I went to Arizona with that most clever humorist, J. Ross Browne—rummaged the Drawer—filled the whole of the old Easy Chair—looked in at the Centennial of the Browns—pitied the hard fate of My Refugee—found My Soldier a beauty—and cruised with the *Sussucus* till the cold round moon looked gently down from a very blunt angle in the heavens. Hark! Taps—*Lights out!* It was indeed time for honest soldiers to be in bed. The day had surely passed. I had rollicked and laughed, smiled and reflected the livelong day away, in spite of dismal forebodings of the morning. A happy day and contented evening have been given me by the fortuitous visit of your *New Monthly*. Nor is this the first time the past summer. A blessed Miss —, away off in Puritanic New England, gave me a happy visit to Pegoty Plimpton's Choir once on a day while rebel shot and shell were playing sad havoc among us on the James. I hugged my bomb-proof, read the *Monthly*, and heard their infernal metal crash by overhead and around, and laughed at the picture she drew of rural life, its ambitions, strifes, and triumphs. To make the confession full I must say the *Monthly*, many a time during our long and anxious campaign before Richmond, has shone forth from beyond the dark clouds overshadowing us, dispelling them, and giving us a bright and cheerful sky.

BEING recently one of about thirteen passengers upon the platform of a street car where was just comfortable standing-room for about four, I was somewhat annoyed and inconvenienced by two great fellows jumping on to the same platform without troubling the car to stop. The larger one did not seem to care where he stood so that 'twas on some one's feet; and this caused me to remark to him, in an expostulative way, "There's more room on the front platform." To which he immediately replied, "Well, why don't you go there then?" My reply was intended to be unanswerable, but it was not: "Sir, I was on this car first, and I've no idea of moving off to make room for you." "Oh!" said he, "that's what troubles you, is it? Well, you jest rest easy—I've got plenty of room!"

A DRAWER reader writes of a couple of Green Isle friends:

An Irish *gentleman* in my employ was told one day to dig a hole in a certain place. Having occasion to pass not long afterward, and observing that but small progress had been made, I said to him, "Put in, Jimmy!" Returning, I was surprised to find the excavation filled, and on inquiring the reason why, was asked, in reply, "If I had not told him to put in?"

A son of Erin was giving me an account of a certain Colonel whose sense of hearing had been affected by being present in a cave when a cannon was fired, said that for two weeks after the gentleman could not hear any thing unless it was written!

EVERY man and woman in Lower Egypt has heard of the pompous Judge K—, a noted lawyer and politician of Cairo, Illinois, and a much better judge of whisky than of legal technicalities. Well,

the steamer *City of Cairo* was finished a few weeks ago, and now "walks the waters like a thing of life"—probably unsurpassed in beauty, speed, and size by any craft that floats the "Father of Waters." In that spirit of liberality by which they are as fully characterized as any people, the citizens of Cairo on land presented to the officers of Cairo on water a full set of national colors—conferring upon the Judge the task of making the presentation speech, in the presence of an immense concourse crowded into the spacious cabin and saloon of the elegant vessel.

His Honor being fully "in the spirit," discharged his arduous duty in the following eloquent language: "Captain, ladies, and gentlemen—I have the honor, in the name of Cairo, in behalf of the ladies and gentlemen of this far-famed and justly celebrated city, to present you, captain of this noble steamer, these colors. Sir, may we all live to see the glorious flag of our country wave triumphantly over our graves! Here, captain, take these things!" Judge K— and the captain liquored.

DURING the last visit of the Federal forces, under Major-General A. J. Smith, to Holly Springs, Mississippi, in August, 1864, the following lines were penned by Colonel A— on the last page of a young lady's album, all others having been appropriated by real or pretended admirers in 1861. The black crape at the top of five loving epistles, and the broad, dark borders of five cards in the album, proved that ten of Miss Clemmie's admirers had fallen victims to Federal bullets, and that Yankee lead and steel were even more potent than Cupid's arrows. The females of the family being at the time residents of the elegant mansion, the book was returned to the centre table:

TO MISS CLEMMIE.

'Tis certain, Miss Clemmie, whether Fed or Confed,
In the plain course of nature you're destined to wed;
Some "Lord of Creation" will lovingly kneel,
And pour forth his tender and fervent appeal,
If the Feds and Confeds will cease this vain strife,
And leave a man living to make you his wife.

FED.

AN honest but not very astute individual received written directions from a bereaved husband, living at a distance, to erect a tombstone over the grave of his deceased wife, a copy of the desired inscription being sent in a letter. The agent unfortunately allowed a postscript addressed to himself to remain attached to the inscription, which consequently stands thus:

CAROLINE,
WIFE OF WILLIAM SMITH,
Died Oct. 4, 1864.
AGED 52.

Rest in peace.

If you will attend to the matter you will confer a great favor upon

WILLIAM SMITH,
Husband of the above.

HERE is a fine budget from Providence:

Somewhere in Washington County, Rhode Island—it does not matter as to the precise locality—there used to reside a country grocer, whose store was made exceedingly disagreeable to the timid by the presence of a large, ill-natured bull-dog, that always greeted every one who entered the door with a threatening growl. It is true that Tiger had never bitten any body; but it was very annoying to strangers to be saluted with such savage demonstrations as he usually exercised. In fact, he was regarded

as a nuisance by the community, while the only possible good that he ever rendered his master was to keep beggars and children at a distance. Jack Whitehorn, who had been repeatedly bored by him, at length declared he would kill him. Now Jack had sailed twice round the world, and had hunted lions in the African wilds, and professed not to be "afraid of any thing that went on four legs." So one day, as he entered the store, he picked up a small grain-sack and wound it snugly around his left fore-arm and hand. As usual, Tiger came for him with a growl. Jack threw out his protected arm in a threatening manner, and the maddened creature shut his teeth on it at once. Jack then deliberately seized him by the ear with the other hand, which caused Tiger to let go his grip upon Jack's arm, when Jack, by a dextrous movement, secured the other ear. In this position the dog was completely at his mercy. Our hero now coolly dropped upon his knees, and, amidst the applause of the half score of by-standers who were witnesses of the rencontre, fastened his teeth into the victim's nose until he dropped his tail between his legs and fairly yelled with pain. When Jack considered him conquered he let him go. Tiger was *killed*, for his spirit was broken, and he was worthless ever afterward. He sneaked away to his retreat behind the counter, where he always remained from morning till night. Beggars and children might invade the grocery in battalions, but they could not draw him from his hiding-place.

THE following is a fact. It is one of those neighborhood incidents which are told every now and then as illustrations of character:

Old Peleg C——, long since gone to his account, had been an invalid for several years, both of his arms being rendered useless by a paralytic stroke. But he lived in the days when every body drank ardent spirits, and his disease had not in the least impaired his appetite for strong drink. Thrice a day he used to take his toddy smoking hot from the stove, his indulgent wife holding the cup to his lips as he drank.

On one occasion a nephew of his had called in while the mug of toddy was warming on the stove. When it was ready he was about to call his wife (who was in the adjoining room) to give it to him; but the young man, interpreting his wishes, quickly exclaimed,

"I will hold the cup for you, Uncle Peleg."

"No, no," said the old man, bluntly, "that won't do; for the Scriptures say, 'Cursed is every man who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips.'"

"But don't you care for aunt?—how will she escape?"

"Why, man, it don't curse women," replied old Peleg, with earnestness; then raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Come, Polly, give me my toddy!"

My attention was once called to a confirmed loafer, who was the pest of the neighborhood where he resided, and of whose boyhood a friend related to me the following circumstance:

When Dick R—— was about eleven years of age he was one day in the field with his father and workmen. It chanced to be in the haying season, and they were provided with a bottle of rum, according to custom. After drinking around, his father passed him the bottle, saying, "Dick, put that in the spring"—meaning for him to set it in the water to keep the contents cool.

About an hour afterward Dick was summoned to bring the bottle. His father took a swallow, while Dick stood near with a broad grin on his face. It contained nothing but water. Turning to his mischievous son, he exclaimed, in an excited tone,

"Dick! what did you do with the liquor that was in this bottle?"

"I poured it into the spring, Sir," he replied, in a hesitating tone, fearing that he had carried the joke too far: for he was in hopes one of the hired men would take the first drink.

"Well, Dick," the parent continued, with a significant flourish of his scythe-rifle, "you did right; but don't never do so again!"

My friend remarked that Dick had evidently followed this advice ever since, for he had never done any thing that was right from that day to the present time.

OVER in Jersey, during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue, and his bill, was on the stump blowing his horn for General M'Clellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself, and said: "I would that on the 8th day of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman, and child George B. M'Clellan is President of these United States!" At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up, you fool! You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile!"

AND this reminds us, as the President says, of a little story:

A few years since the noted Tom Marshall was delivering an address before a large audience in Buffalo, when some one in the hall every few moments shouted, "Louder! louder!" Tom stood this for a while; but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, said: "Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall with his golden trumpet proclaim that 'time shall be no longer,' I doubt not, Sir, that there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, 'Louder! louder!'" The house roared; Tom went on with his speech; but there were no more cries of "louder!"

UNDER the Internal Revenue Law cases of infraction come before the United States Commissioner here. The other day one of this kind, from the west side of the city, was arraigned before the Commissioner, and the defendant being interrogated replied, "Sure, your Honor, I didn't sell or taste of liquor in a month." Judge W——, who was standing by, spoke up, "I'll swear to that. I tasted some of his so-called whisky the other day when coming from Harlem, and if it was not strychnine I am no judge." "Then," says the Commissioner, "he must take out a license as a vendor of drugs, and I hold you, Judge, as a witness against him."

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Prairie Grove some rebel officers of rank were sent up to Cane Hill, Arkansas, to negotiate for exchange of prisoners. It was during their visit that the amusing and characteristic scene that I am about to relate occurred:

In a small building close on the only street of that crooked village three Confederate officers, in their best gray uniform, were sitting on one side of

a table, and three Federal officers, in blue, on the other. An old gray-headed and gray-bearded man came to the door, and incontinently walked in, with the query:

"Es this the Provo's offis?"

He was dressed in brown homespun, and had an old white wool hat on his head, tied on with a handkerchief, and leaned on a brown stick.

"Es this the Provo's offis? I want a pass."

Some one here attempted to explain to the old gentleman that he was in the wrong shop; but the old fellow, who was a little deaf, it seems, mistook this as a hesitation to give him what he wanted.

"I'm a good l'yal citizen. I've got my pertec-tion papers. I've ben to get paid for my forage. It's all right."

There was a slight inclination to laugh by several present; but the old gentleman continued to make the most earnest protestations as to his "l'yalty."

"Look here, my friend," said Colonel W—, with a smile, "you had better take care what you say about loyalty. Look at these gentlemen"—pointing over the table—"don't you see they are Southern officers?"

The old man's hand trembled as he adjusted a dilapidated pair of spectacles to his eyes, and closely examined the gray uniforms with the velvet collars and brass stars. His hands trembled more violently. For the time being he seemed to forget the place and surroundings in his fear and bewilderment. At last, in great distress, he turned to the gentlemen, and began to stammer out his explanations:

"Well, gentlemen, I didn't think. I—I didn't mean any thing. I've allers ben a Southern man. I've jest got one son, and he's with Marmaduke. The only other man grown that's fit for service is my darter's husband, and he's with Rector, and—and—"

"Hold on, old fellow!" cried Colonel W—; "what about your being a loyal citizen?"

"Will you inform me," asked Colonel P—, who sat next to Colonel W—, "who paid you for your forage?"

The old man turned to look at the other side of the table. Again he adjusted his spectacles, and looked at the blue coats, and in an agony of distress he took off his spectacles and his handkerchief and hat, and while he leaned on both hands on the table, the tears ran down the wrinkles of his old face.

"Well, well, gentlemen," he at last found words to say, "you go on an' fight it out among yourselves. I can live in any government."

I WAS one of some six hundred wounded who had been captured by the enemy during the battle of the Wilderness, and we were placed in open-field hospital at Locust Grove. While lying under a shed, without blankets, scarce food, and a paucity of medical supplies, I was the witness to the following:

We were talking on indifferent subjects when a young man (now dead, poor boy!) spoke up. He told us how he had lain all night upon the battle-field, and in spite of the pain from his shattered limb and the usual dreadful cries round him, he felt much inclined to sleep. This was rendered impossible by an old owl that had perched itself—a fitting serenader on the bloody field—over his head. He said that the confounded thing kept crying, "Who—who hit yer? Who—who hit yer?"

As the surgeon was going his rounds, examining

the patients, he came to a sergeant of a New York regiment, who had been struck by a bullet in the left breast, right over the region of the heart. The doctor, surprised at the narrow escape of the man, ejaculated, "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?"

The poor fellow, with a faint and sickly smile, replied, "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then, doctor!" You will be gratified to learn that he subsequently escaped, and arrived quite safe in our lines.

A KANSAS correspondent at Fort Leavenworth writes:

At our camp on the Arkansas, after the pursuit was ended, the Army of the Border was dissolved, the troops proceeding by different routes to their several stations. In the evening previous to the separation most of the officers were congregated at General Curtis's head-quarters to bid each other good-by. Major P—y, of General Blunt's staff, who has frequently been known to "take something," on this occasion did honor to his prerogative to an alarming extent. General Blunt propounded the following grave question: "What is the difference between Major P—y and a demi-john?" It remained unanswered, and the Major insisted upon the General's telling the difference. "There is none," answered General B., and the Major "passed."

AN officer of our regiment, famous for his mis-application of big words, was present at Fort Garland when certain companies of the regiment were mustered in. The mustering officer, Major W—, had refused to muster the individual who had been appointed captain of one of the companies. During the evening several officers were congregated in the sutler's store, and the conversation turned upon the subject; when Major W— remarked that he had not mustered Captain H— principally on account of his *antecedents*. Our friend pompously threw himself back, placing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, asking, "Major, who were his antecedents, and what did they do?"

MR. DRAWER, you often tell stories at the expense of Western school committees and trustees. But I have heard one about your New York schoolmen that leaves all the rest out in the cold:

Mr. Patrick O'Finnehan, School Commissioner, visits the public school in his ward, and as he enters he sees a pair of globes.

"And what for are these?"

"They are globes," said the teacher; "one to show the heavens above us, and the other the various countries on the earth."

"Oh!" said the learned Patrick. "And I thought you tached chimistery, and these were a pair of stame-bilers!"

JOE and Commodore Rogers, brothers, blacksmiths in Whitewater, Wisconsin, have a great reputation for being practical jokers. Last summer Joe bought an old-fashioned dash churn, for the purpose of manufacturing their own butter; and as the Commodore was a widower and lived with Joe, all such work as churning naturally fell to him. One eve, after supper, the first churning was got ready, and the Commodore was invited to churn. "Hold on," says he, "till I go down town and get some *tabacker*." He went, and while gone Joe did the

churning, took out the butter, and left the butter-milk in the churn.

The Commodore returned, looked at the churn, took off his coat, and says, "Wa'al, old churn, it's you and I, and here's for ye!" and commenced his labor. After churning a couple of hours, he remarked that "he guessed it would be cheaper to buy butter than to make it." "I think so too," says Joe, "if you are going to try to churn it out of butter-milk!"

A FEW days after that churning process Joe put one end of a small bar of iron into his forge fire, gave the bellows three or four pumps, and stepped into the back-shop. While gone, the Commodore heated the iron to a black heat, then changed ends with it, and stepped out of the front-door to watch progress.

In came Joe, took up the iron, but dropped it instantaneously, holding up his burned hand, and roared with pain. "Put on some butter-milk, Joe—it's good for a burn!" said the Commodore, as he made a masterly retreat amidst a shower of bouquets composed of hammers, hard coal, and old horse-shoes.

THE Rev. James Freeman, who formerly preached at the Stone Chapel, in Boston, was a man very small in stature, but highly respected for his talents and the liberal doctrines which he promulgated. One day he was passing down Beacon Street, in company with two very tall ministers, and Mr. F. happened to be between them, when whom should they meet but the celebrated wit of the day, Matthew Byles. "Well," said Mr. B., "here we have the Bible represented in its three parts; the Old Testament on the left, the New Testament on the right, and the little Apocrypha in the middle!"

SOME years ago the best pilot belonging to Boston was named James Tilley. In his youth he had met with an accident which caused him to become badly humpbacked. He was a genial sort of a man, much liked, and was always called upon to pilot the ships of war in and out of the harbor. One day he took out a *British* frigate, and as he was leaving the ship a pompous officer on board called out, "I say, old fellow, what have you got on your back?" "*Bunker Hill!*" replied Tilley; "perhaps you have heard of the place before."

A YEAR or more ago a newly-appointed Provost Marshal out West, who sported a full military uniform on duty as well as off, and "put on a good deal of style" generally, conceived the idea that it would be greatly to the advantage of his department, and increase the dignity of his office, if his numerous deputies should be allowed to wear an appropriate uniform—and he accordingly wrote to head-quarters on the subject. The Provost Marshal General directed that Captain——be informed that no uniform would be allowed to deputies; but if Captain——could not recognize his deputies without, he might mark them!

THIS is written for the Drawer, and is true:

The Rev. John Brodhead, formerly Member of Congress from New Hampshire, commenced his career as a Methodist minister near Stroudsburg, in his native State of Pennsylvania. He was a large man, of powerful frame, and before his conversion had been noted for his prowess in the athletic sports and combats then common in that region. One day,

while he was delivering a discourse on the banks of the Delaware, preparatory to administering baptism, quite a disturbance was raised by some of his old companions, more in merriment than malice, however, and they finally, in a laughing way, made preparations for a mock baptism. Mr. Brodhead paused in his discourse, and addressing the disorderlies, said, "Look here, boys! I belong to a denomination that holds to the possibility of *falling from grace*. If I should happen to fall from grace—and I feel very much like it—while you are cutting your capers, some of you will catch it badly!" The ringleader, a good-natured fellow of some education, saw there was trouble ahead, and after hesitating a moment, turned to the others, and said, "I say, fellows! he's got into the vernacular—we'd better stop!" And stop they did, and the exercises were concluded without further interruption.

IN the newspaper of Middletown, Connecticut, a very worthy man who takes people under, and is therefore called an undertaker, publishes the following:

A CARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN AND VICINITY—Permit me to take this method to inform you that I have sold out the Manufacturing part of my Establishment to my Son, Capt. G. M. Southmayd—soon to remove from Danbury—where he has resided fourteen years in the undertaking business. He has given general satisfaction, and his friends and the public feel quite disappointed in his leaving. His object in returning to the place of his birth is the regard he has for Middletown, and to make the remainder of my life comfortable. I am confident that he will spare no pains in trying to please all who will favor him with their custom. As regards myself, I shall continue the undertaking part of the business for the present. I have no desire to make myself wealthy from the business—only a comfortable support. I have returned the money paid me in trying to beautify the city and cemeteries, and I think I can say with a clear conscience, that I have been kind and charitable to the poor and afflicted—I hear no complaint. I commenced the undertaking business with an old horse with four wheels and four posts, not fit to carry a rebel to that bourne from which no traveler returns. It is my opinion, that a man who has no other god but this world, ought to be buried in good style, and I am the man who can do it. Remember the place, near the beautiful elm—the handsomest trees in the city. The north half is St. Patrick tree, the south half, the tree of Liberty—the only one in all New England, that bears the flag of the Union.

I thank you all for your kindness and patronage. I do not wish to boast of my kindness and sympathy, to the afflicted, my heart is as kind and feeling as when I first commenced this unpleasant business. I have to appear as cheerful as possible under circumstances quite affecting. If I permitted my feelings of sympathy to mingle with the mortality I am conversant with, I should die myself. I claim no goodness of my own, am no hypocrite but have unbounded charity for all. I should as soon expect a safe passage on board ship bound from New York to London with a hole in her bottom as big as a porrage pot, as expect to gain heaven by belonging to a church without piety. I do not tell my heavenly Father what a clever fellow I am, but I like to repeat the prayer of the humble publican, not so much as lifting up my eyes to heaven but tapping my breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I have the honor to be very respectfully and truly your obedient servant,
J. BUCKLEY SOUTHMAYD.

MIDDLETOWN, Dec. 27, 1864.

If we lived there—or rather, if we ceased to live while there—Mr. Southmayd is the man for our money.

OUR friend Bull is a glorious good fellow, full of

good-humor and common sense, but strangely ignorant of what he calls "the sciences." One day Miss D—— asked him if he had ever seen a bazar. Not knowing exactly what a bazar was, but shrewdly suspecting that it was some sort of an animal, our hero replied, "No, I never saw any wild animals except a bear, two monkeys, and a few other var-mounts. *The bazar died before the show got here!*"

A LADY relative, who lives in a certain town in Vermont, told me last summer this anecdote of a young clergyman who had come to supply the vacant pulpit of the Congregational Church in that place, as a candidate for settlement:

He was just out of the Theological Seminary, and had the peculiarity of an extremely boyish size and complexion, which, of course, was unknown to most of the congregation. A little before the hour the new minister made his way, almost unnoticed, into the pulpit, where he was concealed from view by the reading-desk in front of him. But an old lady, who sat close on the right of the pulpit in consideration of her deafness, was much concerned to see a boy in the place of the expected clergyman. So she very softly arose, stepped on tip-toe to the pulpit stairs, and beckoning with her forefinger, whispered loudly, in coaxing accents, "Come down, sonny, you mustn't sit there; that's the place for the minister!"

FROM one of our brave boys now in Arkansas we have the following:

When the Eighty-sixth Illinois was stationed at Nashville, the orders in camp were very strict. Sentinels were stationed around camp with instructions to allow no one to cross their beats in the night without the countersign, and no one in the daytime without the proper "pass," except for water, or on other duty, in *squads*.

One day, as the sentinels were leisurely walking their beats, a furious wind-storm came on, and dashing limbs, shingles, hats, etc., recklessly about, swept into camp, upsetting barrel chimneys, throwing off tent flies, prostrating tents, and spreading confusion generally. A soldier passing at the time, and nearly losing his balance, called out to the sentinel, "Say, John! what did you let that cross your beat for?" The sentinel, nothing at a loss, replied, "Because it came in *squads!*"

An army lad writes to the Drawer:

During the summer the Virginia farmers, being much troubled by our boys foraging, were apt to conceal their stock and poultry as much as possible, so as not to tempt the Yankee appetite. On one occasion we were obliged to go down into a dark cellar for the porkers with which to make our dinner. But we were much more amused, another time, to hear one of the boys exclaim, upon returning to camp without any spoils, "There is nothing on the whole plantation but a yoke of oxen, and they were chained to the bed-post in the house!"

SAITH an Old Colony, Massachusetts, man: If the "Maine Law" is not entirely worn out, take the following, which gives the opinion of a friend of the "Irish persuasion:"

Pat lived with a neighbor of ours, and oftentimes, when I was passing that way, I would stop and talk a few moments with him. Pat was fond of the "crayther cumfort wunst in a while;" and whenever there was a wedding or a wake Pat was

sure to be there. He became very much interested when they began to discuss the Maine Law in our State Legislature; and the day after it passed, happening to meet Pat, I made it known to him. With a rueful countenance he exclaimed, "Och! murder! don't say it. The haythens!—it gives me hart a big sthroke! Divil a bit a wonder they calls it the mane law, for of all the mane laws this, for that same, would git the ma-jar-i-ty any where intirely! What we will do at the wakes I dunno; it's the bad times intirely whin a man can't bury his frinds dacently, nor himself nayther!" After a short pause, with a very serious face, he said, "It's my opinion that law is kal-ke-lated to bring grate distress not only on the livin' but on the did; and bad luck to it, I say, and all sich!"

OUR correspondent in Virginia City, State of Nevada, writes:

Messrs. R—— and L——, who keep a drug-store in this city, had occasion a short time since to remove their stock during the alteration of their premises. Being given to hospitality, it is their custom to place in an accessible part of their store sundry casks containing spiritual comforts of various kinds. Among others who were in the habit of regaling themselves was an old Irishman of the genus "Bummer," who was in the habit of paying visits, which certainly were not those of angels.

Their temporary premises being rather small, the casks were set up on end to save space, with the cocks pointing upward. Pat came in and proceeded to investigate the same, hoping by some principle of hydraulics to extract a portion of the precious fluid. Finding all his efforts unavailing, he turned, with a mournful air, to Mr. L——, and pointing to the row of casks, exclaimed, "Bedad an' it's hopin' I am ye'll soon be afther movin', for sure ye've no convayniance here at all, at all!"

WE get this from Bridgeport, Alabama:

Some days ago I started, in company with Captain A——, the Quarter-master at this post, to go up the railroad a few miles to inspect a coal-mine. We had just taken our seats in the "caboose" when a gaunt, grim, glassified young man—a real, genuine butternut Alabamian, blundered awkwardly into the car, and addressed the Captain—who is a gruff, sombre-looking man, in a long blue overcoat and high boots: "Say, Captain, can you tell me where that man, Mr. Wright, is, what wants to get men to go down to Savannah for breaksmen to Sherman?"

"Mr. Wright?" said the Captain, mildly.

"Yes, Mr. Wright."

"Ain't you mistaken in the name?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Wright wants to get men to go down to Savannah for breaksmen to Sherman."

"I don't know Mr. Wright, but I know Mr. Davis."

"Mr. Davis! Does he want men?" said the verdant dupe.

"Yes, Sir. Jeff Davis has had a big lot of such fellows as you working as breaksmen to Sherman for some time, and they have scarcely slackened his speed at all yet. And now he wants to get up a new gang—will you go?"

The fellow "dug out" on double-quick time, while we all shouted with laughter.

A HARTFORD friend says: A gentleman in this city, Mr. G——, who has recently become quite

bald, went to New York a few weeks since, and met an old friend whom he had not seen for three or four years. After the first cordial greetings had passed, the friend suddenly exclaimed, "Why, G——, how queer you look!" G——, astonished, asks, "What's the matter?" "Well," said the friend, eying him critically, "I don't like the way your hair is frizzed. It's parted altogether *too wide in the middle!*"

THIS comes from Trenton, Grundy County, Missouri:

When the news reached Trenton of Thomas's great victory over Hood at Nashville, in common with the citizens of the village we illuminated our dwelling. Our children, particularly our little five-year-old, were greatly delighted. Now our little five-year-old is a great boy in his way, and says many cute things. When he had enjoyed the sport for a few hours he became wearied, and went up to his mother, and, says he, "Ma, let's unluminate, for I'm tired!" This "brought down the house," and his ma unluminated.

THE following is very likely to be true:

A short time ago two prominent railroad officials, Mr. A—— and Mr. B——, were engaged in a discussion of railroad rules relating to the movement of trains. The discussion grew quite interesting, each party supporting his position with fervent argument, if not always sound reasoning. They finally separated for the night, and each went home with his head full of the subject. The next morning, being Sunday, Mr. A—— went to his office to write some important letters which, by reason of the discussion the night before, had been neglected. While thus engaged Mr. B—— entered the office, and expressing surprise at finding Mr. A—— at work on the Sabbath, asked if he knew what the Fourth Commandment said. "Why, yes," replied Mr. A——, without looking up from his writing. "If the Eastward-bound train gets twenty behind its own time, it must keep out of the way," etc.

A BROOME COUNTY man writes:

You have frequently published certificates of *Western Justices of the Peace*. If you have any which beats this, given by a New York Justice, I should like to see it. I copy "verbatim et literatim et spellatim" from the original, now in my possession:

"Personly Came before me the within person George N—— and Almira N—— his wife knoon to me to be the person hoo exacuted the within mortige and exnoleged the execution of the same and the said being by me examine apart from hur husband exknowlige that shee icknowledge the same freley and without anny compushen on the husband
JOHN W P—— Justice"

IN the town of Gaines, Orleans County, New York, lives an old gentleman named H——, who is more noted for his money-making tact than for his general intelligence. Among his many peculiarities, he is somewhat noted for his dislike for the Scripture and its teachings, and improves every opportunity to make his dislikes known.

Not long since, while in conversation with a neighbor on the merits of the Bible, he was asked to state some of his objections to its teachings. "Wa'al," said he, "there's a great many things that hadn't never ought to 'a been there." Being pressed to be more explicit, he gravely delivered

himself of the following original idea: "Wa'al, I'll tell ye: there's the whole book of Job that had better been left out; and," added he, with much earnestness, "it wouldn't never have gone in, neither, if Job hadn't been on the Committee!"

ONE of the cemeteries in which the people of Detroit bury their dead is situated a short distance from the city, with which it is connected by a plank-road. Midway there is a toll-gate. Like most other toll-barred roads, funerals are allowed to pass free. The well-known Dr. B—— was returning from calling on a patient, and stopped at this gate to pay his toll. Says the Doctor to the gate-keeper,

"You ought to pass doctors free of toll."

"Ah! no, Doctor," says the keeper, "*you send too many dead heads through here!*"

The Doctor paid his toll and drove on.

AFTER Burnside's fight at Fredericksburg, and when the army had become settled in winter-quarters, flour was offered for sale by the commissaries. The officers and men were glad of the chance to eat hot bread. One day I heard a man in the rear of my tent asking my cook if he could lend him a board to knead bread on. Morey, who was always ready with a joke, replied: "A board to knead bread on? Why, I *need* bread on my stomach!"

THE Delaware *Republican* has the following advertisement of a remarkable dog that strayed away without its head:

"\$5 REWARD.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Centreville, on the 2d of October, a small dog near the color of an opossum, with yellow legs and head and tail cut off. Any person returning him will receive the above reward.
DANIEL KILBOY."

A FRIEND of ours purchases his boots in Hamburg, Germany, and his clothes in New York. He says he is *shod* by a Dutchman and *shoddied* by a Yankee.

A "HIRED-HELP" of ours being sent to a distant clearing on the farm, was told to come right in when he heard the dinner-horn. Scratching his head, he rather comically remarked, "Sure, an' maybe I won't hear it at all, at all! Hadn't I better take it with me, and then, you know, I can blow it myself?"

A CLERGYMAN lately traveling in the Oil Region saw a child in the road stumbling and falling. He kindly picked her up, saying, "Poor dear! are you hurt?" when she cried out, "I ain't poor! Dad struck a ile well yesterday!"

WE hear of many mean men and women, but I doubt if any one meaner than this could even be thought of:

Soon after the last new "stamp duty" made its appearance a "down Easter," from Maine, Silas Flint by name, entered one of our large stationers here, in this city (*i. e.*, New York)—the stationer, by-the-way, was a friend of Silas. After buying a few things the stationer, thinking to please Silas, handed him a pack of the best French playing-cards. Silas took them, turned them over slowly in his hand, and then looking up at the stationer, said,

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Rose, much obliged; but I must just fine you a little. These cards are not stamped!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ANOTHER AFRICAN HUNTER.*

AS long as game exists upon our planet there will be men whose special mission is to make war upon it, and as long as great hunters

exist nobody will tire of reading their exploits and adventures. Gordon Cumming was the first to make known to the world that Southern Africa was the Paradise of Nimrods. Every where else the hunter is limited to one or two species of prey. On our western prairies he is confined to bison; in India he must satisfy himself with tigers and wild hogs; in Ceylon he can, or rather could, bag tuskless elephants, and half-wild buffaloes; in Siberia he has only bears and wolves. But in South Africa he finds big-tusked elephants, lordly lions, mighty rhinoceroses and hippopotami, savage buffaloes, long-necked giraffes, large alligators, fat sea-cows, swift ostriches, sneaking hyenas, wild zebras and quaggas, and an almost innumerable variety of the deer tribe, such as oryxes, koodoos, inyalas, gnus, elands, springbucks, gemsbucks, leches, pallahs, and others whose very names are strange to naturalists.

Mr. Baldwin is the son, we believe, of a Scotch gentleman, born with a love of dogs and horses. When six years old he owned a pony, and had regularly two days a week with the harriers. After leaving school he was placed in a merchant's counting-room, but it was soon intimated to him that his attendance could be dispensed with. Then he was sent to Forfarshire to learn farming, with the same result. Then he was placed on a Highland farm, consisting of a couple of acres of arable ground, thirteen miles square of mountain, moor, and lake. Here with deer stalking, otter drawing, and the like, he got along comfortably for a while. But Gordon Cumming's book having come out, young Baldwin made up his mind that South Africa was the place for him; so investing his means in guns, saddles, and dogs, he sailed for that favored land, and at once joined a hunting party from Natal, setting out within three weeks after landing. From that time for eight years he made regular hunting excursions, growing gradually longer and longer until the last, in 1860, in which he traversed 2000 miles of almost unexplored country, and reached the famous

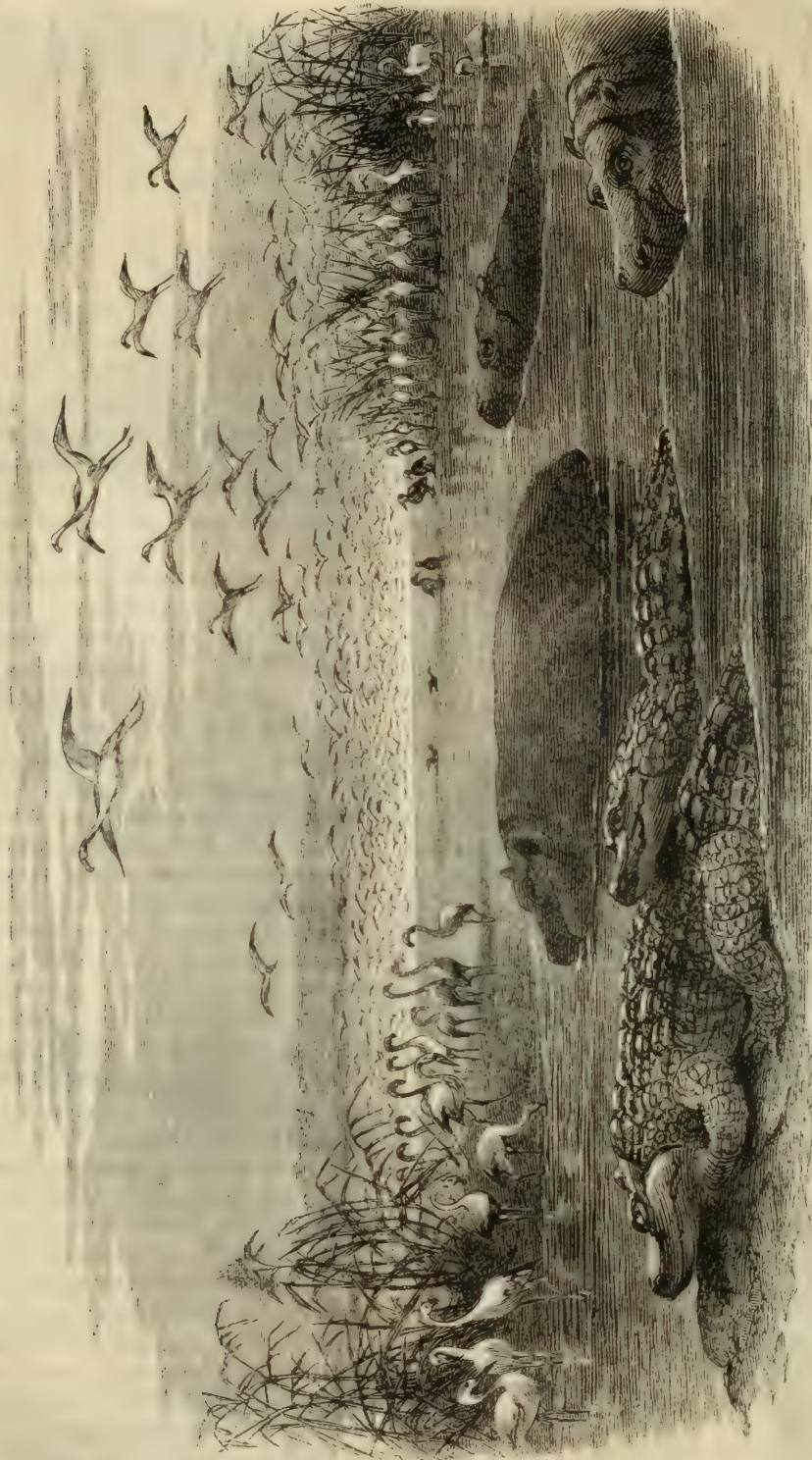
* *African Hunting, from Natal to the Zambesi*, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, etc., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With numerous illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN.

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A RIVER SCENE.

cataract of Mosiatunye—"Sounding Smoke"—for which Livingstone, in the worst of taste, proposes to substitute the name of "Victoria Falls"—a name which we trust will not be accepted. Baldwin was the second white man who ever saw these falls, which from his account and those of Livingstone may fairly challenge the palm with Niagara.

The journals in which Mr. Baldwin records the incidents of his various expeditions were written in Kaffir kraals, or on wagon bottoms, now in ink, then in pencil, or, these failing, with strong tea or gunpowder and water. They furnish an almost daily record of the life of an African

hunter, as simple and direct as Robinson Crusoe. From these we propose to compile one more chapter of African life, supplementing in a way the articles for which at different times Cumming, Andersson, Livingstone, Burton, and Du Chaillu have furnished materials. The region over which Mr. Baldwin hunted mainly extended from Port Natal, 30° to the Zambesi in 17° south latitude, and from 25° to 33° east longitude, embracing a tract 900 miles from south to north, with an average breadth from east to west of 250 miles, covering an area about equal to the French Empire. In it are comprised the British Colony of Natal, the country of the fero-



FAST ASLEEP.

cious Zulus, the Transvaal Republic of the Dutch half-breeds, the great Kalahari Desert, or "Thirst-Land," and the well-watered tract about Lake Ngami, peopled by various tribes of the Kaffir race.

Nine whites, with three wagons and lots of Kaffirs, set out on the first trip for the purpose of shooting sea-cows at Saint Lucia Bay, 150 miles up the coast. The journey was an unfortunate one. It was commenced in January, the wet season. The rain fell every day. By day they waded through tall soaking grass; by night they slept under the wagons, and every morning found themselves in a muddy pool, with a lot of Kaffirs curled up at their feet, and a host of wet dogs on top of them. When they reached their hunting ground they found game enough; but it was fearful work to get it. Sea-cows and

alligators lay basking on the sand banks surrounded by long-legged birds without number. The hunters worked in the morning up to their waists in mud and water, killing sea-cows, cutting out their tusks, salting the meat, and trying out the oil in the afternoons. At first Baldwin made light of the alligators, but one or two narrow escapes taught him wisdom. Once he came across a huge fellow lying asleep, and he was just about to give him a kick in the ribs, when the beast

awoke, gave his tail a sweep that would have done for his assailant, and rolled like a log into the water. Again he was swimming across a muddy river, with his gun under his chin, when, looking back, he saw a huge alligator making for him, leaving a wake like a steamer. He dropped gun and just succeeded in gaining the bank. Again he was out shooting wild geese. One by one they disappeared under water as soon as they were hit. At last he waded out to secure one, and just

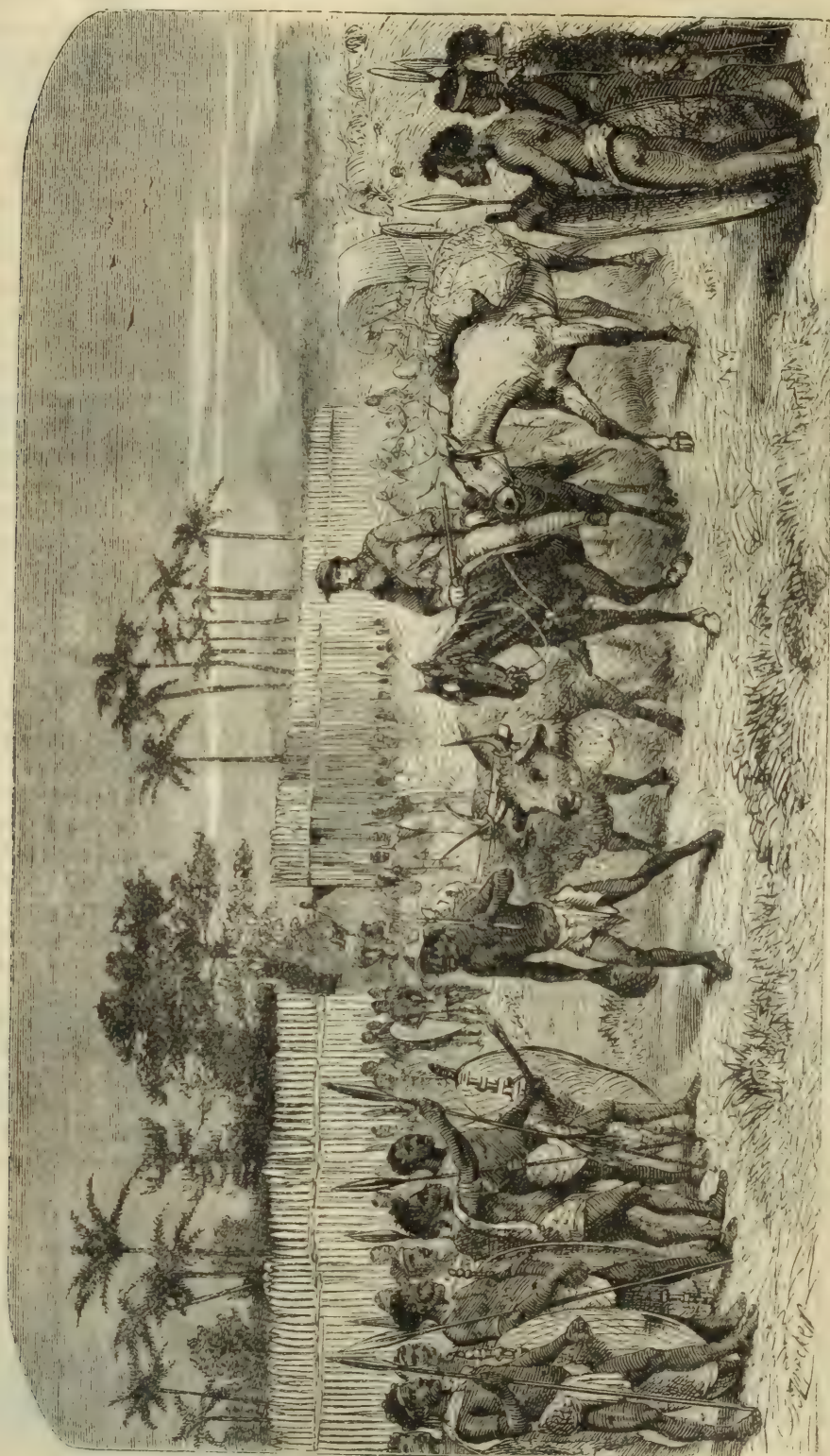
caught it by the leg as it was going down; it came in halves, an alligator securing the best part, and ready to treat the hunter in the same way. At another time, tired with wading, he sat down upon a reedy island in the shallows and fell fast asleep, awaking just in time to see half a dozen of the scaly brutes within a few yards, open-mouthed to make a meal of him. The alligators have a singular habit when one of their number has been shot on land, of clubbing together and shoving him into the water, where he sinks like a stone.

The result of this expedition was that all the hunters were attacked by fevers. Baldwin, after lying senseless in a Kaffir kraal for some days, recovered just sufficiently to drag himself to the wagons and knew nothing for many days; two others were taken in like manner and died; a



DEAD ALLIGATOR DRAGGED INTO THE WATER.

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A FORCED RETURN.

third died a day or two after; and four more, who had taken a turn into the country in search for elephants, never returned. Of nine men who set out on this trip only two survived.

Eighteen months after (July, 1853) Mr. Baldwin set out on another expedition to the Zulu Country, then ruled by a ferocious chief named Panda, the son, we believe, of the terrible Dingaan. They got within sight of Panda's kraal, an encampment two and a half miles in circuit, containing 2000 huts. The sable potentate was in bad humor; refused to see the strangers. "Do they think me a wild beast," he asked, "that

they are so anxious to see me?" He refused to allow them to proceed, swearing by the bones of his mighty father, that if they crossed a brook, some twenty yards ahead, he would kill every soul of them. So they were obliged to turn back, passing his kraal through two lines of ferocious warriors, ready to fall upon them at the slightest signal. There was nothing to be done but to confine their hunting to the quarter permitted by the wily old chief, where the elephants were few, while they knew that beyond were herds, whose tusks would have been a fortune.

The next year, 1854, the six months' trip was



KNOCKED OVER BY A LIONESS.

again up into the sea-cow and alligator region along the coast, where what with the spoils of these and now and then a stray elephant, and an occasional adventure with a lion, the time passed rather pleasantly and quite profitably.

The next trip was made once more into Pan-

da's country, over tremendously rough roads which tried even the Cape wagons which are calculated for such service. Once on rising a steep hill they omitted the usual precaution of chaining the wheels when commencing the descent, and the huge wagon went thundering



GOING DOWN HILL.

down at an alarming rate. Baldwin leaped out into a thorn bush and escaped with little injury; one of his Kaffirs was run over, and got his skull split open. He refused to have the wound sewed up, and the injured fellow was left behind, his comrades bleeding him between the shoulders, and rubbing gunpowder into his wound, their usual treatment for dangerous hurts. What success attended this pleasant prescription was never ascertained. This trip was commenced in October, 1856, for the purpose of looking up a party of hunters which Mr. Baldwin had sent out, and taking them supplies of ammunition. The rains soon set in. Game was scarce, and consequently lions showed themselves in closer neighborhood to their camps at night than was altogether pleasant. One old fellow who had been unable to get his own dinner crawled up to a tree upon which the hunters had hung up their meat, and tried to claw it down, but not being able to reach it slunk off in the darkness, stumbling over the tent-ropes, and giving the Kaffirs a thorough scare.

Soon news came that the whole country was in an uproar. Old Panda, who had killed seven of his own brothers in order to make sure of a quiet life, was alive and well; but two of his sons set up a quarrel for the succession, and were on the point of fighting it out. Baldwin wished himself out of the country, for the sight of blood makes the Zulus worse than wild beasts, ready to knock on the head any thing that comes in their way. The weather too was fearful. When the sun shone the heat was unendurable; the gun-barrels fairly blistered the hands, and the heel-plate was too hot for the shoulders to bear. When, after six weeks' travel, he arrived at the place

where his hunters were to be, there was no trace of them. Then news came that the Zulus had killed five whites and all their Kaffirs. So leaving all his goods behind, Baldwin set off on his return. Approaching the Tugela River, the boundary of the Zulu Country, he was told that a great fight had taken place, that the streams were choked with dead, and that for fifteen miles one could walk over dead corpses. This was almost literally true. Men, women, and children were lying in every position. There were mothers with their children lashed to their backs both thrust through the shoulders, and warriors with all their war dresses untouched, all in the last stages of decomposition. The stench was



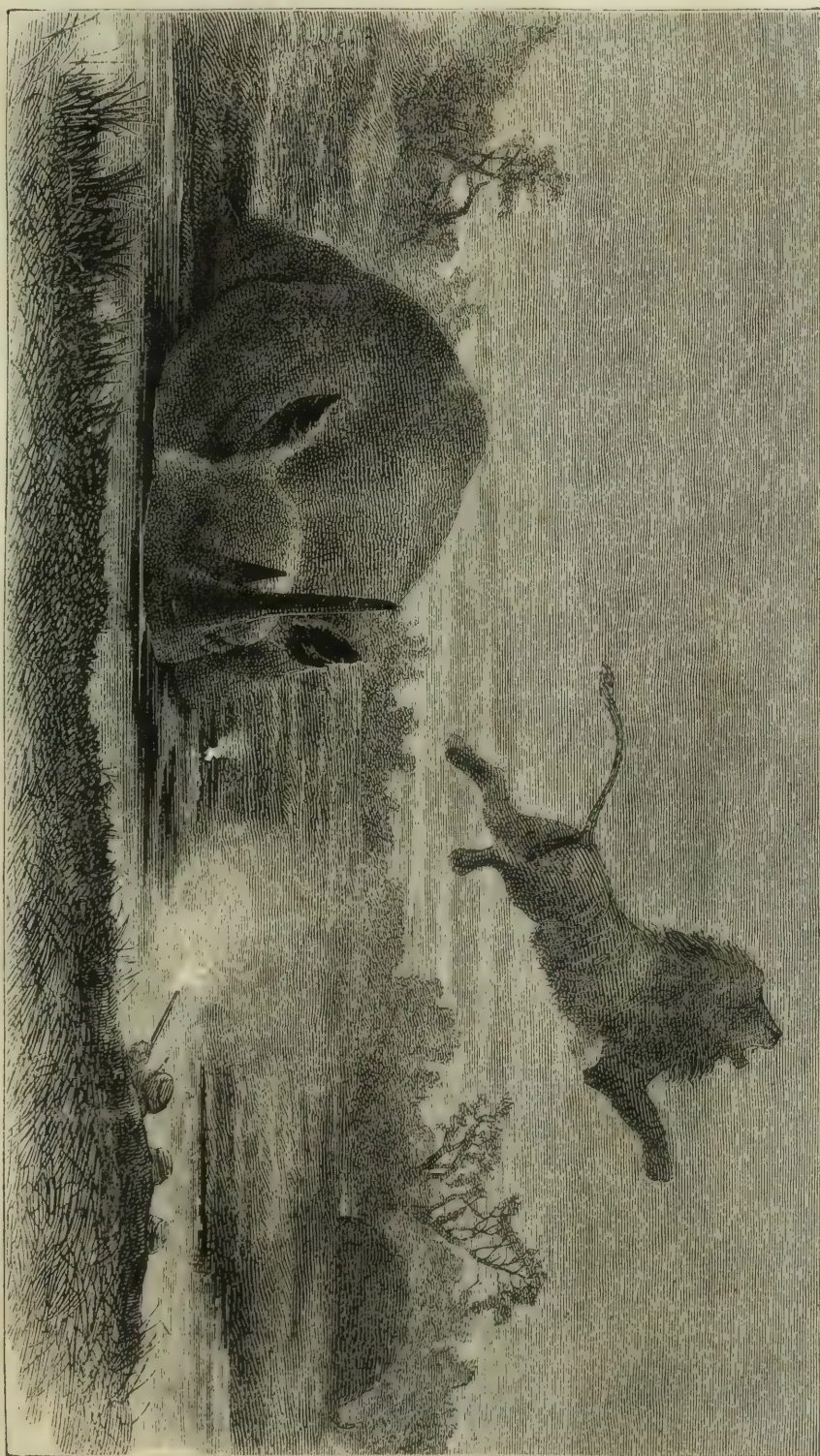
AN AFRICAN SEENADE.

horrible, the tough-stomached Kaffirs even could not endure it, and for a while endeavored to avoid the putrid bodies; but they soon lay so thickly that this was impossible. It was computed that one-fourth of the Zulu nation had been destroyed here at a blow. They met a portion of the conquering army escorting Kitchwayo, the victorious prince, carrying branches of trees, and walking very stately and slowly, teaching him to be a king, they said. The warriors were boasting how many they had killed; one would count up five on his fingers, another three or ten; one famous warrior reckoned up twenty—men, women, and children.

Thus far Mr. Baldwin's trips had been made

near the coast, never reaching more than 100 miles into the interior. Next year (1857) he set out for the far interior. His hunting speculations seem to have prospered, for we find him in possession of a heavy wagon, with sixteen oxen and seven "salted" horses. A salted horse is one that has been up country and become acclimatized, and so commands a high price, for it is a peculiarity of this interior region that it is almost certainly fatal to horses from the coast. It was June, the winter of the Southern hemisphere. The nights were intensely cold, with hard frosts in the morning, and high cutting winds, but the days were lovely; even in mid-winter orange and lemon trees were covered with

fruit. At this season, says Mr. Baldwin, it is the finest climate in the world. This is the Transvaal Republic, and the Boers, as the people are called, have little love for their English neighbors, who have seized on the coast. It is a favored region, but sparsely peopled. Baldwin was offered half of a farm of 3000 acres in exchange for a plow. There was plenty of small game to keep the larder supplied. Hyenas now and then came snarling around the wagon, frightening the Kaffirs; but lions kept at a respectful distance. But according to the general testimony of all travelers there is no calculating upon the conduct of the king of beasts. In nine cases out of ten he will take himself off when he sees you, but in the tenth case he will attack with a ferocity and determination worthy of his traditional reputation. Hyenas are a great annoyance, and the Boers have a cruel way of teaching their dogs to face them. When they catch a hyena in a trap, they pass an iron chain through a slit in his leg, just above the hocks; he gnaws furiously at this, and breaks his teeth; he is then let go, and the dogs are set upon him; his teeth being gone he soon falls a



NIGHT-SHOOTING.

prey, and the dogs learn confidence.

The Dutch Boers are a simple people, fond of drinking, riding, shooting, and dancing, live to a good old age, and are, on the whole, very well off in the world. They are very moral, and usually marry early. Their mode of courtship is peculiar. The amorous swain asks the chosen fair one to "upsit" with him. If she is favorably disposed, when the old people have gone to rest, she brings out a candle, and remains as long as that burns. The degree of her favor is indicated by the length of the candle. If it is short, the interview is brief; if long, the upsitting may be protracted till morning; the candle is put in charge of the lover, who takes special care to keep it from the draft, and to prevent it from flickering and running down, so that it may burn as long as possible, for he must always retire the moment that it is out.

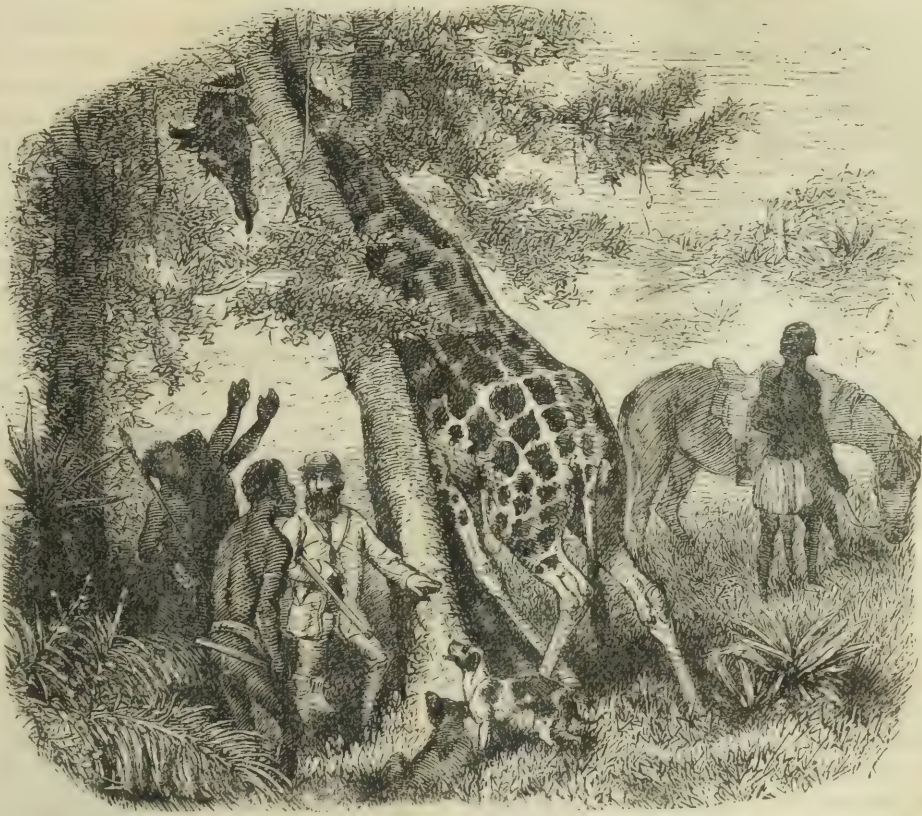
Mr. Baldwin protracted this journey through the country of the Boers, hunting by the way, and having many adventures with elephants, rhinoceroses, ostriches, and buffaloes, which are better told by the pencil of the artist than they can be by any brief abstract which we can give from the pages of his journal. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think the buffalo the most dangerous customer which the African hunter will encounter. The giraffe affords capital sport, and is, besides, especially good eating. One giraffe hunt had a curious ending; one of the long-necked creatures receiving a death-shot went headlong into a tree, with three forks about twelve feet from the ground, where it remained wedged fast, and died standing. Hot as the days were the nights were bitterly cold. Once Baldwin, out on a hunt, lost his wagon, and was unable to light a fire. So tethering his horse, he curled himself up, while lions, hyenas, and jackals were howling around, and tried to make

his dog answer the purpose of a coverlet. It took a fierce fight to make the dog agree to this arrangement, but after a severe pommeling the hunter succeeded in bringing the dog to terms, and fastening him above with the stirrup leathers. The warmth of the dog kept his master alive. It must have been a cold night, for in the morning the wild animals around could hardly stir.

Baldwin kept his eye open to the main chance, sold his wagon and goods for oxen, made other arrangements, and set out further into the interior. He passed Kobolong, the old residence of Livingstone, which had been pillaged by the Boers, made acquaintance with Sechele, the



LEADED BY A BUFFALO.

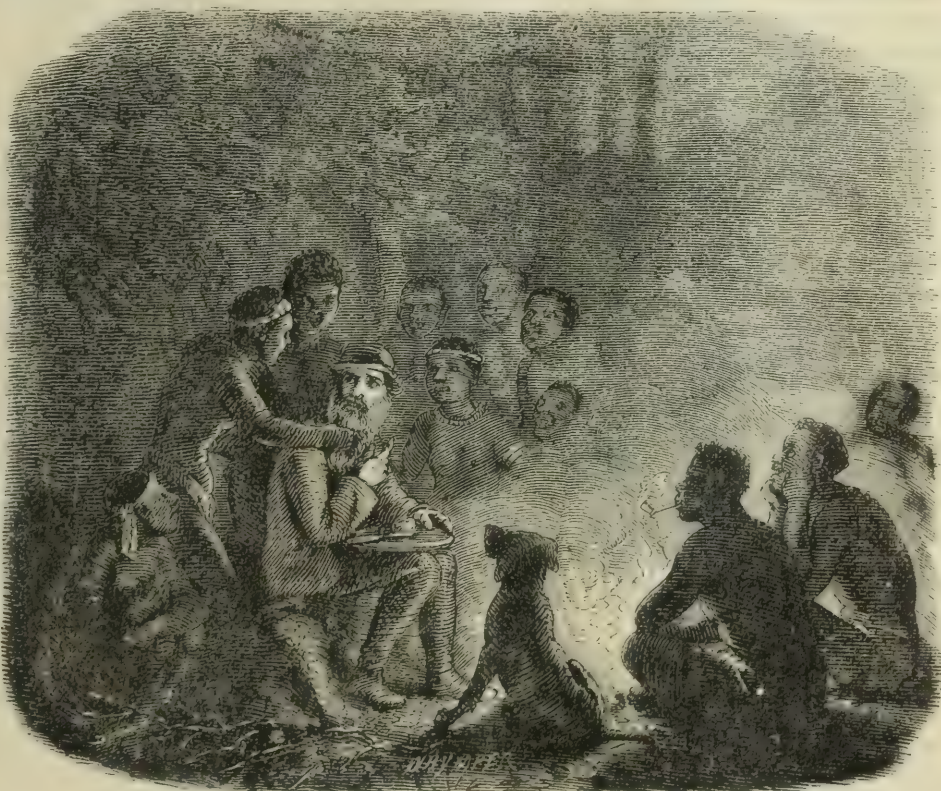


A GIRAFFE IN A TREE.

chief of whom Livingstone speaks so highly, who proved to be a sharp hand at a bargain, though he found a match in the Scotchman; and penetrated far into a part of Kaffir-land where no white men had been before. At one kraal he was quite a lion, on the strength of his beard of six months' growth, which the Kaffirs would not believe to be natural until they had

satisfied themselves by pulling it. In spite of hunting time sometimes hung heavily. It was a white day when he borrowed a few books from another hunter in the region. These he would only read in small bits at a time, thus protracting the enjoyment to the utmost.

In December he turned homeward, now—it being mid-summer—suffering greatly from want



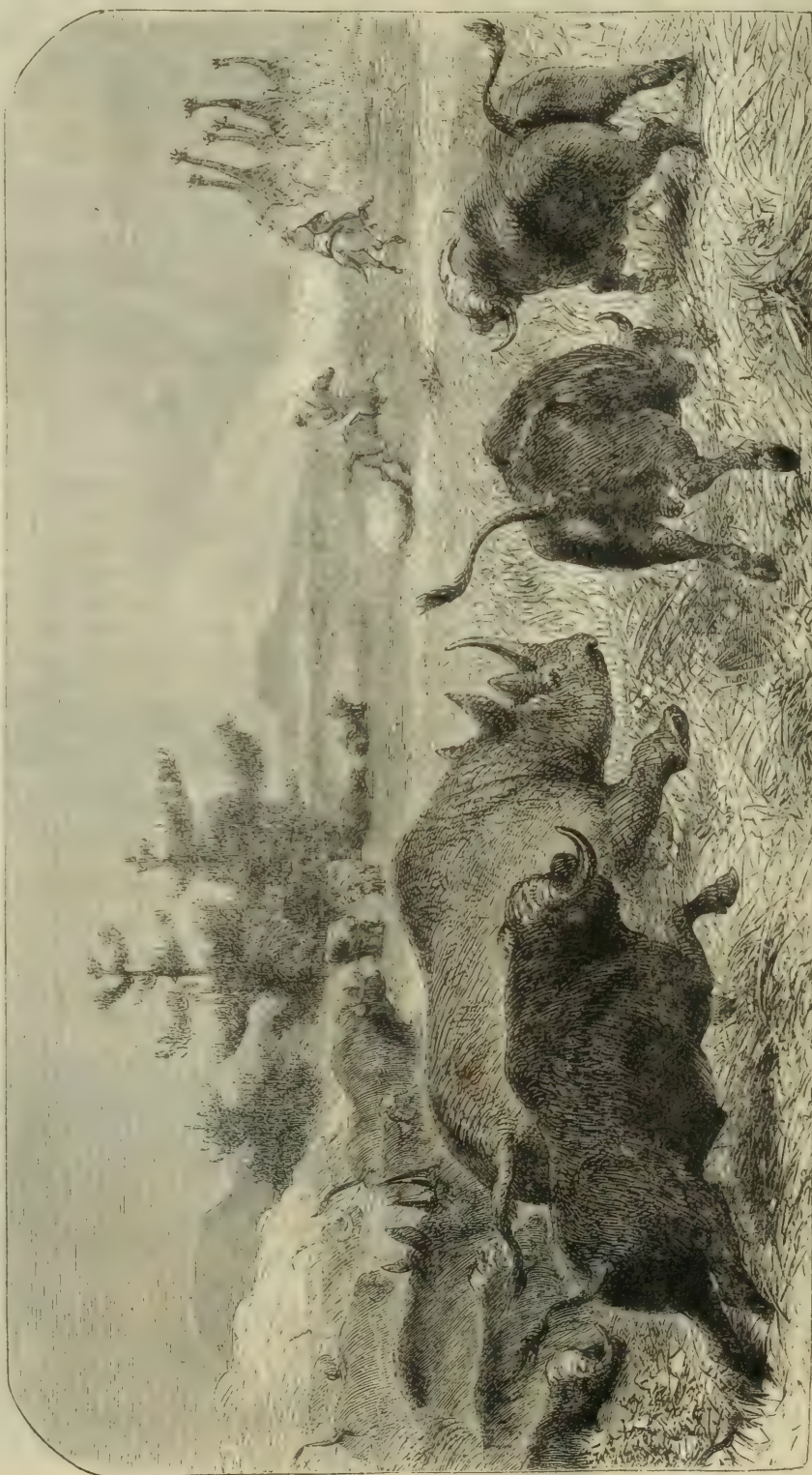
BALDWIN'S BEARD

of water, and got back to the Dutch settlements with a troop of 55 oxen.

Next spring (1858) he started again for the far interior. In a few days he reached the region where Gordon Cumming had his most famous elephant shooting; but found only one elephant's track. The season was the dryest on record, and traveling was no easy matter. Water, which is after air the great necessary of life, was found only at long intervals, and then of the poorest; the half-choked cattle would often not touch it; and the hunters could only worry it down when disguised with brandy.

By May Mr. Baldwin had got far up in the desert, where he was more at the mercy of the Kaffirs than he had supposed. One of them brought him an old musket to be mended; in trying to do this the lock was broken, and the owner demanded a new one. He was obliged to comply. Not long after a party of roving Baman-gwatos came along with a bit of a Masara boy whom they had picked up in the desert. The owner wanted to sell the black two-year old; and Baldwin being assured that they would probably abandon him in the desert when they got tired of him, bought him for the broken musket. He called the little fellow Leche, and he soon became a great favorite. About this time his own Kaffirs grew weary of the journey, and decamped in a body, leaving their master alone, with twenty oxen and only one attendant, and the poor little Leche. He had a doleful time of it for a few days all alone in the desert, though the urchin made himself generally useful, helping, little as he was, to kraal the oxen. However, in a day or two the runaways came back, and their defection was overlooked. Leche grew fat and happy with as much meat as he could eat. But in a few weeks it was all over for him. His old owners had come back, bringing the broken musket, and insist-

ing upon a good gun or the return of the boy. Baldwin had not another gun which he could spare, and so the child was carried off, shrieking and kicking. "It was a sore sight for me," says Mr. Baldwin, "to see my little manikin borne away; I could not have been fonder of one of my own. His large black diamond eyes, with their long lashes, used to twinkle like stars, and his little teeth, white and even as snow-flakes, were exposed in a double row as he saw me coming to the wagon well loaded with meat behind the horse, and he used to clap his little hands with delight and scream and dance again. Black children are as patient as Job, never ask



GIRAFFE HUNT—HERD OF BUFFALOES CHASING.

for any food, are very quick at learning; and where a white one would not leave his mother's apron, the black youngsters fetch wood and water, make a fire, and cook their own food, run about, show no fear, lend a hand at every thing, and sleep on the ground, rolled up like a ball before the fire."

Several times afterward Mr. Baldwin bought slaves from these nomades of the desert in order to save them from maltreatment; and

in return he got soundly abused in the colonial newspapers for trading in slaves.

Lake Ngami was the point to which Baldwin's course was directed. He reached it about the middle of June, and gives no very favorable account of the country. It is flat, unhealthy, and uninteresting. It is three days' journey around the lake; but the fatal fly—the tsetse, whose bite is death to horses—renders it impossible to make the circuit on horseback. Moreover, the Kaffirs hereabout are in a chronic state of hostility, their great end in life being to steal each other's cattle. Lechulatebe, the most potent chief thereabout, accompanied Baldwin on his first visit to the lake. "He is not a bad fellow at heart," says the traveler, "but a dreadful beggar, and very covetous; he wants all your things on his own terms, and asks outrageous prices for his." However, when it came to



A LONELY NIGHT.

business, the Scotchman showed himself a match for any African whom he met, the pious Sechele not excepted. More than once he has occasion to chuckle over his good bargains in ivory.

After visiting the lake Lechulatebe gave his visitor a grand dinner. It was served in the open air, the attendants being the prettiest girls in the kraal, who knelt before the guests, dish in hand. Their clothing consisted of a skin around the loins, and no end of beads upon legs, neck, arms, and waist. The food consisted of roasted giraffe, swimming in fat and grease. A giraffe-steak seems to be no bad thing in its way—quite equal to the choicest beef; but if we may credit Mr. Baldwin, who has had ample experience, the choicest parts of an animal are those which we throw away. "The intestines," he says, "are the daintiest morsels." In an early part of his journal he sneered at the taste of the

natives who took the paunch of an animal, filled it up with the viscera and all their miscellaneous contents, and cooked them together as a *bonne bouche*. A half dozen years' experience made him wise, and he now says, "Nothing approaches the parts most relished by the natives in richness of flavor, and racy, gamy taste. The Kaffirs know well the best parts of every animal, and laugh at our throwing them away." In the matter of eating we live and learn. Mansfield Parkyns, following Bruce, as-



TREKING BY NIGHT.

sures us that no man knows what a steak is until he has eaten it, as they do in Abyssinia, freshly cut and raw. Mr. Hall, whose experiences among the Esquimaux will soon appear, is rapturous over arctic cookery, which in his estimation puts to shame the sublimest achievements of the *chefs* of Delmonico or the Astor; and our gourmands who have come to appreciate "gamy" venison, "tender" snipe, and woodcock's "trail" may have something yet to learn from the cooks of a Kaffir kraal. We imagine, however, that Mr. Baldwin is hardly in earnest when he says, "They say perfect happiness does not exist in this world, but I should say a Kaffir chief comes nearer to it than any other mortal: his slightest wish is law, he knows no contradiction, has the power of life and death in his hands, can take any quantity of wives, and put them away at any moment; he is waited upon like an infant, and every wish, whim, and caprice is indulged to the fullest extent. He has ivory, feathers, and karosses brought to him from all quarters, which he can barter with the traders for every article of luxury."

Leaving the Lake Ngami region, and making his way back through the desert, he came near dying of fever and ague, suffered terribly from want of water, ran great peril of being burned up by a conflagration in the thick, dry grass and bush, lost several horses and cattle by the sickness of the country, and finally reached the Dutch settlements early in September.

In the spring of 1859 he set out on another trip into the far interior, with a larger outfit than ever before. When he reached Sechele's he had three wagons, about sixty oxen, eight horses, and thirteen servants; he had already lost on the two months' journey six horses, a few dogs, and been upset a few times. Thus far he had

killed nothing of consequence; but, as he was on the verge of the elephant country, he looked for a good return for his investment, provided his horses would be so obliging as to live a few months longer. If they died, there was an end of elephant shooting. In a fortnight five more horses died, and the elephants were not reached. Still he pressed on. The air was so dry that an old seasoned gun-stock shrinks, and the fittings become loose; and the wagons, unless built of carefully seasoned timber, tumble to pieces. It was late in July before they had any elephant shooting of consequence; but then they began to come upon them, though by no means



DINING WITH KAFFIR CHIEF.



A PASS BY A SAVAGE ELEPHANT.

in such large numbers as they had hoped. At best, elephant-hunting is hard work, and Mr. Baldwin found it especially so. Under date of July 22 he writes: "The elephants stand so far from the water that it is impossible to get back the same day. I have therefore come on with one wagon ten miles nearer to the standing-places, and all our water has to be drawn that distance on a sledge which I have made. It is now the depth of winter, and the grass is as dry as old tinder, without the slightest nourishment in it; as a natural consequence, the oxen are as

dry as rakes. I grieve much for the poor willing horses, thirteen or fourteen hours under the saddle, at a foot-pace in a broiling sun three-fourths of the time, then tied up to the wagon without food, and stinted in their allowance of water, which we have to draw ten miles at least, half the way through hack-thorns over a stony ground. These are among the hardships which we must undergo to get elephants. They are dearly paid for."

One day messengers came from Lechulatebe, the Kaffir chief, whose lot had seemed to the

hunter only a year before the ideal of happiness. He had seen hard times since; his town had been burned down, all his stores destroyed, and no traders had come near him for a long time. He wanted tea, coffee, sugar, powder, lead, and a horse. Baldwin sent what was asked, and told his people to get as much in return as they could. In exchange for a wagon-load of miscellaneous stores, he got a wagon-load of ivory. He also received a rather unprofitable present in the shape of a couple of half-starved Masara



RHINOCEROS AND DOGS.

boys, whom he thought it an act of Christian charity to take. They were poor emaciated things, who had received just enough roots, reeds, and offal to keep body and soul together. They were all head and stomach, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, gaunt, and famished, with a prematurely old look. Their appetites were tremendous, and Baldwin had to check them from devouring pieces of old shoe-leather, worn-out straps, and giraffe-hide an inch thick. They picked up wonderfully under full rations, and showed no deficiency of brains. Once, on account of some fancied wrong, the whole body of Baldwin's Kaffirs bolted off into the desert, taking with them these two six-year old urchins.

After a week the boys came back together. They had made their way alone fifteen miles through the desert. The lads were finally left in the care of the German missionaries.

One way and another, Mr. Baldwin managed to pick up a valuable cargo of ivory, ostrich-feathers, rhinoceros-horns, and other articles of African trade, as good as gold, and returned to Natal about New-Year's a richer man than when he set out.

Early in the spring of the next year (1860) Mr. Baldwin set out for his longest and last journey into the interior. We pass over the old incidents of horses and cattle dying, of thirst and heat, and the thousand other adventures of African traveling, and come to the 1st of August, when he ascertained to his satisfaction that he was within a day or two of the great falls of the Zambesi. He set off resolutely, determined to find them, walked all day and night, and toward morning heard their loud roar ten miles away. Just before day-break he threw himself down close by the river, two miles above the falls. Livingstone's description of these wonderful falls is known to all readers. Baldwin

says that this description underrates their magnificence. Livingstone estimates the width of the river at 1000 yards; Baldwin is sure that it is twice as great. Livingstone puts the depth of the plunge at 100 feet; Baldwin thinks it is as many yards. Livingstone was expected to arrive every day, and Baldwin waited to meet him. So on the 9th of August the two first Europeans who had ever gazed upon this wonder of the world stood together on its brink, and their names are carved together on a tree close by, the only place where the great explorer carved his name in all his long journey.

Masipootana, the captain under Livingstone's old friend Sekeletu, was angry that Baldwin had

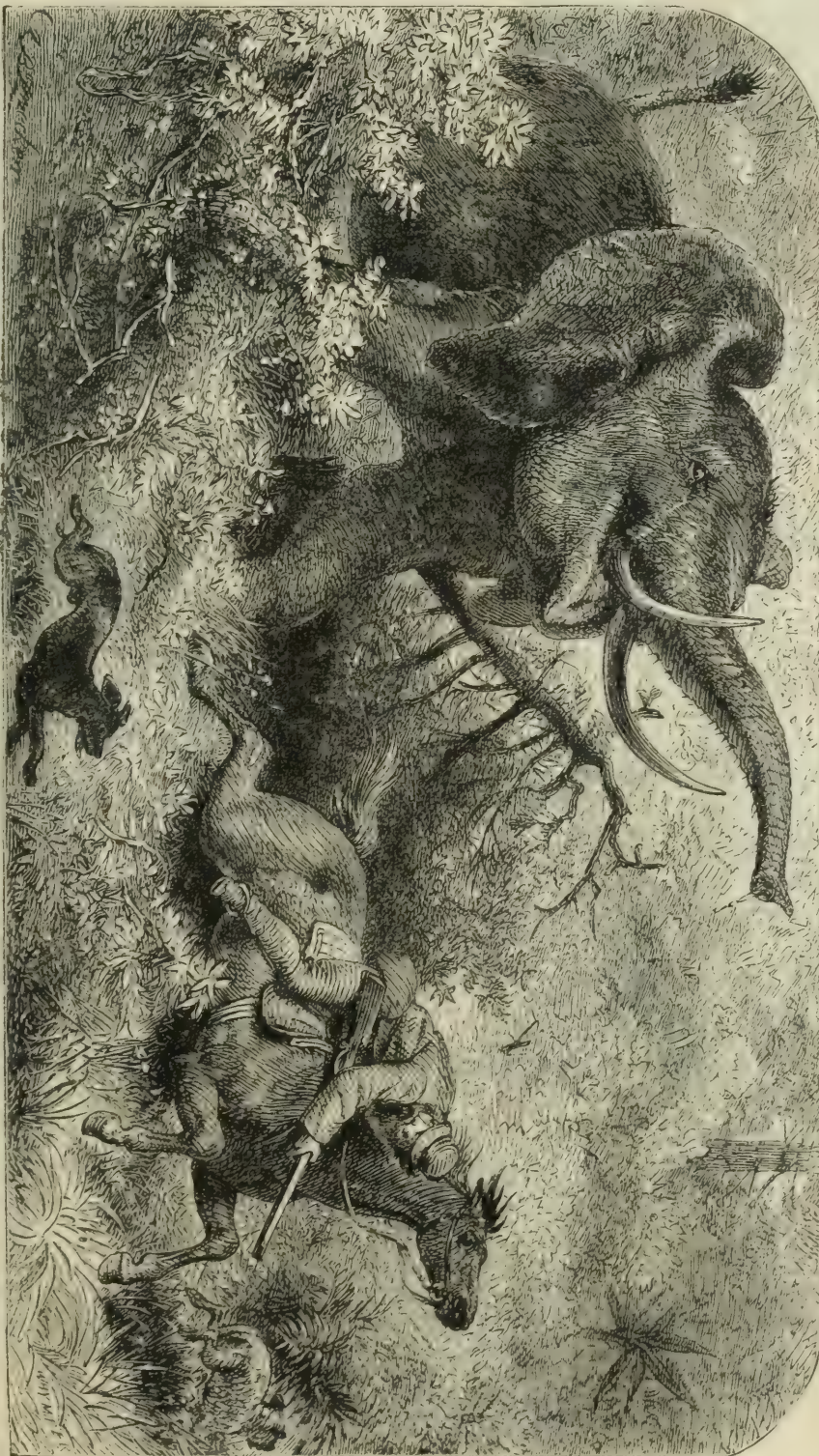


CHASE OF OSTRICH.

come to the falls without consulting him; but now that he had come he must pay handsomely for the water he had used for drinking and washing, for the wood he had burned, and the grass that his horses had eaten. Moreover, it was a great offense that he had taken a plunge into the river from one of the chief's boats. If he had been drowned or devoured by a crocodile or a sea-cow, people would have said that he had been killed by the Makololos, and Sekeletu would have laid the blame upon Masipootana, who had in consequence suffered great uneasiness of mind—for all of which damage and injury of feeling recompense must be made. In consideration of all this Baldwin sent a half dozen pounds of

beads to Masipootana, who transmitted them to Sekeletu, who returned them to Baldwin. That matter was disposed of, but the captain had a more serious grievance. His father had lent a number of men to Livingstone on his former trip, and they had not come back; and besides the cannon and horses which the Doctor promised to send had not appeared. Baldwin, with good reason, was tired of the country and set out on his return, expecting to encounter on his way back one of his wagons with the attendant Kaffirs and half-breeds, whom he had sent on a hunting expedition in another direction. A few extracts from his journal will show some of the delights of African travel:

"Sept. 9. I am now three days on my road back again—a weary, long journey, without water so far, and I shall be obliged to wait for rain before I can get out, besides which the veldt is full of a poisonous herb, which is certain death in a few hours to oxen."—"14th. All the vleys are dried up, and we only get a small quantity of water at the fountains after hard digging. In the early mornings, evenings, and nights it is so cold that there is ice in all the water vessels, while the days are intensely hot. Game of all kinds is as thin as deal boards, and the fare consequently very indifferent."—"20th. Sick and tired. I thought once I was in for the fever. The hack-thorns have torn all my clothes to rags; they are patched in twenty places, and I am hardly decent even for the veldt, where any mortal covering will do; nothing but leather has any chance, and that is too hot. A little bacon still left, though shaded from the sun in the very middle of the wagon, has almost melted away."—"30th. A Maccalacas chief besought me to shoot some game for him and his people, as they had fled from Mosilikatse, and were starving. Boccas shot twenty-three head in all, my-



ELEPHANT CHASERS ME.



ZEBRA HUNT.

several places; but the water, though drinkable at first, after an hour's exposure to the sun is salt as brine. My oxen are dying daily. I make a post-mortem examination, but am no wiser. They swell up to an enormous size, drink gallons of this brackish stuff, and when opened are full of a nasty yellowish matter. The Masaras say there is not a drop of water ahead, and what is to be done I do not myself know. The Masaras showed me a white man's grave.

self seventeen, chiefly rhinoceros and buffalo, and two elephants. Every vestige of the meat vanished like smoke, but we have left the poor fellows a large lot of dried flesh to go on with. The chief was very grateful, and sent me a present of four tusks, which paid well for powder and lead."

"Oct. 8. I take up my pen to kill time. I am out of sorts, both body and mind. There is neither grass, wood, nor water; the sun is intensely hot, and there is no shade of any sort. We have been laboring to get a supply of fresh water for our oxen, and have dug large holes in

I can learn no particulars as to the person buried there; but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones in can hardly be conceived; I can only hope such a fate may not be mine. I was very near losing two of my horses. They went back in search of water at night, and at daylight we started on the spoor. Boccas was first; he saw two lions in waiting, fired at one, and jumped into a tree; fired again, wounding one, when they made off, and five minutes after the lost horses came trotting down to the water. The lions were as thin as planks; they had not killed any thing, and would have pounced on



TREED BY BUFFALOES.

the horses instantly, though it is not their usual practice to kill game in the daytime."—"16th. How I have managed to kill the last five days, and how I am to get rid of the next ten or fifteen is a perfect puzzle. I can find nothing in the world to do, but very little to eat; wood next to none; and I have drunk almost enough brackish, nauseous water to share the fate of Lot's wife."—"19th. Dull and lonely as it is, I could manage to get over the day, but the nights are dreadful. When the sun goes down the wind invariably does the same; then come the mosquitoes, midges, gnats, and sand-flies, and the air is as close as a draw-well. I can hardly endure a rag over me, and lie on my back slapping right

and left, taking hundreds of lives without diminishing the buzz, and praying for morning or a breeze of wind, and getting up occasionally to look at the stars to see how far the night has advanced."—"24th. I have become wrinkled and haggard, and, if my telescope, which I use as a looking-glass, does not belie my appearance, prematurely aged."

"November 4. I think it is Sunday, but every thing is so monotonous I have nothing to mark the flight of time, and I may just as likely be out of my reckoning as not. I am in rags, and my flesh resembles boiled lobster more than any thing else, being literally roasted in the sun. The pain is very great, and all for

the want of a needle. I had four in my hat on leaving the wagon, but they have all got lost. I might have saved the life of an ox or two had I only had a couple of pins. I bled one, and tried to take up the vein with a thorn in lieu of a pin; but it broke in the night, the vein burst open again, and the ox bled to death, and I have been afraid to venture a second time. The days are so intensely hot that it is impossible to stir, and the moon is seven days past the full; therefore I must wait now fourteen days, so as to have the full benefit of it; and then, if I hear nothing good previously, start myself in search. a good 250 miles, without other meat and drink than what my rifle will provide for me, and then back again another 250 miles. My waking thoughts and midnight dreams are of my missing wagon, and I can not help thinking that something serious has happened. The Kaffirs have only one punishment—death—for every offense, and Mosilikatse has been jealous of my hunting without his permission, as he claims the country, and there is no law here but of the stronger."—"9th. I have got over some sixty miles of the journey; twenty hours in the yoke without water."—"11th



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A fountain. Got here yesterday after a journey of three days. Nothing but sheer necessity shall ever compel me to come again to this thirst-land. The oxen, hollow and flat-sided, did nothing but low, and when outspanned kept on the track, and would not stand or eat a moment. The ground was so hot that the poor dogs to whom I gave water could not stand still to drink, but had to keep moving their feet. It is three days to the next water."—"17th. At the River Mesa, which I reached two days ago. Dog-tired, I went fast asleep as soon as I lay down, and never awoke till the morning star rose, when I heard lions roaring, and jumped up to see if my horses and oxen were all right. I was horrified at seeing no signs of either; sent the Kaffirs off at once; and now came the climax of all my misfortunes. January had never made the oxen fast, though he had seen five lions in the afternoon, and poor Ferus and Kebon lay dead within sixty yards of one another. They cost me £90, and I should have got at least £120 for them had I wished to sell. At sunset the Kaffirs

returned, reporting the death of two of my oxen, devoured by lions. In about eighteen days, if all goes well, I hope to reach Sechele's, where I may reckon on a few comforts from the German missionaries; but the wagon runs heavily, squeaking all the way, and the wheels are dry as tinder, and where to procure a bit of grease to smear them with I do not know."—"18th. Rain at last, but only in heavy passing showers. I am now outspanned under the very same tree as three years ago. I have led but a vagrant sort of life since then, doing very little good for myself or any body else, except supplying the ungrateful, half-starved Masaras and Maccalacas with abund-

ance of flesh. I have journeyed over some twelve or fifteen thousand miles; been through the Transvaal Republic, Free State, and part of the Old Colony, twice down to Natal, and twice around Lake Ngami, and now over the Zambesi into Makololo and Batoka lands: and now I think it is nearly time to halt."

Here, too, we halt, though the perils and dangers of the journey were far from over; not the least of which was a most wonderful dinner got up for our hunter by worthy Mr. Schroeder, the German missionary at Sechele's place, a fortnight after this last entry, where he was stuffed high to bursting. Thence, in a couple of months,



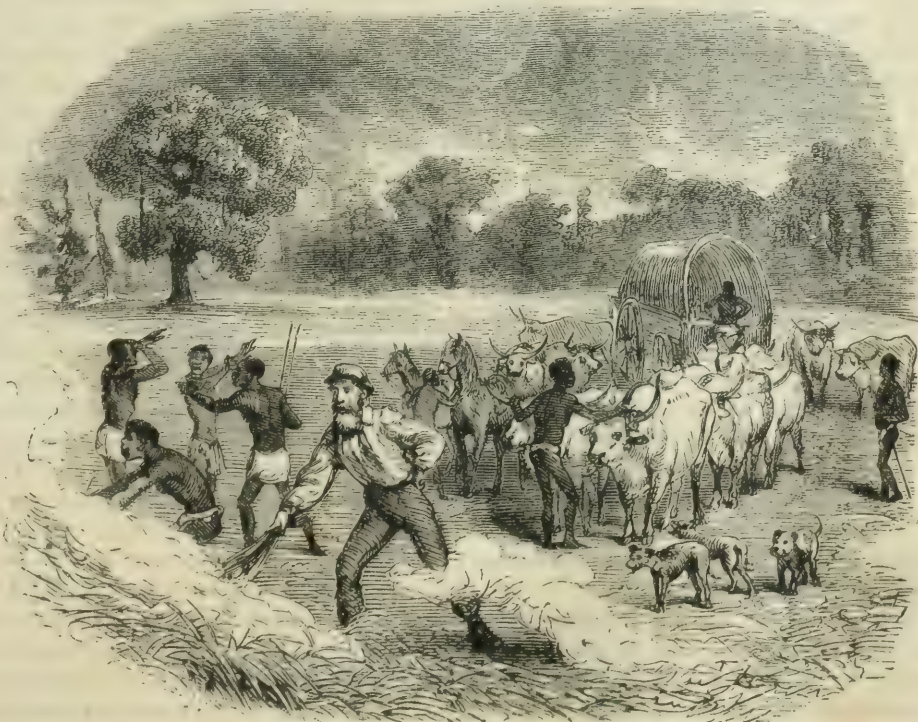
INVALA, DOGS, AND HYENAS.



A DUCKING.

our adventurer reached Port Natal. Six weeks after, the missing wagon, loaded with ivory, made its appearance, selling, we infer, for enough to pay expenses and leave a margin for profit. His hunters had found elephants and other game so plentiful that they had remained behind longer than was expected. Four "guns" had killed in this expedition 61 elephants, 2 hippopotami, about 30 rhinoceroses, 4 lions, 11 giraffes, 21 elands, 30 buffaloes, 71 quaggas, about 200 of the smaller species of deer, besides an immense quantity of small game. It must be borne in mind that this was no wanton slaughter of ani-

mals for the mere love of sport. Except in the rarest cases, every pound of flesh was made useful to the large party of Kaffirs who accompanied the hunters, or to the swarms of natives who follow in the train of a hunting party. Mr. Baldwin, after ten years of absence, returned to his native land, where he prepared for press the story of his African experiences, which we have endeavored to condense, leaving, however, the main adventures with wild beasts to be told by the pencil of the artist. To have given these in full would have required us to quote nearly the whole of his capital book.



FOREST ON FIRE.



FROZEN ANIMALS IN THE MARKET.

A FEW DAYS IN MOSCOW.

WHAT the great Napoleon thought when he gazed for the first time across the broad valley that lay at his feet, and caught the first dazzling light that flashed from the white walls and golden cupolas of the Kremlin—whether some shadowy sense of the wondrous beauties of the scene did not enter his soul—is more than I can say with certainty; but this much I know, that neither he nor his legions could have enjoyed the view from Sparrow Hill more than I did the first glimpse of the grand old city of the Czars as I stepped from the railroad dépôt, with my knapsack on my back, and stood, a solitary and bewildered waif, uncertain if it could all be real; for never yet had I, in the experience of many years' travel, seen such a magnificent sight, so wildly Tartaric, so strange, glowing, and incomprehensible. This was Moscow at last—the Moscow I had read of when a child—the Moscow I had so often seen burnt up in panoramas by an excited and patriotic populace—the Moscow ever flashing through memory in fitful gleams, half buried in smoke, and flames, and toppling ruins, now absolutely before me, a gorgeous reality in the bright noon-day sun, with its countless churches, its domes and cupolas, and mighty Kremlin.

Stand with me, reader, on the first eminence, and let us take a birds-eye view of the city, always keeping in mind that the Kremlin is the great nucleus from which it all radiates. What

a vast, wavy ocean of golden cupolas and fancy-colored domes, green-roofed houses and tortuous streets circles around this magic pile! what a combination of wild barbaric splendors! nothing within the sweep of vision that is not glowing and Oriental. Never was a city so fashioned for scenic effects. From the banks of the Moskva the Kremlin rears its glittering crest, surrounded by green-capped towers and frowning embattlements, its umbrageous gardens and massive white walls conspicuous over the vast sea of green-roofed houses, while high above all, grand and stern, like some grim old Czar of the North, rises the magnificent tower of Ivan Veliki. Within these walls stand the chief glories of Moscow—the palaces of the Emperor, the Cathedral of the Assumption, the House of the Holy Synod, the Treasury, the Arsenal, and the Czar Kolokol, the great king of bells. All these gorgeous edifices and many more crown the eminence which forms the sacred grounds, clustering in a magic maze of beauty around the tower of Ivan the Terrible. Beyond the walls are numerous open spaces occupied by booths and markets; then come the principal streets and buildings of the new city, encircled by the inner boulevards; then the suburbs, around which wind the outer boulevards; then a vast tract of beautiful and undulating country, dotted with villas, lakes, convents, and public buildings, inclosed in the far distance by the great outer wall, which forms a circuit of twenty miles around the city. The

Moscow River enters near the Presnenski Lake, and taking a circuitous route, washes the base of the Kremlin, and passes out near the convent of St. Daniel. If you undertake, however, to trace out any plan of the city from the confused maze of streets that lie outspread before you, it will be infinitely worse than an attempt to solve the mysteries of a woman's heart; for there is no apparent plan about it; the whole thing is an unintelligible web of accidents. There is no accounting for its irregularity, unless upon the principle that it became distorted in a perpetual struggle to keep within reach of the Kremlin.

It is sometimes rather amusing to compare one's preconceived ideas of a place with the reality. A city like Moscow is very difficult to recognize from any written description. From some cause wholly inexplicable I had pictured to my mind a vast gathering of tall, massive houses, elaborately ornamented; long lines of narrow and gloomy streets; many great palaces, dingy with age; and a population composed chiefly of Russian nabobs and their retinues of serfs. The reality is almost exactly the reverse of all these preconceived ideas. The houses for the most part are low—not over one or two stories high—painted with gay and fanciful colors, chiefly yellow, red, or blue; the roofs of tin or zinc, and nearly all of a bright green, giving them a very lively effect in the sun; nothing grand or imposing about them in detail, and but little pretension to architectural beauty. Very nearly such houses may be seen every day on any of the four continents.

Still, every indication of life presents a very different aspect from any thing in our own country. The people have a slow, slouching, shabby appearance; and the traveler is forcibly reminded, by the strange costumes he meets at every turn; the thriftless and degenerate aspect of the laboring classes; the great lumbering wagons that roll over the stone-paved streets; the droskies rattling hither and thither with their grave, priest-like drivers and wild horses; the squads of filthy soldiers lounging idly at every corner; the markets and market-places, and all that gives interest to the scene—that he is in a foreign land; a wild land of fierce battles between the elements, and fiercer still between men; where civilization is ever struggling between Oriental barbarism and European profligacy.

The most interesting feature in the population of Moscow is their constant and extraordinary displays of religious enthusiasm. This seems to be confined to no class or sect, but is the prevailing characteristic. No less than three hundred churches are embraced within the limits of the city. Some writers estimate the number as high as five hundred; nor does the discrepancy show so much a want of accuracy as the difficulty of determining precisely what constitutes a distinct church. Many of these remarkable edifices are built in clusters, with a variety of domes and cupolas, with different names, and contain distinct places of worship—as in the Cathedral

of St. Basil, for instance, which is distinguished by a vast number of variegated domes, and embraces within its limits at least five or six separate churches, each church being still farther subdivided into various chapels. Of the extraordinary architectural style of these edifices, their many-shaped and highly-colored domes, representing all the hues of the rainbow, the gilding so lavishly bestowed upon them, their wonderfully picturesque effect from every point of view, it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea without entering into a more elaborate description than I can at present attempt.

But it is not only in the numberless churches scattered throughout the city that the devotional spirit of the inhabitants is manifested. Moscow is the Mecca of Russia, where all are devotees. The external forms of religion are every where apparent—in the palaces, the barracks, the institutions of learning, the traktirs, the bath-houses; even in the drinking cellars and gambling-hells. Scarcely a bridge or corner of a street is without its shrine, its pictured saint and burning taper, before which every by-passer of high or low degree bows down and worships. It may be said with truth that one is never out of sight of devotees baring their heads and prostrating themselves before these sacred images. All distinctions of rank seem lost in this universal passion for prayer. The nobleman, in his gilded carriage with liveried servants, stops and pays the tribute of an uncovered head to some saintly image by the bridge or the road-side; the peasant, in his shaggy sheepskin capote, doffs his greasy cap, and while devoutly crossing himself utters a prayer; the soldier, grim and warlike, marches up in his rattling armor, grounds his musket, and forgets for the time his mission of blood; the tradesman, with his leather apron and labor-worn hands, lays down his tools and does homage to the shrine; the drosky-driver, noted for his petty villainies, checks his horse, and, standing up in his drosky, bows low and crosses himself before he crosses the street or the bridge; even my guide, the saturnine Dominico—and every body knows what guides are all over the world—halted at every corner, regardless of time, and uttered an elaborate form of adjurations for our mutual salvation.

Pictures of a devotional character are offered for sale in almost every booth, alley, and passage-way, where the most extraordinary daubs may be seen pinned up to the walls. Saints and dragons, fiery-nosed monsters, and snakes, and horrid creeping things, gilded and decorated in the most gaudy style, attract idle crowds from morning till night.

It is marvelous with what profound reverence the Russians will gaze at these extraordinary specimens of art. Often you see a hardened-looking ruffian—his face covered with beard and filth; his great, brawny form resembling that of a prize-fighter; his costume a ragged blouse, with loose trousers thrust in his boots; such a wretch, in short, as you would select for an un-



PRISONERS FOR SIBERIA.

mitigated ruffian if you were in want of a model for that character—take off his cap, and, with superstitious awe and an expression of profound humility, bow down before some picture of a dragon with seven heads or a chubby little baby of saintly parentage.

That these poor people are sincere in their devotion there can be no doubt. Their sincerity, indeed, is attested by the strongest proofs of self-sacrifice. A Russian will not hesitate to lie, rob, murder, or suffer starvation for the preservation of his religion. Bigoted though he may be, he is true to his faith and devoted to his forms of worship, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects. It is a part of his nature; it permeates his entire being. Hence no city in the world, perhaps—Jerusalem not excepted—presents so strange a spectacle of religious enthusiasm, genuine and universal, mingled with moral turpitude; monkish asceticism and utter abandonment to vice; self-sacrifice and loose indulgence. It may be said that this is not true religion—not even what these people profess. Perhaps not; but it is what they are accustomed to from infancy, and it certainly develops some of their

best traits of character—charity to each other, earnestness, constancy, and self-sacrifice.

On the morning after my arrival in Moscow I witnessed from the window of my hotel a very impressive and melancholy spectacle—the departure of a gang of prisoners for Siberia. The number amounted to some two or three hundred. Every year similar trains are dispatched, yet the parting scene always attracts a sympathizing crowd. These poor creatures were chained in pairs, and guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers. Their appearance, as they stood in the street awaiting the order to march, was very sad. Most of them were miserably clad, and some scarcely clad at all. A degraded, forlorn set they were; filthy and ragged; their downcast features expressive of an utter absence of hope. Few of them seemed to have any friends or relatives in the crowd of by-standers; but in two or three instances I noticed some very touching scenes of separation—where wives came to bid good-by to their husbands, and children to their fathers. Nearly every body gave them something to help them on their way—a few kopecks, a loaf of bread, or some cast-off article

of clothing. I saw a little child timidly approach the gang, and dropping a small coin into the hand of one poor wretch, run back again into the crowd, weeping bitterly. These prisoners are condemned to exile for three, four, or five years—often for life. It requires from twelve to eighteen months of weary travel, all the way on foot, through barren wastes and inhospitable deserts, to enable them to reach their desolate place of exile. Many of them fall sick on the way from fatigue and privation; many die. Few ever live to return. In some instances the whole term of exile is served out on the journey to and from Siberia. On their arrival they are compelled to labor in the Government mines or on the public works. Occasionally the most skillful and industrious are rewarded by appointments to positions of honor and trust, and become in the course of time leading men.

In contemplating the dreary journey of these poor creatures—a journey of some fifteen hundred or two thousand miles—I was insensibly reminded of that touching little story of filial affection, “Elizabeth of Siberia,” a story drawn from nature, and known in all civilized languages.

Not long after the departure of the Siberian prisoners I witnessed, in passing along one of the principal streets, a grand funeral procession. The burial of the dead is a picturesque and interesting ceremony in Moscow. A body of priests, dressed in black robes and wearing long beards, take the lead in the funeral cortège, bearing in their hands shrines and burning tapers. The hearse follows, drawn by four horses. Black plumes wave from the heads of the horses, and flowing black drapery covers their bodies and legs. Even their heads are draped in black, nothing being perceptible but their eyes. The coffin lies exposed on the top of the hearse, and is also similarly draped. This combination of sombre plumage and drapery has a singularly mournful appearance. Priests stand on steps attached to the hearse holding images of the Saviour over the coffin; others follow in the rear, comforting the friends and relatives of the deceased. A wild, monotonous chant is sung from time to time by the chief mourners, as the procession moves toward the burial-ground. The people cease their occupations in the streets through which the funeral passes, uncover their heads, and bowing down before the images borne by the priests, utter prayers for the repose of the dead. The rich and the poor of both sexes stand upon the sidewalks and offer up their humble petitions. The deep-tongued bells of the Kremlin ring out solemn peals, and the wild and mournful chant of the priests mingles with the grand knell of death that sweeps through the air. All is profoundly impressive: The procession of priests, with their burning tapers; the drapery of black on the horses; the coffin with its dead; the weeping mourners; the sepulchral chant; the sudden cessation of all the business of life, and the rapt attention of the multitude; the deep, grand, death-knell of the bells; the

glitter of domes and cupolas on every side; the green-roofed sea of houses; the winding streets, and the costumes of the people—form a spectacle wonderfully wild, strange, and mournful. In every thing that comes within the sweep of the eye there is a mixed aspect of Tartaric barbarism and European civilization. Yet even the stranger from a far-distant clime, speaking another language, accustomed to other forms, must feel, in gazing upon such a scene, that death levels all distinctions of race—that our common mortality brings us nearer together. Every where we are pilgrims on the same journey. Wherever we sojourn among men,

“The dead around us lie,
And the death-bell tolls.”

The *traktirs*, or tea-houses, are prominent among the remarkable institutions of Russia. In Moscow they abound in every street, lane, and by-alley. That situated near the Katai Gorod is said to be the best. Though inferior to the ordinary cafés of Paris or Marseilles in extent and decoration, it is nevertheless pretty stylish in its way, and is interesting to strangers from the fact that it represents a prominent feature in Russian life—the drinking of *tchai*.

Who has not heard of Russian tea?—the tea that comes all the way across the steppes of Tartary and over the Ural Mountains?—the tea that never loses its flavor by admixture with the salt of the ocean, but is delivered over at the great fair of Nijni Novgorod as pure and fragrant as when it started? He who has never heard of Russian tea has heard nothing, and he who has never enjoyed a glass of it, may have been highly favored in other respects, but I contend that he has nevertheless led a very benighted existence. All epicures in the delicate leaf unite in pronouncing it far superior to the nectar with which the gods of old were wont to quench their thirst. It is truly one of the luxuries of life—so soft; so richly yet delicately flavored; so bright, glowing, and transparent as it flashes through the crystal glasses; nothing acrid, gross, or earthly about it—a heavenly compound that “cheers but not inebriates.”

“A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unbless'd.”

Come with me, friend, and let us take a seat in the *traktir*. Every body here is a tea-drinker. Coffee is never good in Russia. Besides, it is gross and villainous stuff compared with the *tchai* of Moscow. At all hours of the day we find the saloons crowded with Russians, French, Germans, and the representatives of various other nations—all worshipers before the burnished shrine of *Tchai*. A little saint in the corner presides especially over this department. The devout Russians take off their hats and make a profound salam to this accommodating little patron, whose corpulent stomach and smiling countenance betoken an appreciation of all the good things of life. Now observe how these wonderful Russians—the strangest and most incomprehensible of beings—cool themselves this sweltering hot day. Each stalwart son of the

North calls for a portion of *tchai*, not a tea-cupful or a glassful, but a genuine Russian portion—a tea-potful. The tea-pot is small; but the tea is strong enough to bear an unlimited amount of dilution; and it is one of the glorious privileges of the tea-drinker in this country that he may have as much hot water as he pleases. Sugar is more sparingly supplied. The adept remedies this difficulty by placing a lump of sugar in his mouth and sipping his tea through it—a great improvement upon the custom said to exist in some parts of Holland, where a lump of sugar is hung by a string over the table and swung around from mouth to mouth, so that each guest may take a pull at it after swallowing his tea. A portion would be quite enough for a good-sized family in America. The Russian makes nothing of it. Filling and swilling hour after hour, he seldom rises before he gets through ten or fifteen tumblersful; and

if he happens to be thirsty will double it—enough one would think to founder a horse. But the Russian stomach is constructed upon some physiological principles unknown to the rest of mankind—perhaps lined with gutta-percha and rivited to a diaphragm of sheet-iron. Grease and scalding-hot tea; *quass* and cabbage soup; raw cucumbers; cold fish; lumps of ice; decayed cheese and black bread, seem to have no other effect upon it than to provoke an appetite. In warm weather it is absolutely marvelous to see the quantities of fiery-hot liquids these people pour down their throats. Just cast your eye upon that bearded giant in the corner, with his hissing urn of tea before him, his *batvina* and his *shitshie*! What a spectacle of physical enjoyment! His throat is bare; his face a glowing carbuncle; his body a monstrous caldron, seething and dripping with overflowing juices. Shade of Hebe! how he swills the tea—how glass after glass of the steaming-hot liquid flows into his capacious maw, and diffuses itself over his entire person! It oozes from every pore of his skin; drops in globules from his forehead;



MUJIKS AT TEA.

smokes through his shirt; makes a piebald chart of seas and islands over his back; streams down and simmers in his boots! He is saturated with tea, inside and out—a living sponge overflowing at every pore. You might wring him out, and there would still be a heavy balance left in him.

These traktirs are the general places of meeting, where matters of business or pleasure are discussed; accounts settled and bargains made. Here the merchant, the broker, the banker, and the votary of pleasure meet in common. Here all the pursuits of human life are represented, and the best qualities of men drawn out with the drawing of the tea. Enmities are forgotten and friendships cemented in tea. In short, the traktir is an institution, and its influence extends through all the ramifications of society.

But it is in the gardens and various places of suburban resort that the universal passion for tea is displayed in its most pleasing and romantic phases. Surrounded by the beauties of nature, lovers make their avowals over the irrepresible tea-pot; the hearts of fair damsels are won in the intoxication of love and tea; quar-

rels between man and wife are made up, and children weaned—I had almost said baptized—in tea. The traveler must see the families seated under the trees, with the burnished urn before them—the children romping about over the grass; joy beaming upon every face; the whole neighborhood a repetition of family groups and steaming urns, bound together by the mystic tie of sympathy, before he can fully appreciate the important part that tea performs in the great drama of Russian life.

This draws me insensibly toward the beautiful gardens of the Peterskoi—a favorite place of resort for the Moscovites, and famous for its chateau built by the Empress Elizabeth, in which Napoleon sought refuge during the burning of Moscow. It is here the rank and fashion of the city may be seen to the greatest advantage of a fine summer afternoon. In these gardens all that is brilliant, beautiful, and poetical in Russian life finds a congenial atmosphere.

I spent an evening at the Peterskoi which I shall long remember as one of the most interesting I ever spent at any place of popular amusement. The weather was charming—neither too warm nor too cold, but of that peculiarly soft and dreamy temperature which predisposes one for the enjoyment of music, flowers, the prattle of children, the fascinations of female loveliness, and the luxuries of idleness. In such an atmosphere no man of sentiment can rack his brain with troublesome problems. These witching hours, when the sun lingers dreamily on the horizon; when the long twilight weaves a web of purple and gold that covers the transition from night to morning; when nature, wearied of the dazzling glare of day, puts on her silver-spangled robes, and receives her worshipers with celestial smiles—are surely enough to soften the most stubborn heart. We must make love, sweet ladies, or die. There is no help for it. Resistance is an abstract impossibility. The best man in the world could not justly be censured for practicing a little with his eyes, when away from home, merely as I do, you know, to keep up the expression.

The gardens of the Peterskoi are still a dream to me. For a distance of three versts from the gate of St. Petersburg the road was thronged with carriages and droskies, and crowds of gayly-dressed citizens, all wending their way toward the scene of entertainment. The pressure for tickets at the porter's lodge was so great that it required considerable patience and good-humor to get through at all. Officers in dashing uniforms rode on spirited chargers up and down the long rows of vehicles, and with drawn swords made way for the foot-passengers. Guards in imperial livery, glittering from head to foot with embroidery, stood at the grand portals of the gate, and with many profound and elegant bows ushered in the company. Policemen with cocked hats and shining epaulets were stationed at intervals along the leading thoroughfares to preserve order.

The scene inside the gates was wonderfully

imposing. Nothing could be more fanciful. In every aspect it presented some striking combination of natural and artificial beauties, admirably calculated to fascinate the imagination. I have a vague recollection of shady and undulating walks, winding over sweeping lawns dotted with masses of flowers and copses of shrubbery, and overhung by wide-spreading trees; sometimes gradually rising over gentle acclivities or points of rock overhung with moss and fern. Rustic cottages, half hidden by the luxuriant foliage, crowned each prominent eminence, and little by-ways branched off into cool, umbrageous recesses, where caves, glittering with sea-shells and illuminated stalactites, invited the wayfarer to linger a while and rest. Far down in deep glens and grottoes were retired nooks, where lovers, hidden from the busy throng, might mingle their vows to the harmony of falling waters; where the very flowers seemed whispering love to each other, and the lights and shadows fell, by some intuitive sense of fitness, into the form of bridal wreaths. Marble statues representing the Graces, winged Mercuries and Cupids are so cunningly displayed in relief against the green banks of foliage that they seem the natural inhabitants of the place. Snow-spirits, too, with outspread wings, hover in the air, as if to waft cooling zephyrs through the soft summer night. In the open spaces fountains dash their sparkling waters high into the moonlight, spreading a mystic spray over the sward. Through vistas of shrubbery gleam the bright waters of a lake, on the far side of which the embattled towers of a castle rise in bold relief over the intervening groups of trees.

On an elevated plateau, near the centre of the garden, stands a series of Asiatic temples and pagodas, in which the chief entertainments are held. The approaching avenues are illuminated with many-colored lights suspended from the branches of the trees, and wind under triumphal archways, festooned with flowers. The theatres present open fronts, and abound in all the tinsel of the stage, both inside and out. The grounds are crowded to their utmost capacity with the rank and fashion of the city, in all the glory of jeweled head-dresses and decorations of order. Festoons of variegated lights swing from the trees over the audience; and painted figures of dragons and genii are dimly seen in the background.

Attracted by sounds of applause at one of these theatres, I edged my way through the crowd, and succeeded, after many apologies, in securing a favorable position. Amidst a motley gathering of Russians, Poles, Germans, and French—for here all nations and classes are represented—my ears were stunned by the clapping of hands and vociferous cries of *Bis! Bis!* The curtain was down, but in answer to the call for a repetition of the last scene it soon rose again, and afforded me an opportunity of witnessing a characteristic performance. A wild Mujik has the impudence to make love to the maid-servant of his master, who ap-



RUSSIAN THEATRE.

appears to be rather a crusty old gentleman, not disposed to favor matrimonial alliances of that kind. Love gets the better of the lover's discretion, and he is surprised in the kitchen. The bull-dog is let loose upon him; master and mistress and subordinate members of the family rush after him, armed with sauce-pans, tongs, shovels, and broomsticks. The affrighted Mujik runs all round the stage bellowing fearfully; the bull-dog seizes him by the nether extremities and hangs on with the tenacity of a vice. Round and round they run, Mujik roaring for help, bull-dog swinging out horizontally. The audience applauds; the master flings down his broomstick and seizes the dog by the tail; the old woman seizes master by the skirts of his coat; and all three are dragged around the stage at a terrific rate, while the younger members of the family shower down miscellaneous blows with their sticks and cudgels, which always happen to fall on the old people, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Shouts and shrieks and clapping of hands but faintly express the popular appreciation of the joke. Finally the faithful maid, taking advantage of the confusion,

flings a bunch of fire-crackers at her oppressors and blows them up; and the Mujik, relieved of their weight, makes a brilliant dash through the door carrying with him the tenacious bull-dog, which it is reasonable to suppose he subsequently takes to market and sells for a good price. The curtain falls; the music strikes up, and the whole performance is greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. Such are the entertainments that delight these humorous people—a little broad to be sure, but not deficient in grotesque spirit.

From the theatre I wandered to the pavilion of Zingaree gipsies, where a band of these wild sons of Hagar were creating a perfect furor by the shrillness and discord of their voices. Never was such terrific music inflicted upon mortal ears. It went through and through you, quivering and vibrating like a rapier; but the common classes of

Russians delight in it above all earthly sounds. They deem it the very finest kind of music. It is only the dilettante who have visited Paris who profess to hold it in contempt.

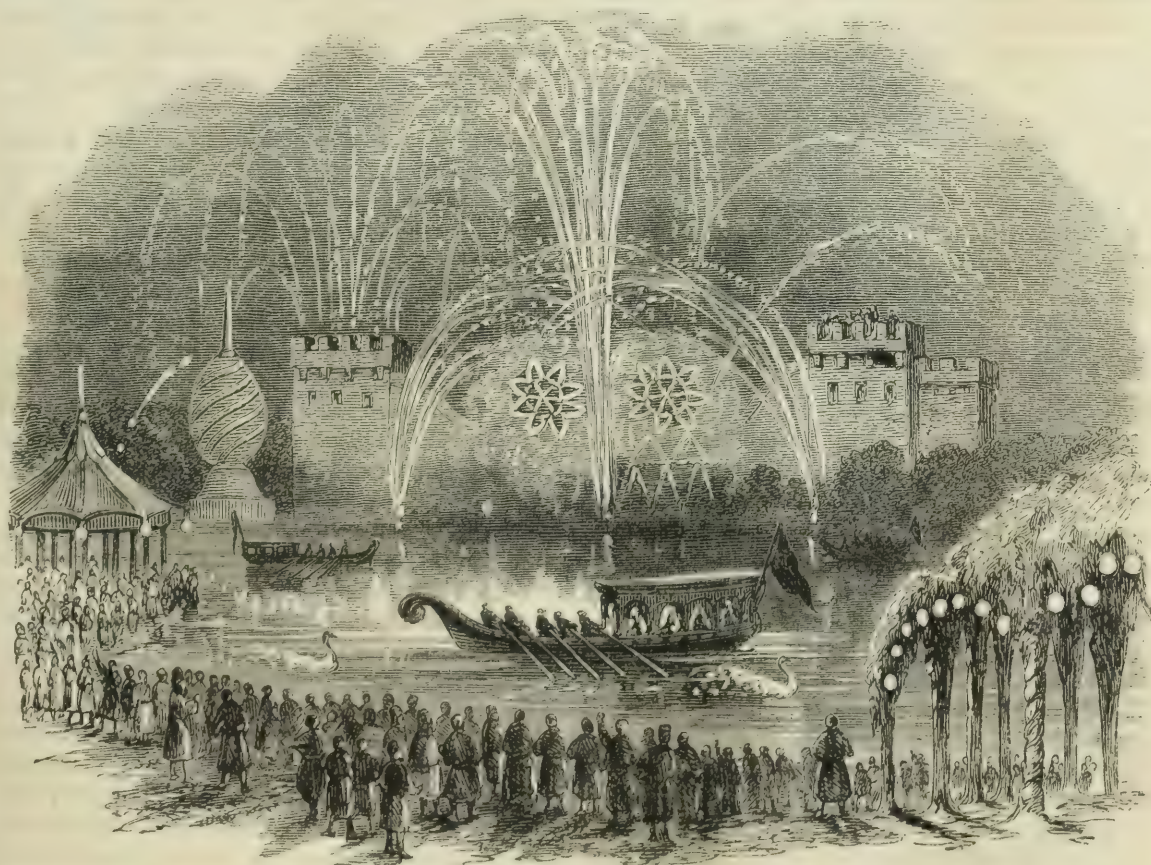
Very soon surfeited with these piercing strains, I rambled away till I came upon a party of rope-dancers, and after seeing a dozen or so of stout fellows hang themselves by the chins, turn back somersaults in the air, and swing by one foot at a dizzy height from the ground, left them standing upon each other's heads to the depth of six or eight, and turned aside into a grotto to enjoy a few glasses of tea. Here were German girls singing and buffoons reciting humorous stories between the pauses, and thirsty Russians pouring down whole oceans of their favorite beverage.

Again I wandered forth through the leafy mazes of the garden. The gorgeous profusion of lights and glittering ornaments; the endless variety of colors; the novel and Asiatic appearance of the temples; the tropical luxuriance of the foliage; the gleaming white statuary; the gay company; the wild strains of music; all combined to form a scene of peculiar interest.

High overhead, dimly visible through the tops of the trees, the sky wears an almost supernatural aspect during these long summer nights. A soft golden glow flushes upward from the horizon, and, lying outspread over the firmament, gives a spectral effect to the gentler and more delicate sheen of the moon; the stars seem to shrink back into the dim infinity, as if unable to contend with the grosser effulgence of the great orbs that rule the day and the night. Unconscious whether the day is waning into the night, or the night into the morning, the rapt spectator gazes and dreams till lost in the strange enchantment of the scene.

At a late hour a signal was given, and the company wandered down to the lake, along the shores of which rustic seats and divans, overshadowed by shrubbery, afforded the weary an opportunity of resting. Here we were to witness the crowning entertainment of the evening—a grand display of fire-works. A miniature steamboat, gayly decorated with flags, swept to and fro carrying passengers to the different landing-places. Gondolas, with peaked prows and variegated canopies, lay floating upon the still water, that lovers might quench their flames in the contemplation of its crystal depths, or draw fresh inspiration from the blaze of artificial fires. Soon a wild outburst of music was heard; then from the opposite shore the whole heavens were lighted up with a flood of rockets, and the ears were stunned by their explosions. Down through the depths of ether came showers of colored balls, illuminating the waters of the lake with inverted streams of light scarcely less bright and glow-

ing. Anon all was dark; then from out the darkness flashed whirling and seething fires, gradually assuming the grotesque forms of monsters and genii, till with a deafening explosion they were scattered to the winds. From the blackened mass of ruins stood forth illuminated statues of the Imperial family, in all the paraphernalia of royalty, their crowns glittering with jewels, their robes of light resplendent with precious gems and tracery of gold. A murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. The Imperial figures vanished as if by magic, and suddenly a stream of fire flashed from a mass of dark undefined objects on the opposite shore, and lo! the waters were covered with fiery swans, sailing majestically among the gondolas, their necks moving slowly as if inspired by life. Hither and thither they swept, propelled by streams of fire, till, wearied with their sport, they gradually lay motionless, yet glowing with an augmented brilliancy. While the eyes of all were fixed in amazement and admiration upon these beautiful swans they exploded with a series of deafening reports, and were scattered in confused volumes of smoke. Out of the chaos swept innumerable hosts of whirling little monsters, whizzing and boring through the water like infernal spirits of the deep. These again burst with a rattle of explosions like an irregular fire of musketry, and shot high into the air in a perfect maze of scintillating stars of every imaginable color. When the shower of stars was over, and silence and darkness once more reigned, a magnificent barge, that might well have represented that of the Egyptian queen—its gay canopies resplen-



THE PETERHOFF GARDENS.

dent with the glow of many-colored lamps—swept out into the middle of the lake, and

“—like a burnished throne
Burn'd on the water.”

And when the rowers had ceased and the barge lay motionless, soft strains of music arose from its curtained recesses, swelling up gradually till the air was filled with the floods of rich, wild harmony, and the senses were ravished with their sweetness.

Was it a wild Oriental dream? Could it all be real—the glittering fires, the gayly-costumed crowds, the illuminated barge, the voluptuous strains of music? Might it not be some gorgeous freak of the Emperor, such as the Sultan in the Arabian Nights enjoyed at the expense of the poor traveler? Surely there could be nothing real like it since the days of the Califs of Bagdad!

A single night's entertainment such as this must cost many thousand rubles. When it is considered that there are but few months in the year when such things can be enjoyed, some idea may be formed of the characteristic passion of the Russians for luxurious amusements. It is worthy of mention, too, that the decorations, the lamps, the actors and operators, the material of nearly every description, are imported from various parts of the world, and very little is contributed in any way by the native Russians, save the means by which these costly luxuries are obtained.

On the fundamental principles of association the intelligent reader will at once comprehend how it came to pass that, of all the traits I discovered in the Russian people, none impressed me so favorably as their love of vodki, or native brandy, signifying the “little water.” I admired their long and filthy beards and matted heads of hair, because there was much in them to remind me of my beloved Washoe; but in nothing did I experience a greater fellowship with them than in their constitutional thirst for intoxicating liquors. It was absolutely refreshing, after a year's travel over the Continent of Europe, to come across a genuine lover of the “tarantula”—to meet at every corner of the street a great bearded fellow staggering along blind drunk, or attempting to steady the town by hugging a post. Rarely had I enjoyed such a sight since my arrival in the Old World. In Germany I had seen a few cases of stupefaction arising from overdoses of beer; in France the red nose of the *bon vivant* is not uncommon; in England some muddled heads are to be found; and in Scotland there are temperance societies enough to give rise to the suspicion that there is a cause for them; but, generally speaking, the sight of an intoxicated man is somewhat rare in the principal cities of the Continent. It will, therefore, be conceded that there was something very congenial in the spectacle that greeted me on the very first day of my arrival in Moscow. A great giant of a Mujik, with a ferocious beard and the general aspect of a wild beast, came toward me with a heel and a lurch to port that was

very expressive of his condition. As he staggered up and tried to balance himself, he blurted out some unmeaning twaddle in his native language which I took to be a species of greeting. His expression was absolutely inspiring—the great bleary eyes rolling foolishly in his head; his tongue lolling helplessly from his mouth; his under jaw hanging down; his greasy cap hung on one side on a tuft of dirty hair: all so familiar, so characteristic of something I had seen before! Where could it have been? What potent spell was there about this fellow to attract me? In what was it that I, an ambassador from Washoe, a citizen of California, a resident of Oakland, could thus be drawn toward this hideous wretch? A word in your ear, reader. It was all the effect of association! The unbidden tears flowed to my eyes as I caught a whiff of the fellow's breath. It was so like the free-lunch breaths of San Francisco, and even suggested thoughts of the Legislative Assembly in Sacramento. Only think what a genuine Californian must suffer in being a whole year without a glass of whisky; nay, without as much as a smell of it! How delightful it is to see a brother human downright soggy drunk; drunk all over; drunk in the eyes, in the mouth, in the small of his back, in his knees, in his boots, clear down to his toes! How one's heart is drawn toward him by this common bond of human infirmity! How it recalls the camp, the one-horse mining town, the social gathering of the “boys” at Dan's, or Jim's, or Jack's; and the clink of dimes and glasses at the bar; how distances are annihilated and time set back! Of a verity when I saw that man, with reason dethroned and the garb of self-respect cast aside, I was once again in my own beloved State!

“What a beauty dwelt in each familiar face
What music hung on every voice!”

Since reading is not a very general accomplishment among the lower classes, a system of signs answers in some degree as a substitute. The irregularity of the streets would of itself present no very remarkable feature, but for the wonderful variety of small shops and the oddity of the signs upon which their contents are pictured. What these symbols of trade lack in artistic style they make up in grotesque effects. Thus, the tobacco shops are ornamented outside with various highly-colored pictures, drawn by artists of the most florid genius, representing cigar-boxes, pipes, meerschaums, narghillas, bunches of cigars, snuff-boxes, plugs and twists of tobacco, and all that the most fastidious smoker, chewer, or snuffer can expect to find in any tobacco shop, besides a good many things that he never will find in any of these shops. Prominent among these symbolical displays is the counterfeit presentment of a jet-black Indian of African descent—his woolly head adorned with a crown of pearls and feathers; in his right hand an uplifted tomahawk, with which he is about to kill some invisible enemy; in his left a meerschaum, supposed to be the pipe of peace; a tobacco plantation in the back-ground, and a

group of warriors smoking profusely around a camp-fire, located under one of the tobacco plants; the whole having a very fine allegorical effect, fully understood, no doubt, by the artist, but very difficult to explain upon any known principle of art. The butchers' shops are equally prolific in external adornments. On the signboards you see every animal fit to be eaten, and many of questionable aspect, denuded of their skins and reduced to every conceivable degree of butchery. So that if you want a veal cutlet of any particular pattern, all you have to do is to select your pattern and the cutlet will be chopped accordingly. The bakeries excel in their artistic displays. Here you have painted bread from black-moon down to double-knotted twist; cakes, biscuit, rolls, and crackers, and as many other varieties as the genius of the artist may be capable of suggesting. The bakers of Moscow are mostly

French or German; and it is a notable fact that the bread is quite equal to any made in France or Germany. The wine-stores, of which there are many, are decorated with pictures of bottles, and bas-reliefs of gilded grapes—a great improvement upon the ordinary grape produced by nature.

If there is nothing new under the sun, there are certainly a good many old things to interest a stranger in Moscow. A favorite resort of mine during my sojourn in that strange old city of the Czars was in the markets of the Katai Gorod. Those of the Riadi and Gostovini Dvor present the greatest attractions, perhaps, in the way of shops and merchandise; for there, by the aid of time, patience, and money, you can get any thing you want, from saints' armlets and devils down to candlesticks and cucumbers. Singing-birds, Kazan-work, and Siberian diamonds are its most attractive features. But if you have a passion for human oddities rather than curiosities of merchandise, you must visit the second-hand markets extending along the walls of the Katai Gorod, where you will find not only every conceivable variety of old clothes,



OLD-CLOTHES' MARKET.

clocks, cooking utensils, and rubbish of all sorts, but the queerest imaginable conglomeration of human beings from the far East to the far West. It would be a fruitless task to attempt a description of the motley assemblage. Pick out all the strangest, most ragged, most uncouth figures you ever saw in old pictures, from childhood up to the present day; select from every theatrical representation within the range of your experience, the most monstrous and absurd caricatures upon humanity; bring to your aid all the masquerades and burlesque fancy-balls you ever visited, tumble them together in the great bag of your imagination, and pour them out over a vague wilderness of open spaces, dirty streets, high walls, and rickety little booths, and you have no idea at all of the queer old markets of the Katai Gorod. You will be just as much puzzled to make any thing of the scene as when you started, if not more so.

No mortal man can picture to another all these shaggy-faced Russians, booted up to the knees, their long, loose robes flaunting idly around their legs, their red sashes twisted around their waists; brawny fellows with a reckless,

independent swagger about them, stalking like grim savages of the North through the crowd. Then there are the sallow and cadaverous Jew-peddlers, covered all over with piles of ragged old clothes, and mountains of old hats and caps; and leathery-faced old women—witches of Endor—dealing out horrible mixtures of *quass* (the national drink); and dirty, dingy-looking soldiers, belonging to the Imperial service, peddling off old boots and cast-off shirts; and Zingaree gipsies, dark, lean, and wiry, offering strings of beads and armlets for sale with shrill cries; and so on without limit.

Here you see the rich and the poor in all the extremes of affluence and poverty; the robust and the decrepit; the strong, the lame, and the blind; the noble, with his star and orders of office; the Mujik in his shaggy sheep-skin capote or tattered blouse; the Mongolian, the Persian, and the Caucasian; the Greek and the Turk; the Armenian and the Californian—all intent upon something, buying, selling, or looking on.

Being the only representative from the Golden State, I was anxious to offer some Washoe stock for sale—twenty or thirty feet in the Gone Case; but Dominico, my interpreter, informed me that these traders had never heard of Washoe, and were mostly involved in Russian securities—old breeches, boots, stockings, and the like. He did not think my “Gone Case” would bring an old hat; and as for my “Sorrowful Countenance” and “Ragged End,” he was persuaded I could not dispose of my entire interest in them for a pint of grease.

I was very much taken with the soldiers who infested these old markets. It was something new in military economy to see the representatives of an Imperial army supporting themselves in this way; dark, lazy fellows in uniform, lounging about with old boots and suspenders hanging all over them, crying out the merits of their wares in stentorian voices—thus, as it were, patriotically relieving the national treasury of a small fraction of its burden. They have much the appearance, in the crowd, of raisins in a plum-pudding.

The peasant women, who flock in from the country with immense burdens of vegetables and other products of the farms, are a very striking, if not a very pleasing feature in the markets. Owing to the hard labor imposed upon them, they are exceedingly rough and brawny, and have a hard, dreary, and unfeminine expression of countenance, rather inconsistent with one's notions of the delicacy and tenderness of woman. Few of them are even passably well-looking. All the natural playfulness of the gentler sex seems to be crushed out of them; and while their manners are uncouth, their voices are the wildest and most unmusical that ever fell upon the ear from a feminine source. When dressed in their best attire they usually wear a profusion of red handkerchiefs about their heads and shoulders; and from an unpicturesque habit they have of making an upper waist immediately under their arms by a liga-

ture of some sort, and tying their apron-strings about a foot below, they have the singular appearance of being double-waisted or three-story women. They carry their children on their backs, much after the fashion of Digger Indians, and suckle them through an opening in the second or middle story. Doubtless this is a convenient arrangement, but it presents the curious anomaly of a poor peasant living in a one-story house with a three-story wife. According to the prevailing style of architecture in well-wooded countries, these women ought to wear their hair shingled; but they generally tie it up in a knot behind, or cover it with a fancy-colored handkerchief, on the presumption, I suppose, that they look less barbarous in that way than they would with shingled heads. You may suspect me of story-telling, but upon my word I think three-story women are extravagant enough without adding another to them. I only hope their garrets contain a better quality of furniture than that which afflicts the male members of the Mujik community. No wonder those poor women have families of children like steps of stairs! It is said that their husbands are often very cruel to them, and think nothing of knocking them down and beating them; but even that does not surprise me. How can a man be expected to get along with a three-story wife unless he floors her occasionally?

Ragged little boys, prematurely arrested in their growth, you see too, in myriads—shovel-nosed and bare-legged urchins of hideously eccentric manners, carrying around big bottles of *sbiteen* (a kind of mead), which they are continually pouring out into glasses, to appease the chronic thirst with which the public seem to be afflicted; and groups of the natives gathered around a cucumber stand, devouring great piles of unwholesome-looking cucumbers, which skinny old women are dipping up out of wooden buckets. The voracity with which all classes stow away these vicious edibles in their stomachs is amazing, and suggests a melancholy train of reflections on the subject of cholera morbus. It was a continual matter of wonder to me how the lower classes of Russians survived the horrid messes with which they tortured their digestive apparatus. Only think of thousands of men dining every day on black bread, heavy enough for bullets, a pound or two of grease, and half a peck of raw cucumbers per man, and then expecting to live until next morning! And yet they do live, and grow fat, and generally die at a good old age, in case they are not killed in battle, or frozen up in the wilds of Siberia.

Outside the walls of the Katai Gorod, in an open square, or plaza, are rows of wooden booths, in which innumerable varieties of living stock are offered for sale—geese, ducks, chickens, rabbits, pigeons, and birds of various sorts. I sometimes went down here and bargained for an hour or so over a fat goose or a Muscovy duck, not with any ultimate idea of purchasing it, but merely because it was offered to me at a reduced price. It was amusing, also, to study the man-

ners and customs of the dealers, and enjoy their amazement when, after causing them so much loss of time, I would hand over five kopeks and walk off. Some of them, I verily believe, will long entertain serious doubts as to the sanity of the California public; for Dominico, my guide, always took particular pride in announcing that I was from that great country, and was the richest man in it, being, to the best of his knowledge, the only one who had money enough to spare to travel all the way to Moscow, merely for the fun of the thing.

I may as well mention, parenthetically, that Dominico was rather an original in his way. His father was an Italian and his mother a Russian. I believe he was born in Moscow. How he came to adopt the profession of Guide I don't know, unless it was on account of some natural proclivity for an easy life. A grave, lean, saturnine man was Dominico—something of a cross between Machiavelli and Paganini. If he knew any thing about the wonders and curiosities of Moscow he kept it a profound secret. It was only by the most rigid inquiry and an adroit system of cross-examination that I could get any thing out of him; and then his information was vague and laconic, sometimes a little sarcastic, but never beyond what I knew myself. Yet he was polite, dignified, and gentlemanly—never refused to drink a glass of beer with me, and always knew the way to a *traktir*. To the public functionaries with whom we came in contact during the course of our rambles his air was grand and imposing; and on the subject of money he was sublimely nonchalant, caring no more for rubles than I did for kopeks. Once or twice he hinted to me that he was of noble blood, but laid no particular stress upon that, since it was his misfortune at present to be in rather reduced circumstances. Some time or other he would go to Italy and resume his proper position there. In justice to Dominico, I must add that he never neglected an opportunity of praying for me before any of the public shrines; and at the close of our acquaintance he let me off pretty easily, all things considered. Upon my explaining to him that a draft for five hundred thousand rubles, which ought to be on the way, had failed to reach me, owing, doubtless, to some irregularity in the mail service, or some sudden depression in my Washoe stocks, he merely shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and accepted with profound indifference a fee amounting to three times the value of his services.

I was particularly interested in the dog-market. The display of living dog-flesh here must be very tempting to one who has a taste for poodle soup or fricaseed pup. Dominico repudiated the idea that the Russians are addicted to this article of diet; but the very expression of his eye as he took up a fat little innocent, smoothed down its skin, squeezed its ribs, pinched its loins, and smelled it, satisfied me that a litter of pups would stand but a poor chance of ever arriving at maturity if they depended upon forbearance upon his part as a national virtue. The Chinese

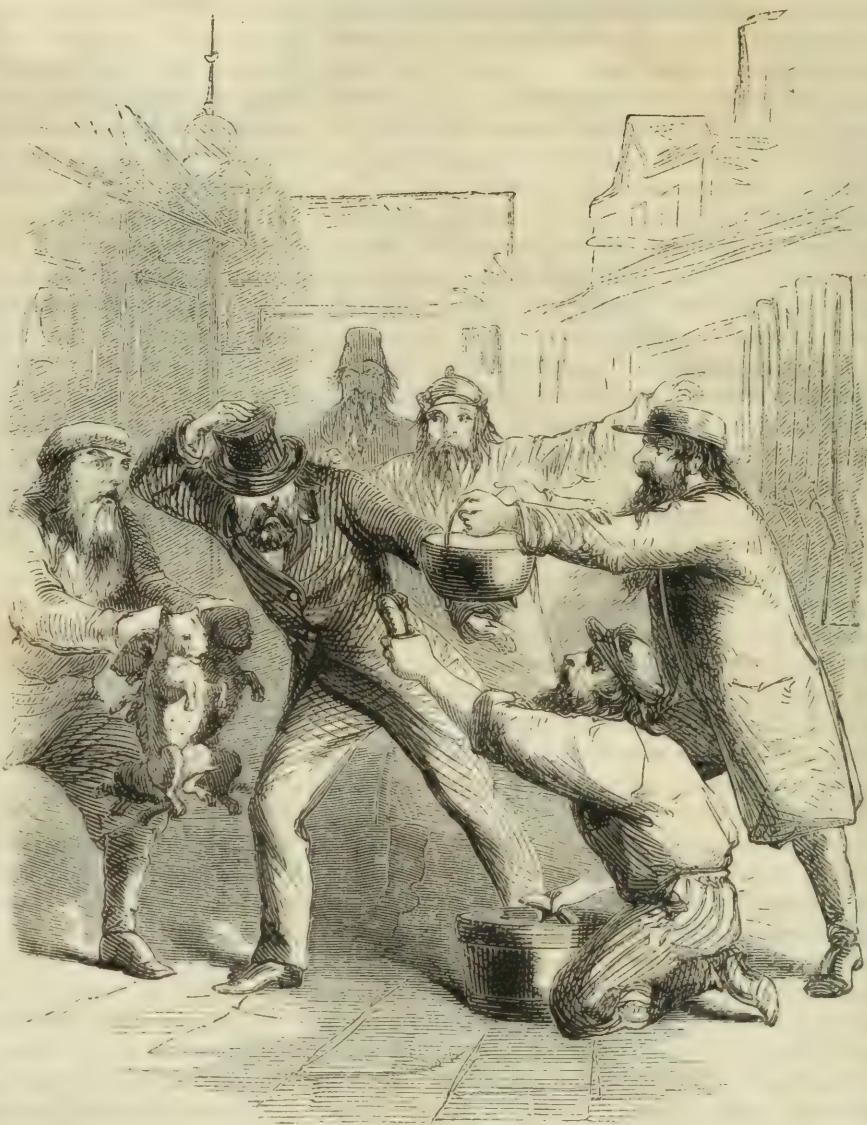
quarter of San Francisco affords some curious examples of the art of compounding sustenance for man out of odd materials—rats, snails, dried frogs, star-fish, polypi, and the like; but any person who wishes to indulge a morbid appetite for the most disgusting dishes ever devised by human ingenuity must visit Moscow. I adhere to it that the dog-market supplies a large portion of the population with fancy meats. No other use could possibly be made of the numberless squads of fat, hairless dogs tied together and hawked about by the traders in this article of traffic. I saw one man—he had the teeth of an ogre and a fearfully carnivorous expression of eye—carry around a bunch of pups on each arm, and cry aloud something in his native tongue, which I am confident had reference to the tenderness and juiciness of their flesh. Dominico declared the man was only talking about the breed—that they were fine rat-dogs; but I know that was a miserable subterfuge. Such dogs never caught a rat in this world; and if they did, it must have been with a view to the manufacture of sausages.

A Russian peasant is not particular about the quality of his food, as may well be supposed from this general summary. Quantity is the main object. Grease of all kinds is his special luxury. The upper classes, who have plenty of money to spare, may buy fish from the Volga at its weight in gold, and mutton from Astrakan at fabulous prices; but give the Mujik his *batvina* (salt grease and honey boiled together), a loaf of black bread, and a peck of raw cucumbers, and he is happy. Judging by external appearances, very little grease seems to be wasted in the manufacture of soap. Indeed, I would not trust one of these Mujiks to carry a pound of soap any where for me, any more than I would a gallon of oil or a pound of candles. Once I saw a fellow grease his boots with a lump of dirty fat which he had picked up out of the gutter, but he took good care first to extract from it the richest part of the essence by sucking it, and then greasing his beard. The boots came last. In all probability he had just dined, or he would have pocketed his treasure for another occasion, instead of throwing the remnant, as he did, to the nearest cat.

In respect to the language, one might as well be dropped down in Timbuctoo as in a village or country town of Russia, for all the good the gift of speech would do him. It is not harsh, as might be supposed, yet wonderfully like an East India jungle when you attempt to penetrate it. I could make better headway through a boulder of solid quartz, or the title to my own house and lot in Oakland. Now I profess to be able to see as far into a mill-stone as most people, but I can't see in what respect the Russians behaved any worse than other people of the Tower of Babel, that they should be afflicted with a language which nobody can hope to understand before his beard becomes grizzled, and the top of his head entirely bald. Many of the better classes, to be sure, speak French and Ger-

man; but even in the streets of Moscow I could seldom find any body who could discover a ray of meaning in my French or German, which is almost as plain as English.

Some people know what you want by instinct, whether they understand your language or not. Not so the Russians. Ask for a horse, and they will probably offer you a fat goose; inquire the way to your lodgings, and they are just as likely as not to show you the Foundling Hospital or a livery-stable; go into any old variety shop, and express a desire to purchase an Astrakan breast-pin for your sweet-heart, and the worthy trader hands you a pair of bellows or an old blunderbuss; cast your eye upon any old market-woman, and she divines at once that you are in search of a bunch of chickens or a bucket of raw cucumbers, and offers them to you at the lowest market-price; hint to a picture-dealer that you would like to have an authentic portrait of his Imperial Majesty, and he hands you a picture of the Iberian Mother, or St. George slaying the dragon, or the devil and all his imps: in short, you can get any thing that you don't want, and nothing that you do. If these people are utterly deficient in any one quality, it is a sense of fitness in things. They take the most inappropriate times for offering you the most inappropriate articles of human use that the imagination can possibly conceive. I was more than once solicited by the dealers in the markets of Moscow to carry with me a bunch of live dogs, or a couple of freshly-scalded pigs, and on one occasion was pressed very hard to take a brass skillet and a pair of tongs. What could these good people have supposed I wanted with articles of this kind on my travels? Is there any thing in my dress or the expression of my countenance—I leave it to all who know me—any thing in the mildness of my speech or the gravity of my manner, to indicate that I am suffering particularly for bunches of dogs or scalded pigs, brass skillets or pairs of tongs?



PIGS, PUPS, AND PANS.

Do I look like a man who labors under a chronic destitution of dogs, pigs, skillets, and tongs?

It is quite natural that the traveler who finds himself for the first time within the limits of a purely despotic government should look around him with some vague idea that he must see the effects strongly marked upon the external life of the people; that the restraints imposed upon popular liberty must be every where apparent. So far as any thing of this kind may exist in Moscow or St. Petersburg, it is a notable fact that there are few cities in the world where it is less visible, or where the people seem more unrestrained in the exercise of their popular freedom. Indeed it struck me rather forcibly after my experience in Vienna and Berlin, that the Russians enjoy quite as large a share of practical independence as most of their neighbors. I was particularly impressed by the bold and independent air of the middle classes, the politeness with which even the lower orders address each other, and the absence of those petty and vexatious restraints which prevail in some of the German States. The constant dread of infringing upon the police regulations; the extraordinary deference with which men in uniform are regarded;



A PASSAGE OF POLITENESS.

the circumspect behavior at public places; the nice and well-regulated mirthfulness, never overstepping the strict bounds of prudence, which I had so often noticed in the northern parts of Germany, and which may in part be attributed to the naturally orderly and conservative character of the people, are by no means prominent features in the principal cities of Russia.

Soldiers, indeed, there are in abundance every where throughout the dominions of the Czar, and the constant rattle of musketry and clang of arms show that the liberty of the people is not altogether without limit.

I saw nothing in the line of military service that interested me more than the Imperial Guard. Without vouching for the truth of the whole story connected with the history of this famous regiment, I give it as related to me by Dominico, merely stating as a fact within my own observation, that there is no question whatever about the peculiarity of their features. It seems that the Emperor Nicholas, shortly before the Crimean War, discovered by some means that the best fighting men in his dominions belonged to a certain wild tribe from the north, distinguished for the extreme ugliness of their faces. The most remarkable feature was the nose, which stood straight out from the base of the forehead in the form of a triangle, presenting in front the appearance of a double-barreled pistol. A stiff grizzly mustache underneath gave them a peculiarly ferocious expression, so that brave men quailed, and women and children fled from them in terror. The Emperor gave orders that all

men in the ranks possessed of these frightful noses should be brought before him. Finding, when they were mustered together, that there was not over one company, he caused a general average of the noses to be taken, from which he had a diagram carefully prepared and disseminated throughout the empire, calling upon the military commanders of the provinces to send him recruits corresponding with the prescribed formula.

In due time he was enabled to muster a thousand of these ferocious barbarians, whom he caused to be carefully drilled and disciplined. He kept them in St. Petersburg under his own immediate supervision till some time after the attack upon Sebastopol, when, finding the fortunes of war likely to go against him, he sent them down to the Crimea, with special instructions to the commander-in-chief to rely upon them in any emergency. In compliance with the Imperial order, they were at once placed in the front ranks, and in a very few days had occasion to display their fighting qualities. At the very first onslaught of the enemy they stood their ground manfully till the French troops had approached within ten feet, when, with one accord, they took to their heels, and never stopped running till they were entirely out of sight. It was a disastrous day for the Russians. The commander-in-chief was overwhelmed with shame and mortification. A detachment of cavalry was dispatched in pursuit of the fugitives, who were finally arrested in their flight and brought back. "Cowards!" thundered the

enraged commander, as they stood drawn up before him, "miserable poltroons! dastards! Is this the way you do honor to your Imperial master? Am I to report to his most potent Majesty that, without striking one blow in his defense, you ran like sheep? Wretches, what have you to say for yourselves?"

"May it please your Excellency," responded the men, firmly and with unblenched faces, "we ran away, it is true; but we are not cowards. On the contrary, Sire, we are brave men, and fear neither man nor beast. But your Excellency is aware that nature has gifted us with noses peculiarly open to unusual impressions. We have smelled all the smells known from the far North to the far South, from the stewed rats of Moscow to the carrion that lies mouldering upon the plains of the Crimea; but, if it please your Highness, we never smelled

Frenchmen before. There was an unearthly odor about them that filled our nostrils, and struck a mysterious terror into our souls."

"Fools," roared the commander-in-chief, bursting with rage, "what you smelled was nothing more than garlic, to which these Frenchmen are addicted."

"Call it as you will," firmly responded the men with the noses, "it was too horrible to be endured. We are willing to die by the natural casualties of war, but not by unseen blasts of garlic, against which no human power can contend."

"Then," cried the commander, in tones of thunder, "I'll see that you die to-morrow by the natural casualties of war. You shall be put in the very front rank, and care shall be taken to have every man of you shot down the moment you undertake to run."

On the following day this rigorous order was carried into effect. The nose regiment was placed in front, and the battle opened with great spirit. The French troops swept down upon them like an avalanche. For an instant they looked behind, but, finding no hope of escape in



IMPERIAL NOSEGAY.

that direction, each man of them suddenly grasped up a handful of mud, and, dashing it over his nostrils, shouted "Death to the garlic-eaters!" and rushed against the enemy with indescribable ferocity. Never before were such prodigies of valor performed on the field of battle. The French went down like stricken reeds before the ferocious onslaught of the Imperial Guard. Their dead bodies lay piled in heaps on the bloody field. The fortunes of the day were saved, and, panting and bleeding, the men of Noses stood triumphantly in the presence of their chief. In an ecstasy of pride and delight he complimented them upon their valor, and pronounced them the brightest nosegay in his Imperial Majesty's service, which name they have borne ever since.

The present Emperor, Alexander II., is more distinguished for his liberal views respecting the rights of his subjects than for his military proclivities. In private life he is much beloved, and is said to be a man of very genial social qualities. His predominating passion in this relation is a love of hunting. I have been told that he is especially great on bears. With all your experience of this manly pastime in Amer-

ica, I doubt if you can form any conception of the bear-hunts in which the Autocrat of all the Russias has distinguished himself. Any body with nerve enough can kill a grizzly, but it requires both nerve and money to kill bears of any kind in the genuine autocratic style. By an imperial ukase it has been ordered that when any of the peasants or serfs discover a bear, within twenty versts of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, they must make known the fact to the proprietor of the estate, whose duty it is to communicate official information of the discovery to the Corresponding Secretary of the Czar. With becoming humility the Secretary announces the tidings to his royal master, who directs him to advise the distant party that his Majesty is much pleased, and will avail himself of his earliest leisure to proceed to the scene of action. In the mean time the entire available force of the estate is set to work to watch the bear, and from three to five hundred men armed with cudgels, tin pans, old kettles, drums, etc., are stationed in a circle around him. Dogs also are employed upon this important service. The advance trains, under the direction of the Master Hunter, having deposited their stores of wines, cordials, and provisions, and telegraphic communications being transmitted to head-quarters from time to time, it is at length privately announced that his Imperial Majesty has condescended to honor the place with his presence, and should the saints not prove averse, will be there with his royal party at the hour and on the day specified in the Imperial dispatch. The grand convoy is then put upon the track; dispatches are transmitted to all the stations; officers, soldiers, and guards are required to be in attendance to do honor to their sovereign master—privately, of course, as this is simply an unofficial affair which nobody is supposed to know any thing about. The Emperor having selected his chosen few; that is to say, half a dozen princes, a dozen dukes, a score or two of counts and barons—all fine fellows and genuine bloods—proceeds unostentatiously to the dépôt, in his hunting carriage (a simple little affair, manufactured at a cost of only forty thousand rubles or so), where he is astonished to see a large concourse of his admiring subjects, gayly interspersed with soldiers, all accidentally gathered there to see him off. Now hats are removed, bows are made, suppressed murmurs of delight run through the crowd; the locomotive whizzes and fizzes with impatience; bells are rung; arms are grounded; the princes, dukes, and barons—jolly fellows as they are—laugh and joke just like common people; bells ring again and whistles blow; a signal is made, and the Autocrat of all the Russias is off on his bear-hunt!

In an hour, or two or three hours, as the case may be, the royal hunters arrive at the destined station. Should the public business be pressing it is not improbable the Emperor, availing himself of the conveniences provided for him by Winans and Co., in whose magnificent present of a railway carriage he travels, has in the mean

time dispatched a fleet of vessels to Finland, ten or a dozen extra regiments of Cossacks to Warsaw, closed upon terms for a loan of fifty millions, banished various objectionable parties to the deserts of Siberia, and partaken of a game or two of whist with his Camerilla.

But now the important affair of the day is at hand—the bear—the terrible black bear, which every body is fully armed and equipped to kill, but which every body knows by instinct is going to be killed by the Emperor, because of his Majesty's superior skill and courage on trying occasions of this sort. What a blessing it is to possess such steadiness of nerve! I would not hesitate one moment to attack the most ferocious grizzly in existence, if I felt half as much confidence in my ability to kill it. But the carriages are waiting; the horses are prancing; the hunters are blowing their bugles; the royal party are mounting on horseback or in their carriages, as best may suit their taste, and the signal is given! A salute is fired by the Guard; huzzas ring through the air; and the Czar of all the Russias is fairly off on his hunt. Trees fly by; desert patches of ground whirl from under; versts are as nothing to these spirited steeds and their spirited masters, and in an hour or so the grand scene of action is reached. Here couriers stand ready to conduct the imperial hunters into the very jaws of death. The noble proprietor himself, bare-headed, greets the royal pageant; the serfs bow down in Oriental fashion; the dashing young Czar touches his hunting-cap in military style and waves his hand gallantly to the ladies of the household, who are peeping at him from their carriages in the distance. Once more the bugle is sounded, and away they dash—knights, nobles, and all—the handsome and gallant Czar leading the way by several lengths. Soon the terrific cry is heard—"Halt! the bear! the bear! Halt!" Shut your eyes, reader, for you never can stand such a sight as that—a full-grown black bear, not two hundred yards off, in the middle of an open space, surrounded by five hundred men hidden behind trees and driving him back from every point where he attempts to escape. You don't see the men, but you hear them shouting and banging upon their pots, pans, and kettles. Now just open one eye and see the Emperor dismount from his famous charger, and deliver the rein to a dozen domestics, deliberately cock his rifle, and fearlessly get behind the nearest tree within the range of the bear. By this time you perceive that Bruin is dancing a *pas seul* on his hind legs, utterly confounded with the noises around him. Shut your eyes again, for the Emperor is taking his royal aim, and will presently crack away with his royal rifle. Hist! triggers are clicking around you in every direction, but you needn't be the least afraid, for although the bear is covered by a reserve of forty rifles, not one of the hunters has nerve enough to shoot unless officially authorized or personally desirous of visiting the silver-mines of Siberia. Crack! thug! The smoke clears away. By Jove! his Imperial Majesty has done it cleverly;

hit the brute plumb on the os frontis, or through the heart, it makes no difference which. Down drops Bruin, kicking and tearing up the earth at a dreadful rate; cheers rend the welkin; pots, pans, and kettles are banged. High above all rises the stern voice of the Autocrat, calling for another rifle, which is immediately handed to him. Humanity requires that he should at once put an end to the poor animal's sufferings, and he does it with his accustomed skill.

Now the bear having kicked his last, an intrepid hunter charges up to the spot on horseback, whirls around it two or three times, carefully examines the body with an opera-glass, returns, and approaching the royal presence with uncovered head, delivers himself according to this formula: "May it please your most gallant and Imperial Majesty, **THE BEAR IS DEAD!**" The Emperor sometimes responds, "Is he?" but usually contents himself by waving his hand in an indifferent manner, puffing his cigar, and calling for his horse. Sixteen grooms immediately rush forward with his Majesty's horse; and being still young and vigorous he mounts without difficulty, unaided except by Master of Stirrups. Next he draws an ivory-handled revolver—a present from Colt of New York—and dashing fearlessly upon the bear, fires six shots into the dead body; upon which he coolly dismounts, and pulling forth from the breast of his hunting-coat an Arkansas bowie-knife—a present from the poet Albert Pike, of Little Rock—plunges that dangerous weapon into the bowels of the dead bear; then rising to his full height, with a dark and stern countenance, he holds the blood-dripping blade high in the air, so that all may see it, and utters one wild stentorian and terrific shout—"Harasho, harasho!" signifying in English—"Good: very well!" The cry is caught up by the princes and nobles, who with uncovered heads now crowd around their gallant Emperor, and waving their hats, likewise shout "Harasho, harasho!"—"Good: very well!" Then the five hundred peasants rush in with their tin pans, kettles, and drums, and amidst the most amazing din catch up the inspiring strain, and deafen every ear with their wild shouts of "Harasho, harasho!"—"Good: very well!" Upon which the Emperor, rapidly mounting, places a finger in each ear, and still puffing his cigar, rides triumphantly away.

The bear is hastily gutted and dressed with flowers. When all is ready the royal party return to the railroad dépôt, in a long procession headed by his Majesty, and brought up in the rear by the dead body of Bruin borne on poles by six-and-twenty powerful serfs. Refreshments in the mean time have been administered to every body of high and low degree; and by the time they reach the dépôt there are but two sober individuals in the entire procession—his royal Majesty and the bear. Further refreshments are administered all round, during the journey back to St. Petersburg; and notwithstanding he is rigidly prohibited by his physician from the use of stimulating beverages, it is supposed that a reaction

has now taken place, which renders necessary a modification of the medical ukase. At all events, I am told the bear is sometimes the only really steady member of the party by the time the Imperial pageant reaches the Palace. When the usual ceremonies of congratulation are over, a merry dance winds up the evening. After this the company disperses to prayer and slumber; and thus ends the great bear-hunt of his Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias.

The Russians have little or no humor, though they are not deficient in a certain grotesque savagery bordering on the humorous. There is something fearfully vicious in the royal freaks of fancy of which Russian history furnishes us so many examples. We read with a shudder of the facetious compliment paid to the Italian architect by Ivan the Terrible, who caused the poor man's eyes to be put out that he might never see to build another church so beautiful as that of St. Basil. We can not but smile at the grim humor of Peter the Great, who, upon seeing a crowd of men with wigs and gowns at Westminster Hall, and being informed that they were lawyers, observed that he had but two in his whole empire, and he believed he would hang one of them as soon as he got home. A still more striking though less ghastly freak of fancy was that perpetrated by the Empress Anne of Courland, who, on the occasion of the marriage of her favorite buffoon, Galitzin, caused a palace of ice to be built, with a bed of the same material, in which she compelled the happy pair to pass their wedding night. The Empress Catherine II., a Pomeranian by birth, but thoroughly Russian in her morals, possessed a more ardent temperament. What time she did not spend in gratifying her ambition by slaughtering men, she spent in loving them:

"—for though she would widow all Nations, she liked man as an individual."

She never dismissed an old admirer until she had secured several new ones, and generally consoled those who had served her by a present of twenty or thirty thousand serfs. On the death of Lanskoi, it is recorded of her, that "she gave herself up to the most poignant grief, and remained three months without going out of her palace of Czarsko Selo," thus perpetrating a very curious practical satire upon the holiest of human affections. Her grenadier lover, Potemkin, according to the character given of him by the Count Segur, was little better than a gigantic and savage buffoon—licentious and superstitious, bold and timid by turns—sometimes desiring to be King of Poland, at others a bishop or a monk. Of him we read that "he put out an eye to free it from a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory." Another pleasant little jest was that perpetrated by Suwarow, who, after the bloody battle of Tourtourskaya, announced the result to his mistress in an epigram of two doggerel lines. This was the terrible warrior who used to sleep almost naked in a room of suffocating heat, and rush out to re-

view his troops in a linen jacket, with the thermometer of Reaumur ten degrees below freezing point. Of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine, we read that he issued an ukase against the use of shoe-strings and round hats; caused all the watch-boxes, gates, and bridges throughout the empire to be painted in the most glaring and fantastic colors, and passed a considerable portion of his time riding on a wooden rocking-horse—a degenerate practice for a scion of the bold Catherine, who used to dress herself in men's clothes and ride a-straddle on the back of a live horse to review her troops. Alexander I., in his ukase of September, 1827, perpetrated a very fine piece of Russian humor. The period of military service for serfs is fixed at twenty years in the Imperial Guard, and twenty-two in other branches of the service. It is stated in express terms that the moment a serf becomes enrolled in the ranks of the army he is free! But he must not desert, for if he does he becomes a slave again. This idea of freedom is really refreshing. Only twenty or twenty-two years of the gentle restraints of Russian military discipline to be enjoyed after becoming a free agent! Then he may go off (at the age of fifty or sixty, say), unless disease or gunpowder has carried him off long before, to enjoy the sweets of hard labor in some agreeable desert, or the position of a watchman on the frontiers of Siberia, where the climate is probably considered salubrious.

These may be considered royal or princely vagaries, in which great people are privileged to indulge; but I think it will be found that the same capricious savagery of humor—if I may so call it—prevails to some extent among all classes of Russians. In some instances it can scarcely be associated with any idea of mirthfulness; yet in the love of strange, startling, and incongruous ideas there is something bordering on the humorous. On Recollection Monday, for example, the mass of the people go out into the grave-yards, and spreading tablecloths on the mounds that cover the dead bodies of their relatives, drink quass and vodka to the health of the deceased, saying, "Since the dead are unable to drink, the living must drink for them!" Rather a grave excuse one must think for intoxication.

In the museum of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg stands the stuffed skin of his favorite servant—a gigantic Holsteiner—one of the most ghastly of all the grotesque and ghastly relics in that remarkable institution. It is not a very agreeable subject for the pencil of an artist, yet there is something so original in the idea of stuffing a human being and putting him up for exhibition before the public that I am constrained to introduce the following sketch of this strange spectacle.

In one of the arsenals is an eagle made of gun-flints, with swords for wings, daggers for feathers, and the mouths of cannons for

eyes. A painting of the Strelitzes, in another, represents heaven as containing the Russian priests and all the faithful; while the other place—a region of fire and brimstone—contains Jews, Tartars, Germans, and negroes!

The winter markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg present some of the most cadaverous specimens of the startling humor in which the Russians delight. Here you find frozen oxen, calves, sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, and all manner of animals and birds, once animate with life, now stiff and stark in death. The oxen stand staring at you with their fixed eyes and gory carcasses; the calves are jumping or frisking in skinless innocence; the sheep ba-a at you with open mouths, or cast sheep's-eyes at the by-passers; the rabbits, having traveled hundreds of miles, are jumping, or running, or turning somersaults in frozen tableaux to keep themselves warm, and so on with every variety of flesh, fowl, and even fish. The butchers cut short these expressive practical witticisms by means of saws, as one might saw a block of wood; and the saw-dust, which is really frozen flesh and blood in a powdered state, is gathered up in buckets and carried away by the children and ragamuffins to be made into soup.

I can conceive of nothing humorous in these



SKINNED AND STUFFED MAN.

people which is not associated in some way with the cruel and the grotesque. They have many noble and generous traits, but lack delicacy of feeling. Where the range of the thermometer is from a hundred to a hundred and fifty degrees of Fahrenheit their character must partake in some sort of the qualities of the climate—fierce, rigorous, and pitiless in its wintry aspect, and without the compensating and genial tenderness of spring; fitful and passionate as the scorching heats of summer, and dark, stormy, and dreary as the desolation of autumn.

I could not but marvel, as I sat in some of the common traktirs, at the extraordinary affection manifested by the Russians for cats. It appeared to me that the proprietors must keep a feline corps expressly for the amusement of their customers. At one of these places I saw at least forty cats, of various breeds, from the confines of Tartary to the city of Paris. They were up on the tables, on the benches, on the floor, under the benches, on the backs of the tea-drinkers, in their laps, in their arms—every where. I strongly suspected that they answered the purpose of waiters, and that the owner relied upon them to keep the plates clean. Possibly,

too, they were made available as musicians. I have a notion the Russians entertain the same superstitious devotion to cats that the Banyans of India do to cows, and the French and Germans to nasty little poodles. To see a great shaggy boor, his face dripping with grease, his eyes swimming in vodka, sit all doubled up, fondling and caressing these feline pets; holding them in his hands; pressing their velvety fur to his eyes, cheeks, even lips; listening with delight to their screams and squalls, is indeed a curious spectacle.

Now I have no unchristian feeling toward any of the brute creation; but I don't affect cats. Nor can I say that I greatly enjoy their music. I heard the very best bands of tom-cats every night during my sojourn in Moscow, and consider them utterly deficient in style and execution. It belongs, I think, to the Music of Futurity, so much discussed by the critics of Europe during the past few years—a peculiar school of anti-melody that requires people yet to be born to appreciate it thoroughly. The discords may be very fine, and the passion very striking and tempestuous, but it is worse than thrown away on an uncultivated ear like mine.



MUJIK AND CATS.

THE WIDOW THORN'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

“WELL, I don't mind tellin' you, seein' you've been so long with us; maybe you'd like to hear it. It's an age a'most since I spoke about the past to any except my own kith and kin; but, somehow, you seem like one of the family.”

With these preliminary observations the unfinished stocking was laid aside; the knitting-needles placed crosswise upon it, with the ball of blue yarn between; a tortoise-shell box drawn from the depths of a capacious apron-pocket, and a pinch of snuff extracted therefrom, which being duly administered, the narrative was begun:

“My sister Letty and I were all the children mother had. Letty was the older by two years; and a better girl than she never walked the earth, although I say it who, perhaps, oughtn't to. She wasn't pretty, to be sure; but a neater body no one need want to see—and when she was dressed she looked jest nice enough to be the wife of the best man in the land. However, Letty never seemed to think much about herself one way or t'other, but was forever a-fixin' of me when we went any wheres, and allers a-praisin' of my good looks. Whether I was handsome or not a'n't for me to say. At any rate, I had a good many beaus; all the young farmers for miles round, who'd 'a had me believe there was none like me whether I wanted to or no. The truth is, I was vain enough without bein' any more so, and by the time I was seventeen I thought I might marry a prince if I could only 'a sot eyes on one. There was Seth Potter, a tall, raw-boned fellow—they called him Long Potter—who come away over from Sal'sbury, on t'other side of the mountain. He married Sally Lewis. And then there was Ralph Higgins and Elam Jackson, and a whole string of others as long as my arm—all of 'em dead now and under the sod but Ralph, and he's nigh ten year older'n me. They say his mem'ry's pretty fur gone. My old man was the last to die. I suppose it'll be my turn next. But bless you! I feel as young as ever I did; only now and then my eyes get kind o' dim, and here and there 's a year or two seems left out, much as if I'd been to sleep durin' that time. But this a'n't what I was agoin' to tell you. Be it?”

“I didn't feel any the worse of the beaus who run after me, except perhaps the gran'father of our gal; but I was young then, and thought of nothin' else but dress, and kitin' round to this and that frolic, and havin' all the fun there was to be got. But as I was sayin', there was one whom I did care a little concernin', and that was Luke Thorn. I hadn't thought much about marryin' of him one way or t'other. He was different from most of the young men, and I couldn't help preferrin' keepin' company with him. I wish I'd liked him then as well as I did afterward, and thought more of the Bible and what the minister said, and been in all like sister Letty—in such case I shouldn't have this to

tell you, but something pleasanter maybe. The Lord does every thing for good, though; so we're told.

“In the big house that stands on the hill, to the right, jest before you come to town, lived Squire Bonsall. He wasn't Squire no more'n you are at this minute, but we called him Squire—that is, the folks did all round these parts—and all because his father before him had been Squire. Hugh Bonsall was said to be the richest man in the county. He was about five-and-twenty years of age, and had the name of bein' the hardest drinker any wheres to be found. His father died jest after he come of age, and left him all his property, for the mother'd been dead long back. Old Squire Bonsall was a glum sort of man, who had allers held his head pretty high, in spite of what people said of him—for he wa'n't any better'n his neighbors for all he was so rich—and there was some talk of his havin' come to own what he did not by honest means quite. Be that as it may, he wasn't liked much, and there was no one to grieve for him but his own flesh and blood. The young Squire was rather handsome; at least all the women folks thought so, and I along with the rest. He was jest as different from Luke Thorn as could be, although, as I have said, the Squire was good-lookin'; and so was Luke. But their ways wa'n't alike, and there was little in common between 'em. Luke had blue eyes, and the Squire's were black. The Squire's hair was straight, and Luke's curly. They were both good-sized men, which was all the resemblance there was; and that a'n't much, as I take it.

“Luke, he lived on the next farm to this; it was his father's place. The old man Thorn was pretty well to do—and so was my father; but there were five others besides Luke, and only two of us. Bein' such near neighbors, of course there was a good deal of goin' back'ards and for'ards 'twixt the two houses. The Thorn gals, they used to come through our garden to the right of us here; and we'd run in to them pretty often. They had the palin's took off their fence; for it was a short cut, you see, and saved us the trouble of goin' out into the road. In this way Luke and me saw considerable of each other. Sometimes at night they'd all come in of a bunch, and such times as we'd have—well, I never! This here house would pretty nigh shake with the noise we'd make. Them Thorn gals was lively ones. Lucy, Ann, and Margaret. I allers liked Lucy the best of 'em; but sister Letty and Ann were closer'n two peas in a pod.

“Now Luke had been keepin' company with me for five or six months, I reckon. I mean he'd been more'n usually clever to me about that time—we were allers together considerable—when one day as I was goin' down our lane here, that runs 'cross lots to town, who should I meet, face to face, but young Squire Bonsall? I'd never more'n spoken to him before; and what's he do when he see me a-comin' but get down from his horse and wait by the big tree till I come up.

"'Good-mornin', Miss Grace,' says he. I was proud of my name, and liked to hear myself called 'Miss' in them days. But I kept straight on, only sayin' 'Good-day' back to him; for the folks round didn't think it quite right for a young woman to be seen talkin' with him. But I hadn't walked fur when I heerd him close behind me, and pretty soon he spoke to me agin:

"'What's your hurry, Miss Grace?'

"'I a'n't in any great hurry, Mr. Bonsall,' says I. 'I was jest a-goin' to the village to get somethin' for mother, that's all.'

"'I'm goin' that way,' says he, 'so we'll walk together.'

"'You was goin' t'other way when I met you.' I said this kind o' sharp, for I wasn't much pleased with his company.

"'So I was,' he answers; 'but I didn't expect to meet any thing so pretty as you, Miss Grace. You wouldn't have me keep on when I can do so much better, would you?'

"'I'd have you go any way you please. It don't make no difference to me which way your road turns.' I was half angered when I spoke. I didn't exactly like what he'd said, comin' from him. If any one else had said it, I don't know as I'd 'a minded it, for I was a vain chit, and liked flatt'ry.

"'If I thought you meant that, Miss Grace,' says he, 'I'd go and drown myself.'

"'What in?' I says, lookin' him right in the eyes.

"'He flushed up some, for he knew what I meant well enough, and for a long time he kept rather quiet. We walked on till we come to the turnpike. There I meant to tell him he mustn't go any further, though, to speak the truth, I felt quite proud because he'd taken notice of me, but I was ashamed to be seen walkin' with him. He mounted his horse—he'd been leadin' it all this time—without my sayin' any thing, and when he was ready to start he bid me good-by, and told me not to lose my heart to any one I met, for if I did he'd certainly do what he said. I suppose he meant drown himself.

"'I nodded to him, and said I wasn't quite so soft as he took me for. He laughed, and rode away.

"'I got what mother wanted, and reached home in about an hour's time, little dreamin' I should ever be troubled much with Hugh Bonsall's company. But sure enough that very evenin', as I stood talkin' with Luce Thorn at our gate, who should come along but him. I kind o' started, for I didn't see him till he got close to us. Luce she nudged me when she saw he was goin' to stop, and for a few minutes I didn't know what to do or say.

"'So you got back safe, Miss Grace?' says the Squire.

"'Luce snickered some, as gals will, but he didn't seem to notice it; and I answers,

"'Yes, Sir.' That was about all I could say, and stood clinkin' the latch of the gate.

"'I didn't expect to get lost,' I says, after a

while, for I thought I must say somethin', and I saw Luce wasn't goin' to speak.

"'No?' says he, as if he thought there had been a chance of it, and then we were all still agin.

"'Presently he asked if father was in, and I told him he was. I opened the gate; Luce made some excuse to get away, and the Squire and I went in together.

"'It happened that father had gone to the barn, and mother was in at Miss Thorn's, so I asked him to sit down and wait. He said he would, if I'd keep him company till father come.

"'But sha'n't I tell him you want him?' says I.

"'I'm in no hurry,' he says; so we sot down. Pretty soon I heard Letty movin' about in our room overhead, and after a while down she come. It was jest what I expected. I had half a mind to make some excuse, and go after father, but I hadn't time to get away. She was real beat when she saw who was with me. The Squire had often been to the farm to see father, but it was generally in the daytime, and he seldom came into the house—only once before that I remember.

"'When Letty saw 'twas Hugh Bonsall—there was no light lit, and the room was kind o' dark, so at first she thought it was Luke—she goes and sits away off at the window. Letty al-lers had a way of showin' her likes and dislikes, for all she was so good and gentle. I saw she didn't relish his bein' there, and it made me feel rather uncomfortable. I couldn't say much.

"'He staid a while longer, and I wished he'd go; for it did seem real forlorn to have him sittin' there, and Letty never sayin' a word, and I only 'yes' and 'no' to his questions. It might be accordin' to Scriptur', which says you mustn't say only 'yea' and 'nay' for fear of somethin' worse. But that a'n't the way I take it.

"'After a while he riz to go, and I never felt so relieved in all my life.

"'Good-night,' he says to Letty, and he put out his hand to me, and drew me along with him gently. I was glad Letty didn't see this; but I feared she'd think queer of my goin' with him. I reckon I wouldn't have gone if I'd thought a bit; but I did before I knew quite what I was doin'.

"'Grace,' he says, 'droppin' the Miss—I thought he was rather anxious to get rid of it—'I don't want your father to-night. I come here to see you.'

"'He said it, as he might 'a said any thing else, quiet enough; but he was never without liquor in him, and I didn't know how much it had to do with this.

"'What did you want of me, Mr. Bonsall?'

"'He looked at me a while without answerin', and tried to take my hand. I drew it from him, and then I heerd Luke comin' out of their gate.

"'Some other time,' says Hugh, 'I'll tell you;' and as Luke come one way, the Squire went the other.

“‘Who’s that?’ says Luke, loud enough for him to hear. Maybe he meant he should. I don’t know.

“‘It was Squire Bonsall,’ I says, ‘to see father.’ I didn’t dare tell an out-and-out lie. ‘Father’s away to the barn; so he wouldn’t go to him.’ I ought to ‘a told Luke more, but I didn’t think he’d a right to expect it.

“‘We found Letty where I left her, and soon mother j’ined us, with Miss Thorn and Ann, and father come in from the barn; but I didn’t speak a word then of the Squire havin’ been there for him. Luke was more’n usually quiet. I rather guessed he was uneasy about that. It was nateral enough if he was, for a more jealous cretur I never knew than Luke of me along about then. That night, when Letty and I were alone up stairs, she turns to me and says,

“‘What did Hugh Bonsall want, Grace?’

“‘He come to see father, Letty,’ says I, almost chokin’ with the lie I told. ‘That’s what he said,’ I added, for my conscience gave me a twinge.

“‘He came to see you,’ says Letty, lookin’ right at me. ‘Didn’t he tell you so out by the gate?’

“‘Well, if I’d been struck by lightnin’, I couldn’t been more astonished than I was. I hadn’t any idee that Let was so cute. It did stagger me some; so I up and told her all about it as fur as I knew.

“‘Oh, sister!’ says Letty, with her good, kind voice, puttin’ her two arms round my neck, ‘I hope you won’t have any thing to do with him; you’ll be miserable all your life if you do. There’s poor Luke’—Luke was allers a favorite of hern; not that she loved him, only as a sister may—‘who likes you better’n any one in the world. What’ll he do if you should lose your heart to this man?’

“‘I drew myself away from her somewhat impatient, and says I,

“‘Who said any thing about fallin’ in love and marryin’? I didn’t. Neither did Hugh Bonsall as I knows on. What’s it to do with Luke?’

“‘She wa’n’t a bit angry with me, but only shook her head, and looked kind o’ sorrowful as she undressed herself for bed. I thought she prayed a little longer than was common with her that night. Perhaps she prayed for me—the Lord knows!

“‘Next mornin’ she seemed to have forgotten all about it, and was as cheery as a lark. Letty allers had a good share of sperrits. She wasn’t noisy, like some folks, but never downcast. It was her religion kept her up, I guess.

“‘After that I begun to think considerable about Hugh Bonsall, and if he really was in ‘arnest and wanted me to marry him. It was jest like me; for ef’t had been any body else I wouldn’t ‘a minded about him no more’n I did of the rest of ‘em. But as it was, I pestered my life and soul out of me a’most thinkin’. The more I thought the more dissatisfied I was with myself, and for no reason as I could make out.

But there were reasons, for all I couldn’t get at ‘em. Maybe I didn’t care to. They say there’s none so blind as them who won’t see. Any how, ‘twas all a jumble in my mind. If the Squire would only leave off drinkin’ and gamblin’, I thought—for they said he did both—I didn’t know but what I might come to like him. To be sure I had a kind of hankerin’ after Luke all this time; but him and me ‘d had a quarrel because of the Squire’s comin’ so much to our house, and so he kept away pretty much himself. Then, as I’ve said before, I wasn’t so much in love with him but I could live without him; and young gals are more or less uppish in their notions of marryin’, and I wasn’t behind any of ‘em. I was flattered by the Squire’s notice of me; and a wonder it is I wasn’t over head and ears in love with him right off. Ef’t hadn’t been for Luke I don’t know but I might. The fact is, gals of my age then a’n’t acquainted with their own selves, and when they have two or three beaus it’s hard for ‘em to tell which they do like the most unless one of ‘em’s a long ways better’n the others. Nance Doolittle, she was a cousin of ourn—they lived in the village there where Jacob Doolittle lives; he’s her nephew—she was a-goin’ to marry such a fine young man who was in the tailorin’ trade over to Cornwall. He’d taken a great shine to her when she was there, so folks said; and I thought why shouldn’t I do as well as she, if not better? This pestered me considerable thinkin’ on’t. It’s allers the way. If one marries a duke, another must marry his older brother. Nancy was good-lookin’ enough, and one or two of the young men that come to see me kept company with her, and pretended to think amazin’ much of her, too; but for my part I never could see where the attractions was. I allers remembered what mother said to old Miss Clickett when she first heard of Nance’s marryin’; but it didn’t make no difference to me. Says mother, ‘Fine feathers don’t make fine birds.’ Them’s the words she spoke. I allers thought of it; but laws! I was too young and giddy then to see the sense in it.

“‘Well, it was along in August when one day Hugh come into the garden where I was, and before I knew of his bein’ there he stood right aside of me. He asked me to go to a picnic with him next day down toward Torrington. Now I should like to have gone first-rate—nothin’ would ‘a pleased me better, but I didn’t see fit to tell him so, because ‘twas out of the question my goin’ with him. I knew there wasn’t a girl who thought any thing of herself round about for miles that would go any wheres with Hugh Bonsall, except, maybe, to prayer-meetin’, and that wasn’t a likely place for him.

“‘‘You know very well I won’t go with you,’ I says; ‘and if I would father nor mother wouldn’t hear to it.’

“‘He didn’t seem to mind what I said much. I thought he’d be angry at first. Then he told me how he’d left off all his bad habits, and was never goin’ to drink another drop or throw another die as long as he lived.

"'I owe it to you, Grace,' he says; 'for ever since the day I met you in the lane down yonder I made up my mind to give up all my bad ways and try to be worthy the girl I love.'

"'I looked up at him when he said this, for I didn't exactly ketch his meanin', and all to once, before I'd thought what I was goin' to say, I asks him,

"'Who do you love?'

"'You, Grace. Who should it be but you?' Jest then I thought I heerd mother callin'.

"'Haven't you got any thing to say to me, Grace?' he says.

"'I grew all over red, up even to the roots of my hair.

"'If you really mean what you say,' I says, 'you may ask father.' I did hear mother callin' then certain, so I ran in.

"'I felt nervous and fidgety all that day. Toward sun-down Luke come into the yard where I was milkin'. We hadn't spoken much together for quite a spell. He stood close to me while I milked old brindle. I remember it jest as if it was to-day. When I got done he acted like as if he didn't want me to go in, but kept talkin' to me as though he had somethin' to say behind it all that wouldn't come quite so easy. Bym-by he begun to talk a little sweet.

"'Luke Thorn,' says I, 'you mustn't say these things to me.'

"'Why not?' he asks, with a smile; for he thought it was only my pettish ways, and he was used to them.

"'Because you mustn't,' I says. 'It's not proper.' He laughed outright this time.

"'Why isn't it proper then?' he says. 'It's nothin' more'n I've been accustomed to.'

"'Because I'm to be the wife of some one else—that's why, Mr. Thorn.'

"'I was sorry after I said it, but I couldn't take it back. I shall never forget how he looked. He was dreadfully cut up. Pretty soon he walked straight off, and left me standin' where I was.

"'That night I felt as if I ought to tell Letty what Hugh had said to me in the garden. I couldn't, though, for the life of me. But it wasn't long a secret. Two days after father come in from the barn, and I knew by his looks that Hugh 'd been speakin' to him. Him and mother talked it over by themselves before they said anything to me. When they did Letty was by. Letty didn't take to it kindly. I didn't expect she would. Father and mother both thought it a good match, providin' he'd reformed, and wouldn't backslide none. At any rate, it was agreed, if I liked him, he should have a fair trial. Father would rather it had been some other; and I could see mother didn't know what to think concernin' Luke. She didn't say any thing of him to me: I reckon she and Miss Thorn talked about us.

"'As for myself, I tried not to think of him at all, and it wasn't so hard; for I'd begun to consider myself most as good as married to Hugh. I did wish Luke and I'd parted friends; but then

he'd gone off in a huff, and it wasn't for me to make advances. Luce, she wa'n't so friendly neither. I suppose she thought I hadn't treated Luke quite right. I was sorry she was offended, but I calc'lated she'd get over it. Otherwise I was rather sot up about marryin' the Squire.

"'Hugh kept remarkable steady—more so'n I expected he would. I don't know as he drank any all that time. He seemed very fond of me too; and I got to likin' him quite well enough to marry him, I thought. There was hardly a night he wa'n't to our house, and sometimes durin' the day. We were married along in the winter, in December—jest after I'd turned eighteen. I might 'a waited till spring, but Hugh was so anxious, and begged so hard, father thought it wasn't quite fair to put him off, inasmuch as he'd done what was required of him; so I give in, and let him have his own way about it. I missed mother and Letty at first, but they come to see me as often as they could. Hugh was mostly to home, so I didn't get lonesome, and after I got settled I found enough to keep me busy the whole day long. Time passed glib enough, and I'd begun to think I hadn't made a mistake in marryin' the Squire, for every thing was pleasant, and he as fond of me as the first hour we were married. But this didn't last long. Toward spring I saw there was a cloud gatherin', and I knew before a great while it would break right over me; and sure enough it did. Hugh kind o' wearied of me, wearied of the house, and every thing. He would be gone whole days at a time often. I didn't know where exactly; but I suspected it must be to the tavern, for he come home allers the worse for liquor, and all-fired cross and ugly at times. He'd curse and swear dreadful if any thing went wrong; and once or twice he threatened to strike me if I didn't keep my tongue, for my blood riz right up when he went on so, blamin' me for what couldn't be helped, often. Still I did my best to keep him to home; and now and then I thought to wean him of drink, for he seemed sorrowful-like when he hadn't any liquor in him. I felt a little cheery and hopeful at such times; but mostly I was downhearted, and wished myself back home agin. Now and then my thoughts would run on Luke Thorn; and I thought how much better and happier I'd 'a been if I'd married him. Once I told Hugh so, and it angered him, so I kept quiet afterward. I managed to get on as long as I had mother and Letty to cheer me; but the Squire took a notion he'd rather lowered himself by marryin' me, and swore with a big oath he'd put a stop to this gaddin' back and forth, as he called it. I had to keep pretty close after that. Now and then I managed to slip away; but he kept a pretty sharp look-out, and for some reason he was mostly to home for quite a spell at that time. I reckon he hadn't any money: we were allers pretty scant, and I calc'lated then he'd spent near all he ever had. That summer Letty grew sick. Them days was sadder than any I want to see agin. I al-

lers loved Letty. We were the only two, you see, and it would 'a been somethin' very uncommon if I hadn't. I did so hope and pray she'd get well—prayed in my heart, I mean, for I'd left off kneelin' to God ever since I'd got to be a young woman. That comes of pride and stubbornness, and it was hard to bring myself to it agin. But it wasn't any use to pray, as fur as she was concerned. She died. That was jest before my child was born. Oh how I wished it was me instead! She was too good for this world; so I reckon the Lord thought it best to remove her. It was hard to lose her; and she so young too—jest twenty her last birthday, and that happened in July: it was September then. It seems to me gentle, amiable folks allers are took first. I remember readin' a piece of po'try somewheres, sayin' so. Mother bore up pretty resolute: a dreadful blow it was to her; she seemed to grow old after it fast. I'd seen sister in her coffin, and went home the night before the funeral. Death appeared to give her the only thing she'd ever needed to make her as nigh perfect as could be, and that was beauty. She looked like an angel; and she is one, if God makes angels of them as goes from here. I found Hugh in one of his tantrums. He swore I should stay to home and mind my work—we hadn't any help, he'd sent what we had away—and as for goin' to the funeral, not a step should I take. He stuck to it, and I had to give up. Mother sent for me; but what could I do? Father couldn't think it right to interfere between husband and wife no-how; and so I had to stay where I was. They say a body's heart makes sunshine. Maybe mine made it seem more cloudy 'n it was; but there was no need of it, for a darker, dismaler afternoon I never did see; with the fine rain fallin' the whole time, hardly big enough to see it—which would 'a been somethin' of a relief—and I sittin' at the window, watchin' the funeral as it wound along through the lane; and the bell a-tollin' all the while like a voice callin' to me to come. I could see them in the churchyard too—for it was high ground where we lived—mother and father and the Thorns; I picked 'em out from all the rest. I fancied I could a'most hear the dirt rattlin' on the coffin; and when 'twas all over I sat down on the floor and cried till the tears wouldn't flow any longer, and my head ached as ef 'twould split.

"Then Hugh come into the room, and seein' me sittin' there with my eyes all swelled and red, he orders me to get up and leave off cryin'.

"Oh Hugh!" I says, for my heart was most breakin', and I thought he might soften to me at such a time.

"Get up and do as I bid you!" With that he helps me up by the arm rather rough.

"Oh Hugh!" I says; 'don't treat me so; don't speak to me so unkind.' He'd been drinkin' considerable, I could see. I put my hand on his shoulder, and leaned my head upon it.

"Get away!" he says.

"I didn't move, for I felt so friendless, with

no one to comfort me but him. Seein' I didn't stir, he took me by the wrist, and flung me off; and I fell. I wasn't stunned; but I couldn't move—not enough to get up. He seemed frightened at first, and then he lifted me on to the sofa. I suffered a good deal of pain; and when the doctor come—for Hugh went to fetch him—they undressed me and put me to bed. That same night my baby was born.

"I got well slowly; but I did get well at last, and glad I was to be about agin. My poor child was pretty enough. At any rate I thought so, for I loved it dearly. It was fat and healthy-lookin', and patient as any lamb. Hugh seldom took any notice of it, and when he did 'twas only for a time. He didn't seem to like it. I did hope it would make some difference in him; but if a man's wife can't, his children never will. It was a great comfort to me. There was little enough sunshine for me aside from it. It seemed to have come in place of sister Letty; and when it grew bigger I meant to call it after her, but as it was I got to callin' it Chunk, because it was so fat.

"As near as I remember, it was in January, or, perhaps, the early part of February, I don't exactly know which now, when Hugh come home one night worse'n I'd ever seen him before. The fire was gettin' rather low, for I'd put the last I had on't; but there was a goodly number of live coals in among the ashes yet, enough to keep baby and me tolerably warm where we was sittin', close to't, so's to get as much heat as we could. I thought Hugh looked unusual wild about the eyes; and he seemed cold, too, for he was all of a shiver. It had been snowin' like seven furies outside all day, and he was covered with it. I spoke to him, but he didn't make me no answer, only stalked right up in front of the fire, and gave it a kick with his foot.

"Why don't you put more wood on?" he says.

"I ain't got none, Hugh," I answered.

"What's that?" he asks, pointin' to the child.

"That's Chunk," I says, thinkin' to quiet him. 'Don't you know Chunk?'

"He looked at her for a minute with his wild eyes seemin' more wild in the light of the fire, which had brightened up some when he stirred it.

"Chunk or a back-log," says he, 'on the fire it must go!'

"The child screamed when he caught her in his arms; and I held fast to her till he wrenched her from me. The next minute she was strugglin' among the hot ashes. Her cries went through me like so many knives.

"Good Heavens!" I said, 'what have you done?'

"I thought her time had come then. He stood between me and the fire. I tried to get by him, but he kept me off, and looked at me so savagely I should have been frightened if I'd cared about myself at all, but my only thought was how to get at baby. Her clothes had begun

to smoke—great clouds went up the chimney, and I knew then she'd be burnt to a cinder if I didn't save her. Luckily her skirts were wet from havin' been in Hugh's arms. I made one more effort. I knew it was the only chance. This time I got past him, and dragged her off before her clothes ketched fire, but the poor little thing's hands, and arms, and face were burnt to blisters. He seemed to have some sort of idee at that moment what it was he'd thrown on the fire—he looked a little scared. When I'd wrapped baby in her blanket I made a run for the door, and locked it on the outside. I listened a while thinkin' he might try to bu'st it open, but he didn't. I heard him go to the bureau, and open one of the drawers. I slipped down stairs, got my bonnet and shawl from off the peg in the kitchen, and away I started for father's, with baby in my arms. I trembled all the while lest Hugh should follow me. It was pitch dark, and the snow was fallin' like mad; and I had a good two-mile walk before me. The wind blew so it wasn't easy gettin' along ag'in'st it, and the snow had drifted in a good many places so's to be knee-deep or more. When I got to the lane I found it all choked up. I didn't dare turn back, for I knew if Hugh chanced to get out—and I didn't know but he had—he'd track me right off, and then I'd be sure to meet him. The gate stood partly open, and I turned in. The snow was amazin' deep just there, it seemed to drift right in and bank up. I hadn't gone fur when it seemed as if all my strength give way to once, and down I went. I lay there some time, although I tried hard to get up; but it wa'n't no use, for I sunk down jest so often. My limbs seemed stiff, and it appeared to me I was cased in ice. The wind was blowin' straight at me, and howlin' like a demon. When it was still, sometimes I could hear baby cry, and every now and then feel her move in my arms; but when she was quiet I got dreadful anxious and nervous. At last I got up. I didn't know but I'd been to sleep. I felt so queer. I couldn't tell where I was till I spied the big tree ahead of me. Then thought I to myself 'I'll get there ef 't kills me. I knew I'd die where I was if I staid. After a while I reached it—I felt relieved some by the effort—and sot down on the sheltered side, where the trunk had kept the ground pretty clear of snow. But it didn't keep me from thinkin' of mother's warm fire. I was thankful I'd got there, however. I drew baby's blanket tight around her, and pressed her close to me. And there I sot. I couldn't go no further, so I tried to make the best of it as it was. Bym-by it quit snowin'. Then the wind went down. The next thing I remember was seein' the stars shinin' overhead, and hearin' a great noise somewheres; it seemed to me down in that part of the lane where I'd come from—flounderin' about, and shoutin' and hollerin' as if for dear life. My blood seemed to friz all of a sudden, for I thought Hugh was after me sure. It come nearer and nearer, but the noise had turned round and seemed to be from t'other

direction. I wasn't quite clear in my head, and this puzzled me. I didn't know what to make of it at first. All to once it struck me it might be father breakin' a way through the snow. When it got quite close to me I tried to call out. It took me some time to find my voice, but I did at last.

"'What's that?' I heerd some one say. It sounded like Luke. Then father shouted to the horses to be still, and I called out agin, this time a little louder.

"'Good God, it's Grace!' I heerd Luke say as he come round the tree. Then I saw both their faces lookin' down at me, and I knew 'twas mornin'.

"I suppose they lifted me between 'em and carried me away to the house. I wasn't any the wiser for't; if I was I've forgotten. I think I must 'a been pretty nigh dead when they found me. I lay sick a long time to home; so long they thought I was never goin' to get well. But toward spring I begun to pick up some. Then all the past riz up before me as clear as when you see your face in a lookin'-glass, and I missed baby. I didn't dare ask for her at first for fear of the worst. I couldn't learn any thing from mother's face, she was so glad to see me gettin' better, and so I had to come to it. She was dead, poor child! Dead and buried near two months back. I knew it as soon as I spoke her name.

"I didn't think to ask after Hugh. I supposed he was well; but when I found he didn't come to look after me, and I wasn't goin' back to live with him, I asked father to tell me what he knew, for I begun to suspect somethin' was wrong. He was dead too. I don't know any thing about it more'n he was found so where I left him, after bein' missed for two whole days, and that he'd killed himself. I never asked what with, and no one told me; I can only guess.

"I'd been to home about a year, I reckon, and was beginnin' to be my old self once more, when I noticed Luke Thorn come a little oftener, and acted toward me very much as he had done before I was married to Squire Bonsall. I could see by my lookin'-glass I wasn't the gal I had been out'ardly; but I hope I was some better within. In fact, I know I was. Lucy, she'd got married and lived away off toward Torrington. Ann, she was to be in the spring. One day Luke asked me if I thought I could make two marriages of it; because, as he said, it would come easier to all four. Of course I didn't mince matters any. I loved Luke with all my heart then; so I said 'yes;' and we were married along with Ann. Mother couldn't think of partin' with me, since sister Letty was dead, so we come back here to live, and Luke worked the farm with father. Father died the year after my second child was born, that's fifty-two years this comin' August; mother lived to be well on to seventy. There wasn't enough left out of what Squire Bonsall had to pay his funeral expenses."

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK MARKS BECOME MAGICAL.

THAT journey of Tito's to Rome, which had removed many difficulties from Romola's departure, had been resolved on quite suddenly, at a supper, only the evening before.

Tito had set out toward that supper with agreeable expectations. The meats were likely to be delicate, the wines choice, the company distinguished; for the place of entertainment was the *Selva*, or *Orto de' Rucellai*—or, as we should say, the Rucellai Gardens; and the host, Bernardo Rucellai, was quite a typical Florentine grandee. Even his family name has a significance which is prettily symbolic: properly understood, it may bring before us a little lichen, popularly named *orcella* or *roccella*, which grows on the rocks of Greek isles and in the Canaries; and having drunk a great deal of light into its little stems and button-heads, will, under certain circumstances, give it out again as a reddish purple dye, very grateful to the eyes of men. By bringing the excellent secret of this dye, called *oricello*, from the Levant to Florence, a certain merchant, who lived nearly a hundred years before our Bernardo's time, won for himself and his descendants much wealth, and the pleasantly-suggestive surname of *Oricellari*, or *Roccellari*, which on Tuscan tongues speedily became Rucellai. And our Bernardo, who stands out more prominently than the rest on this purple back-ground, had added all sorts of distinction to the family name: he had married the

sister of Lorenzo de' Medici, and had had the most splendid wedding in the memory of Florentine upholstery; and for these and other virtues he had been sent on embassies to France and Venice, and had been chosen Gonfaloniere; he had not only built himself a fine palace, but had finished putting the black and white marble façade to the church of Santa Maria Novella; he had planted a garden with rare trees, and had made it classic ground by receiving within it the meetings of the Platonic Academy, orphaned by the death of Lorenzo; he had written an excellent, learned book, of a new topographical sort, about ancient Rome; he had collected antiquities; he had a pure Latinity. The simplest account of him one sees reads like a laudatory epitaph, at the end of which the Greek and Ausonian Muses might be confidently requested to tear their hair, and Nature to desist from any second attempt to combine so many virtues with one set of viscera.

His invitation had been conveyed to Tito through Lorenzo Tornabuoni, with an emphasis which would have suggested that the object of the gathering was political, even if the public questions of the time had been less absorbing. As it was, Tito felt sure that some party purposes were to be furthered by the excellent flavors of stewed fish and old Greek wine; for Bernardo Rucellai was not simply an influential personage, he was one of the elect Twenty who for three weeks had held the reins of Florence. This assurance put Tito in the best spirits as he made his way to the *Via della Scala*, where the classic garden was to be found: without it, he might have had some uneasy speculation as to whether the high company he would have the honor of meeting was likely to be dull as well as distinguished; for he had had experience of various dull suppers even in the Rucellai gardens, and especially of the dull philosophic sort, wherein he had not only been called upon to accept an entire scheme of the universe (which would have been easy to him), but to listen to an exposition of the same, from the origin of things to their complete ripeness in the tractate of the philosopher then speaking.

It was a dark evening, and it was only when Tito crossed the occasional light of a lamp suspended before an image of the Virgin that the outline of his figure was discernible enough for recognition. At such moments any one caring to watch his passage from one of these lights to another might have observed that the tall and graceful personage with the mantle folded round him was followed constantly by a very different form, thick-set and elderly, in a serge tunic and felt hat. The conjunction might have been taken for mere chance, since there were many passengers along the streets at this hour. But when Tito stopped at the gate of the Rucellai

gardens the figure behind stopped too. The *sportello*, or smaller door of the gate, was already being held open by the servant, who, in the distraction of attending to some question, had not yet closed it since the last arrival, and Tito turned in rapidly, giving his name to the servant, and passing on between the evergreen bushes that shone like metal in the torch-light. The follower turned in too.

"Your name?" said the servant.

"Baldassarre Calvo," was the immediate answer.

"You are not a guest; the guests have all passed."

"I belong to Tito Melema, who has just gone in. I am to wait in the gardens."

The servant hesitated. "I had orders to admit only guests. Are you a servant of Messer Tito?"

"No, friend, I am not a servant; I am a scholar."

There are men to whom you need only say, "I am a buffalo," in a certain tone of quiet confidence, and they will let you pass. The porter gave way at once, Baldassarre entered, and heard the door closed and chained behind him, as he too disappeared among the shining bushes.

Those ready and firm answers argued a great change in Baldassarre since the last meeting face to face with Tito, when the dagger broke in two. The change had declared itself in a startling way.

At the moment when the shadow of Tito passed in front of the hovel as he departed homeward, Baldassarre was sitting in that state of after-tremor known to every one who is liable to great outbursts of passion—a state in which physical powerlessness is sometimes accompanied by an exceptional lucidity of thought, as if that disengagement of excited passion had carried away a fire-mist and left clearness behind it. He felt unable to rise and walk away just yet; his limbs seemed benumbed; he was cold, and his hand shook. But in that bodily helplessness he sat surrounded, not by the habitual dimness and vanishing shadows, but by the clear images of the past: he was living again in an unbroken course through that life which seemed a long preparation for the taste of bitterness. For some minutes he was too thoroughly absorbed by the images to reflect on the fact that he saw them, and note the fact as a change. But when that sudden clearness had traveled through the distance, and came at last to rest on the scene just gone by, he felt fully where he was: he remembered Monna Lisa and Tessa. Ah! *he* then was the mysterious husband; he who had another wife in the Via de' Bardi. It was time to pick up the broken dagger and go—go and leave no trace of himself; for to hide his feebleness seemed the thing most like power that was left to him. He leaned to take up the fragments of the dagger; then he turned toward the book which lay open at his side. It was a fine large manuscript, an odd

volume of Pausanias. The moonlight was upon it, and he could see the large letters at the head of the page:

ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΚΑ. ΚΒ'.

In old days he had known Pausanias familiarly; yet an hour or two ago he had been looking hopelessly at that page, and it had suggested no more meaning to him than if the letters had been black weather-marks on a wall; but at this moment they were once more the magic signs that conjure up a world. That moonbeam falling on the letters had raised Messenia before him, and its struggle against the Spartan oppression. He snatched up the book, but the light was too pale for him to read further by. No matter; he knew that chapter; he read inwardly. He saw the stoning of the traitor Aristocrates—stoned by a whole people, who cast him out from their borders to lie unburied, and set up a pillar with verses upon it, telling how time had brought home justice to the unjust. The words arose within him, and stirred innumerable vibrations of memory. He forgot that he was old: he could almost have shouted. The light was come again, mother of knowledge and joy! In that exultation his limbs recovered their strength. He started up with his broken dagger and book, and went out under the broad moonlight. It was a nipping frosty air, but Baldassarre could feel no chill—he only felt the glow of conscious power. He walked about and paused on all the open spots of that high ground, and looked down on the domed and towered city, sleeping darkly under its sleeping guardians, the mountains; on the pale gleam of the river; on the valley vanishing toward the peaks of snow; and felt himself master of them all. That sense of mental empire which belongs to us all in moments of exceptional clearness was intensified for him by the long days and nights in which memory had been little more than the consciousness of something gone. That city, which had been a weary labyrinth, was material that he could subdue to his purposes now. His mind glanced through its affairs with flashing conjecture; he was once more a man who knew cities, whose sense of vision was instructed with large experience, and who felt the keen delight of holding all things in the grasp of language. Names! Images! His mind rushed through its wealth without pausing, like one who enters on a great inheritance.

But amidst all that rushing eagerness there was one end presiding in Baldassarre's consciousness—a dark deity in the inmost cell, who only seemed forgotten while his hatacomb was being prepared. And when the first triumph in the certainty of recovered power had had its way his thoughts centred themselves on Tito. That fair slippery viper could not escape him now. Thanks to struggling justice, the heart that never quivered with tenderness for another had its sensitive selfish fibres that could be reached by the sharp point of anguish. The soul that bowed to no right bowed to the great lord of mortals, Pain.

He could search into every secret of Tito's life now: he knew some of the secrets already, and the failure of the broken dagger, which seemed like frustration, had been the beginning of achievement. Doubtless that sudden rage had shaken away the obstruction which stifled his soul. Twice before, when his memory had partially returned, it had been in consequence of sudden excitation: once when he had had to defend himself from an enraged dog; once when he had been overtaken by the waves and had had to scramble up a rock to save himself.

Yes; but if this time, as then, the light were to die out, and the dreary conscious blank come back again! This time the light was stronger and steadier; but what security was there that before the morrow the dark fog would not be round him again? Even the fear seemed like the beginning of feebleness: he thought with alarm that he might sink the faster for this excited vigil of his on the hill, which was expending his force; and after seeking anxiously for a sheltered corner where he might lie down, he nestled at last against a heap of warm garden straw, and so fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes again it was daylight. The first moments were filled with strange bewilderment: he was a man with a double identity; to which had he awaked?—to the life of dim-sighted sensibilities, like the sad heirship of some fallen greatness, or to the life of recovered power? Surely the last, for the events of the night all came back to him: the recognition of the page in Pausanias; the crowding resurgence of facts and names; the sudden wide prospect which had given him such a moment as that of the Mænad in the glorious amaze of her morning waking on the mountain top. He took up the book again; he read; he remembered without reading. He saw a name, and the images of deeds rose with it; he saw the mention of a deed, and he linked it with a name. There were stories of inextinguishable crimes, but stories also of guilt that seemed successful. There were sanctuaries for swift-footed miscreants; baseness had its armor, and the weapons of justice sometimes broke against it. What then? If baseness triumphed every where else, if it could heap to itself all the goods of the world, and even hold the keys of hell, it would never triumph over the hatred itself awaked. It could devise no torture that would seem greater than the torture of submitting to its smile. Baldassarre felt the indestructible, independent force of a supreme emotion, which knows no terror and asks for no motive—which is itself an ever-burning motive, consuming all other desire. And now, in this morning light, when the assurance came again that the fine fibres of association were active still, and that his recovered self had not departed, all his gladness was but the hope of vengeance.

From that time till the evening on which we have seen him enter the Rucellai gardens he had been incessantly, but cautiously, inquiring into Tito's position and all his circumstances; and

there was hardly a day on which he did not contrive to follow his movements. But he wished not to arouse any alarm in Tito: he wished to secure a moment when the hated favorite of blind fortune was at the summit of confident ease, surrounded by chief men on whose favor he depended. It was not any retributive payment or recognition of himself for his own behoof on which Baldassarre's whole soul was bent: it was to find the sharpest edge of disgrace and shame by which a selfish smiler could be pierced; it was to send through his marrow the most sudden shock of dread. He was content to lie hard and live stintedly—he had spent the greater part of his remaining money in buying another poniard: his hunger and his thirst were after nothing exquisite but an exquisite vengeance. He had avoided addressing himself to any one whom he suspected of intimacy with Tito, lest an alarm raised in Tito's mind should urge him either to flight, or to some other counteracting measure which hard-pressed ingenuity might devise. For this reason he had never entered Nello's shop, which he observed that Tito frequented; and he had turned aside to avoid meeting Piero di Cosimo.

The possibility of frustration gave added eagerness to his desire that the great opportunity he sought should not be deferred. The desire was eager in him on another ground: he trembled lest his memory should go again. Whether from the agitating presence of that fear, or from some other causes, he had twice felt a sort of mental dizziness, in which the inward sense or imagination seemed to be losing the distinct forms of things. Once he had attempted to enter the Palazzo Vecchio and make his way into a council-chamber where Tito was, and had failed. But now on this evening he felt that his occasion was come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SUPPER IN THE RUCELLAI GARDENS.

ON entering the handsome pavilion Tito's quick glance soon discerned in the selection of the guests the confirmation of his conjecture that the object of the gathering was political, though, perhaps, nothing more distinct than that strengthening of party which comes from good-fellowship. Good dishes and good wine were at that time believed to heighten the consciousness of political preferences; and in the inspired ease of after-supper talk it was supposed that people ascertained their own opinions with a clearness quite inaccessible to uninvited stomachs. The Florentines were a sober and frugal people; but wherever men have gathered wealth Madonna della Gozzoviglia and San Buonvino have had their worshippers; and the Rucellai were among the few Florentine families who kept a great table and lived splendidly. It was not probable that on this evening there would be any attempt to apply high philosophic theo-

ries; and there could be no objection to the bust of Plato looking on, or even to the modest presence of the cardinal virtues in fresco on the walls.

That bust of Plato had been long used to look down on conviviality of a more transcendental sort, for it had been brought from Lorenzo's villa after his death, when the meetings of the Platonic Academy had been transferred to these gardens. Especially on every thirteenth of November, reputed anniversary of Plato's death, it had looked from under laurel leaves at a picked company of scholars and philosophers, who met to eat and drink with moderation, and to discuss and admire, perhaps with less moderation, the doctrines of the great master—on Pico della Mirandola, once a Quixotic young genius, with long curls, astonished at his own powers, and astonishing Rome with heterodox theses; afterward a more humble student, with a consuming passion for inward perfection, having come to find the universe more astonishing than his own cleverness—on innocent, laborious Marsilio Ficino, picked out young to be reared as a Platonic philosopher, and fed on Platonism in all its stages till his mind was perhaps a little pulpy from that too exclusive diet—on Angelo Poliziano, chief literary genius of that age, a born poet, and a scholar without dullness, whose phrases had blood in them and are alive still—or, farther back, on Leon Battista Alberti, a reverend senior when those three were young, and of a much grander type than they—a robust, universal mind, at once practical and theoretic, artist, man of science, inventor, poet; and on many more valiant workers whose names are not registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them; but whose labors make a part, though an unrecognized part, of our inheritance, like the plowing and sowing of past generations.

Bernardo Rucellai was a man to hold a distinguished place in that Academy even before he became its host and patron. He was still in the prime of life, not more than four and forty, with a somewhat haughty, cautiously-dignified presence; conscious of an amazingly pure Latinity, but, says Erasmus, not to be caught speaking Latin—no word of Latin to be sheared off him by the sharpest of Teutons. He welcomed Tito with more marked favor than usual, and gave him a place between Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, both of them accomplished young members of the Medicean party.

Of course, the talk was the lightest in the world while the brass bowl, filled with scented water, was passing round, that the company might wash their hands, and rings flashed on white fingers under the wax-lights, and there was the pleasant fragrance of fresh white damask newly come from France. The tone of remark was a very common one in those times. Some one asked what Dante's pattern old Florentine would think if the life could come into him again under his leathern belt and bone clasp, and he could see silver forks on the table. And it was agreed on all hands that the habits

of posterity would be very surprising to ancestors, if ancestors could only know them. And while the silver forks were just dallying with the appetizing delicacies that introduced the more serious business of the supper—such as morsels of liver, cooked to that exquisite point that they would melt in the mouth—there was time to admire the designs on the enameled silver centres of the brass service, and to say something, as usual, about the silver dish for *confetti*, a masterpiece of Antonio Pollajuolo, whom patronizing Popes had seduced from his native Florence to more gorgeous Rome.

"Ah! I remember," said Niccolò Ridolfi, a middle-aged man, with that negligent ease of manner which, seeming to claim nothing, is really based on the life-long consciousness of commanding rank—"I remember our Antonio getting bitter about his chiseling and enameling of these metal things, and taking in a fury to painting, because, said he, 'the artist who puts his work into gold and silver puts his brains into the melting-pot.'"

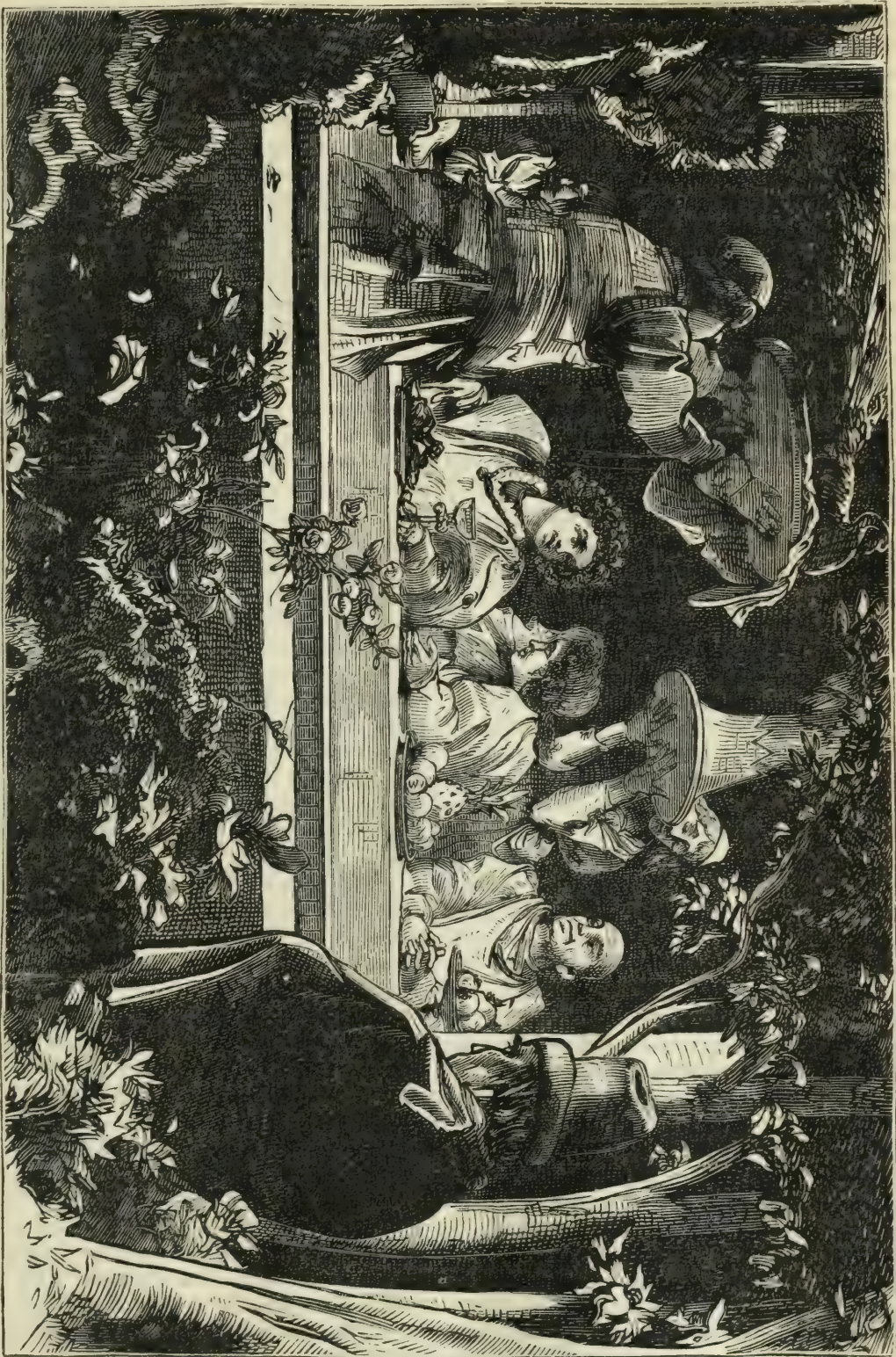
"And that is not unlikely to be a true foreboding of Antonio's," said Giannozzo Pucci. "If this pretty war with Pisa goes on, and the revolt only spreads a little to our other towns, it is not only our silver dishes that are likely to go; I doubt whether Antonio's silver saints round the altar of San Giovanni will not some day vanish from the eyes of the faithful to be worshiped more devoutly in the form of coin."

"The Frate is preparing us for that already," said Tornabuoni. "He is telling the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs; and that the church is best adorned with the gems of holiness and the fine gold of brotherly love."

"A very useful doctrine of war-finance, as many a Condottiere has found," said Bernardo Rucellai, dryly. "But politics come on after the *confetti*, Lorenzo, when we can drink wine enough to wash them down; they are too solid to be taken with roast and boiled."

"Yes, indeed," said Niccolò Ridolfi. "Our Luigi Pulci would have said this delicate boiled kid must be eaten with an impartial mind. I remember one day at Careggi, when Luigi was in his rattling vein, he was maintaining that nothing perverted the palate like opinion. 'Opinion,' said he, 'corrupts the saliva—that's why men took to pepper. Skepticism is the only philosophy that doesn't bring a taste in the mouth.' 'Nay,' says poor Lorenzo de' Medici, 'you must be out there, Luigi. Here is this untainted skeptic, Matteo Franco, who wants hotter sauce than any of us.' 'Because he has a strong opinion of *himself*,' flashes out Luigi, 'which is the original egg of all other opinion. He a skeptic? He believes in the immortality of his own verses. He is such a logician as that preaching friar who described the pavement of the bottomless pit.' Poor Luigi! his mind was like sharpest steel, that can touch nothing without cutting."

"And yet a very gentle-hearted creature,"



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said Giannozzo Pucci. "It seemed to me his talk was a mere blowing of soap-bubbles. What dithyrambs he went into about eating and drinking! and yet he was as temperate as a butterfly."

The light talk and the solid eatables were not soon at an end; for after the roast and boiled meats came the indispensable capon and game, and, crowning glory of a well-spread table, a peacock cooked according to the recipe of Apicius for cooking partridges, namely, with the feathers on, but not plucked afterward, as that great authority ordered concerning his partridges;

on the contrary, so disposed on the dish that it might look as much as possible like a live peacock taking its unboiled repose. Great was the skill required in that confidential servant who was the official carver, respectfully to turn the classical though insipid bird on its back, and expose the plucked breast from which he was to dispense a delicate slice to each of the honorable company, unless any one should be of so independent a mind as to decline that expensive toughness, and prefer the vulgar digestibility of capon.

Hardly any one was so bold. Tito quoted Horace, and dispersed his slice in small particles over his plate; Bernardo Rucellai made a learned observation about the ancient price of peacocks' eggs, but did not pretend to eat his slice; and Niccolò Ridolfi held a mouthful on his fork while he told a favorite story of Luigi Pulci's, about a man of Siena, who, wanting to give a splendid entertainment at moderate expense, bought a wild goose, cut off its beak and webbed feet, and boiled it in its feathers, to pass for a pea-hen.

In fact, very little peacock was eaten; but there was the satisfaction of sitting at a table where peacock was served up in a remarkable manner, and of knowing that such caprices were not within reach of any but those who supped with the very wealthiest men. And it would have been rashness to speak slightly of peacock's flesh, or any other venerable institution, at a time when Fra Girolamo was teaching the disturbing doctrine that it was not the duty of the rich to be luxurious for the sake of the poor.

Meanwhile, in the chill obscurity that surrounded this centre of warmth, and light, and savory odors, the lonely disowned man was walking in gradually narrowing circuits. He paused among the trees, and looked in at the windows, which made brilliant pictures against the gloom. He could hear the laughter; he could see Tito gesticulating with careless grace, and hear his voice, now alone, now mingling in the merry confusion of interlacing speeches. Baldassarre's mind was highly strung. He was preparing himself for the moment when he could win his entrance into this brilliant company; and he had a savage satisfaction in the sight of Tito's easy gayety, which seemed to be preparing the unconscious victim for more effective torture.

But the men seated among the branching tapers and the flashing cups could know nothing of the pale fierce face that watched them from without. The light can be a curtain as well as the darkness.

And the talk went on with more eagerness as it became less disconnected and trivial. The sense of citizenship was just then strongly forced even on the most indifferent minds. What the overmastering Fra Girolamo was saying and prompting was really uppermost in the thoughts of every one at table; and before the stewed fish was removed, and while the favorite sweets were yet to come, his name rose to the surface of the conversation, and, in spite of Rucellai's previous prohibition, the talk again became political. At first, while the servants remained present, it was mere gossip: what had been done in the Palazzo on this first day's voting for the Great Council; how hot-tempered and domineering Francesco Valori was, as if he were to have every thing his own way by right of his austere virtue; and how it was clear to every body who heard Soderini's speeches in favor of the Great Council, and also heard the Frate's sermons, that they were both kneaded in the same trough.

"My opinion is," said Niccolò Ridolfi, "that

the Frate has a longer head for public matters than Soderini or any *Piagnone* among them: you may depend on it that Soderini is his mouth-piece more than he is Soderini's."

"No, Niccolò; there I differ from you," said Bernardo Rucellai: "the Frate has an acute mind, and readily sees what will serve his own ends; but it is not likely that Pagolantonio Soderini, who has had long experience of affairs, and has specially studied the Venetian Council, should be much indebted to a monk for ideas on that subject. No, no: Soderini loads the cannon; though, I grant you, Fra Girolamo brings the powder and lights the match. He is master of the people, and the people are getting master of us. Ecco!"

"Well," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, presently, when the room was clear of servants, and nothing but wine was passing round, "whether Soderini is indebted or not, *we* are indebted to the Frate for the general amnesty which has gone along with the scheme of the Council. We might have done without the fear of God and the reform of morals being passed by a majority of black beans; but that excellent proposition, that our Medicean heads should be allowed to remain comfortably on our shoulders, and that we should not be obliged to hand over our property in fines, has my warm approval, and it is my belief that nothing but the Frate's predominance could have procured that for us. And you may rely on it that Fra Girolamo is as firm as a rock on that point of promoting peace. I have had an interview with him."

There was a murmur of surprise and curiosity at the farther end of the table; but Bernardo Rucellai simply nodded, as if he knew what Tornabuoni had to say, and wished him to go on.

"Yes," proceeded Tornabuoni, "I have been favored with an interview in the Frate's own cell, which, let me tell you, is not a common favor; for I have reason to believe that even Francesco Valori very seldom sees him in private. However, I think he saw me the more willingly because I was not a ready-made follower, but had to be converted. And, for my part, I see clearly enough that the only safe and wise policy for us Mediceans to pursue is to throw our strength into the scale of the Frate's party. We are not strong enough to make head on our own behalf; and if the Frate and the popular party were upset, every one who hears me knows perfectly well what other party would be uppermost just now: Nerli, Albizzi, Pazzi, and the rest—*Arrabbiati*, as somebody christened them the other day—who, instead of giving us an amnesty, would be inclined to fly at our throats like mad dogs, and not be satisfied till they had banished half of us."

There were strong interjections of assent to this last sentence of Tornabuoni's, as he paused and looked round a moment.

"A wise dissimulation," he went on, "is the only course for moderate rational men in times of violent party feeling. I need hardly tell this

company what are my real political attachments: I am not the only man here who has strong personal ties to the banished family; but, apart from any such ties, I agree with my more experienced friends, who are allowing me to speak for them in their presence, that the only lasting and peaceful state of things for Florence is the predominance of some single family interest. This theory of the Frate's, that we are to have a popular government, in which every man is to strive only for the general good, and know no party names, is a theory that may do for some isle of Cristoforo Colombo's finding, but will never do for our fine old quarrelsome Florence. A change must come before long, and with patience and caution we have every chance of determining the change in our favor. Meanwhile, the best thing we can do will be to keep the Frate's flag flying, for if any other were to be hoisted just now it would be a black flag for us."

"It's true," said Niccolò Ridolfi, in a curt, decisive way. "What you say is true, Lorenzo. For my own part, I am too old for any body to believe that I've changed my feathers. And there are certain of us—our old Bernardo del Nero for one—whom you would never persuade to borrow another man's shield. But we can lie still, like sleepy old dogs; and it's clear enough that barking would be of no use just now. As for this psalm-singing party, who vote for nothing but the glory of God, and want to make believe we can all love each other, and talk as if vice could be swept out with a besom by the Magnificent Eight, their day will not be a long one. After all the talk of scholars, there are but two sorts of government: one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest. They'll get their Great Council finally voted to-morrow—that's certain enough—and they'll think they've found out a new plan of government; but as sure as there's a human skin under every *lucco* in the Council, their new plan will end like every other, in snarling or in licking. That's my view of things as a plain man. Not that I consider it becoming in men of family and following, who have got others depending on their constancy and on their sticking to their colors, to go a hunting with a fine net to catch reasons in the air, like doctors of law. I say frankly that, as the head of my family, I shall be true to my old alliances; and I have never yet seen any chalk-mark on political reasons to tell me which is true and which is false. My friend Bernardo Rucellai here is a man of reasons, I know, and I've no objection to any body's finding fine-spun reasons for me, so that they don't interfere with my actions as a man of family who has faith to keep with his connections."

"If that is an appeal to me, Niccolò," said Bernardo Rucellai, with a formal dignity, in amusing contrast with Ridolfi's curt and pithy ease, "I may take this opportunity of saying, that while my wishes are partly determined by

long-standing personal relations, I can not enter into any positive schemes with persons over whose actions I have no control. I myself might be content with a restoration of the old order of things; but with modifications—with important modifications. And the one point on which I wish to declare my concurrence with Lorenzo Tornabuoni is, that the best policy to be pursued by our friends is to throw the weight of their interest into the scale of the popular party. For myself, I condescend to no dissimulation; nor do I at present see the party or the scheme that commands my full assent. In all alike there is crudity and confusion of ideas, and of all the twenty men who are my colleagues in the present crisis, there is not one with whom I do not find myself in wide disagreement."

Niccolò Ridolfi shrugged his shoulders, and left it to some one else to take up the ball. As the wine went round the talk became more and more frank and lively, and the desire of several at once to be the chief speaker, as usual caused the company to break up into small knots of two and three. It was a result which had been foreseen by Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, and they were among the first to turn aside from the high-road of general talk and enter into a special conversation with Tito, who sat between them; gradually pushing away their seats, and turning their backs on the table and wine.

"In truth, Melema," Tornabuoni was saying at this stage, laying one hose-clad leg across the knee of the other, and caressing his ankle, "I know of no man in Florence who can serve our party better than you. You see what most of our friends are: men who can no more hide their prejudices than a dog can hide the natural tone of his bark, or else men whose political ties are so notorious that they must always be objects of suspicion. Giannozzo here, and I, I flatter myself, are able to overcome that suspicion; we have that power of concealment and finesse, without which a rational cultivated man, instead of having any prerogative, is really at a disadvantage compared with a wild bull or a savage. But, except yourself, I know of no one else on whom we could rely for the necessary discretion."

"Yes," said Giannozzo Pucci, laying his hand on Tito's shoulder, "the fact is, *Tito mio*, you can help us better than if you were Ulysses himself, for I am convinced that Ulysses often made himself disagreeable. To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath. And there is not a soul in Florence who could undertake a business like this journey to Rome, for example, with the same safety that you can. There is your scholarship, which may always be a pretext for such journeys; and what is better, there is your talent, which it would be harder to match than your scholarship. Niccolò Macchiavelli might have done for us if he had been on our side, but hardly so well. He is too much bitten with notions, and has not your power of fascination. All the worse for him. He has

lost a great chance in life, and you have got it.

"Yes," said Tornabuoni, lowering his voice in a significant manner, "you have only to play your game well, Melema, and the future belongs to you. For the Medici, you may rely upon it, will keep a foot in Rome as well as in Florence, and the time may not be far off when they will be able to make a finer career for their adherents even than they did in old days. Why shouldn't you take orders some day? There's a cardinal's hat at the end of that road, and you would not be the first Greek who has worn that ornament."

Tito laughed gayly. He was too acute not to measure Tornabuoni's exaggerated flattery, but still the flattery had a pleasant flavor.

"My joints are not so stiff yet," he said, "that I can't be induced to run without such a high prize as that. I think the income of an abbey or two held 'in commendam,' without the trouble of getting my head shaved, would satisfy me at present."

"I was not joking," said Tornabuoni, with grave suavity; "I think a scholar would always be the better off for taking orders. But we'll talk of that another time. One of the objects to be first borne in mind, is that you should win the confidence of the men who hang about San Marco; that is what Giannozzo and I shall do, but you may carry it farther than we can, because you are less observed. In that way you can get a thorough knowledge of their doings, and you will make a broader screen for your agency on our side. Nothing of course can be done before you start for Rome, because this bit of business between Piero de' Medici and the French nobles must be effected at once. I mean when you come back, of course; I need say no more. I believe you could make yourself the pet votary of San Marco, if you liked; but you are wise enough to know that effective dissimulation is never immoderate."

"If it were not that an adhesion to the popular side is necessary to your safety as an agent of our party, *Tito mio*," said Giannozzo Pucci, who was more fraternal and less patronizing in his manners than Tornabuoni, "I could have wished your skill to have been employed in another way, for which it is still better fitted. But now we must look out for some other man among us who will manage to get into the confidence of our sworn enemies, the Arrabbiati; we need to know their movements more than those of the Frate's party, who are strong enough to play above board. Still, it would have been a difficult thing for you, from your known relations with the Medici a little while back, and that sort of kinship your wife has with Bernardo del Nero. We must find a man who has no distinguished connections, and who has not yet taken any side."

Tito was pushing his hair back automatically, as his manner was, and looking straight at Pucci with a scarcely perceptible smile on his lip.

"No need to look out for any one else," he said, promptly; "I can manage the whole busi-

ness with perfect ease. I will engage to make myself the special confidant of that thick-headed Dolfo Spini, and know his projects before he knows them himself."

Tito seldom spoke so confidently of his own powers, but he was in a state of exaltation at the sudden opening of a new path before him, where fortune seemed to have hung higher prizes than any he had thought of hitherto. Hitherto he had seen success only in the form of favor; it now flashed on him in the shape of power—of such power as is possible to talent without traditional ties, and without beliefs. Each party that thought of him as a tool might become dependent on him. His position as an alien, his indifference to the ideas or prejudices of the men among whom he moved, were suddenly transformed into advantages; he became newly conscious of his own adroitness in the presence of a game that he was called on to play. And all the motives which might have made Tito shrink from the triple deceit that came before him as a tempting game, had been slowly strangled in him by the successive falsities of his life.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.

The triple colloquy went on with growing spirit till it was interrupted by a call from the table. Probably the movement came from the listeners in the party, who were afraid lest the talkers should tire themselves. At all events it was agreed that there had been enough gravity, and Rucellai had just ordered new flasks of Montepulciano.

"How many minstrels are there among us?" he said, when there had been a general rallying round the table. "Melema, I think you are the chief: Matteo will give you the lute."

"Ah, yes!" said Giannozzo Pucci, "lead the last chorus from Poliziano's *Orfeo*, that you have found such an excellent measure for, and we will all fall in:

Ciascun segua, o Bacco, te:
Bacco, Bacco, evoè, evoè!"

The servant put the lute into Tito's hands, and then said something in an under-tone to his master. A little subdued questioning and answering went on between them, while Tito touched the lute in a preluding way to the strain of the chorus, and there was a confusion of speech and musical humming all round the table. Bernardo Rucellai had said, "Wait a moment, Melema;" but the words had been unheard by Tito, who was leaning toward Pucci, and singing low to him the phrases of the Mænad-chorus. He noticed nothing until the buzz round the table suddenly ceased, and the notes of his own voice, with its soft, low-toned triumph, "Evoè, evoè!" fell in startling isolation.

It was a strange moment. Baldassarre had moved round the table till he was opposite Tito, and as the hum ceased there might be seen for an instant Baldassarre's fierce dark eyes bent on Tito's bright smiling unconsciousness, while the low notes of triumph dropped from his lips into the silence.

Tito looked up with a slight start, and his lips turned pale, but he seemed hardly more moved than Giannozzo Pucci, who had looked up at the same moment—or even than several others round the table; for that sallow, deep-lined face with the hatred in its eyes seemed a terrible apparition across the wax-lit ease and gayety. And Tito quickly recovered some self-command. “A mad old man—he looks like it—he *is* mad!” was the instantaneous thought that brought some courage with it; for he could conjecture no inward change in Baldassarre since they had met before. He just let his eyes fall and laid the lute on the table with apparent ease; but his fingers pinched the neck of the lute hard while he governed his head and his glance sufficiently to look with an air of quiet appeal toward Bernardo Rucellai, who said at once—

“Good man, what is your business? What is the important declaration that you have to make?”

“Messer Bernardo Rucellai, I wish you and your honorable friends to know in what sort of company you are sitting. There is a traitor among you.”

There was a general movement of alarm. Every one present, except Tito, thought of political danger, and not of private injury.

Baldassarre began to speak as if he were thoroughly assured of what he had to say; but, in spite of his long preparation for this moment, there was the tremor of overmastering excitement in his voice. His passion shook him. He went on, but he did not say what he had meant to say. As he fixed his eyes on Tito again the passionate words were like blows—they defied premeditation.

“There is a man among you who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow. And he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine, and when I came again he denied me.”

The last words had been uttered with almost convulsed agitation, and Baldassarre paused, trembling. All glances were turned on Tito, who was now looking straight at Baldassarre. It was a moment of desperation that annihilated all feeling in him, except the determination to risk any thing for the chance of escape. And he gathered confidence from the agitation by which Baldassarre was evidently shaken. He had ceased to pinch the neck of the lute, and had thrust his thumbs into his belt, while his lips had begun to assume a slight curl. He had never yet done an act of murderous cruelty even

to the smallest animal that could utter a cry, but at that moment he would have been capable of treading the breath from a smiling child for the sake of his own safety.

“What does this mean, Melema?” said Bernardo Rucellai, in a tone of cautious surprise. He, as well as the rest of the company, felt relieved that the tenor of the accusation was not political.

“Messer Bernardo,” said Tito, “I believe this man is mad. I did not recognize him the first time he encountered me in Florence, but I know now that he is the servant who years ago accompanied me and my adoptive father to Greece, and was dismissed on account of misdemeanors. His name is Jacopo di Nola. Even at that time I believe his mind was unhinged, for, without any reason, he had conceived a strange hatred toward me; and now I am convinced that he is laboring under a mania which causes him to mistake his identity. He has already attempted my life since he has been in Florence; and I am in constant danger from him. But he is an object of pity rather than of indignation. It is too certain that my father is dead. You have only my word for it; but I must leave it to your judgment how far it is probable that a man of intellect and learning would have been lurking about in dark corners for the last month with the purpose of assassinating me; or how far it is probable that, if this man were my second father, I could have any motive for denying him. That story about my being rescued from beggary is the vision of a diseased brain. But it will be a satisfaction to me at least if you will demand from him proofs of his identity, lest any malignant person should choose to make this mad impeachment a reproach to me.”

Tito had felt more and more confidence as he went on: the lie was not so difficult when it was once begun; and as the words fell easily from his lips, they gave him a sense of power such as men feel when they have begun a muscular feat successfully. In this way he acquired boldness enough to end with the challenge for proofs.

Baldassarre, while he had been walking in the gardens, and afterward waiting in an outer room of the pavilion with the servants, had been making anew the digest of the evidence he would bring to prove his identity and Tito's baseness, recalling the description and history of his gems, and assuring himself by rapid mental glances that he could attest his learning and his travels. It might be partly owing to this nervous strain that the new shock of rage that he felt as Tito's lie fell on his ears brought a strange bodily effect with it: a cold stream seemed to rush over him, and the last words of the speech seemed to be drowned by ringing chimes. Thought gave way to a dizzy horror, as if the earth were slipping away from under him. Every one in the room was looking at him as Tito ended, and saw that the eyes which had had such fierce intensity only a few minutes before had a vague fear in

them. He clutched the back of a seat, and was silent.

Hardly any evidence could have been more in favor of Tito's assertion.

"Surely I have seen this man before, somewhere," said Tornabuoni.

"Certainly you have," said Tito, readily, in a low tone. "He is the escaped prisoner who clutched me on the steps of the Duomo. I did not recognize him then; he looks now more as he used to do, except that he has a more unmistakable air of mad imbecility."

"I cast no doubt on your word, Melema," said Bernardo Rucellai, with cautious gravity; "but you are right to desire some positive test of the fact." Then turning to Baldassarre, he said, "If you are the person you claim to be, you can doubtless give some description of the gems which were your property. I myself was the purchaser of more than one gem from Messer Tito—the chief rings, I believe, in his collection. One of them is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. If, as you allege, you are a scholar, and the rightful owner of that ring, you can doubtless turn to the noted passage in Homer from which that subject is taken. Do you accept this test, Melema? or have you any thing to allege against its validity? The Jacopo you speak of, was he a scholar?"

It was a fearful crisis for Tito. If he said "Yes," his quick mind told him that he would shake the credibility of his story: if he said "No," he risked every thing on the uncertain extent of Baldassarre's imbecility. But there was no noticeable pause before he said, "No. I accept the test."

There was a dead silence while Rucellai moved toward the recess where the books were, and came back with the fine Florentine Homer in his hand. Baldassarre, when he was addressed, had turned his head toward the speaker, and Rucellai believed that he had understood him. But he chose to repeat what he had said, that there might be no mistake as to the test.

"The ring I possess," he said, "is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. There was no other at all resembling it in Messer Tito's collection. Will you turn to the passage in Homer from which that subject is taken? Seat yourself here," he added, laying the book on the table, and pointing to his own seat while he stood beside it.

Baldassarre had so far recovered from the first confused horror produced by the sensation of rushing coldness and chiming din in the ears as to be partly aware of what was said to him; he was aware that something was being demanded from him to prove his identity, but he formed no distinct idea of the details. The sight of the book recalled the habitual longing and faint hope that he could read and understand, and he moved toward the chair immediately. The book was open before him, and he bent his head a little toward it, while every body watched him eagerly. He turned no leaf. His eyes wandered over the pages that lay before him, and then

fixed on them with a straining gaze. This lasted for two or three minutes in dead silence. Then he lifted his hands to each side of his head, and said, in a low tone of despair, "Lost, lost!"

There was something so piteous in the wandering look and the low cry, that, while they confirmed the belief in his madness, they raised compassion. Nay, so distinct sometimes is the working of a double consciousness within us, that Tito himself, while he triumphed in the apparent verification of his lie, wished that he had never made the lie necessary to himself—wished he had recognized his father on the steps—wished he had gone to seek him—wished every thing had been different. But he had borrowed from the terrible usurer Falsehood, and the loan had mounted and mounted with the years, till he belonged to the usurer body and soul.

The compassion excited in all the witnesses was not without its danger to Tito; for conjecture is constantly guided by feeling, and more than one person suddenly conceived that this man might have been a scholar and have lost his faculties. On the other hand, they had not present to their minds the motives which could have led Tito to the denial of his benefactor, and having no ill-will toward him, it would have been difficult to them to believe that he had been uttering the basest of lies. And the originally common type of Baldassarre's person, coarsened by years of hardship, told as a confirmation of Tito's lie. If Baldassarre, to begin with, could have uttered precisely the words he had premeditated, there might have been something in the form of his accusation which would have given it the stamp, not only of true experience, but of mental refinement. But there had been no such testimony in his impulsive, agitated words; and there seemed the very opposite testimony in the rugged face, and the coarse hands that trembled beside it, standing out in strong contrast in the midst of that velvet-clad, fair-handed company. His next movement, while he was being watched in silence, told against him too. He took his hands from his head, and felt for something under his tunic. Every one guessed what that movement meant—guessed that there was a weapon at his side. Glances were interchanged, and Bernardo Rucellai said, in a quiet tone, touching Baldassarre's shoulder,

"My friend, this is an important business of yours. You shall have all justice. Follow me into a private room."

Baldassarre was still in that half-stunned state in which he was susceptible to any prompting, in the same way as an insect, that forms no conception of what the prompting leads to. He rose from his seat, and followed Rucellai out of the room.

In two or three minutes Rucellai came back again, and said:

"He is safe under lock and key. Piero Pitti, you are one of the Magnificent Eight; what do you think of our sending Matteo to the palace for a couple of *sbirri*, who may escort him

to the Stinche?* If there is any danger in him, as I think there is, he will be safe there; and we can inquire about him to-morrow."

Pitti assented, and the order was given.

"He is certainly an ill-looking fellow," said Tornabuoni. "And you say he has attempted your life already, Melema?"

And the talk turned on the various forms of madness, and the fierceness of the southern blood. If the seeds of conjecture unfavorable to Tito had been planted in the mind of any one present, they were hardly strong enough to grow without the aid of much daylight and ill-will. The common-looking, wild-eyed old man, clad in serge, might have won belief without very strong evidence, if he had accused a man who was envied and disliked. As it was, the only congruous and probable view of the case seemed to be the one that sent the unpleasant accuser safely out of sight, and left the pleasant, serviceable Tito just where he was before.

The subject gradually floated away, and gave place to others, till a heavy tramp, and something like the struggling of a man who was being dragged away, were heard outside. The sounds soon died out, and the interruption seemed to make the last hour's conviviality more resolute and vigorous. Every one was willing to forget a disagreeable incident.

Tito's heart was palpitating, and the wine tasted no better to him than if it had been blood.

To-night he had paid a heavier price than ever to make himself safe. He did not like the price, and yet it was inevitable that he should be glad of the purchase.

And after all he led the chorus. He was in a state of excitement in which oppressive sensations, and the wretched consciousness of something hateful but irrevocable, were mingled with a feeling of triumph which seemed to assert itself as the feeling that would subsist and be master of the morrow.

And it *was* master. For on the morrow, as we saw, when he was about to start on his mission to Rome, he had the air of a man well satisfied with the world.

CHAPTER XL.

AN ARRESTING VOICE.

WHEN Romola sat down on the stone under the cypress all things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and solitude: her escape from the accustomed walls and streets; the widening distance from her husband, who was by this time riding toward Siena, while every hour would take her farther on the opposite way; the morning stillness; the great dip of ground on the road-side making a gulf between her and the sombre calm of the mountains. For the first time in her life she felt alone in the presence of the earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and making a law for her.

* The largest prison in Florence.

Suddenly a voice close to her said,

"You are Romola de' Bardi, the wife of Tito Melema."

She knew the voice: it had vibrated through her more than once before; and because she knew it she did not turn round to look up. She sat shaken by awe, and yet inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those black-skirted monks who was daring to speak to her, and interfere with her privacy: that was all. And yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of as a sceptred deity had come to her and grasped her with fingers of flesh.

"You are fleeing from Florence in disguise. I have a command from God to stop you. You are not permitted to flee."

Romola's anger at the intrusion mounted higher at these imperative words. She would not turn round to look at the speaker, whose examining gaze she resented. Sitting quite motionless, she said,

"What right have you to speak to me, or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious garb, and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the garb as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me without being discerned. It was declared to me who you were: it is declared to me that you are seeking to escape from the lot God has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true place in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new name and a new place, and have no rule but your own will. And I have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must return to your place."

Romola's mind rose in stronger rebellion with every sentence. She was the more determined not to show any sign of submission, because the consciousness of being inwardly shaken made her dread lest she should fall into irresolution. She spoke with more irritation than before.

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"I know—I know you have been brought up in scorn of obedience. But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere with you: it is the truth that commands you. And you can not escape it. Either you must obey it, and it will lead you; or you must disobey it, and it will hang on you with the weight of a chain which you will drag forever. But you will obey it, my daughter. Your old servant will return to you with the mules: my companion is gone to fetch him; and you will go back to Florence."

She started up with anger in her eyes and faced the speaker. It was Fra Girolamo: she knew that well enough before. She was nearly as tall as he was, and their faces were almost on a level. She had started up with defiant words ready to burst from her lips, but they fell back again without utterance. She had met Fra Girolamo's calm glance, and the impression from it was so new to her that her anger sank ashamed as something irrelevant.

There was nothing transcendent in Savonarola's face. It was not beautiful. It was strong-featured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind and rigid discipline of the body. The source of the impression his glance produced on Romola was the sense it conveyed to her of interest in her, and care for her, apart from any personal feeling. It was the first time she had encountered a gaze in which simple human fellowship expressed itself as a strongly-felt bond. Such a glance is half the vocation of the priest or spiritual guide of men, and Romola felt it impossible again to question his authority to speak to her. She stood silent, looking at him. And he spoke again.

"You assert your freedom proudly, my daughter. But who is so base as the debtor that thinks himself free?"

There was a sting in those words, and Romola's countenance changed as if a subtle pale flash had gone over it.

"And you are flying from your debts: the debt of a Florentine woman; the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth-place, or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness."

As the anger melted from Romola's mind, it had given place to a new presentiment of the strength there might be in submission, if this man, at whom she was beginning to look with a vague reverence, had some valid law to show her. But no—it was impossible; he could not know what determined her. Yet she could not again simply refuse to be guided; she was constrained to plead; and in her new need to be reverent while she resisted, the title which she had never given him before came to her lips without forethought,

"My father, you can not know the reasons which compel me to go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for me. I have been driven by great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter: my mind has been so far illuminated concerning you that I know enough. You are not happy in your married life; but I am not a confessor, and I seek to know nothing that should be reserved for the seal of confession. I have a divine warrant to stop you, which does not depend on such knowledge. You were warned by a message from heaven, delivered in my presence—you were warned before marriage, when you might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage bond. But you chose the bond; and in willfully breaking it—I speak to you as a pagan, if the holy mystery of matrimony is not sacred to you—you are breaking a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain, my daughter, when you yourself are committing one of the greatest wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of—withdrawing in secrecy and disguise from a

pledge which you have given in the face of God and your fellow-men? Of what wrongs will you complain, when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word? This, then, is the wisdom you have gained by scorning the mysteries of the Church?—not to see the bare duty of integrity, where the Church would have taught you to see, not integrity only, but religion."

The blood had rushed to Romola's face, and she shrank as if she had been stricken. "I would not have put on a disguise," she began; but she could not go on—she was too much shaken by the suggestion in the Frate's words of a possible affinity between her own conduct and Tito's.

"And to break that pledge you fly from Florence—Florence, where there are the only men and women in the world to whom you owe the debt of a fellow-citizen."

"I should never have quitted Florence," said Romola, tremulously, "as long as there was any hope of my fulfilling a duty to my father there."

"And do you own no tie but that of a child to her father in the flesh? Your life has been spent in blindness, my daughter. You have lived with those who sit on a hill aloof, and look down on the life of their fellow-men. I know their vain discourse. It is of what has been in the times which they fill with their own fancied wisdom, while they scorn God's work in the present. And doubtless you were taught how there were pagan women who felt what it was to live for the republic; yet you have never felt that you, a Florentine woman, should live for Florence. If your own people are wearing a yoke, will you slip from under it, instead of struggling with them to lighten it? There is hunger and misery in our streets, yet you say, 'I care not; I have my own sorrows; I will go away, if peradventure I can ease them.' The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace, and charity, that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously; but you think no more of that than if you were a bird, that may spread its wings and fly whither it will in search of food to its liking. And yet you have scorned the teaching of the Church, my daughter. As if you, a willful wanderer, following your own blind choice, were not below the humblest Florentine woman who stretches forth her hands with her own people, and craves a blessing for them; and feels a close sisterhood with the neighbor who kneels beside her and is not of her own blood; and thinks of the mighty purpose that God has for Florence; and waits and endures because the promised work is great, and she feels herself little."

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence," said Romola, raising her head again, with a prompting to vindicate herself. "I was going away to hardship. I expect no joy: it is gone from my life."

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the

law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man can not choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

"But if you knew," said Romola, clasping her hands and pressing them tight, as she looked pleadingly at Fra Girolamo—"if you knew what it was to me—how impossible it seemed to me to bear it."

"My daughter," he said, pointing to the cord round Romola's neck, "you carry something within your mantle; draw it forth and look at it."

Romola gave a slight start, but her impulse now was to do just what Savonarola told her. Her self-doubt was grappled by a stronger will and a stronger conviction than her own. She drew forth the crucifix. Still pointing toward it, he said,

"There, my daughter, is the image of a Supreme Offering, made by Supreme Love, because the need of man was great."

He paused, and she held the crucifix trembling—trembling under a sudden impression of the wide distance between her present and her past self. What a length of road she had traveled through since she first took that crucifix from the Frate's hands! Had life as many secrets before her still as it had for her then, in her young blindness? It was a thought that helped all other subduing influences; and at the sound of Fra Girolamo's voice again, Romola, with a quick, involuntary movement, pressed the crucifix against her mantle, and looked at him with more submission than before.

"Conform your life to that image, my daughter; make your sorrow an offering; and when the fire of divine charity burns within you, and you behold the need of your fellow-men by the light of that flame, you will not call your offering great. You have carried yourself proudly, as one who held herself not of common blood or of common thoughts; but you have been as one unborn to the true life of man. What! you say your love for your father no longer tells you to stay in Florence? Then, since that tie is snapped, you are without a law, without religion: you are no better than a beast of the field when she is robbed of her young. If the yearning of a fleshly love is gone, you are without love, without obligation. See, then, my daughter, how you are below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker, in his own place and among his own people! If you held that faith, my beloved daughter, you would not be a wan-

derer flying from suffering, and blindly seeking the good of a freedom which is lawlessness. You would feel that Florence was the home of your soul as well as your birth-place, because you would see the work that was given you to do there. If you forsake your place, who will fill it? You ought to be in your place now, helping in the great work by which God will purify Florence and raise it to be the guide of the nations. What! the earth is full of iniquity—full of groans—the light is still struggling with a mighty darkness, and you say, 'I can not bear my bonds; I will burst them asunder; I will go where no man claims me?' My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering forever away from the right."

Romola was inwardly struggling with strong forces: that immense personal influence of Savonarola, which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs; and her consciousness, surmounting all prejudice, that his words implied a higher law than any she had yet obeyed. But the resisting thoughts were not yet overborne.

"How then could Dino be right? He broke ties. He forsook his place."

"That was a special vocation. He was constrained to depart, else he could not have attained the higher life. It would have been stifled within him."

"And I too," said Romola, raising her hands to her brow, and speaking in a tone of anguish, as if she were being dragged to some torture. "Father, you may be wrong."

"Ask your conscience, my daughter. You have no vocation such as your brother had. You are a wife. You seek to break your ties in self-will and anger, not because the higher life calls upon you to renounce them. The higher life begins for us, my daughter, when we renounce our own will to bow before a divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the cross. And you stand aloof from it: you are a pagan; you have been taught to say, 'I am as the wise men who lived before the time when the Jew of Nazareth was crucified.' And that is your wisdom! To be as the dead whose eyes are closed, and whose ear is deaf to the work of God that has been since their time. What has your dead wisdom done for you, my daughter? It has left you without a heart for the neighbors among whom you dwell, without care for the great work by which Florence is to be regenerated and the world made holy; it has left you without a share in the divine life which quenches the sense of suffering Self in the ardors of an evergrowing love. And now, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say, 'I will go away; I can not bear my sorrow.' And you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the walls of the city where you dwell: you would



"FATHER, I WILL BE GUIDED."

leave your place empty, when it ought to be filled with your pity and your labor. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity; if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship: the sign of it hangs before you."

Romola's mind was still torn by conflict. She foresaw that she should obey Savonarola

and go back: his words had come to her as if they were an interpretation of that revulsion from self-satisfied ease, and of that new fellowship with suffering which had already been awakened in her. His arresting voice had brought a new condition into her life, which made it seem impossible to her that she could go on her way as if she had not heard it; yet she shrank as one who sees the path she must take, but sees, too, that the hot lava lies there. And the instinctive shrinking from a return to

her husband brought doubts. She turned away her eyes from Fra Girolamo, and stood for a minute or two with her hands hanging clasped before her, like a pale statue. At last she spoke, as if the words were being wrung from her, still looking on the ground,

"My husband.....he is not.....my love is gone!"

"My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love. Marriage is not carnal only, made for selfish delight. See what that thought leads you to! It leads you to wander away in a false garb from all the obligations of your place and name. That would not have been if you had learned that it is a sacramental vow, from which none but God can release you. My daughter, your life is not as a grain of sand, to be blown by the winds; it is as flesh and blood, that dies if it be sundered. Your husband is not a malefactor?"

Romola flushed and started. "Heaven forbid! No; I accuse him of nothing."

"I did not suppose he was a malefactor. I meant that if he were a malefactor your place would be in the prison beside him. My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will forsake my husband,' but you can not cease to be a wife."

"Yet if—oh how could I bear—" Romola had involuntarily begun to say something which she sought to banish from her mind again.

"Make your marriage sorrows an offering too, my daughter—an offering to the great work by which sin and sorrow are being made to cease. The end is sure, and is already beginning. Here in Florence it is beginning, and the eyes of faith behold it. And it may be our blessedness to die for it: to die daily by the crucifixion of our selfish will—to die at last by laying our bodies on the altar. My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfill the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence—for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless the earth. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp—I know, I know—it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup—there is the vision which makes all life below it dross forever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!"

While Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms tightly folded before him still, as they had been from the first, but his face alight as from an inward flame, Romola felt herself surrounded and possessed by the glow of his passionate faith. The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was being called by a strong being who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said:

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back."

Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent.

CHAPTER XLI.

COMING BACK.

"RISE, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo at last. "Your servant is waiting not far off with the mules. It is time that I should go onward to Florence."

Romola arose from her knees. That silent attitude had been a sort of sacrament to her, confirming the state of yearning passivity on which she had newly entered. By the one act of renouncing her resolve to quit her husband her will seemed so utterly bruised that she felt the need of direction even in small things. She lifted up the edge of her cowl, and saw Maso and the second Dominican standing with their backs toward her on the edge of the hill, about ten yards from her; but she looked at Savonarola again without speaking, as if the order to Maso to turn back must come from him and not from her.

"I will go and call them," he said, answering her glance of appeal; "and I will recommend you, my daughter, to the Brother who is with me. You desire to put yourself under guidance, and to learn that wisdom which has been hitherto as foolishness to you. A chief gate of that wisdom is the sacrament of confession. You will need a confessor, my daughter, and I desire to put you under the care of Fra Salvestro, one of the brethren of San Marco in whom I most confide."

"I would rather have no guidance but yours, father," said Romola, looking anxious.

"My daughter, I do not act as a confessor. The vocation I have withdraws me from offices that would force me into frequent contact with the laity, and interfere with my special duties."

"Then shall I not be able to speak to you in private; if I waver.....if—" Romola broke off from rising agitation. She felt a sudden alarm lest her new strength in renunciation should vanish if the immediate personal influence of Savonarola vanished.

"My daughter, if your soul has need of the word in private from my lips, you will let me know it through Fra Salvestro, and I will see you in the sacristy or in the choir of San Marco. And I will not cease to watch over you. I will instruct my brother concerning you, that he may guide you into that path of labor for the suffering and the hungry to which you are called as a daughter of Florence in these times of hard need. I desire to behold you among the feeble and more ignorant sisters as the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so that your fairness and all natural gifts may be but as a lamp through which the Divine light shines the more purely. I will go now and call your servant."

When Maso had been sent a little way in advance, Fra Salvestro came forward, and Savonarola led Romola toward him. She had beforehand felt an inward shrinking from a new guide, who was a total stranger to her; but to have resisted Savonarola's advice would have been to assume an attitude of independence at

a moment when all her strength must be drawn from the renunciation of independence. And the whole bent of her mind now was toward doing what was painful rather than what was easy. She bowed reverently to Fra Salvestro before looking directly at him, but when she raised her head and saw him fully her reluctance became a palpitating doubt. There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready-made; and that difference flashed on Romola as she ceased to have Savonarola before her, and saw in his stead Fra Salvestro Maruffi. It was not that there was any thing manifestly repulsive in Fra Salvestro's face and manner, any air of hypocrisy, any tinge of coarseness; his face was handsomer than Fra Girolamo's, his person a little taller. He was the long-accepted confessor of many among the chief personages in Florence, and had therefore had large experience as a spiritual director. But his face had the vacillating expression of a mind unable to concentrate itself strongly in the channel of one great emotion or belief, an expression which is fatal to influence over an ardent nature like Romola's. Such an expression is not the stamp of insincerity; it is the stamp simply of a shallow soul, which will often be found sincerely striving to fill a high vocation, sincerely composing its countenance to the utterance of sublime formulas, but finding the muscles twitch or relax in spite of belief, as prose insists on coming instead of poetry to the man who has not the divine frenzy. Fra Salvestro had a peculiar liability to visions, dependent apparently on a constitution given to somnambulism. Savonarola believed in the supernatural character of these visions, while Fra Salvestro himself had originally resisted such an interpretation of them, and had even rebuked Savonarola for his prophetic preaching. Another proof, if one were wanted, that the relative greatness of men is not to be gauged by their tendency to disbelieve the superstitions of their age. For of these two there can be no question which was the great man and which the small.

The difference between them was measured very accurately by the change in Romola's feeling as Fra Salvestro began to address her in words of exhortation and encouragement. After her first angry resistance of Savonarola had passed away, she had lost all remembrance of the old dread lest any influence should drag her within the circle of fanaticism and sour monkish piety. But now again the chill breath of that dread stole over her. It could have no decisive effect against the impetus her mind had just received; it was only like the closing of the gray clouds over the sunrise, which made her returning path monotonous and sombre.

And perhaps of all sombre paths that on which we go back after treading it with a strong resolution is the one that most severely tests the fervor of renunciation. As they re-entered the city gates the light snow-flakes fell about them,

and as the gray sister walked hastily homeward from the Piazza di San Marco and trod the bridge again, and turned in at the large door in the Via de' Bardi, her footsteps were marked darkly on the thin carpet of snow, and her cowl fell laden and damp about her face.

She went up to her room, threw off her serge, destroyed the parting letters, replaced all her precious trifles, unbound her hair, and put on her usual black dress. Instead of taking a long exciting journey, she was to sit down in her usual place. The snow fell against the windows, and she was alone.

She felt the dreariness, yet her courage was high, like that of a seeker who has come on new signs of gold. She was going to thread life by a fresh clew. She had thrown all the energy of her will into renunciation. The empty tabernacle remained locked, and she placed Dino's crucifix outside it.

Nothing broke the outward monotony of her solitary home till the night came like a white ghost at the windows. Yet it was the most memorable Christmas-eve in her life to Romola, this of 1494.

MY THANKSGIVING.

"I MUST go, Annie!" said Joe, speaking with a calm resolution that I felt to be final and fatal; all the more so that he put his arm round me as he spoke, and drew me to him in a clasp so close that it said more than words. Granny looked up from the chimney-corner where she sat, and said, in her feeble voice and deliberate accent,

"Who died for us!"

These few words, so seemingly irrelevant, but merely seeming so because they drew a deeper significance than from the shallow present alone, smote on my ear like a knell. I looked up into Joe's face as it bent over me, brown and stern and sad, and as I looked, with all my life in the gaze, a cold shadow stole across that living countenance—it grew cold, rigid, ghastly; the mouth parted over its set teeth; the eyelids closed—it was a dead face. I involuntarily uttered a little shriek; and then for one second heard a word breathed through Joe's lips, and knew that he was not dead but praying.

"What is it, Annie?" said he, gently.

"Oh, Joe! I can not, can not bear it!"

"My child, you must. This is no time for a man to be at home, no time for a woman to be a coward. You must not make me weak or send me away lonely; for I should be doubly alone if I thought my—my wife, Annie, could not strike hands with me in this good cause."

The words breathed a steady glow of strength into me. I saw what I ought to do, what I must do for him; and from its broken deeps in my breaking heart the old Puritan blood that trickled from Winslow's veins down through mine answered to the appeal, and fired my brain and steadied my voice with its firm pulses. I pulled Joe's dark head down to mine and kissed

his lips. I was not his wife yet—perhaps now I never should be; but heart and soul we were indissolubly bound, and I had a right to kiss him without blushes or trembling. Hard, hard it was! Myriads of us all over this struggling, bleeding country know how hard; and know that even at this deadly crisis we could hold open arms to rebel women, and weep with them in the divine reconciliation of a mutual sorrow. Harder it was to me because, just now, I knew for the first time how utterly I loved Joe; and to tell why, I must go back a little into my past.

Granny Harding, who sat there in the fireplace corner, was Joe's great-grandmother as well as mine, though we were not even third cousins for all that; Joe's grandfather was her own son, my grandmother was her step-daughter; the relationship was scarce worth mentioning, nor would it have been recorded, unless in the big Bible, except that all the Harding race had always lived and died in Stoneboro. My grandmother was the parson's wife there; my father succeeded his father in the office, and was called "the minister" instead of "the parson." Father and mother both died when I was nine years old, and Cousin Aristarchus Harding, Joe's father, was my guardian. So I went to his house—the old Harding homestead—to live, and found there Joe, three years older than I, and Cordelia, of my own age.

Probably the reason I had never fallen in love, as girls say, with Joe, was because I lived in the same house with him. He was always kind, and good, and considerate; but I was romantic, and in some respects a fool. I could not hang my ideal lover on the aspect of a young man I saw eating and drinking, and mowing and splitting wood, and making fires, and driving oxen; a man in his shirt-sleeves and an old hat. It was impossible to feel a sentimental and high-flown interest, such as Thaddeus of Warsaw would have excited, in an ordinary farmer, who only did his duty from day to day, and never talked about congeniality of soul or magnetic sympathies. Joe was not so hard to please; he began to love me very early; every thing I did was right and pleasant in his eyes. I suited him exactly. My sauciness bewitched him; my prettiness, such as it was, pleased his taste; I always knew what he thought, and understood what he meant to say when he could not express it; I liked the things he liked, and I teased his monotonous farm-life into vitality. I was his romance; and it cruelly smote Joe when I fell in love with—somebody else!

Why, in the name of common sense, when I had beside me this true, generous, gentle man, who was as much devoted to me as a man can be, I threw myself away on a hard, cool, selfish, imperious nature that only gave me the careless affection one bestows on a pretty child they have no time to love, Heaven only knows! It is a part of the mysteries we live in, that women have done, do, and will do so till time shall be no more; and there must be some good purpose of compensation or discipline in it; but it is a

deadly experience, and, where it is not mortal, leaves frightful scars on heart and mind. I am inclined to think those whose ties of this kind culminate in marriage suffer more than those who escape before it; in either case it is bad enough. I was eighteen when I met this man, whose name I have no desire to recall—ten of my life's best years he wasted. In those ten years I loved him with the eager, faithful passion of youth and womanhood, grew slowly to know him, ruminated over this bitter herb of knowledge, till my life was burnt with its acrid essence into pale ashes. For five years he had made love to me, taught me to love, to doubt, to dread him; then, tired of his toy, he left me and Stoneboro, and for five more years I was broken in health and spirit down to the very dust. People in Stoneboro said I was "disappointed." So I was.

In the mean time Cordelia married and moved away. I did not miss her particularly. She was a good, placid, amiable creature, mildly pious and very commonplace. I should have loved her better if I had not been absorbed in my own affairs. The first thing that roused me from my self-absorbed misery was cousin Martha Harding's falling into a severe illness. If I loved any body then better than myself, which I doubt, it was Cousin Martha. She was the sweetest of sweet women; not with the super-saccharine manner of fashion and society—no more like that suave and popular sweetness than maple-sugar is like Maillard's confectionery; but her nature was as fragrant and satisfying as wild honey. The homely flavor of a New England farm-life touched all she said with a certain quaintness, and her serene but trenchant common sense and acute insight kept her unfailing good-nature from insipidity. She was quite deaf; a loss which added to her manner the exquisite gentleness rarely found except in the deaf, and very rarely among them; for it takes, as old Parson Winslow, my grandfather, used to say, "grace and gifts too" to bear such a deprivation with patience till it blossoms into a beauty. And this lovely, loving woman, who had been my mother in a certain imperfect sense, fell into a wasting consumption; and when I knew it I put aside my long repining, or rather it crept away before the face of so vital and inevitable a sorrow.

But all this long time Joe, though I did not see it, had watched me with the tenderest care—his heart had been scarce less wrung with my trouble than my own—but had given no sign to vex me. He had been my protector against rude tongues and the pangs that careless ones can inflict. He had tried with all his might to allay my physical suffering, and patiently striven to heal my mind, but in vain. I had adopted fully the girl's idea that constancy is a virtue instead of a fact, and long after I knew thoroughly how ill-placed my love had been, what sure and life-long misery I had lost in losing that love. I still clung to its ghost with dreary strenuousness, cherished its memory, dwelt on

its frail souvenirs, recalled its raptures, and spent sleepless nights and long days in persuading myself that my heart was dead in my breast—that I had loved once for all, and lived my life out. All this Joe saw; but with a fidelity that shamed my pretense to it, he really loved me still. He did not grieve, or fret, or give up his time and health, but, like the true man he was, only threw himself into harder work, and fed his self-denying love with such considerate care, such tender thought, such unflagging service for me, that he was almost happy in his pure self-devotion.

He grew gray, it is true, in those ten years; his dark curls were full of silver threads; the gay, bright face, scarce handsome, but full of intellect, and as gracious as summer in its smile, was thinner than it should have been, deep-lined about its grave lips, and serious even to sadness; but he went about his life's business so earnestly, with such energy and cheer—was so helpful to every body, so kind, so strong—that nobody knew what he felt, or how he suffered, but Cousin Martha. To her he told every thought of his heart; and it was the very bitterness of death to Joe, when he at length was forced to see that mortal disease had fastened on that mother, dearer even than I.

Three long years life flashed and faded, and flashed again, in that racked frame, till it could bear no longer those terrible alternations. Consumption has in it a certain practical sarcasm that is hard to bear; it makes a mock of weakness with its sudden but false strength; it fires the eye, and paints the cheek, and sends vivid fever through the leaping pulse, till immortal youth and strength seem to defy death, and riot in their splendors; then comes the recoil of mortal weakness, a sunken cheek, a colorless lip, a dim and glazing eye, coughs that rend the panting breast, pains like the torture of rack and wheel in every wasted limb, the dreadful gush of scarlet blood, the utter prostration of arterial life, the passive sinking of nerve, and excitement of brain; and then again, reeling from the very abyss of death, the tormented prey of this vulture rises to life, blooms, brightens, exults, till another hour turns the descending scale. Three long years Joe and I watched and waited together. Cordelia was in Minnesota with a flock of little children, and we had Cousin Martha all to ourselves; for Granny was now ninety-three, and could not help us, except that she was able, with very little aid, to take care of herself. And Cousin Aristarchus was no help; his great slow-beating heart knew but one intense passion, and that was for his wife, and now he suffered accordingly. He would come into the room where she lay, stand and look at her with such an expression in his rough face, reddened with summer sun and winter frost through fifty-five years of a farmer's hardships, that I could not look at him. It was a dull, uncomprehending anguish at first, like the look of an animal in mortal pain, but deepening, as days went on, into the extremity of human suf-

fering, heightened by wild conflict with the inevitable Will that could alone save, but offered here neither help nor hope. If she opened her large languid eyes to look at him, or smiled, as she could sometimes smile, with a look that was almost supernatural in its triumph of love, pity, and patience over the extremity of pain, he turned at once and went away—where, nobody knew. I happened once to be in the barn looking for a fresh egg, when he rushed by, without seeing me at all, and flinging himself at length on the hay, groaned, and sobbed, and writhed, and cried out so bitterly, that it was terrible to see or hear. I crept away silently, awed and sick at heart. I had not supposed such feeling was possible in a man. I had judged them all with warped judgment from the one I knew best. I had no faith in them; but this was real. What could life offer to a woman better than such a mighty love as this? My unconscious egotism prompted one little question—would Joe ever love like his father?

So, as I said, Mr. Harding could not share our care; he felt too much, and no discipline of life had ever taught him self-control. But we had no need of aid. Joe was one of those rare men who have a woman's perception as well as a man's strength, and with his aid Cousin Martha needed no other nurse than me.

At last she kept her bed; she could not sit up even for an hour; but still her cheerful voice, her unselfish regard for our strength and comfort, her patience in pain, her upholding religion, triumphed over these terrors and pangs of mortality. I could not understand her. To die, to be exiled forever from this body and this dear earth, to tempt an utterly untried existence, to lose that locality of place and time that the trembling soul lays hold of when it shudders at its own eternity and infinite capacities, to enter the cold newness of another world, austere from its very strangeness, with such simple courage, such certainty, such calm faith, surprised me all the time: it seemed incredible. But Joe also partook of this vital belief. He talked calmly of that near and unseen world, and of his mother's passage thither. In the midst of his tenderest cares, he had lips overflowing with the trumpet blasts of the Gospel; his face kindled with victory, his voice thrilled with assurance for her, even while the depth of settled sorrow in his eye showed no stir, no spark: it was for himself he had to grieve, and he forgot himself; for her he was triumphant. If I had stopped to look into my own heart I should have seen how effectually it was laying hold upon another love, as different from my first as the yellow wheat ear is from the springing blade.

But while day after day I drew nearer to Joe in feeling, and regarded him with such a quiet sense of safety and repose, I did not, could not, stop to dream of love. I was learning a new lesson—learning to believe. The feeble emotional pretext I had called religion, and professed as such, that had crumbled away in the convulsive grasp of sorrow and left me unsup-

ported, was being gradually replaced by a living faith. Blessed is the woman who loves a man better than she is! It is not often so; but it is the sure seal of that marriage that God ordained, and typified by His love for the Church, when King and Priest reign and minister in the sacred cloisters of home, and give themselves, even as He gave Himself, for the love and teaching of the weaker. I did not know where I was, till one day, about a month before Cousin Martha died, I observed her look follow Joe wistfully out of the room, and then turn to me with a curious expression of regret and longing. Involuntarily I said,

"What is it, dear?"

"Come here, Annie," said she. So I went and knelt down by the bedside.

"I want to tell you something, my child. Joe loves you dearly."

"Oh, Cousin, you don't know! He doesn't; how could he?"

"But he does; and has for this fourteen years."

"Love me? I am not fit for Joe to love."

"Annie, I don't believe dying wishes are more to be regarded than living ones; they are all liable to be short-sighted and selfish. You must promise not to feel bound by any desire of mine; but I must tell you how happy it would make me if you could love Joe enough to marry him."

I buried my head in my hands. "Cousin Martha, you *are* mistaken. Joe doesn't love me: think how old I am—I was thirty last spring—and how homely I am, and not good either; and—besides, I have loved somebody else."

A smile just glittered wanly in her eyes, and she laid her hand on my hair as I looked up at her with a burning face. "Poor child!" said she. "I know how you have suffered, though I never said so to you. Those things are best kept silent. But Joe is a better man than that one; and he loves you better, believe it, for I know it. And now we will let the matter rest."

"God is good!" said Granny. She had a strange way of coming out with apparently irrelevant bits of Scripture, or odd proverbs, or sayings of her own, at times when no one supposed she heard or saw what was going on, as she seemed sunk in her habitual reverie.

"Yes, he is!" said Cousin Martha.

I think I said so too, mentally, as I got up and went out of doors into the little bit of woods that sloped up the hill-side behind the barn, where I sat down under a great oak-tree through whose gnarled boughs, just roughened with buds, the March sunshine streamed strangely warm. I could not believe it! Was I in love again? Was this strong torrent of emotion a new freshet in the stream that had wrecked me before? Did I love Joe Harding? I'm afraid I did, even then. I recognized with a certain pang the old rush of feeling, yet not now the vague, feverish emotion that had wrapped my whole nature in a light blaze before; but a deeper, steadier fire,

that rose heavenward with solemn aspiration as from an altar, and promised to be life-giving instead of deadly. I ought, perhaps, to be sorry to confess that I did not stop to regret my beautiful theory of constancy; I never was a very introspective person. The thing was gone, and there was an end of it for me. The theory had disproved itself, and so was negatived, that was only another fact. I found time afterward to be heartily glad that I could love again, and so much more deeply. This unutterable rest, this serene rapture, one hour of which was worth a year of the excitement and restless wearying delight of my youth, was certainly a thing to be glad of, unless one had been more or less than a woman.

One thing struck me to the heart whenever I dared look that way: the possibility that Joe might not love me after all; that Cousin Martha was mistaken. It seemed so impossible. My youth was gone, my beauty faded, my vivacity all fled; I had been made the sport of another man, and thrown away by him when he tired. Was there in humanity such redeeming love as could stoop to gather this weed of my life and wear it for a cognizance? I should as soon think of giving to a lover some wan and withered rose picked up from the pavement, without beauty or freshness, as the worthless gift I was. Cousin Martha must be mistaken. How could he love me? Before, and of that other, I had said so many times with hot and salt tears, "How could he help loving me?"

I went back to my room and looked into the glass, a new bloom shone on the old face, but did not transfigure it. There were the pale, worn features, the sad eyes, the bands of hair still shining but all threaded with snow, the lightly tinted lips that were so tremulous and grieving now, instead of smiling and firm. I was old. I turned away with a sigh from that vision. Men do not love beauty more than women, only they are more frank to own it; and to lose mine, which was always that of color and outline rather than feature, was hard.

Cousin Martha grew worse that night, and kept worse. No more respites for her; the hour came fast that should take her from us, and, except as a thought that I kept to rest myself with at intervals of watching and nursing, I heard and knew no more of Joe's love for me.

At length she died, not with any parting word or message, not with any scene; but fell asleep like a tired child, holding her husband's hand. There was no need of audible triumph in her testimony; her life was her witness, and they who had seen its quiet course knew from what source it sprung, to what glad sea it hastened. Joe and I also sat beside her, and when we saw that it was over he gently lifted her hand from his father's clasp and laid it back at her side. Mr. Harding looked up with dreadful questioning in his eyes, and then looked at her. He went out of the door and out of the house, and for hours we saw him no more. Joe would not let him be looked for, and at sunset he reap-

peared. He never said any thing, but from that day was a broken man; his grizzled hair turned white, his keen eye was dimmed, his voice husky; even the rugged and set features learned to quiver with passing emotions; the firm temper became fitful; he asked help that he laughed at before; he clung to those about him in little ways hitherto unknown to him. I never loved him as much. Granny looked at Cousin Martha's pallid but fair aspect, and took the wasted hand in hers: she did not moan nor weep—all she said was, "Behold how He loved him!"

There was no other change than this inevitable change of loss. The fire seemed to have gone out of our lives, the light to be extinguished, it is true; but the household ways went on as usual, for I had taken charge of them long before, and now they were my sole occupation.

One day in May, when all the trees were full of opal tints, pink, or green, or dusky with young buds, and even the oaks put out tiny velvet leaves of tender pink from the heart of every new shoot, Joe asked me to go to the grave-yard with him; and when we had planted by his mother's grave a rose-bush and some English violets, we strolled away into the woods and sat down on a log. Below us lay the Stoneboro valley, with its bright river sparkling in and out among the hills, and a soft south wind blew on us with odors of dead and new leaves, the fresh scent of grass, and breath of orchards in bloom. We sat a long time in silence, and then Joe said,

"Annie, can you possibly love me enough?"

"I'll try," said I, with half a laugh, though I could hardly speak at all.

He put his arm round me and kissed me gravely, and that was all we said. I felt so safe, so rested, so consoled. I did not want words, and he seemed not to have them. I forgot how old and plain and undeserving I was: I ought to have refused him for his own good; but I couldn't. I was not very good, and I was so glad he loved me.

When we went home there was a little blaze kindled on the kitchen-hearth; we sat there in winter and spring always, for it was never used as a kitchen, and Granny's bedroom opened out of it. To-night she sat there in the flicker of the blaze knitting placidly as usual. Her delicate pale face, her soft hair, white as milk-weed down, her light gray dress and full-folded white cap, handkerchief, and linen apron gave her the look of a white moth, such as peers in through the window on some June night, with elfin visage and bright dark eyes. She looked up as we came in, and gazed intently at us for a minute, then nodded with a satisfied air, and said, "Fulfilling of the law."

Joe smiled, and I believe I blushed: next morning Cousin Aristarchus, when I came down to breakfast, came and shook hands with me, and looked the other way all the time. It was all he could do, and a great effort for him; so I accepted it as a congratulation and welcome.

It was about three weeks after this that Joe came in and told me he had enlisted and was going to the war, as I said in the beginning of my story. He had longed to go all the time, but could not think it right to leave his mother, especially as she begged him to stay with her while she lived. Now when rebellion was higher-handed than ever, the army of the Peninsula in deadly straits, the West in terror, and two new calls proclaimed by the President, go he must. Now was the time for men, if ever.

I had to consent, of course. I am not a heroic woman. I was not glad to have him go; yet I should have been thoroughly ashamed had he staid; doubly ashamed to have felt afterward that, even at the saving of his life, he had deserted his country at need. No. Unhappy enough are those women who lose their dearest in battle, though they fight and fall in the good cause; but wretched, far beyond any loss, are they whose unwomanly fears keep from the country's service men she needs—who must say to their children afterward, answering their child-questions, "Your father did not go to the war: I would not let him."

No such fate for me. Dear as Joe was to me, dearer every day—far more dear than I thought any living creature could ever be—I choked down my agonies of foreboding, and let him go. In this my sole comfort was preparing his outfit. Granny knit him more stockings than he could take, and every little contrivance that might add to his comfort I took pride in discovering and procuring. He enlisted as private in a company of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, which in August went into camp at Hartford. Once he came home to Stoneboro for a three-days' furlough, and we had one talk that I shall never forget.

"Annie," said he, "I want you to promise me something. I know how you will miss me, and how hard a time you will have; but promise you will not let your grief interfere with the usual routine of home. I don't mean simply on Granny's account and father's, but on your own. Keep up all the old ways, for the sake of your own quiet. Don't let the farm go back because I'm not here; father will feel more interest in it if you are interested. Go to church, and to singing-meeting, and to sewing-society; wherever I am, dead or alive, don't omit to keep Thanksgiving; don't forget Christmas; and the poor—you know you have them always with you, He said."

"I will, Joe, if I can."

"You can, dear, if you begin straight. Habit is a great help, and in this quiet little village there is no excitement to divert your mind, which you must keep as firm and calm as you can; for, Annie—you must look it in the face—it is very probable I may not come back, and these old people will only have you left."

There was no answer to be made to this. The next day Joe bade us good-by and went off. We heard from him twice before they left Hartford: he was well and gravely cheerful.

As for me, there was but one course left—I must work. No other quiet but that of constant action and effort could allay the dreadful fever of my thoughts. I was naturally both anxious and imaginative—fatal combination for a woman whose place is to wait and endure! So by day I worked as I never had before. I let the girl whose place it was to take care of the milk, butter, and cheese go home to her mother, as she had long intended to do at this time, without trying to supply her place. I could do her work, as far as skill went, better than she, and the constant excitement of anxiety made me strong. I had to rise early, and work hard; labor of real and stringent grasp held me all day—from dawn till blank night I was busy. There was the milk of twelve cows to strain, and set, and skim; the milk-room, and the cheese-room, and the ice-cellar to be kept spotless and of just temperature; there were rows of cheeses, pressing, ripening, drying, to be looked at twice a day; there was curd to set, and cut, and drain, and salt; moulds to be scoured, cloths to be scalded; daily the great churn, that a man had to turn, yielded me its crumbly mass of yellow butter, to be worked, salted, moulded, and packed for market—butter that must be firm and sweet, hard as wax, and gold-yellow, lest our farm should lose its reputation for the best butter sent to Boston. Then came numberless pans, and cream-jars, and butter-pails to wash: these never passed out of my hands, lest the careless eyes of a servant might leave some grain of milk, some smear of cream, that should turn sour and spoil my work. Besides these things, there was Granny to care for; she needed some help to dress her in those quaint white folds and frills that she delighted to wear; help she needed, too, in order to lay them aside, and put herself into sleeping order—for never by any chance was the delicately stiff cap permitted to rest by day against a chair back, or the folds of cambric that covered her breast ruffled by one minute of repose out of position: if she slept by day, it was bolt upright, as she sat. The last thing at night was work too: the night's milk was to be strained and set; that of the night before must be skimmed, and the emptied pans scalded and dried: by nine o'clock I was so tired out that sleep caught me without my knowing it, and in dreamless exhaustion I knew nothing till the noisy fowls in the poultry-yard woke me to dawn and its necessary duties. Yet not all this work and weariness kept my eager, restless thoughts from Joe. They followed him, invisible yet faithful couriers, on every step of his journey—into camp, at drill; farther I knew not—till in so short a time after he left Hartford that it seemed to me scarce the lapse of three days, though I knew it was more, the news of Antietam struck us like a bolt from the clear sky.

I did not believe it when Cousin Aristarchus told me. I laughed.

"Why," said I, "it is impossible. The Sixteenth hadn't their arms, they were but just

there; they could not have been sent into a battle."

"They were," said he, turning his keen gray eyes away from me, and drooping his white head slowly, as if it were heavy with some heavy grief. My heart fell.

"Is there any definite news?—any list of dead or wounded, Cousin?" said I, the words faltering as I spoke.

"No," said he. "The news came to Hartford yesterday morning, or Saturday night—I don't know which. There was news of one officer killed—no particulars further."

He stopped, and looked aside out of the window: he had not finished. I waited breathless for the next words.

"No," he said, at length, drawing a long breath, and saying over, as if it were a lesson, the very words, I was sure, he had seen on the bulletin at the post-office: "Nothing definite as to names; the Sixteenth cut to pieces."

I sat down in the nearest chair, and he walked out of the kitchen. Grief never comes so: there is a shock, a paralysis, a shuddering novelty—but not grief. I sat there still as the dread grasp that stiffens every fibre holds the paralytic. I could not stir, because I forgot how. I was lost in one great spasm of resistance—of repulsion. I did not, would not believe anything had come to Joe. Presently sense and strength returned to me. What a fool I was! I had heard nothing, knew nothing. Why should not Joe be safe as well as any other man? I tried to laugh, as one does sometimes in a dark room waking from fearful dreams, to reassure himself, but the old kitchen walls seemed to make a hollow echo of my forced mirth; or was it hollow of itself? Granny came out from her room, tottering on the cane that Joe had wrought and ornamented for her.

"Crackling thorns!" said she, lifting up her white head and looking vacantly before her. A cold shiver ran over me. I am superstitious, like all women; and Granny's words, quaint and irrelevant as they seemed to others, I had a sort of reverence for that gave them prophetic significance in my eyes. Yes, my laughter was crackling thorns indeed! The fire was of briers that rankled in my grasp still; the flame but one flash, vivid and noisy, that quivered, flared, fell into ashes.

I helped her to her chair, and turned into the cheese-room for my work, sick at heart. There is a strange balsamic power in routine, when the very depths of life break up under your feet; the daily order of occupation is a light, but tenacious crust above those volcanic surges; and though you feel their sickening undulations, and hear their threatening roar beneath, yet the gulf does not open and swallow you up—the thunder is muffled, the fires smoulder. There is a place for human feet to tread, a point for the lever of divine faith to rest on. I think the cheeses I salted and put to press that day were as well done as ever. I knew what I had to do; yet it was not merely the grind of a machine. It de-

manded judgment, accuracy, attention; and it saved me from myself.

The next day I rode down to the post-office. Mr. Harding left me sitting in the wagon in a little pine-wood a few rods from the village shop where the office was kept, while he went for the news, however it might come. It was a hot, quiet autumn day. As yet no leaves were turned, but the indescribable foreboding of death and decay, that breathes in every air and sound of fall, hushed the whole land with funeral quiet; purple asters starred the edges of the road, golden-rods held their feathered masses upright in the paler sunshine, crowds of life-everlasting crouched with their dead yet deathless blooms on every barren knoll—a strange, dried sweetness filled the air every where. But here, under the pine-trees, the last fires of summer fused from the acute leaves and rough boughs their antique odor of fragrant resins, that has a breath beyond spice, and a perfume surpassing flowers. Both preservative and revivifying, it assailed other avenues of my nature than the sense it at once stimulated and satisfied: for the brain that it entered, through the subtlest of all entrances, expanded with insatiable longings, and fled away from the weary weight of space and sense into some upper air, where the ample ether was keen life and the light immortal knowledge; through all toned to finite capacities by the low whisper of awful, yet sweet sorrow, that crept from the boughs with that exhaling odor, and breathed to the ear its ocean song of plaintive despair, the very pulse-tune of life and its immutable dead-march toward eternity. In that atmosphere that lulls my brain and exalts it beyond any other known influence, I drew deep draughts of rest, and when I heard a man's tread coming, heavy and blundering, along the soft sand foot-path, though I knew by the very weight and stumble of that firm foot that he was blind with grief, I wore a calm face to meet Mr. Harding's blurred eyes, and held out a strong hand to help him find his way to the seat beside me. He thrust a telegram slip into my hands, seized the reins, struck the patient horse he never struck before a blow that sent it off at full speed, and I opened the crumpled slip. Its peculiar ominous mixture of print and writing ran thus:

"A. Harding, Stoneboro.—Captain A. H. Banks killed on the field. Private J. Harding missing.—A. J. BOLLES 2d Lieutenant."

"Missing! only missing!" There must have been a great deal of latent hope in my nature to have seized on that frail straw as if it were a rock of refuge; but I did. Cousin Aristarchus looked round at me with eyes of such wonder and grief at my exclamation that I was half vexed.

"Why, Cousin!" said I, "*Missing* is nothing. He is safe somewhere. We shall hear from him to-morrow."

"Shall we?" said he, vacantly.

"Why, of course we shall! Only think—not dead, like poor Banks; not wounded; only *missing*!"

He whipped the horse again with a fierce stroke, but said nothing. In ten minutes we were at home, and I had told Granny. She looked at me with her bright yet inexpressive eyes, and said, slowly, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." What on earth had this to do with me or my news? I was used to her odd speeches, but this one seemed more irrelevant than usual. It haunted me all day in my thoughts of Joe—merciful thoughts, sent, I believe truly, from above, that I might not be smitten at once, but rather led gently through the valley of the shadow. "The letter killeth!" At last it dawned on me: Granny and his father had indeed taken the letter of the message, and their hope was dead. They were old and broken; but I was beginning life, and its vital spirit of love and action upheld me; but then, why should they despair? I did not know then that Granny's father, the hero of the race, who died in the Revolution, had been just so reported "Missing," and found, after bitter weeks of winter, through which wife and babies waited and watched in vain, a stark and stiffened corpse near Ticonderoga, scalped, and pierced with English bullets through heart and limb. No wonder that they despaired.

Slowly the days went on. Cousin Aristarchus more than once resolved to go on and search for Joe; twice was all but ready, and then decided that it was worse than useless, for he could not follow him on the rebel track, and as yet there came no trace of him by report or message. He seemed all bowed and warped by sorrow in mind as well as body; his energy was gone, his life faded out. Oh, how I wished then to be a man! I longed and pined to go and look for Joe. I thought I could have tracked his flight, and rescued him whatever obstacles interposed. So the days crept on into weeks, and heavy gloom settled down upon us, broken only by rare gleams of hope as bits of detail, creeping out in the papers, recounted the death, or the illness, or the wounded condition of one after another at first, like ours, reported missing; gleams that only made the gloom heavier in its return, as the vivid track of lightning serves but to show, in a midnight storm, the awful height and blackness of overhanging clouds full of threat and terror.

By a month's end the blow came. As I said, Captain Banks, son of a near neighbor of ours, had been telegraphed as "killed on the field" by the same message that declared Joe "missing." Fortunately his mother, who was a widow, had left town for a day or two, and did not get the message till another followed close upon it to contradict the first. He had not been killed, but so fearfully wounded, that, seeing his lifeless face and streaming blood, in the panic of defeat he had been left by his men where he lay, with his rebel opponent dead beside him, and the cold corpse-face against his was his first sensation when he recovered from his swoon, somewhere in the dead of night. Happily for him he was found early in the morning alive, but too weak

to speak. They took him to a hospital where he was recognized, and did whatever they could for him; but fever set in, and when he was raving and apparently dying they sent for his mother. Under her care he began at length to recover, and six weeks after the battle, having regained his memory and strength enough to talk, he asked her to write and tell Uncle Harding that he saw Joe shot in the front rank, just before he himself fell. Nor only that he saw him shot, but saw him reel to the ground just as a squadron of rebel cavalry charged and swept over him, so there could be no doubt of his fate.

Now indeed it was all over—life and love and hope—over forever! Like the mad whirl of chaos heaving before God clave it with His divine order, all my soul whirled and staggered. I could not bear it; I *could* not! Like a blind man fighting with a mortal enemy I fought with fate, for I could not call it Providence then. I could not endure; duty was a blank negation to me. If I could have sunk on the floor and staid there, unmoving and desperate till death released me, I would have done so; but instincts and habits tormented me forever back into life. Out of that desolate region to which I had fled, that arid desert on whose sands I fell, mad and blind, I was perpetually recalled by little daily needs, by the sting of hunger and the dry lips of thirst; by the demands upon my care and forbearance that others, perhaps suffering as much as I, though I would not believe it, daily made upon me. I have thought since what a mercy it was that He who made us, foreknowing the anguish and the lessons of life, put our souls into the conserving power of bodies. With no lesser wants, no failing of the flesh to distract the spirit from its awful pangs, how mortal would those pangs be! how beyond endurance, how lurid with the horrors of incredible, unimaginable essence and space! No: thank God that we *are* lower than the angels; for we sin and suffer as no angel could and live.

Mr. Harding was utterly broken down. He sat with his head upon his hands in the chimney-corner hour after hour: nothing moved him. The farm work he left entirely to his hired man—a trust-worthy person enough, but wanting in judgment and self-reliance: another of the continual pin-pricks that daily roused me for a moment was his incessant demand for advice and direction. But at length Joe's last words to me recurred to my mind with strange force. What was I doing for him, for his? I saw suddenly what selfish sorrow mine had been. How every thing I ought to do had gone undone, as, driven by the restless fury of my grief, I had spent those bright autumn days wandering over hill and field, through lonely woods and across wild ravines, where I startled the partridge and drove the rabbit from his lair; as I tore through bush and brier regardless of all but the fierce impulse of motion, the necessity of some unreasoning activity; only coming home at the habitual hours of meals and rest, leaving those two other lonely souls to fight their trouble as they best might.

I was ashamed now. I am ashamed still to reflect how little healing or constraining influence my religion—such as it was—had upon me. I had not yet been long enough under its influence to have acquired the habit of faith and submission; and under this deadly blow I knew nothing, felt nothing Christian, or acquiescent, except the ever-present conviction that even in this whirling storm God was somewhere—not with me, nor for me, but still living, and unchanged, and just, though all His world slipped away from under my feet like the sliding earth of a nightmare dream. I did not believe He was other than good, but I struck up against Heaven with my bleeding hands, and asked, with horrors of reproach and unbelief, "Why hast thou done this?" nor did Heaven reply!

Just as I have seen a mother with a wayward child in its first passion of temper and grief, neither punish nor argue with it, but only divert its thoughts with some new story or external object, and then, when the sobs ceased, and the eyes were clear, and calmness had smoothed its fair little face into natural lines, quietly reprove, remonstrate, or even punish; so, as I have since seen, did a diviner love than any mother's guide me, even by means of the very passionate human love that made me rebel, into a calmer sphere. Did He punish thereafter? or break my heart again with love instead of wrath?

I ceased after this to isolate myself, and resumed as best I could my neglected work; but something was necessary to rouse Mr. Harding: what could I do? As I was at work one day in the shed, Lemuel, the hired man, came in over the sill, and leaning his back against the door, began one of his usual appeals.

"I declare for't, Ann, I don't know what I be agoin' to do with the corn-stalks. Can't you jest step around and give me an idee?"

"I'll ask Cousin," said I. Lem stared, but kept his position, and began to tie a snapper which he produced from his pocket to the end of the long whip he held in his hand. I was glad he staid behind. So I went into the great kitchen, where a fire of good hickory sticks sparkled and flamed on the hearth, for it was a chill November day. Granny sat in her own place, Mr. Harding on the other side, his head held in both his hands, the gray light from the window striking across its silver mass of tangled curls, and the red firelight flickering on the great rough hands that concealed both face and forehead. I went up to him and stooped down beside his chair.

"Father," said I.

He started as if a shot pierced him; his hands dropped, and his dim bloodshot eyes looked up with wild inquiry. I put one hand on his knee and laid my head on it; that was an old childish trick of Joe's I had often heard of, as being the only caress his father ever endured from either of his children. He was neither a gentle nor a demonstrative man.

"Father," said I again, "Lemuel wants to know where he shall put the corn-stalks."

Mr. Harding did not speak at once. He gave a low groan, like a sigh; then—"Lord forgive me! I am worse'n a dumb ox. You come with me, my child."

He got up from his chair and shook himself, like a person bent on throwing off sleep, reached his old hat from the nail, and my shawl and hood, which hung beside it. As we went out of the door Granny said, audibly, "A Father to the fatherless, and the widow's God." He held my hand with a tighter grasp as the words met his ear, and held it still while we went the rounds of the barn, and he gave his directions to Lem, as clear and well-judged as ever, every now and then turning to me for an opinion. I knew afterward that Joe had said to his father nearly what he had said to me, and asked him, moreover, to care for and comfort me, if care and comfort should ever be needed as they were now. From this day he always called me "My child," and I always said "Father" to him.

So we settled down into the dull gray calm of life again: very silent, very quiet, we all were. Granny now and then volunteered a proverb or a text, as strangely fit to the mood, rather than any occasion, as her utterances usually were. I remember once when Mr. Harding had gone to the village, and I sat by his empty chair sewing, I unconsciously drew a long sobbing sigh. Granny took out her needle from the sheath, and laid her stocking down, saying, as she did so, in a dreamy way, "Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him." What did she mean? The words fell softly on my tried soul, yet there was neither special promise nor hope in them for my peculiar want; yet they sung in my thoughts long after, as if persisting on some tender errand, mysterious still to me.

Soon it was time to make Thanksgiving preparations. Last year how different had this all been! What dreadful changes had passed over us since! Cousin Martha and Joe both gone—what had we to be thankful for? I had paused before going down stairs one morning, when these bitter thoughts had roused me long before light, to look out at the east from my window. A low range of hills barricaded the valley some two or three miles from our house; and now, lying level on their tops, were long bars of amber, flushing at the edges with red, that told of a sunrise far away, but sure in coming, while through the gray sky above that pallid blue streak on the horizon a dying Aurora pulsated in flashes of faint light, that fled and throbbed out again, and fled once more, and quivered anew with mystic splendor that thrilled me to see. Strange and fair it was, that cold, bright meeting of dawn and the northern night-lightning, and strangely portentous, too, it seemed to me. Was that a "sign in the sky?"—were these fatal wars foreboding the world's great peace?—was it good or evil that danced and flickered in those ice-glittering flashes above?

Thanksgiving Day came at last. My sole pleasure in its preparations had been in carrying

out my resolve that no poor soul I knew of, within our township, should go without a good dinner to-day. Somebody should be thankful, if I was not. So I had sent Lemuel round with a big basket of pies, and chickens, and tongues, and other necessities of Thanksgiving, the day before; and now, having laid out my dinner on the side-table in the summer parlor, as far as its cold viands were concerned, and leaving the girl to look after Granny, who seemed feebler than usual of late, and giving her strong charges about the turkey, and the potatoes, and the turnips, that already were in their respective corners hissing, and bubbling, and sending savory odors up the chimney, I dressed myself in my best, and set off for church with "father."

Our old minister had gone away to keep Thanksgiving with his son in Boston, and to-day a stranger was to preach for us. Our village choir was a good one for the country, with several fine though untrained voices, and one remarkable soprano that seemed in its purity and accuracy to defy the need of instruction; and as it rose alone in the anthem before service, and wandered along the exquisite music of those words, "Rest in the Lord! oh rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire!" more than one dull eye glittered with tears that did not fall. But on my heart tears lay like lead, nor sprung to cool my hot eyes. Ah! what patient waiting could ever bring to me my heart's desire? Not God himself, I said, could restore this ruined past!

I looked across the aisle and saw Mrs. Banks, the Captain's mother; her handkerchief was at her face, but she wept for joy—her son was home again, weak and helpless, but at home! It was Thanksgiving to her. But for me there was no restoration. Sitting there quiet in the corner of the pew, unable to exert myself to dispel the bitter thoughts crowding upon me, I became their prey. Hymn and prayer passed by unheeded. I neither heard the text nor the sermon till, when it was about half over, suddenly these words roused me:

"But there is still heaven to be thankful for. Whatever sorrows bereave us here, whatever fatal mistakes darken our lives, whatever irredeemable losses befall us, we may yet rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him in the little life that remains; for beyond this world's gain or loss, high in the serene air of heaven, when existence ceases to be a lesson and becomes vivid life, there and only there shall He give us our heart's desire in its immortal fullness. Here knowledge is defiled, love is imperfect, purity the result of fiery trial, wealth rusted with covetousness; but in heaven is the very native country of pure knowledge, perfect love, utter sinlessness, and riches that neither moth nor rust corrupt, that bless and curse not."

He went on to enumerate what we had to be thankful for, even under the reign of anarchy and war; but on these few sentences that I have written I dwelt till peace brooded over my tried heart. Yes! there was heaven to come;

and an object still left to life—to grow into fitness for that rest and its reuniting.

After church we went home without staying to speak to the neighbors, who seemed to understand and respect our silence. They all went home with groups of children and grandchildren about them—we were alone.

Soon as possible I had dinner on the table. I wanted to have it through; I wanted the day done. Anniversaries are like old wounds that reopen and bleed every year. I hurried to have the observances of this one over with. So we sat down to dinner—three where last year had been five! Cousin Martha's fair, wan face, with its scarlet flush on cheek and lip, smiling beside Granny; Joe's manly, sun-burnt visage and handsome figure on the other.

We sat down in perfect silence, Mr. Harding carved, and we all went through at least the form of eating. Still in that dead silence, when just as I was about to lay down my knife and fork, a wagon came rapidly down the road and stopped at our door. "Lemuel come back from the post-office," said father.

But was that halting step in the entry Lemuel's?

The door flung open, and there stood Joe.

Sorrow is easy to describe, but what words can tell the incredible thrill of such joy as this? For the first time in my life I lost all consciousness for a blind blank moment. I did not faint—for I never faint—but I knew nothing from the moment I saw the door open on him till I found both his arms round me and my head lying against him as I still sat in my chair. It's no use trying to tell it. A few, blessed as I, have snatched this blossom out of blood-red battle-fields; they will know.

It seems Joe had fallen, as Captain Banks said, from two musket-bullets that pierced at once the upper part of his left arm: fortunately for him they were not Minié bullets, but the old kind. Then the cavalry charge swept over him, and a horse stepping on his right leg broke it badly: he escaped marvelously with life, and fortunately no artery was ruptured; but he lay on the field three days and three nights, was then picked up by a farmer—a Virginian and a Union man—who passing by the field heard him groan; he picked him up, took him home, drove off to the nearest doctor to be found, and had his leg set, and his wounds dressed; but Joe was too weak to talk or think, and before he had strength to do either fever set in, with delirium, and in consequence they neither knew who he was or where he came from. But the woman of the house nursed him like a mother. She had two sons fighting in the West with Rosecrans, and she said it was for thinking of them that she never let a soldier pass her door hungry or thirsty, and took such care of Joe. If gratitude and blessing and prayers can keep that woman's sons alive and well, they will come back to her scathless!

So for two months he lay there between life

and death. Then he wrote, but the letter was lost, or delayed, or missent; and through his slow convalescence he expected to see his father or me daily, and so wrote no more till, as soon as he could sit up long enough, he got to Hagerstown, and from there home. True, his leg had been badly set, and he never would walk without limping, and his arm still lay in a sling—but it was Joe! No matter how battered or broken, no matter how wan and thin, he was back again!

The next week I laid aside my heavy crape and bombazine for a white dress, and we were married. Still bent and grave, but with a bright smile, father put both his arms round me, and kissed me for the first time in his life. "My dear child!" was all he said.

And the week after I put on those mourning garments again, for Granny was gone. The only words she had spoken since Joe came home, except in answer to some question, were—"He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life shall find it." She sank into a sort of lethargy, and fell asleep like a contented child.

It is winter now. Heavy snow falls as I write, drifting from the northeast, and settling, shroud-like, over the earth; but in the house, at home, there is no climate but summer.

God has given me my heart's desire.

FIFTH AVENUE.

I.

TIS the afternoon of a Sabbath day;
The sky is fair and the sunshine bright;
The street is flooded with amber light,
Save where the purple shadows lay,
Broad and cool, on the western side—
Up and down the avenue wide
The people pass; and the tranquil air
Is filled with the solemn sound of bells,
Whose musical cadence gently swells,
As they call aloud to the house of prayer.
Lofty and fine are the buildings grand:
Palaces reared of marble and stone,
That even kings might be glad to own,
And courtiers proud in the halls to stand.
Skyward pointing, the tapering spires
All golden seem in the sun's warm fires.
In at the doors, and along each aisle,
As the pealing notes of the organ roll,
And high overhead the clear bells toll,
The people are passing all the while.

II.

The organ ceases—the bells stop ringing;
The full-voiced choir an anthem are singing—
Then all is quiet; the minister stands,
And silently lifting his soft, white hands,
Mutters a half inaudible prayer
For the wealth and fashion assembled there.
Of course there is naught but a feeling of rest
And a holy calm in each grateful breast—
Not a single thought of worldly things,
Or of all the comforts that money brings;
No vision steals on the mental sight
Of the party to happen to-morrow night:

Who is invited, and who will be there,
Or what will be most becoming to wear—
These are secular matters, and may
Never be thought of on God's own day.
So Cræsus settles himself to hear
The sermon through with a patient ear;
No thought of stocks shall disturb his brain,
Nothing connected with loss or gain;
He closes his eyes, and feels in his mind
At peace with himself and all mankind,
An indescribable sense of repose,
Which I doubt if the poorer Christian knows.
The sermon is ended—the minister ceases
Preaching to sinners so drowsy as Cræsus:
Does he dream of his ships far out on the deep?
What is that sound that visits his sleep—
Is it wind in the rigging or fire in the hold?
'Tis the rattling of hymn-books bordered with gold,
The whirring of leaves and the organ pealing
Through the sounding aisles to the fretted ceiling.

III.

Carriages coming and carriages going;
The tides of fashion are this way flowing;
The windows all are ablaze with light,
That streams through curtains of snowy white,
And falls outside on the shadowy street,
Where daintily slippered, delicate feet
Musical make the sidewalk bare;
In silks and satins the women fair,
Like miniature snow-drifts, softly glide
In at the door-way lofty and wide;
And still the carriages come and go,
The tides of fashion hitherward flow—
All within seems a lovely dream;
The lights bewilder and jewels gleam;
On neck and bosoms of dazzling whiteness
Diamonds shine with an added brightness;
The scent of flowers fills the languid air
And a delicate odor from perfumed hair;
There's the ravishing sound of music too,
And the steps of the dancers whirling through
The intricate waltzes giddy measure,
Flushed with the heat and dizzy with pleasure;
Scented young men in swallow-cut coats,
Beautiful women with swan-like throats,
In circling mazes that tire the brain,
Come and vanish and come again;
And the gilded mirrors of polished glass
Reflect their forms as the dancers pass.

IV.

What a world of satin and costly laces!
What an endless number of pretty faces!
Proud and haughty, yet seeming more fair
Than the white camelia worn in her hair,
Is Julia Van Dyme, the banker's daughter,
Whose ancestors came from over the water
Three centuries back in the ship "*Goede Vrouw*"—
The family talk of it even now—
She married Cræsus, and something is said
Of a handsome cousin, absent or dead;
And it's whispered too, in the world outside,
That old Van Dyme knows little beside
Houses and lots, and taxes and rents,
Stocks and bonds, and dollars and cents;
That he has a horror of folks who are poor,
And ordered his servant to shut the door—
To shut the door in his nephew's face
If ever again he dared to disgrace
His splendid mansion by coming there;
And vowed that none but a millionaire

Should call the handsome Julia his wife,
Though the girl lived single the rest of her life.
The wedding, they say, was a grand affair,
None but the *crème* of New York was there;
A single gem that the young bride wore
Cost a thousand dollars and something more;
And to crown the arrangements so superb,
A tapestry carpet reached to the curb.

V.

The dancing ceases—the music is still;
Mingled voices the grand rooms fill;
Through the open doors and the spacious halls,
With gilded cornice and frescoed walls,
The guests are passing—a feast is spread
In rich profusion, and overhead
A chandelier, from the ceiling pendent,
Glow and flashes and shines resplendent,
And throws a flood of enchanting light
On the gorgeous scene, entrancingly bright—
The supper is sumptuous—what can compare
With the spicy meats and the game so rare?
Jellies transparent and amber clear;
The golden orange and luscious pear;
Rich bananas, creamy and mellow;
The juicy pine-apple, green and yellow;
Oily clusters from Malaga's vines;
Wondrously fine are the fruity wines;
Delicate-flavored, delicious ices;
Pyramids covered with quaint devices;
And idly floating throughout the room
And over the feast is the sweet perfume
Of fragrant exotics in gilded urns;
And wherever the eye of the gazer turns
The blinding rays from the chandelier
In scintillant splendors reappear;
And the shining goblets and glitt'ring jars
Seem studded over with myriad stars.

VI.

The pallid hours of the morn draw nigh;
The moon is failing from out the sky;
Carriages lining the street outside,
Stopping the way through the avenue wide;
Liveried servants in hoarse tones calling,
Loudly shouting, wrangling, and bawling;
The rattle of wheels on the pavement bare;
The clatter of hoofs, and the steady glare
Of the light from the stolid gas-lamps gloating
On fairy figures, noiselessly floating
Down the marble steps to the carriages grand,
Where the restless horses in waiting stand;
And lo! as the last wheel rattles away
The air grows chill with the coming day.

VII.

Through crimson curtains the sunlight falls
Shining mirrors adorn the walls;
With exquisite pictures costly and rare;
Vases of marble and porcelain ware
And an ormolu clock on the mantle stand—
Seated there in the wine-gold light,
The lady we saw at the ball last night.
Languid and pale, with an ivory hand
Wearily lifts to her wan, proud lips
A cup enameled, and daintily sips;
Then drops her eyes on the tufted floor,
While silver-throated yellow canaries,
Whose musical warble ever varies,
Torrents of liquid melody pour.
She is tired and sick of her heartless life,
Loathing the man who calls her his wife.

Childless, she drags out the weary day,
Dreamily whiling the hours away.

VIII.

Her husband brings a rich friend to dine,
Old, like himself, and over their wine
They chatter of consols and such like things,
Of the rate of exchange, what Erie brings,
The value of specie and real estate,
The cost of insurance, and probable fate
Of a speculation in cotton and flour—
Sit and chatter thus by the hour.
Small is the gain of her worldly marriage;
Sometimes she rides in her elegant carriage;
But whether at home or whether away,
Weary of seeming forever gay,
From morning to night, from night to morn,
Mid all her splendor, she lives forlorn.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

IV.

NOTHING but prosperity had attended Mr. Hamilton since his wedding-day, he was wont to boast; and it was in reference to this fact that he had early in his married life settled the portion on his wife which should forever place her worldly fortune beyond the reach of any adverse change. For she had been his help-mate, he said, had counseled and encouraged him; and this was her right.

So greatly had the factory business prospered, indeed, that there were few large markets in the country where Mill Hamilton's edge-tools were not now to be found. They had an established superiority, and no prosperity would ever tempt the master of that flourishing establishment to deteriorate his wares. His pride was in their excellence. That he should have overestimated the demand for them—that he should have exceeded the supply was not, perhaps, wonderful. That this had happened at a time when the country was absorbed in the calamity of overtrade, when a panic was coming upon the mercantile powers of every community, and that he should have found his affairs thrown suddenly into unexpected confusion, was also not a really remarkable thing, if people would but consider. But the fire occurred at precisely this unfortunate juncture; and "people would talk," and would consider, would inquire after the amount of insurance on the great new buildings, would consider the evidence existing to his prejudice, and finally the great suit of "the people" was brought into court.

Yes, people would talk. There was no end to it. They talked in bar-rooms and in drawing-rooms; in the street and by the fireside; in work-shop and court-room—wherever two or three were together you might be sure to hear one name and a discussion. For people did not all agree as to the justice of the sentence passed on Mill Hamilton. Mr. Home, who busied himself personally, and through notable agents, in securing names to that petition destined to be read far away from Granby by the

high powers of the State—Mr. Home obtained, day by day, wonderful new insight into the workings of human hearts, enough to furnish him with themes for "practical" discourses many a year to come. I am afraid that deep disgust exceeded his weariness many a day as he watched the progress of this business. He had prepared himself for the refusal of good names in a few instances; for there were some in Granby whose special claim to dignity rested on the fact that their names had never been appended to "any thing of the kind." They were law-abiding men, who, if they were found guilty of a crime, should expect no friendly interference, wish for none. There were others not content to take this stand on the smooth, safe platform of dignified conservatism. It was time a stop should be put to the inordinate ambition of people who, ascending from the first round of the ladder, could never content themselves till they had "overtopped the world." Mean jealousies that had transferred themselves from the hearts of women to the minds of men on Mrs. Hamilton's account had now a safe demonstration. Woe to her! She had maintained her state with such a consciousness of rights; she had driven her horses with such a sense of power; she had made it so perfectly manifest that her taste and aptitude in dress and fashion asked nothing of accidents; she had rendered Riverside so beautiful—for Hamilton always gave his wife credit for the tastefulness with which the grounds were laid out. Their decoration and the management of the fine house were entirely within her province, and "he never interfered."

Then people recollected how he began in life. What an industrious, hard-working, pains-taking, exact fellow he always was—Hamilton. How he had gone on slowly and cautiously enlarging his business, determined when he had accomplished the feat of getting out of debt that he would never again be involved. Yes; people could remember how, a young man, he stood in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night, and in those days there were no diamond studs in the wristbands; his hands were grim with labor, and his face was always thoughtful with calculation. He had lived on nothing, it had become a familiar saying in Granby. All he earned was saved. But the devil was in the women!

Yes, Judith Hamilton was proud enough not to surrender now. She could hold her head as high as ever. And no doubt she could manage the business which it was said she meant to carry on, but when a woman has ruined a man by her extravagance, it is a poor time for her to begin to retrench. It was a wonder she could show her face in Granby among honest people who could live on their income, and, thank God, had no such insane passion for making a show of what did not belong to them. It was too late for *her* to atone! There was no such thing as atonement. She had brought as honest a fellow as ever undertook to do business to ruin; encouraged him in foolishness he never could have

been guilty of if he hadn't just worshiped her. And what was she to set herself up like a Juggernaut car to crush the life out of a man! And though they did not deny there in Granby that repentance is well enough, they were strangely anxious lest repentance should avert the consequences, lawful and just, of wrong-doing. I suppose it was their sense of right that required satisfaction.

And it was satisfied. For the multitude of names could not make efficient the petition forwarded by the minister to the controlling authorities alone to be appealed to after the high court's decision. The five years were to roll on in their appointed course. Mr. Home could not help Mill Hamilton.

The failure was to him as grievous as any he should be compelled to bear. He said this plainly to himself as he read his Excellency's brief rejection of the plea that had cost him so much. For he was quite aware that in regard to this petition other feelings had been roused than those of friendship and pity. He would have keenly felt the triumph over hard hearts, and narrow minds, and selfish prejudices. He could have waived the pardon, as a white banner, victoriously in the faces of men, who, for their enmity to this family, he counted *his* enemies. He had waited the response to the appeal of Granby in a strange mood, conscious that he had done all that was in his power, yet most impatient in view of what he had done. For possibly the petition might be rejected, and the thought was not to be endured.

Yet now it must be endured.

He came to his house one evening knowing that it must be endured.

This cottage, which Mr. Home occupied with his mother, who had lived with him since he had taken orders, was next to Riverside, and it stood on a little knoll which Hamilton had often threatened to buy that the grove might be included in his grounds. He had, however, taken no step toward this at any time: the knowledge that it would disconcert the mother of the minister was in itself sufficient to deter him. The cottage was the oldest building in Granby; made habitable, but only rudely so: it met the wants of the contented pair that occupied it. The mother would have filled no other parsonage completely as she did this, for there was comfort here, and comfort was the utmost she could covet, so little had she known of it in those years of privation and toil which had left on her the irremovable evidences of a life of labor. The green-sward about the house was unbroken; no garden ground was found within the inclosure; but rose vines and woodbines covered the rough walls of the house with blooming beauty. There was other work for the minister than could reveal its fruits in the vegetable kingdom. He had undertaken a more dangerous business than even that of the lion tamer—he worked among the passions of men and women, and if he had not the aspect of one who wrestles with the powers of darkness on behalf of the people, that was

nevertheless his work in this world, and to it he was devoted.

When he returned home, burdened with the knowledge that all his effort in behalf of Hamilton had been in vain, he met his mother coming from the house. She was in haste, and had a troubled look, and the sight of each other's anxious face, as their eyes met, arrested the current of their secret thoughts. They sought instantly to discover what neither of them would reveal, except on maturest deliberation.

"Why, mother," said the minister, "you are not going out at this hour, surely?"

"The child is born," she answered. "I am going to Riverside. Have you any news yet of Mr. Hamilton? I might carry it to her—if it was favorable."

"No," said her son; "no news yet—for her, of him." And he walked with his mother toward the home of Judith Hamilton.

"It is a pity," said the kind old woman. "If a thing could only happen once exactly to our mind! It would be like a story, though, if the father could come back and see his son to-night."

"Is it a boy? Things never happen just in our way, mother—very rarely, at least. I suppose we need the discipline. But we are poor rebels—we make miserable use of our sacred opportunities."

"Ay, so you always say, David. But it isn't for want of your example that we're no wiser. It's simple o' me—at my time o' life too, and after all I've seen—but I can't help hoping and thinking every thing is going to come out as we'd like. Only I'm reminded there's sorrows enough in the world when I look at your face. You've skipped over the youth somehow, David; but it's waiting for you somewheres—you that's always a-working and thinking for others, and 'll take no thought for yourself."

"Too much thought, mother; and that's the very trouble." He answered gently, though a moment ago, while she spoke, a slight frown, which she could not see, flitted across his forehead and darkened his eyes. "Too much," he said again, with a sigh; and there was far more truth in this self-accusing than his mother would ever discover.

"Working for others that hasn't the grace to thank you!" she exclaimed, with the mild indignation of which she was capable. "But I know. Don't I? I'm a simple-spoken woman; but I know enough to trust your paymaster, David. He'll make all right for you."

"Mother! At least He knows that I'm not serving Him for pay!"

"Ay, don't I know it too, David? But the Lord sees—He sees!"

She seemed to perceive now that even her sympathy vexed him, and she would keep quiet. But that should not prevent her hoping still for her darling son. She had boasted of her hope—it was all for David. And she might well avouch its constancy—she had held it through divers kinds of tribulation. Until these late years the rough, sharp edges of this life were

alone presented to her; and even the comfort of these days was sadly marred to her reception by the change she found in David's manhood. Its strange solemnity, she came to see, was not that merely belonging to his professional cares. He was a man of sorrow, and not only for the sins of the world. By virtue of that hope she boasted she had come to look for a day when he should throw off his mask, or his burden, or find himself again. What lacked he yet, that his life seemed so joyless? Was there not, even in the most generous self-sacrificing man's life, a point at which the troubles of his brother were stayed from intrusion? It should be so. David had urgent need to guard some fragment of his life; yet—so it seemed to the watchful, anxious mother—her son was burdened nigh to death with the cares of his parish, while nothing made him so impatient as to suggest this fact to him.

And with bearing his burdens was not her own old life saddened unjustly? At times, as now, he seemed to see that it was so—that even in his last strong-hold and retreat he had no right to maintain other than the same aspect he bore when the world faced him. No part of his armor should he lay aside, even in his home. Not his priestly dignity, but his manly tenderness, was concerned, that his mother should not discover that her son, the pride and glory of her heart, was at any point vulnerable, or other than the assured soldier from whom no manner of victory should be withheld.

He walked with her from the yard toward Mrs. Hamilton's house, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done when he saw how depressed his presence had made her.

"It is a beautiful day for one to come into this world, mother," he said; "though I dare say the little fellow don't appreciate the fact. Very likely we are as close upon a far more exceeding glory, and yet we are without any knowledge. At least one would judge so to hear us."

His spirits, even, seemed less depressed with his more cheerful speaking; and he looked toward Riverside.

"What a lovely home! And what a comfort—*will* the boy be a comfort to her, mother, coming under such circumstances? Will the mother-love overbalance the natural sorrow one might feel to have given an heir to such a name?"

His mother looked at him, with a quick, questioning glance. What did he know? Did he share her knowledge? He seemed to be speaking from the mere facts of the case, the well-known facts, and was not addressing any secret understanding of hers.

He did not perceive her glance. He had now gained a point where he had often stood, surveying with delight the lovely prospect commanded by the site. More than once, so standing and so gazing, he had congratulated himself on the providence that had preserved him from the pains and penalties of property, leaving him to enjoy this perfection to which others had de-

voted their taste, and thought, and money; leaving him free to work in his own field.

"Yes," she said, "she'll love the child so. She'll do what's right by him. And there's no knowing what'll happen next—things take such turns you don't expect. She won't borrow trouble. If you get the petition, you know, all this'll blow over before he's of age—if he should live."

"Yes, mother," said the son, and he did not trouble her heart by dwelling on the contingencies suggested. It is a good fortune to have such a mother, at least. When you think of what women there are that little children must call 'Mother,' it seems this boy is blessed enough only in having her to care for him."

Again, with a quick, questioning glance, such a one as rarely turned upon her son from any eye, Mrs. Home regarded him. But this glance, like the last, was but instantaneous, and unperceived by him. He was looking backward, far, it seemed, into the past, though, in speaking again, it was not to events very far remote that he alluded.

"She lost her boy before you came," he said.

"He's buried on the lawn there, with the pretty white stone over him. Yes. She showed it to me herself."

"I buried him. It was one of the hardest things I ever did. But the loss was a great gain to *her*, though a loss, and a terrible one. I seem to see that this son is born to be her comfort. She will not call him Ben-oni, will she, mother?"

"Why, David, he's not twelve hours in the world yet. Ben-oni—that was the name Rachel gave to her son when she died. No. I think 'twill be Judah. Do you know why I think it will be Judah?"

"No."

There was that in the voice that uttered this monosyllable that might have dissuaded the mother from her explanation. Nevertheless, she gave it.

"She took up the big Bible one day when she was in, and it appeared she opened to Jacob's blessing; for she read out, in a minute, '*Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Judah is a lion's whelp.*' There she stopped. You're laughing, David. But she didn't laugh. She looked as if she thought it was a name she'd like a son of hers to have."

"I did not laugh, mother. Do I look like it? Judah Hamilton a lion's whelp! She is a strong woman, mother: if any one might call her son by that name she might. Shall I wait here for you, mother?"

"It was only to see me on account of some business she had to transact with you, I'm thinking," said the mother. "You might wait a minute, David, and if it's to stay by her she wants me—"

"As long as she wishes it, mother," interrupted he; "there's nothing to call you away.

And I think she would like it better to have an old friend with her. Tell her I—tell her your wish is to stay, if she would like to have you. I know she would feel more easy with you in the house."

Mrs. Home had no alternative but to go into the house; for, as he ceased to speak, the minister started down the lawn, which sloped toward the garden from the broad, smooth gravelled road that formed the main approach to the house.

"And if the child should live," was his first thought, "he will be five years old before his father sees him."

He strolled on to the garden. It was now late in October, but there was an almost summer warmth in the days that were hurrying the world toward winter—summer warmth, and more than summer glory, if less than summer brightness. The garden-beds were emptied of the rare plants that had blossomed in them through the summer; they were once more in their places on the conservatory ranges, to break into bloom again when the snow should lie heavily along the banks and terraces of Riverside.

Walking up and down, then, through the little winding paths, more than once his eyes lifted to the windows of the lighted chamber, where the child and mother were. The knowledge he carried with him yet unspoken was unknown, he supposed, in Granby. It should not yet disturb Judith. With that reflection came another that was new to him—new, at least, as far as his perfectly-conscious perception of the thought went. For though all his action since the trial had been an exposition of that thought, the action had rather been impulsive than deliberate—necessary rather than chosen. He had been Mill Hamilton's friend, and as such had stood forward to fulfill the penalties of friendship—its sacred privileges.

Should he do less now?—less on reflection than he had done on impulse? What was required of him? And yet, the knowledge he carried with him, walking starlit through the silent garden deserted of all tender bloom, all summer beauty, had seemed to change the entire relation of things. Only to his consciousness! But so changed them that he deemed it a most fortunate thing that he *might* not speak with Mrs. Hamilton to-night.

She knew that he was daily expecting an answer to the application made to the Government in Hamilton's behalf. But she would know to-night that as yet he had no tidings for her. How at last should the intelligence be conveyed to her? He liked not to ponder the question. Her ill-concealed anxiety during the past days—anxiety that found for itself abundant expression, though she would not utter it, had proved her confidence in the influence of his intervention; and in spite of all professed preparedness to meet the worst, she had betrayed her hope. Had not her heroic spirit been sufficiently tried already? Must he, of all men, pain that heart he would have lightened of every burden though the trans-

fer must be made into his own darkened experience?

Of late the minister of Granby had been startled more than once by the conviction that he had been absorbed in the affairs of this family to an extent that had made the rightful claims of others on his time and sympathy seem burdensome. Even from his speculations in regard to the petition he had turned not with the serenest patience to a requirement urgent and immediate, of some needy soul or body. And now that speculation was precluded by certainty, he was not quiescent as a brave man, loyal to his Master's interest, satisfied to submit where no service could avail. He had fulfilled the work and word of friendship. Instead of feeling that this business was now lodged in almighty hands, it seemed suddenly that he had drawn toward this woman in a nearness before impossible—a nearness of which he had not allowed himself to think since she became the wife of Hamilton.

He sat down in one of the garden arbors, over which in June the climbing rose and purple clematis flung their richest bloom and sweetest perfume; he lost himself in thoughts that long ago were thrown aside—thoughts that began to trouble him when Judith went in Hamilton's boat to gather water-lilies up or down the river; and he saw them from the windows of the room where he spent his days and nights in studies which were the more precious to him because she was a student also.

How strangely had their lives crossed each other! Had she ever really cared for all this show in which, little by little, she had involved herself? was it by such things she had striven to fill the vacant spaces of her life? If she had loved Mill Hamilton better, would her pride have availed less to sustain her spirit in the wreck of honor? Now and then he had seemed to look in to the depth of her heart, as one sees through the dark by a lightning flash. And what had he seen? He had not dared to make account of it.

But now—as if in some moment of sleep the spy should creep past the guard that circled the enemy's camp—he asked himself, might he not have given Judith a life that should have revealed itself in another way than this of the Riverside tragedy? Among his books would she not have found a portion more real—that which belonged to her? It was too late to think of these things. Even to question. Nay, to think and to question was sin.

But he *had* thought, had questioned! He might get up and stride back to the house, and pace up and down the walk impatiently, wasting good time that had better been occupied in quiet meditation on some Sunday theme; but he could not always be prudential. And he had deliberately thought a thought that had stung him. And it hindered his eyes from lifting toward the lighted chamber. What right had he to speculate on her present or her future?

By-and-by his mother came. She would return with David.

"His name is Judah," she said, as she took his arm and they set out for home. "If he has her spirit there'll be another Hamilton heard of."

"But not as an offender, with such a mother to care for him," answered her son.

"He is such a pretty babe! and so like her! Was the other boy?"

"He was a beautiful child. But delicate as a girl."

"It's a strong fellow, Judah is."

"Was there nothing you could do, mother?"

"No, she would not hear to it. You would want me, she said. And she asked had you heard any thing about her husband? She seemed glad when I told her no. She just shut her eyes, and looked like to fall asleep."

"Does she keep all her brave courage, mother?"

"There's no need of it now," she answered, evasively, he thought. "She don't need to see any one. She's quieter than before. I can see that. Quieter in her mind. It's the first time she's had any thing like rest to her mind since it happened."

"Thank God!" said David Home. "What a help to a woman a child can be!"

"You know that as well as some women," said his mother, looking at him with perfect trust and pride. "Yes, she's got him to wake to every morning now. And to think of till he sleeps again. Got him to feed, and dress, and keep neat and happy. When she looks at him she won't be thinking that maybe he's thinking ugly thoughts of her, and about what's happened. He's come from a world where there's no such misfortunes. And those were her words. For she's a proud woman, David. And that's the worst of it. It's her pride that's kept her up to the mark when, if she'd been left to herself, you'd have seen the difference."

"No matter how she takes it, mother. There's no sin in such pride as hers."

Mrs. Home looked at her son in simple-hearted wonder. Was there a pride possible to poor human nature which he—lowly-minded man—would justify!

"It will save her from much impertinence—it is good as a coat of armor. And she will need all her defenses, mother, for Hamilton—"

"You haven't heard?"

"There's no pardon for him. We failed," said the minister, in a low voice.

"You was feared I'd tell it to her!" said his mother.

"I had not heard any thing I could tell you then. I could not let you go to her with a cloud on your face. I would not let you look at the little child for the first time knowing all. I do not understand it. I can not be reconciled to this decision! It seems so unjust—and on him! what will the result be on him? It isn't to be borne!"

Mrs. Home did not immediately answer this most unusual outbreak. She was hesitating in her mind whether it were right to keep back knowledge that would at least relieve her son of

the sense of injustice, and the doubt of Providence, she discovered in his words. She could not hesitate long. There was no one she loved as she loved her son; no mortal whose trouble troubled her so much.

"David," she said, "it's God's justice. I'd no right to keep it back; I haven't now, if I had before. For you seem to be doubting in yourself—"

"What is it, mother?" Whatever her wavering it must this instant end, it being impossible for this mother to resist a demand so absolute as was now made by her son.

"Hamilton burned the mill up. I could 'a told of a witness that would 'a settled the matter."

"Mother!" he cried.

"It's true, David. But I couldn't do it. And that's why I sent Sandy Rogers to my brother up there in Black River. He was down flaying fish, under the bank below the mill. It was nine o'clock o' the night when he came past here with a string o' shiners, and he'd been talking with Mr. Hamilton, he said. After the fire I talked with him—that was the next morning—and I saw he knew what could be turned to bad account, leastways against poor Hamilton. And that's why I got him off so against the poor folks wishes. But my brother'll do well by him. He's a kind man, Joseph is. Oh, that trial tried me sore."

"I know it did—I know it did!" said her son, with the heartiest sympathy.

"But, David, was it right? was it right? I wouldn't 'a kept it to myself—I couldn't if any other man had been suspected; but no more I couldn't for her sake come out to make things stronger against him."

"You could not, or you had been no mother of mine! But have you been troubled all this while, dear mother, carrying such a load on your heart secretly?"

He sighed as he spoke. Alas, he thought, how we go about burdened with secret cares, which none can know but God! Gently he had spoken; it seemed to him at that moment that he never could rebuke or judge human heart or action again. Here they had lived together, mother and son, so near, yet so far apart; each moving in a world distinct from the other; meeting merely in the most external fashion; troubled each beyond the suspicion of the other. But she had escaped her trouble now. Death alone, he said, could deliver him from his!

"I thought," she said, "that you should never know it. Only"—she hesitated—how should she reprove that saintly soul? "You seemed, my son, to doubt our Heavenly Father's providence."

"Mother, let us talk of this no more. I can not bear it. God alone can forgive me."

V.

Judah Hamilton was a baptized baby twelve months old when the newspapers published the death of his father in prison.

That death stirred Granby thoroughly once more. It took a time for every man to express himself, and listen to his neighbors; to speculate on Mrs. Hamilton's next movement. That movement was to be taken with a decision that would not admit of long-continued doubt.

She would continue in the business heretofore conducted for her husband's sake. Continue it in behalf of their child. Judah should one day fill his father's place in Granby. There, where Mill had lost his battle, his son should fight it over. Yea, that lad should be one his brethren would praise—that boy, that "lion's whelp."

This purpose was made known to the men concerned in it, without any such prediction. But the simplest language in which the determination could be expressed thrilled the hearts that heard it. And they talked there, in Granby, less of her pride than they did of her fortitude—and they called her, with approbation, a "good mother"—as if by any means they could enter the arcana of Judith's purposes.

Mrs. Home had said to her son, when she read the brief news item of a death in prison, while he sat at his desk ostensibly engaged in writing a sermon—had said, in the sincerity of her pity, "David, it will kill her. She can never bear it."

He answered, though he took his time to say it,

"No, it will not kill her, mother."

She, true to her hopeful instinct, was glad to hear him say that, and even seemed to believe with him, when she said:

"Now she will never know—" But the sudden lifting of her son's head, and what sounded like an angry dash of his pen upon the paper before him, interrupted her. "It was only last night I talked with her," she went on, the moment after, "and she said it was less than three years now! She was keeping count o' the months."

Mr. Home rose up quickly from the table and walked to the door.

"Are you going to see her, David?"

"No, mother."

"She takes this paper—she'll read it of a sudden."

"She knows it already, mother. Do not fear. A letter came last night apprising her. It was after you came home. I was there when she received it."

There was that in the tone of the minister's voice that said he gave the information for one purpose only, to end this conversation. But his mother's ear was preoccupied.

"When was that?" she asked. You did not tell me, David."

"Last night, I said. I could not talk about it."

"Oh son, can you hope for that poor man? He did not kill himself? Did he repent? What did the letter say?"

"Let him rest with God, dear mother. He died in peace."

Saying this, Mr. Home walked out of the house, and though his mother saw with concern that

he went with bared head, and the dew was falling, she did not hurry after him with the forgotten cap. Something prevented any step or word that would have proved the anxiety she felt long after it grew dark, long after the stars appeared in the cloudless sky to soothe the weary world.

Judah Hamilton was two years old. His father had been dead a twelvemonth when Mr. Home went over to Riverside one lovely summer evening.

The minister's visits there were not too frequent. Circumspect in all his ways was the minister of Granby. He believed that it were better a mill-stone should be hung about his neck, and he dropped into the sea, than that he should offend one of those little ones. He allowed no preference of his, no secret inclination, to take him oftener to the library or garden of "the House" than friendship could account for. If his thoughts wandered thither more constantly than his steps, that could harm no soul.

To-night, however, he had come with a purpose that would have opened in amazement the dull eyes in Granby. If to-night he did not find Judith Hamilton where he was accustomed to find her, or if she should be preoccupied, he meant to walk on the bank; every inch of that ground was familiar to him. He had walked and mused there in days long past, before Riverside was more than a wild thicket—before Hamilton had transformed into stone the old red wooden walls of the shed he called his factory.

He had come here to-night for his own sake. Even he, David Home, who so rarely allowed his own pleasure, he had something to say that possibly should please only himself!

It seemed to him so, as he approached the house through the length of the avenue, observed of her, as he could see; for she was in the piazza watching the changing colors of the western sky, which the sunset had made magnificent. His coming did not surprise her; it was even as if she were looking that way he came, anticipating his arrival. This may have been his imagination. Whatever he saw to-night would be certain to impress him strangely.

He came to the piazza and found Judith wondering that he had not once paused or turned his head to look at the heavenly glory; and before he spoke she pointed upward to him.

"See!" she said. "Was there ever a finer promise for to-morrow?"

"Sufficient unto the day," said he; and he sat down with his face, like hers, turned to the westward, but in no mood to descant on color or to detect evanescence.

"What plagued him now?" she asked herself; for often he had come to her troubled and perplexed by some doubt or difficulty that struck against him as he vainly endeavored to pursue the even tenor of his way.

"I almost wish," she said, "that you had accepted the call to Highbridge. You are tired of Granby. You have worn the place out, and it doesn't get any better."

"That is a sad comment on my work!" he answered. "I'll not go to Highbridge. It would be a pity to let those people rush on to their own destruction as they would, you think, with me for a guide."

"How absurd! What I mean is, you need a change."

"My poor old mother wouldn't like to hear you say that. If I were more dissatisfied—I mean more discouraged—than I am, or ever was, her happiness would prevent my seeking a change; I mean"—he said, speaking more rapidly—"such a change as you would suggest."

"What change for your good would I not suggest?" she asked. "Do you think me so selfish? I am only in doubt."

But the instant she had spoken Judith's eyes were averted from his face. She seemed to have read there, or to have heard in his words, a something that made itself in a moment, and beyond all doubting, intelligible to her. She rose from the sofa not a little disturbed, it was very evident, and crossing the piazza she leaned against the balustrade, looking out and still upon the evening sky, all whose radiance had melted into a deep amethystine color, through which shone the evening star in solitary splendor.

Mr. Home also rose from his seat, but he did not approach her so much as by a step. Standing where he had risen, he said,

"Who can trust himself? I thought I could renounce the desire for any thing that I might value as mine above all—mine alone. And yet will you tell me that my work must suffice for me in this world! I have assured myself of it many a time that it must be so, and have taken the implied assurance from others patiently—from you, too, though never without pain. Must I hear it always from your lips? Then, indeed, you need not urge me to go away from Granby. I should find the place intolerable.....I have tried not to preach the doctrine of this world's emptiness. It would not come as truth from me that this world's glory is the splendor of a ruin. I could not think of what youth is and endure to teach it. I could not think of God and believe it. And at last I know why!"

But Judith, with her eyes lifting toward the changeful amethyst which soon must give place to the purest white light, did not ask him why. Perhaps he did not anticipate the question, for he paused but a moment ere he went on rapidly:

"It was because I had always the prescience of a love that has quickened and mastered me."

"But you must not speak of it to *me*," she said, looking now toward him, startled indeed by his words, but not, it seemed, confounded. No, this was not, after all, amazement. Apprehension was but verified, and perchance she had but herself to blame. For of his love she was not ignorant, though consciously he had never until now expressed it.

"If you have thought of me only as God's minister," he answered, "and have proved me merely a man, at least I can give you the best

love I am capable of giving—a love that only seeks to honor you. Not a preference, Judith, but a passion that will take no thought any longer except of you."

"Am I so unfortunate, then, as to have disturbed the divine service of your life? Have you, for my sake, lost something of the divine fullness? Do not say it. Do not believe it. It pains me. You have lost so much, then. All Granby would tell you so."

"Granby!" An oath would not have been more expressive than his enunciation of this word. He might as well have said that the labors which had absorbed all these years his best strength—that the sacred ties of friendship, of sympathy, that had demanded of him his best service, his deepest thought, so long, were all nothing in comparison to his love for this one single soul. That his work and place would have no claim upon him that should not be silenced, set at naught, would she *accept* his service? Was she honestly endeavoring to dissuade him? She spoke so quietly, she looked so calm. Ah! she had listened to love's voice before.

The thought flashed across him—it stung him. It pierced him that she had ever loved another whose image might now rise between herself and him. The force of his own passion had blinded him, he thought; he had forgotten that this new life of his could be no new life to her; that words of love breaking from him whose like he had never uttered—words whose utterance was in convulsion—would have to her only the sound of echoes.

Yet now, as he looked at her, a new intelligence to oppose this seemed to become his. He could not say, "You were never loved as now. Mill Hamilton was incapable of love like mine." But was it possible that she even now believed it? If she hesitated, could it be from any cause but expediency, doubting whether she might justly deprive her boy of such a father as this minister would prove?

No! He saw love in her eyes, and knew in that same instant it was virgin love: and that when she spoke it was not less against her own heart than his.

"Let us not seek to change the relation we hold. I see now all its sacredness. We called it friendship. If it was more, was it not what Mill must have rejoiced in—could he have understood it?"

"The relation," he said, with prompt decision—"the relation is changed. I can no longer come and go as I have done. My heart is here. It has been here. But since I have spoken you know that all is changed. I have given myself to you. If you will not take the gift I must find some place where my work will leave me no time to think. I must get away from you altogether if I can not come to you forever. To love you, Judith, is to love my work and my God better than I have done."

"I am thinking for you," said she. Quietly she spoke, but there was in her voice a tone un-

heard before; and he had evoked it. "This place will not permit it."

"What place? This village, two miles square? The world is larger, Judith."

"But here my boy must grow up to take his father's place. Recollect my duty to him."

"Be it so. I have not for a moment forgotten him. But do you think, then, that I have labored here all these years to fail in the end of the confidence of my people? There are some, believe me, who will not say that my friendship for your husband was other than a true one. They know that I endeavored to procure the remission of his sentence; that I mourned his death as a brother's—as a benefactor's; that I rebuked malice from my pulpit, and wherever I found it, without hesitation. Why do I say this? If you can not love me, why do I plead? It is only love I want. Without your heart I should not have you; and I could *do* nothing to secure your love. The love I have dreamed of, dared to dream of, would not come in that way."

"No," she answered; "it would not. Not of fidelity or of service. Not of what you have done or could do. But it has come."

"Then," said he, speaking fast, as if to forestall fate—as if in her answer would be all security, "shall aught but death part thee and me?"

"Nor death!"

In one moment, as she spoke, the whole heavy burden she had borne without shrinking, without hope of release, fell from Judith. Into his strong hands she might commit all. Anxiety, sorrow, her ambition, and her pride even, fell away—left her free once more. Hopes that youth untried has not the knowledge to conceive stirred in her heart; he should help her to fulfill them all. And she was able at that moment to think more generously of that surrounding neighborhood which no power but love was strong enough to triumph over.

The assurance she had given him, coming as it did almost beyond his expectation, moved him strangely, deeply. He turned from looking on her, and walked to the far end of the piazza, and returned again before he spoke. And even when he had come back to her he seemed incapable of speech. It was she who spoke.

"This is a strange thing. In all my trouble it was my pride that seemed to grow stronger and stronger. And sometimes it seems to me as if it defied heaven as well as earth; but when I think of you that hateful feeling seems to have gone out of me. I could be very kind to all these people, if they would but let me."

"It is enough for me," he said, "that you are kind to me. If love did not humble me it would not be love. Since I have thought of you I have ceased to think, what I used to hold vauntingly enough, that a man's future lay mainly in his own hands. That he but needed faith."

"Well," she said, as if she wondered whether he now questioned that.

"I had lost my faith when I came here to-

night. It seemed so—maybe not. A man thrown overboard would not be conscious, maybe, of the means of safety, though he might instinctively use them. Oh, Judith! is it true that you and I are one. In daily walk and conversation, in earth and heaven! My mother will be proved a true prophet now; she has always said that I had missed my youth, but I would have it yet. For it would come to me. And it has come."

"And you will give me a mother, David. Oh, it seems as if I were coming to my youth with you! I often thought when she was with me my own mother would love her for her kindness. She was kind when it might have been most difficult."

"Why, she loves you, Judith! Your praise is always on her lips. Yes, you will have a mother on earth and your boy a father. Say it with your own voice!"

"It is more than can be said. It is too much. I can not utter it."

"But look upon me, Judith. Let me see the unspeakable, my love."

He looked into her eyes, he saw nothing but her heart there. They walked in the garden paths. They strolled along the river bank. What matter where or what their conversation? It was the stroll of lovers and the speech of love. A night of starry light. The night of David Home.

VI.

Judith was sitting in the library with a bit of embroidery in her hands to which she was adding a few stitches, for she cared not to read, and could not sleep. It was late, but she had not thought of that; the house was closed and asleep, the library door stood open, not enough air moved to stir the flame of the gas-jet.

While she sat at work thus a figure passed before the door and paused a moment; and looking up, arrested by the sound, Judith saw the shape, and thought she recognized it.

The suspicion was a fearful one—suggested no doubt by the fact that the presence of a spirit departed had seemed, in some mysterious manner, cognizant of all her being, and all her doing that night. An imagination, yet it sent a thrill through every nerve and paled her face. She sat a moment motionless after the vision had possessed itself of her; then she arose, for the fantasy drew her forward with a resistless fascination. She was going to the door when she heard returning footsteps; it was no imagination. Mill Hamilton stood before her in the shadowy light: came nearer: laid his hand on hers. It was a living touch. This was flesh and blood; and living was the look of the eyes that fixed upon her; this could be no apparition.

Many a minute passed while they stood gazing on each other, struggling for speech. At last she spoke:

"Are you not dead?"

"If I were," he answered, "I should be at rest. You could not draw me out of eternity,

maybe, but you could from the uttermost parts of the earth."

She stepped back into the library, and he followed her. She closed the door behind him.

"This is home," he said, casting one glance around him. Then his eyes fixed on her—*she* was his home, and he need not say it.

She did not answer him. Emotion made speech impossible. She was getting back, by a most dangerous pass, from the womanhood of a moment since to that of years ago. Besides, she was turning on the gas, for she would see his face more clearly—convince herself that this was no deception.

"Did you escape from prison, Mill?" she asked, when she looked at him again. "Sit down. You do not wonder that I am terrified. Convince me that you are no ghost."

He laughed; but from his haggard face was that a smile that blessed or blasted her?

"Yes," he said. "The jailer was a man of better judgment than his Excellency. It was a mistake about my being dead. But I could not come to you sooner; it was not safe. Now tell me every thing."

He threw himself into the large arm-chair by the library table: it stood in the old place. He was a man above the ordinary height, and once of sturdy bearing; but he was now gaunt and haggard, as if he had found it a difficult matter to live since he had seen her last. His beard was grizzly; his hair was gray; and his garments not like those in which Mill Hamilton had been pleased to array himself when his soul dwelt at ease, and he had more than heart could wish, and called his lands after his own name. But surely love's pitying tenderness would only see to be stirred to the depths!

To see him sitting there—him for whom she wore that mourning dress—was it not a marvelous spectacle? To-morrow would she put off the mourning and gird herself with gladness!

Yet, to-morrow, would he be here? Alive without the world's consent, where was his place henceforth? Was not Mill Hamilton dead if he could not live in his own right, and bear his own name among men? Was he capable of this? Life is so sweet, but thus precious to him; and he had loved her and the child. These thoughts ran wildly through her brain. No knowing whither they would turn, or against what impassable barrier they would dash at last and fall.

"No, no; let me hear from you—you first," she said; "for where have you lived, and how?"

She could not ask why he had valued life at this astounding rate. She dared not think that in this acceptance of liberty he had perhaps proved his guilt.

"There's no time for any thing," he said, hurriedly. "I have lived any where, any way, Judith; I don't know how. 'Pon my word it seems all like a dream! and hideous enough. It was no life at all; if it had been far better than it was it would have been bad enough, away from you. I came to see if it was all

right between us. For better, for worse, you know. But we didn't understand what that meant. You are in mourning, Judith."

"Yes, for you."

"I was afraid it might be for the child. Yet I've often thought, since I've been separated from you, darling, not knowing whether we should ever meet again, that it would be well if the little one should never live to know what befell its father."

"He is alive, Mill; and here, in this very room; here, in the old cradle."

She had dropped the embroidery she had busied herself with when he came into the cradle, and the muslin had fallen over the beautiful baby head. She threw it aside, and put away the screen that shaded the little face from the strong gas-light.

"It is your Judah, Mill," she said. "I named him."

Mill Hamilton, the disgraced, outlawed man, bent down that he might study those fine features. He uttered an exclamation as he gazed, but he gave the child no kiss. Had this been his impulse nothing would have hindered him. All right had he in that child—all father-right to love him, but none to cast a shadow of shame or sorrow on his lot. Yet this was not the abnegation Judith perceived in his manner as he turned from the infant. There was a passion speaking from his face that told her he could live through all disgrace, incur it, for her sake; that mere life was to be accepted, clung to, so long as she was in the world. Yet he shrunk from a too close scanning of her face, as if he feared to read all that might be read, although she sat there telling him of all that had transpired—of the course she had taken in the factory—of her purposes in behalf of the boy; for the grave seemed to lie between them. How could she cross to him? And it was manifest that he could never come to her.

At last he said,

"I can not stay here, you know. I must be gone before daylight."

"Where, Mill? where will you go?"

"Not far away."

She shuddered. Did he see that?

"Think what he must be to me, if I can accept life on such terms! This business must be closed, I suppose. We shall see that the world is wide, and there is something besides reputation among blockheads. We have fortune, and each other, and the child."

She did not respond to that except by a solitary word. That word might have conveyed all possible assurance; but it came from her lips faintly.

"Yes."

The silence that followed it was dead and dreadful. But he would not interpret it. It should not signify to him that his return was unwelcome to the woman for whose sake he had said to himself, again and again, as if in justification, he would forego any privilege and place. He had not for a moment suspected that the

love that could reduce him to this state was nothing to glory in, nothing to boast before her.

"You are slower to take this in," he said, as if vexed and disappointed, "than I supposed would be possible. I relied on you that you would understand at a glance, and be ready at a word. I thought that you were Judith—the little girl I—" He did not finish the allusion.

"I do seem to myself to be perfectly incapable," she answered, striving with herself—desperately striving—beholding in awful certainty her duty and her inability. You do not consider that it could hardly be otherwise. I find it so almost impossible to believe that I really see you here, Mill, alive."

He looked at her as she spoke, as if in a sort of stupor—as though the incapability that obviously distressed her, while she acknowledged it frankly, were falling upon him also. A little readier apprehension on her part would have changed the whole character of this reunion. But suddenly a doubt seemed to stagger him. He scanned her face with a fierce decision that showed the stupor had passed. How pale she was! How proud she looked! How quiet—though he knew so agitated. She had changed. She had grown old in those two years. And yet it was a maturity whose proud beauty made it chiefly conspicuous to him. The jealous fancy exasperated his passion.

"Then I must think for you," he said. "I must think for you. It is not the first time. And you were always ready to indorse my judgments. I have remembered that. It has been the most cheering thought to me. Is Morris with you yet?"

"Yes—faithful and wise as ever."

"Your right-hand man? Then you can trust the business in his hands, and Home's. Home will be a good adviser. Let Morris advertise the factory, if it can not be disposed of otherwise. You and he will be able to set a price on the works; this estimate may help you. I would like to know how correct it is when you have talked with Morris. Even if the property is sold at a sacrifice I should prefer you to be free of it. It has been too much for you, dear wife. When we worked together it was easier for you. I never thought that I should put a trouble upon you. Wasn't it my care to keep all trouble at a distance? But it would not do to have the boy grow up in Granby. It would spoil his whole life."

"He was not to grow up, Mill, as other children do, the most of them. I should have made a man of him who would retrieve your name even among those who were dull enough to think that an accusation was proof of a deed."

"No," said Hamilton, quickly, "it would not do at all. There are better people in the world than can be found here, and I remember you never set a very high estimate on them. Granby hasn't greatly changed in two years, I suppose. When the mill and the house are disposed of we will go abroad. We used to talk of that when we were younger, Judith, you remember."

"To Italy! We were going to do so many beautiful things! But we are growing old, Mill. You are not looking well."

"Nonsense! I never felt younger. I have been plagued to death by some matters. But that is all right. Have you missed me much?"

At last the question!

"I have led a fearful kind of dream-life for two years," she said. "But I have always found comfort in reflecting that if you suffered, Mill, it was as an innocent man. There was always one who perfectly believed in your integrity." So all the honorable memories of the past constrained her to speak.

He had not heard so many words of trust as to be ungrateful for these, or even to detect in them what was wanting, if indeed they lacked any thing. The voice, the utterance, encouraged him to utter what he had not allowed himself to speak, though the words came often to his lips.

"You haven't said once, Judith, you were glad to get me back."

Swiftly came her answer:

"I have not *said* it, Mill? Could any words express that to you if you had not the assurance in your heart?"

"I have not," said he, "the assurance in my heart."

"What then could give it you?"

"One of your old smiles, wife. Even a kiss might do it. Women do not think these signs so worthless. Neither do I. But perhaps there is an odious air of the prison hanging about me," he said, assuming a little humor in his look as well as in his words.

"We were one," she answered, with the lofty solemnity of one who bows his head to take the yoke which to escape were sin. "You asked me once if when the grave came between us we should not still be one. Have I forgotten it?"

"But, Judith, do not recall those words; unless— Oh, can't you look a little happier that I who was dead am alive again?"

"Do you see?" she said, touching with her foot the cradle where the child slept. "It is the very one you slept in when you were a child."

"And that Eddy slept in! I dreamed of him often when I first left you. He was always the same beautiful child. And he never came to me without you, Judith; so that many a morning I woke in that intolerable hole with the feeling that angels had visited me."

He leaned forward to the table as he spoke, and took from it a volume. It was one of those in which he had read oftenest, for in his leisure hours he had read much, and its pages were covered with note and comment he had penciled while he read.

A sword-thrust could not have riven her heart more sharply as she looked at him in this new attitude. How old and worn he looked! Could this be Mill Hamilton? How he must have suffered! What must he have endured!.....He had looked to her for comfort.....Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?.....Behold and see

if there was ever sorrow like my sorrow! In the universe stood she alone to sustain that falling life.

"You see," she said, speaking more cheerfully than she had done, "I often read those books. It seemed sometimes as if we had been talking with each other. I would have let the whole library go, Mill, sooner than one of these volumes."

Then, it seemed, though she could not be hurried into speech, nor could speak on what seemed like compulsion, or on any suggestion save that of real feeling, she could say that which assured him of her again!

He sat there with her in the library till near daybreak. He had no wish to look at the rest of the house. All was as he had left it, Judith said. And so, she also said, it was her intention to leave all till Judah became a man and took possession of the home that had been his father's. And by degrees her manner satisfied him wholly. He confessed to himself that his reception could not have been otherwise. And he questioned also of himself—he could afford to do that now—whether the fact of his life *could* be so necessary to her happiness that, with the assurance and presence of it, she would be willing to die to the world, to live in secrecy, so to live with him.....But was he not Mill Hamilton? He left her with that thought: had he not labored, and with uttermost success, to gild the circumstances of her lot? He remembered what the girl had been: had he no share in the work of making of the woman what she was?

And she remembered also. When he was strong he had given her his hand and she had leaned upon it.

A QUEEN'S DAY.

THERE is a corps attached to the British Court which is denominated the "Gentlemen-at-Arms." They do not absolutely form the Body-Guard of the Sovereign, that title being monopolized by the "Yeomen of the Guard," commonly called the "Beef-eaters"—an old corruption of *Buffetiers*. But their duty is nevertheless to defend the Queen's person against all possible attacks when she holds a Court at Windsor or Buckingham Palace. This *garde du corps* consists of forty "gentlemen"—that is, according to the aristocratic reading of English society, persons who have never been in trade. There is a Captain, a Lieutenant, and two or three other officers. The gentlemen pay £1300 for their commission, and receive each £100 per annum. They wear a scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches, a steel breast-plate, gauntlets, a helmet, and jack-boots. They are armed with sword and spear; and thus attired and accoutred they line the staircase and the throne-room or reception-room when the Queen receives her devoted subjects. I once held one of these commissions; and after, by selling the commission which I had bought, I had relinquished the weary privilege of standing bolt upright for four

hours in the presence of the Sovereign and the Court, I held a small appointment in the royal household. These circumstances familiarized me with the usages of the Queen, and impressed me deeply with a sense of Her Majesty's method, industry, kindness, intelligence, and high notions of duty.

An idea naturally prevails among the multitude that the life of a Sovereign is a life of luxurious idleness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" was predicated of a British King in the days of despotism, but has no application to the head which is continually occupied with considerations of public good.

Queen Victoria—I speak of her in the present tense, though it is now four years since I was an inmate of the palace—rises at half past six o'clock in the summer, and half past seven in the winter. After the toilet and morning service in the chapel of the Palace she breakfasts. Coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and cold meat constitute the usual repast. One or two ladies-in-waiting and an equerry have the privilege of partaking the morning meal with the royal family. Breakfast over, the Queen sallies forth to walk on the slopes at Windsor or in the garden of the palace, and generally visits, when at Windsor, the farm or aviary, looking at her horses and examining the aquarium. Re-entering her dwelling, she goes into the nursery or the rooms in which the princes and princesses are going through their studies; then glancing at the *Times* and *Morning Post*, she enters her library and receives the Master of the Household. This officer lays before Her Majesty a memorandum of all the letters and applications he has received addressed to the Queen, and reports how he has disposed of them. He is allowed a considerable latitude in regard to the dispensation of the monarch's charities; for, of course, the Queen can not herself institute inquiries into the deserts of the numerous applicants. On the departure of the Master of the Household the Lord-Steward's deputy enters to receive orders as to the invitations that shall be issued to persons of merit and distinction to visit Her Majesty. These persons arrive to dine on one day, remain all the next day enjoying the individual attentions of one or other of the members of the household, and return home on the third day. These three days are called the days of "Rest," "Reception," and "Departure."

At eleven o'clock the dispatch-boxes of the principal Secretaries of State arrive or are brought by the Ministers themselves. There is one from the Foreign Secretary, one from the War Minister, one from the Lords of the Admiralty, and one from the Home Secretary, with a supplemental box from the Premier, who is either First Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The box of the Foreign Secretary receives primary attention. It contains a *précis*, carefully written and signed by the Secretary or one of the Under-Secretaries, of all the correspondence that has recently taken place with foreign

Powers, together with drafts of the replies which it is proposed to send. If any knotty question is at issue the Queen will probably desire to see the original dispatches, if her wish in this respect has not been anticipated. It is a fiction to say that a constitutional sovereign "can do no wrong." In her alone is vested the power to declare war and make peace, though the responsibility is borne by the Premier. Hence it becomes her duty to watch the progress of every discussion, and to stop, ere it be too late, the adoption of any policy which may compromise the peace of the nation.

The Foreign Secretary's box being closed, that of the War Minister receives attention. This box, in time of peace, contains a Report of all that has been done in respect to new military inventions, and alterations in the clothing and equipment of the troops; recommendations of certain general officers for important military commands, staff situations, or colonial Governments; and a list of all the promotions and appointments it is proposed to make. These latter are inscribed on large sheets of paper, and if there is nothing objectionable in any of the candidates for preferment the Queen attaches her sign-manual to each sheet. The Lords of the Admiralty make a communication corresponding with that of the War Secretary.

The Home Secretary's box contains warrants and patents for the Queen's signature, which warrants confer Judicial or Ecclesiastical appointments upon the higher members of the bar and the clergy, or are the signal for the execution of great criminals. It is always a subject of deep sorrow to the Queen when the Home Secretary does not see reason for recommending her to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy. To consign a fellow-creature to eternity is revolting to her Christian spirit, and especially when that fellow-creature is a woman. Indeed, since the last paroxysm of anguish which the Queen endured on this account it has been customary to assume that a murderess is a lunatic, and to confine her for life.

The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have either been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commands" to attend at the Palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons intrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and Her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are confined by sickness. Her Majesty's kindness

to the suffering of her own sex is proverbial. It is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library, and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb—gold plate, Sèvres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in an ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen at table in full-dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drank at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner the party adjourns to the drawing-rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to innocent pleasures, and the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing. The objects of interest to the stranger in the suit of drawing-rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them—a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princes and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statues of marble, bronze, and alabaster; glorious pictures by the first masters, ancient and modern; port-folios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of *vertu*, etc., etc. All is life and *abandon*. At half past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.

Such, briefly sketched, is an ordinary Queen's day. Circumstances occasionally happen to vary the routine. There is a review of 20,000 soldiers at Aldershot, or of 40,000 volunteers in Hyde Park, or of a fleet at Spithead. There is a fête at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a Chapter of the Garter or Bath to be held, a cup race at Ascott to be seen, an exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academicians to be visited, Parliament to be opened or prorogued, or a Drawing-Room to be held.

A "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace is a grand affair. It is then that the aristocracy makes its greatest display. The exquisite beauty of the youthful ladies who are to be presented is exhibited to the greatest advantage, the warmth of the weather (it is May) admitting of the dresses being worn very low; the dowagers blaze with the family diamonds; the major part

of the noblemen and gentlemen rejoice in military or naval attire; the ambassadors and ministers are grand in their gold-laced coats, swords, and bags; the Guards are in their newest uniform; the carriages are of every hue, the panels emblazoned with rich coats of arms, and the hammer-cloths composed of embroidered velvet or costly woolen fabrics; the coachmen and servants are all velvet, plush, silk stockings, powdered wigs, and vast bouquets; and the proud horses, caparisoned with silvered harness, snort and paw the ground, challenging a part of the admiration bestowed by the thousands who crowd the streets near the palace upon the vehicles and their handsome occupants.

An introduction to the British Court—in other words, a presentation to the Queen, which does not always carry the presentee beyond the precincts of the Court—is effected after this wise: A person desirous of being presented seeks the favor of some nobleman or titled lady who has already enjoyed the privilege. He or she writes on two cards the name of the person to be presented and that of the introducer. One of these cards is retained by the Lord Chamberlain, the other is laid before the Queen, that if either of the individuals named be objectionable her Majesty may express her disinclination to receive the party. A gentleman must be presented at a “Levee” before he can be admitted to a “Drawing-Room.” The Levee is held by the highest Prince in the realm. If, after presentation, it should be discovered that there is a flaw in the character of the individual who has been introduced at Court, a notice appears in the *London Gazette*, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, to this effect: “The presentation of —, on such a day, at her Majesty’s Drawing-Room, held at St. James’s Palace, was a mistake; and such presentation is not to be considered as having taken place.” Such advertisements are of rare occurrence. Only two have appeared in twenty years.

On the Drawing-Room day the Queen, surrounded by the other members of the Royal Family and the great officers of state, takes up her place under a dais, or throne canopy, and the company passes before her. The ladies courtesy to the earth; the gentlemen fall on one knee, and kiss the Queen’s hand—all parties backing out through a door opposite to that by which they entered. That same “backing out” is a troublesome process, especially to the fair sex, whose trains are long and therefore embarrassing.

On the night of the third and last Drawing-Room, which is generally held on the Queen’s birthday, many of the ladies go to the Opera in the dresses they have worn at the Drawing-Room. The *coup-d’œil* then presented from the stage is superb! The glitter of the diamonds, softened by the waving ostrich plumes and marabouts; the richness of the silks, brought out vividly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten. To see it to the best

advantage, one should volunteer to join the throng upon the stage who sing the National Anthem on such occasions. Managers of opera-houses are not the most accommodating people in the world, but there are keys of silver and keys of gold that will open wide the most stubborn portals that ever were constructed to keep out the curious and the vulgar.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the British sovereign passes her days in London or at Windsor. When the summer arrives her Majesty betakes herself to her beautiful marine abode in the Isle of Wight, and gives herself up to domestic enjoyment. Parliament is then “up;” the members scatter themselves all over the world, and the ministers of state retire to their country-houses. In the autumn the Queen has hitherto gone down to her estate in Scotland. Contiguous to Balmoral is some fine deer-stalking, a manly sport, in which the late Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales particularly delighted. The poor Highlanders in the vicinity of Balmoral, like the poor people in the Isle of Wight, always look forward with delight to her Majesty’s advent, for then they taste of royal beneficence administered with no niggard hand.

MY MYSTERIOUS FOE.

[The subjoined narrative is a true record of incidents which occurred in New York not many months ago. The affair made some talk in private circles, but I believe it never “got into the papers.” For obvious reasons fictitious names have been given in this account, which I give to the public in the belief that it may throw some light upon the mysterious question of “Natural Antipathies.” I shall be happy to communicate privately with any person who is engaged in scientific inquiries upon this obscure subject. Any letters from such persons, directed to “K. L., care of the Editor of *Harper’s Magazine*,” inclosing an envelope directed and stamped for a reply, will meet with early consideration. I shall not, however, attend to any inquiries which appear to be prompted by mere idle curiosity. —K. L.]

I NEVER liked him. Nay, my whole nature fairly recoiled from him in terror when my glance first met his small, piercing eyes, as he suddenly passed through the reception-parlor, where I sat gayly chatting with Lieutenant Charles. The Lieutenant noticed my terrified start, and the change of color which doubtless accompanied it, for he sprang up instantly, and would have followed the intruder had I not promptly checked him, and, with a forced smile, endeavored to resume the conversation so unpleasantly interrupted.

“And you will not give me the picture, Fanny?” asked the Lieutenant, after a few moments’ pleading concerning a *carte de visite* which I had lately had taken. “You will not give it to me!” he echoed, sadly, after reading his answer in my countenance; “but surely you will show it to me?”

“Certainly I will,” I answered, quickly, half regretting the coquetry which had prompted me to deny him at all in the matter. “It is in my room; I will bring it to you in an instant.”

Rising from my seat as I spoke, I hastened into the hall. Good gracious! there He stood, at the very foot of the stairway, motionless, as though he had been listening to our conversation. I sprang back into the room with a beating heart, and tears of vexation gushing to my eyes.

"You have seen him again!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, starting from his seat.

But before the door was reached my hand was upon his arm—

"No," I urged, "do not go; it will be useless, and excite an unnecessary alarm in the household. In a moment he will go away, and I will then get you the picture, and laugh at my folly at the same time."

"Your folly in getting me the picture?" bantered the Lieutenant, gayly. "Forgive me, Fanny," he added, hastily, and an anxious cloud passed over his countenance. "This matter is more serious with you than I at all imagined. Surely there is—"

"Say no more about it," I interrupted, trying to smile. "There are some influences which it is useless to attempt to explain. We can only recognize them, and, if need be, struggle to resist them. I am ashamed of the weakness on my part which you have witnessed this morning, and must trust to your generosity not to interpret it too harshly."

He pressed my hand respectfully, and was silent. But what meant that shrewd, almost sarcastic smile, when, a moment afterward, as we heard the hall door shut heavily, he said, "Your enemy is probably out of the way now; will you bring me the picture?"

This "enemy," as, alas! the Lieutenant had only too truly called him, was, like myself, a lodger in my boarding-house. The landlady, Mrs. Hone, heard me sympathetically when, in confidence, I hinted at the annoyance he caused me, and, in her peculiar phraseology, promised "to rid the house of him" as soon as she possibly could; but begged me to say nothing of the matter in the mean time, for there was nothing, she said, which she dreaded so much as "a stir" among her boarders, and among her lady boarders she was sure "this business would make a stir if any thing could."

I promised to remain silent, though more than once afterward I was tempted to regret my hasty acquiescence. There was Mr. Williams, a strong young man, with whom I was a favorite, living on the fourth floor, who, could his assistance have been asked, would doubtless soon have effected the removal I so much longed for. As for leaving, myself, that was impossible. I was an orphan—a dependent on a wealthy though invalid uncle, who, being once comfortably settled in Mrs. Hone's excellently kept house, would not of course be tempted to leave it except for some more potent and tangible reason than I could offer.

Whether my tormentor knew my sentiments toward him or not I can not say; but I never,

during the uneasy days that followed, heard him hurrying along the hall, or stealthily passing my room close to its very door-sill, but I felt an involuntary shudder, and with difficulty suppressed the cry that arose to my lips. Once I met him on the stairway, and, scarce conscious of what I was doing, I bounded past him with a quick scream, and rushed into my room. *Why*, I can not tell, except that my whole being loathed the creature, and felt a presentiment of coming evil from his presence. Not one word had we ever exchanged, and I do believe if he had spoken to me I should have fainted with terror; but his restless, intense glance had more than once met mine, and that was enough. There was a natural antipathy between us: we were born to be enemies.

In the mean time my brave Lieutenant had gone back to the war. He had, after all, taken my picture with him, and my heart also. Only those who love and are beloved in return, and are doomed for a while to be parted, with chances of danger and death between them and their loved ones, can know of the eagerness with which I awaited his first letter. Soon it came, one glorious summer afternoon, with its more glorious news: "Our army is moving rapidly, and we shall be in Richmond before the Fourth." (Alas! the inspiring spectacle proved to be but a mirage woven in the mists of Arlington Heights.) "We shall fight! We shall conquer!" the letter said, "and some of us must fall; but, living or dying, dearest, remember that one heart shall—"

I read no more; for at the bare thought of the possibility of losing my hero the half-read sheet fell from my hands, and there, in the solitude of my room, I leaned upon the window-sill and wept long and bitterly. I loved my country, freedom, and the right; but oh! did I love them enough for the chance of this? My brave, noble lover! If he should perish what would freedom, kindred, the light of Heaven itself be to me? Suddenly a rustling outside of my slightly-opened door aroused me; and recalled to my letter, I stooped to pick it up. *It was gone!*

Bewildered and alarmed I hastily shook the folds of my dress, and searched floor, table, and chair, quite certain that no other human being had been in the room since I had entered it with the letter—when the door opened wider, and our landlady's head, decked in all the pride of her gorgeous dinner-cap, was thrust into the apartment. Her face was paler than usual, and her manner somewhat flurried, as she laughingly exclaimed,

"Miss Fanny, if you leave your love-letters lying about the halls you can't expect to keep your secrets long. Not that I have learned them," she added, quickly; "but some less trusty personage might have picked it up, you know."

"Mrs. Hone," I gasped, scarcely heeding her words as I almost snatched the precious sheet from her hands, "I entreat you to tell me how you came in possession of this letter."

"Why, I've told you already," she replied, rather sharply, "I picked it up in the entry just outside of your door. It was no ghost dropped it there either (so you needn't turn so white), but only that R—"

A sudden thought seemed to check her intended confidence, for she muttered something about people being so "awful nervous," and breaking into a disagreeable laugh, hastily left the room. A moment afterward I heard her angry voice checking Betty, the house-maid, for some real or fancied neglect of duty; with the sharp reprimand not to "leave that door open again if she valued her place."

That door! Could she mean my door? And was I, as far as practicable, to be kept shut up in my room, so that *He* might wander unrestrainedly about the house? And what had meant my landlady's flurried manner, her sudden reticence, if in some way my tormentor had not been concerned in this mysterious occurrence? For though I by this time knew well enough *who* had taken the letter, *how* it had been accomplished without my knowledge was a mystery. It was not more than a week since I had first spoken to Mrs. Hone of the object of my fears, and already she would flush up angrily if I even alluded to the conversation and her solemn promise to relieve me of his odious presence. She had even gone so far as to say that "some persons were too fidgety for comfort; and for her part she couldn't, for the life of her, see what there was to make such a fuss about. Goodness knew! she didn't want any such creature as him in her house, and if I thought she did I was mistaken, that was all!" After this singular change of feeling evinced itself I kept my own counsel in the matter, though I was fully resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity of persuading my uncle to change his boarding-place.

This was the way in which matters stood on the day that my letter was so mysteriously borne away almost from my very hands. After recovering it I eagerly read it through again and again—shuddering, in spite of myself, at a certain passage which the reader shall have the privilege of perusing. The Lieutenant, considerate in all things, had evidently tried to express himself so as to annoy me as slightly as possible; but it thrilled me for all that. Here is the passage:

"By-the-way, my dear Fanny, you must know that there came into our tent last night what seemed to me the very identical being who so startled you *that* evening. Has he disappeared from No. 123? If so, it was himself. If not, it was his *double*. Size, color, and gait were the same. He had the identical quick, glancing eye, sharp white teeth, and pointed nose. Can there be *two* such beings? Was it from sympathy with you that I felt such an instinctive aversion to him? I made a dash at the fellow, but he escaped into the darkness as mysteriously as he had come. Our captain and a few of our boys were in the tent at the time, and seemed to be much astonished at my violent movements, and at my remarking (as I quietly sat down among them again), 'That fellow came precious near receiving his finishing touch!' They all protested that *they had seen no one enter the tent*; and begged for an explanation, but I chose to let them remain in their mystified condition. A mysterious coincidence, at least, was it not? Does it portend any thing?"

To me it would have been a terrible circumstance, and so I told him in my reply; but my brave hero knew not the meaning of fear.

At last, after reading the precious epistle over (I am ashamed to tell how many times), I sought the bedside of my uncle, and endeavored to render the long summer afternoon less tedious to the dear sufferer. He was aged, and the natural infirmities of his years had been hastened and increased by a slow, incurable disease. How my heart went forth toward him as, with loving hand, I brushed back the beautiful silver locks from his temples, longing that my touch might heal as well as soothe! Ere long he passed into a tranquil slumber, and carefully adjusting the sashes so that the soft breeze might play refreshingly about him, I slipped noiselessly into my chamber.

And now, at this point, I must become minute, and perhaps even tedious in detail, for I have a strange story to tell, and wish faithfully to relate the strange occurrences of that night.

There was but one other boarder on the second floor of Mrs. Hone's house besides my uncle and myself. This was a stern, unsociable man named Foster, a bachelor, who always returned my cheerful "Good-morning!" with an unmoved face and a jerky bow, as though his good angel had suddenly pulled some invisible string to prevent him from seeming the surly fellow he really was. This gruff personage stalked up the stairs and into his room soon after I had entered mine. Our apartments were at the back of the house, and adjoining, though his, being but a small chamber at the end of the hall, had its door standing at a right angle with my own. I could hear him moving briskly around his room for a while, and finally, as I arose to close my door, saw him emerge, carpet-bag in hand, and disappear at the turn of the stairway. Soon after there were other footsteps in his chamber, apparently those of *two* persons, and I could hear my landlady's voice saying, in her usual indistinct over-tone,

"There is no other way: we will have to try poison, though I dread the consequences."

Then there was some muttered reply, and a discussion ensued, through which I could plainly distinguish the words "no one in here to-night"—"never knew it to fail"—"children"—"horrible!"—"the uncle's room"—"danger"—"uncle can't get out of bed"—"no, it's better here," etc., etc.

Just then uncle's hand-bell tingled out its familiar summons, and I hastened to his bedside.

"Fanny," he said, "can't you make it a little lighter here? I've had one of my ugly dreams, and I want to be certain you're all right."

"To be sure I am, uncle dear," I rejoined, cheerfully, at the same time lighting the gas near the head of his bed. "Is that too bright for you?"

"No, no; leave it up—so. Now come tell me what you have been doing this afternoon."

Should I tell him every thing? No. He would either be distressed at his own powerless-

ness, or would laugh at my nervous fears. So I replied, at the same time lifting a small table nearer his bed preparatory to bringing up his supper,

"Doing, uncle? Why, I have been here with you most of the afternoon, and before that I was reading a letter from—"

"Ah! I understand. Well, it's all my own fault for ever letting that fellow with the buttons have a word to say to you. I shall have to hire some fat old nurse in a year or two, while you'll be sporting around with that scamp—hey?"

My only answer to this was a laughing threat to go to the young scamp at once if uncle were not more respectful; though, at heart, I felt quite resolved that, married or single, I should never resign my self-imposed duty of nursing him.

"Well, well," said uncle, "you've always been such a good girl I sha'n't be hard on you. See if it's time for my mixture."

"No, not for an hour yet. You must take your supper first."

"Very well. Don't put any butter on the toast to-night; and if the chicken's as tough as it was yesterday bring up something else."

"Yes, uncle."

On my way from the dining-room with uncle's supper I could not resist the temptation of taking a look into Mr. Foster's apartment. So resting my tray in a vacant niche at the head of the stair, I turned his knob; but the door would not open. It was locked, and the key had been taken away. Thrust partly under my own closed door was a penciled note from one of the lady boarders, requesting that, if my patient were well enough, I would pass the evening in her room. Well pleased at the prospect of a cheerful gossip with Mrs. Gray's delightful family, I resolved to avail myself of the invitation after my uncle had fallen into his usual slumber, and so lost no time in attending to my evening duties.

It was nearly half past eight before I found myself in Mrs. Gray's pleasant parlor, and by this time the beautiful afternoon had passed into a chilly, unpleasant evening. But we soon forgot the outside darkness in the brightness and comfort within. We talked of the war, of McClellan, of Burnside, of the iron-clads; and in our excited comments developed sundry original and startling views upon matters and things in general, and the strategy of the present war in particular.

Well entertained by the conversation and the music that followed, I lingered in Mrs. Gray's room until ten o'clock. Then, after seeing that uncle was comfortably settled for the night, I sought my own room, and, carefully locking the door leading into the hall, commenced to undress. This done, I stood in my long night-wrapper near the gaslight, and began reading once more the words of my absent soldier. I had just come to the passage, "By-the-way, my dear Fanny," when a sudden, but continuous,

clicking startled me. It might have been the sharp dropping of rain-drops on the roof of the piazza beneath my opened window, or the ticking of the queer clock in Mr. Foster's room; or it might have been caused by some leakage in the Croton pipes, or the creaking of the poor sick baby's cradle in the room above. It might, in short, have arisen from either of these or twenty other innocent causes, and so I tried to reason as, hastily putting the letter away, I turned the gas entirely off (unintentionally, for that matter, but my hand was not steady) and sought my pillow, quite sure that I should not sleep a wink that night. But youth and health are often proof against more serious alarms than mine had been, and I soon sank into a profound slumber.

Hours afterward I awoke with a start from some troubled dream. What it had been I could not precisely recall; but I was agitated, and my brow and neck seemed fairly dripping with perspiration. In an instant the deep tones of a neighboring church clock striking "two" reassured me, with its familiar, everyday sound, and I soon floated off again into the land of dreams. This time the sleep was far less sound; and more than once, without quite awaking, I instinctively drew my muslin night-sleeve across my forehead; it was strangely moist, though I could feel the cool night-air stealing through the darkness from the open window opposite. After turning uneasily upon my pillow for a while, I finally sank into a deeper slumber once more, and must have remained unconscious for nearly an hour, when suddenly I started up with a sense of acute pain; and, wide awake in an instant, became conscious that *I was not alone in the room*. Else why that heavy thump upon the floor, and the quick rush that followed? All was dark, but I could feel that the pillow, my face, neck, and the shoulder and sleeves of my night-dress were covered with a strange, clammy moisture. Seized with a horrible suspicion, and darting from the bed in an agony of terror, I flew to the other side of the room, and groping for my uncle's door, burst with a cry into his room. Dimly lighted as it was, I could see every object distinctly as I entered; and first of all, because the long mirror hung directly opposite the door, and the small gas-jet threw its rays full upon me, I saw my own reflection in its bright surface. Great Heavens! I was covered with blood! My hands were wet with it, while my cheek and throat were crimson with the streams which flowed profusely from my temples. What could I do? My uncle still slept soundly, under the effects of an opiate which his physicians had prescribed for him. Frantic with fear, I tore into the hall, flew up the stair, and would have gone into Mrs. Gray's room, had I not come in collision with my landlady at the landing-place.

"Goodness! Miss Fanny, was it you that screamed? What has happened? Hush!"—and she drew me quickly into her little room. "Why, your shoulder's all wet! Gracious! child, what is the matter? Here, you're safe

enough now—don't cry. Oh! where *are* the matches? I haven't had my room dark at night before, I don't know when—here they are! Hush! you'll scare Mrs. Gray."

By this time the room was lighted, and apparently Mrs. Hone was as much alarmed as myself when she saw my condition. She was, however, a woman of strong nerve, and in a moment was coolly bathing my face and neck, and endeavoring to stanch the blood still flowing from my temples. When the bleeding ceased she lost no time in changing my garments and making me as comfortable as possible.

For some time I staid in the landlady's room, and we talked over the affair together. There was but one solution of the matter; and when, with a shudder, I suggested it to her, she answered, softly,

"Just so, Miss Fanny, it was nothing else, depend upon it. Poor child! Did you *see* him?"

"No," I whispered, "the room was dark; but I heard him distinctly. Oh! Mrs. Hone, I can never sleep in that room again. I must leave the house to-morrow."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Hone, "it's always some trouble with me—first one thing, and then another. But I'm sure I can't blame you, Miss Fanny; though, if you would stay, I could get a man here to-morrow who told me he could soon put a stop to all such troubles. But I hated to have him come before, because I knew it would make so much talk in the house, and make the help saucy. Goodness knows, they're unbearable enough already!"

I felt sorry for the landlady, but in my own mind fully resolved to leave her roof as soon as possible. The clock boomed out "four."

"Oh, Mrs. Hone!" I exclaimed, struck with a new fear, "I have left uncle alone all this time. Will you go down stairs with me? I can't go alone!"

The landlady was naturally unwilling to run any further risk of disturbing the household, and tried to persuade me not to go, but I was resolute.

The dear old man lay there safely enough when we entered his room, but his sleep was heavy—too heavy; and his brow was burning hot. The next day he was worse; and when I asked the physician concerning him, the reply was,

"Oh, it's nothing very serious. Perfect quiet for a week or two, and careful nursing, are all that are necessary."

So there, of course, was an end for the present of my plan to leave the house. But I did not attempt to sleep in my apartment again, or even to undress at all. For four nights I staid in the sick chamber, resting only in a large arm-chair; or perhaps indulging in a brief repose upon the lounge. On the fifth day uncle was so much better that, unconscious of all that had happened, he insisted upon my retiring to my own room and seeking rest. Willing to relieve his anxiety, and being really very much exhausted from continued watching, I obeyed; and in a

few moments was comfortably reclining on a sofa which stood near the window across the corner of my room.

That pleasant, sunny room! How different its appearance was now from what it had been less than a week ago. Then all was order and neatness, and the mantle, toilet-table, and walls had been decked with various tasteful articles and engravings, brackets and images. Now the walls were bare, and the pictures stood on the floor ready to be taken away as soon as uncle should be able to leave the house (for now I felt confident I could persuade him to go), and the little nick-nacks and souvenirs were already safely stowed away in trunks. The curtains were drawn tastelessly back by Betty's ruthless hand; and on the furniture lingered a peculiar bloom—neither cleanliness nor dirt—left by the house-maid's duster. To add to the air of discomfort, in one corner stood a pile of trunks (which had been noiselessly packed while uncle slept); and in another lay portions of a dismembered bedstead and a quantity of bedding, which the landlady had asked permission to leave there, "being as the room wasn't used."

All these things were duly noted as I lay there, vainly courting the sleep which I so much needed. I could hear my uncle's heavy breathing in the next room, and the occasional passing of footsteps along the hall as the boarders came straggling up from dinner. It was no feverish dream then that possessed me when there, in the broad daylight, I saw the detested creature who had attacked me in the dead of night, and the traces of whose diabolical work were still upon my temple, cautiously enter my room, and, gliding slowly and stealthily along, close up to the very wainscot, actually secrete himself under the bedding in the corner!

Goaded to desperation I leaped from the couch, and, scarce conscious of what I was doing, flew to the spot, and, seizing a small bedpost which lay there, beat with all my might upon the place where I believed his head and breast to be! No sound escaped him, but from the first stroke I felt that he was in my power. Blow after blow fell, for I had the strength of a maniac, and I *dared* not stop. By this time my cries were heard, and my landlady and several of the boarders rushed into my room. They forced me into a seat, and lifted the bedding from the floor. There he lay, motionless; they turned him over: he was dead!—stone dead—and by my hand!

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, the strong young man from the fourth story, as he lifted my victim from the floor, "he is dead, big as he is; but how did you ever find courage to kill him?"

"I'm sure I hardly know," I gasped, "except that I was desperate. He has tormented me almost to death for two or three weeks past, and last Saturday night he actually did come near killing me in earnest."

"How? how?" cried every body but the landlady, crowding more closely.

The good lady winked prodigiously at me just

then, and tried to change the subject; but I was too excited to heed her. Turning with a shudder from the lifeless cause of my past miseries, I explained how I had felt a natural antipathy against him from the first moment I had encountered him in the hall at Mrs. Hone's; how terrified I had been when I saw him pass through the reception-parlor where I sat conversing with a gentleman; how I had heard and seen him several times since; how he had actually dragged a letter from my room out into the hall; and, above all, how he had bitten my temple on that fearful night. I had just raised the hair carefully from my brow to show my audience the still unhealed traces of those cruel teeth, when Biddy, the chamber-maid, came bustling in. The moment she saw the lifeless corpse she shrieked,

"Who killed him? Not you, Miss Fanny! I'd have been skeered to death. I'm glad he's dead, any how. I told you, ma'am," she added, turning to Mrs. Hone, "'twan't no use tryin' to pizen him. We couldn't have got rid of him: and he'd smelt awful all summer; and—"

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Mrs. Hone, out of patience.

Thus tenderly admonished, Biddy subsided, only murmuring, under her breath, that people's lives "hadn't been safe with a critter like that runnin' around;" and finally uttering a piercing shriek as Mr. Williams, the strong young man from the fourth story, lifted the lifeless body toward her.

At that moment Mrs. Hone's oldest son, Fred, a student in the Free Academy, burst into the room. He stopped for a moment, surveying the strange tableau. There was I, flushed with the excitement of my exploit; Biddy, angry at being checked in her voluble exclamations, and shrinking from the corpse; Mrs. Hone, severe in her dignity as head of the house, glad that the obnoxious creature was dead, yet anxious to prevent any talk among her boarders; and Mr. Williams, holding up the dead body so that all could see it.

Master Fred, who being six years my junior was my sworn admirer, and hated my mysterious foe as much as I did, took in the whole affair at a glance.

"You've killed him, Miss Fanny, have you?" he exclaimed. "Bully for you! He's the biggest fellow I ever saw! 'A rat, dead for a ducat, dead!'" he added, imitating as nearly as he could the tone and attitude of Edwin Booth, whom he had seen the evening before in Hamlet, pointing at the dead body of the huge rat whom I had just killed, which Mr. Williams was handing to the shrinking Biddy to be duly disposed of.

Possibly the reader of this narrative may, like my Lord Hamlet, have taken this slaughtered rat for "his better." If so, he has read with his imagination instead of his eyes—"a bad habit; I pray you avoid it."

I have only to add here, that "My Mysterious Foe" was the first and the last of his kind that has ever succeeded in penetrating into the immaculate mansion of Mrs. Hone.

THE HOME AND THE FLAG.

WE have been for almost two years so accustomed to see our flag upon our houses and hanging from our windows, that we have almost forgotten how startling a sight it at first was, and how deep a lesson it ought to teach us as it floats over our home, and thus connects the peace of the family with the power of the nation. Before we were, perhaps, proud enough of our country and our flag; but our pride of late years was reserved too much for certain state occasions—as for a military parade, the arrival of a fleet, the anniversary of a victory, or the return of the national holiday. Even then we must confess to being sometimes a little surfeited with the show of patriotic enthusiasm, and the Stars and Stripes, though well enough in their place on our national ships and forts, were regarded by dainty eyes as a little vulgar when brought too near, very much as Fourth of July fire-crackers are regarded by sensitive ears. There was indeed some reason for our distaste at the frequent obtrusion of the symbol of our nationality: for it was too often made under the auspices of persons more intent on displaying themselves than on serving the country; and too many of our militia musters have been more alarming to quiet citizens than to public enemies; and the hereditary bunting that perpetuates the virtue of our fathers sometimes has been disgraced by the inebriety of the sons, being exhibited upon tents whose inmates beat each other instead of the invader, and fell more frequently by liquor than by bullets.

Even when our martial enthusiasm has been truly stirred by imposing military displays, as so often by the excellent citizen soldiery of our great city, it has been very much as at some grand scenic effect upon the stage. We did not, indeed, doubt that our men were brave, and our nation powerful, and our arms invincible, yet we had little thought of those troops being part of an actual army, or of claiming the flag as part of our own household, after that it had been borne so gayly past our window.

How changed is our feeling now! The first blow that was struck at our national life moved us all to lift up the flag upon our houses and churches, as the Crusaders of old lifted up the insulted cross. We can remember what a thrill went through the heart of the nation when the flag was first unfurled upon our church spires; but the precursors of this signal appeared upon many a roof below, and the fire that blazed aloft upon the towers was kindled from the hearths of the people. The feeling that came over the nation took us all by surprise, and, like every great experience, it neither came by calculation nor can it be analyzed by cold criticism, nor comprehended by mere prudence. Our life is greater than we know, and whenever its interior fountains are stirred, we are reverently to await a revelation instead of prescribing an opinion or conceit. We have awaited now more than a year the developments of our national life, and

from time to time we have tried to give our views of their import. We propose now to extend our observations into a somewhat new direction, and speak of the lesson of the flag at the window, or the relation between our homes and our country, or the life of the family and the nation.

We remark at the outset, that the signs of the times show that we are taking the nation *home* with us as never before, and making our public interests a part of our private welfare. The change is greater than we are at first prepared to admit; for while private welfare tends to become too much a very narrow, engrossing, and even selfish object, public interest, on the other hand, is too apt to be left in the vagueness of remote distance, or to the abstractions and the round numbers that are to be found in our tables of statistics. It is very easy to say "our country," or to repeat the statistics of our population, domain, wealth, and lines of communication. But how much more vivid and stirring is the word "home," and with the sound of the word the eye rests upon or recalls the cherished object itself. We see it, the whole of it, just as it is, precisely so large or so small, with exactly so many inmates, of such years, features, and voices, with furniture and garden, as distinct as in a picture. Perhaps the most distinct and engrossing object of all is she who is generally the ruling spirit of the house, the wife and mother. We call our country our mother; and so she ought to be, and to some extent so she is; but she does not stand before us so distinctly as our mother in blood—as she who bore us, and is always bearing with us and forbearing. The mother in the house is a very private and somewhat exclusive person, and is apt to impart to us something of her own clannishness, and to shut us up within the circle of her own affections, when she is too generous to tie us to the apron strings of her will. Great is the gain, then, when she brings the nation within her own charmed circle, and gives the country a hearty place in the household. Sometimes this adoption is not merely an interior feeling but a visible act; and no sight is to us more expressive than that so often seen within the year—the good mother seated at the window from which floats the household flag, and watching intently the passing regiment, and waving her handkerchief to some friend or kinsman, perhaps to her own sons or brothers, as they are marching, not on a holiday pageant, but to the war, in defense of the life of the nation. The sight of her and her daughters brings the whole country nearer to us, and the great continent seems to rise before us in living personality, and to speak with her voice, and to glow with our affections. The nation seems to live in the person of its queen, and here every patriotic woman does a great deal to animate and impersonate the whole government.

We undoubtedly suffer something from the absence of the traditional symbols and titled personages which embody and concentrate the laws and customs of the old nationalities. As yet no person moves us as the Queen moves the

English when she visits the army, or as the Czar stirs the Russians, when, as autocrat and pontiff at once, he rides among the battalions that welcome him with hymns as well as cannon. Yet we are gaining in national symbolism, and never, since Washington's time, has a President been greeted as ours; and never, since time was, has more enthusiasm been rising toward any queen than that which is rising in our camps toward the noble women who are making such sacrifices for the health and comfort of our soldiers. She who looks out from the window to give the soldiers her blessing as they march to the war, shall receive that blessing with increase when they return. The whole nation should and will join in the blessing; for she, the true woman, it is who enables the soldier more than any thing else to keep his country in his heart as part of his home. Surely we are governed far more than we think by tangible objects and personal associations; so that it is very hard to love our country, and even our religion, apart from congenial places and persons. The flag is something tangible, and it seems sometimes to have a supernatural virtue in rousing patriotism. There is a reverence for our flag amounting almost to worship; yet without some human face or word to go with it, the flag is a very insufficient incentive, and the good soldier feels its power far more when he receives the silken banner at the hands of some fair woman, and sees her cheering face wherever he marches, and hears her encouraging voice above all other music. In some way every soldier is enabled to interpret his country by some such personal association, and so give it a place in his fancy and affections, as well as in his reason and conscience. The more we do to cherish such associations so much the better for the nation, and so much greater is the safeguard against the narrow individualism and private thrift that are so apt to be in the ascendant among us.

As a people we are much given to arithmetic, and nowhere on earth is the multiplication-table so widely taught and applied as with us. Far be it from us to disparage this important document, or to bring down upon our heads the wrath of its significant figures, which can gather at a word in such ratios that roll up volumes sometimes more startling than the thunder-clouds. Yet we must modestly suggest that the multiplication-table can not do every thing, nor even the most important thing. It can multiply the unit into thousands and millions, but it can not give us the unit itself to start with. It may figure up the number of houses in the country, or of men in the army, but it can not give us an adequate idea of a single house or a single man. In fact, no kind of knowledge is so deceptive and unsatisfactory as that which is merely numerical. We learn something, but not the chief thing, when we learn that we are a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants. We learn the great thing only when we are told what kind of people they are, and especially what kind of a man is to be regarded as the average specimen or

representative character of the whole. Whatever tends to translate the abstractions of statistics into personal form and feature corrects their insufficiency and makes their facts vital. Now, certainly, all household images and associations have this tendency, and the muster-roll of a regiment begins to mean something to us the moment we recognize some familiar name, and remember, perhaps, some old neighbor or schoolmate whose home we have passed, and whose parents, and brothers, and sisters we know. The whole army starts into life as it is thus estimated by a standard that the heart can recognize, and there is something very near to degradation in being known merely as one of a certain number, without local habitation or name. How repulsive it is, not only to our pride but to our affections, to be called number one or number ten instead of our own name; and the prison has no indignity greater than that of labeling its inmates numerically, and knowing them only by their number, like so many hack horses. Women are especially averse to such computation; and we can not imagine any greater affront put upon a circle of stately dames or blooming damsels than by omitting their characteristic names, and slighting their characteristic costume, and telling them off by number, as so many hats or umbrellas left in care of the porter. Womanly affection is altogether private and personal, and carries its personality into public affairs, and helps us, harder and more abstracted men, carry it there also.

Tell a woman, for example, that a thousand men were slain in the last battle, and she receives the news with amazement, perhaps with horror, yet does not lose her composure nearly so much as when she hears that one of her own acquaintance was among the number; and as she thinks of him in the agonies of death, she sees the whole thousand who suffered with him, and the *many* appear before her in the *one*. This is the way, indeed, with the human heart, but it comes largely from its home training; and but for this personal and affectionate view of affairs public life would lose its personal interest, the country would evaporate into an airy abstraction, or sink down into a coarse trading copartnership, and the flag would be shorn of its best power in being torn away from its allies in the household.

Let us not be narrow in either direction; and we are to shun the extreme of sentimental emotion as the extreme of cold calculation. Let us be willing to read the census all the more because we look into the house, and the aggregate numbers will mean all the more to us as we study the contents of the separate units that swell into hundreds and thousands. We need to take the household and personal view of our nation all the more from the fact that we not only lack the central court and permanent head that tend to bring national life home to the popular fancy, but we also share peculiarly in the habit of calculation that is so characteristic of our time, and sometimes comes near displacing

enthusiasm by prudence, and living personality by scientific abstractions. Without going over in theory to the Positivist School of Comté, and while retaining our nominal spiritual faith, we often virtually adopt his principles, and regard our country too much in its mere statistics; not as our benign mother, whom we know and love by heart, but as the great farm and storehouse, which we are to estimate by tables of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. The French Positivist himself found out his mistake before he died, and in a measure corrected it by that same method that we are recommending; and Comté, who boasted of having reduced every study to an exact science, and of being able to read the future as the past by his sociological theory, confessed that he learned from a single friend more than from all his figures and laws, and that without the friendship of a noble woman, with the light of her home, he must have been without religion, if not a stranger to true humanity. His case is more or less our own; and all public generalities are unmeaning until we interpret them by personal affections and bring them home to our own hearts. It matters little over how many square miles or millions of people our flag waves, if we do not connect it with our own household, and feel its protection while we are under our own roof. The flag at the window thus teaches a great truth, as well as presents a glowing symbol; for it teaches us to study our nation in its personal relations, and breathe human life into numerical abstractions.

Not only do we thus interpret round numbers by a definite point, by the unit that makes all the figures significant, but we have the means of taking an interior view of the whole nation, or looking into the life of the people. Regarding the nation only in the *mass*, the view is alike *indefinite* and *superficial*. If we think of the *many*, we fail to see them *definitely*, unless we see them *one by one*; and we fail to see them *profoundly*, unless we judge them one by one, with *insight* as well as *sight*. The home view of the nation ought to combine these two characteristics, and at once give point in our indefiniteness and depth in our superficiality. Our army, for example, when thus interpreted, presents itself before us in a wholly new light. That we now have a million men in the field is a great fact, but of itself it may excite no more emotion than any other large numerical statement. Indeed, the largeness of the number rather overwhelms than impresses us, and it is impossible to conceive of such a multitude. But put the subject in another light. See that regiment marching through our streets, and remember that a mother is looking from her window to catch the last glimpse of her own son; and as he marches past and makes the salute that mingles filial love with chivalry and patriotism, he gives us a new measure of our army. He gives us the unit, not only of *sight*, but of *insight*—not only of number, but of character. Then remember that there are a thousand

such regiments under our flag, and the ruling motive that led them to the field is in great part the same that animates that young soldier, and surely we have a most significant and instructive view of the whole force at our command. The whole host immediately becomes personal and pictorial to our eye, and graphic to our fancy and affections. Our loyalty takes a more interior character as we connect the purposes of the individual with the institutions and men that we are to serve. We ask anxiously how our soldier is to be treated alike by friends and foes. We see a good officer with other eyes and affections the moment we look upon him as having charge of our personal friends. The great battles, discussions, dangers, and enterprises of the nation thus come home to us, and we are all enlisted by heart in the public service, and made spectators of national scenes. We really pine for more of such personal associations with the destiny of our country; and our statistics of products and returns of popular majorities are most dreary until centralized and vivified by some commanding personality. We yearn for some hero whom we may honor and love, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of our mothers, wives, and children. Knowing so many characters in the national group, and having one or more there who bears our own name or hope, we crave the presence of some ruling spirit who shall animate all by his own eloquence or courage, and ennoble us and our children and homes by his own high humanity. Thus the advent of a great man does not throw contempt on the mass of the people, but puts a soul into the whole; and the *all* whom we do not and can not know live for the first time for us in the *one* whom we know and do honor.

In monarchical countries the people are made to take a personal interest in common public affairs, and especially in great national emergencies, by loyalty to the princes who lead them; and in sober and utilitarian England the sons of the Royal family are put into the army and navy expressly to bring the public service nearer to the life of the people, and to connect the throne with their business and homes. Surely a republic ought not to have less enthusiasm, and effort should be made to win favor to every branch of national interest by identifying it with persons near to the popular heart. As we watch the career of the leading men among us now, we care for them all the more by our care for those whose welfare is committed to their charge; and we rejoice in every victory and mourn at every defeat most heartily as we think of the homes gladdened or saddened by the issue. We read with different eyes of the deeds of Foote or Pope, Burnside or McClellan, when we think that our own or our neighbor's son is in that command; and should the army return with its trophies what bounds could be put to our enthusiasm, when love for the soldier in the ranks combines with pride in the commander to bring out our plaudits, and perhaps our tears? In some way this principle of sympathy is acting

upon our whole community as probably never before in the history of nations, for never before was so large an army gathered on the globe of materials that so unite officers and men in the same companionship, and embody the affections and interests of the whole people. Our troops go forth from our homes as no other army ever went; and the bayonet, as well as the sword, is borne by men of gentle nurture, who love, and are loved by gentle mothers and wives and sisters and daughters and friends. He who wins laurels wins them therefore, in a peculiar sense, for others as well as for himself; and we hardly venture to predict the honors and rewards in store for our brave leaders when they return from the conflict and are welcomed to the homes whose sons have been partners in their heroism, even at the cost of wounds or life itself. Surely, then, our public life is closely allying itself with our private life, and the two factors of our national power—the elements of command and of obedience—are meeting together as never before.

We are, undoubtedly, in this way bringing a new method of observation and judgment to bear upon our rulers and officers. We are looking at them not only from the caucus, the exchange, the Senate, but from the household; and from our windows we are scrutinizing men, manners, and institutions. The morals of our officers, in the camp and the field, are to be canvassed with new closeness, and stern judgment is to be passed upon usages and institutions that are now especially in question. North and South, East and West are looking out of the window with very sharp eyes at each other; and not only in every newspaper-office, but in thousands of private houses, correspondence is going on between the people and our soldiers of a degree and kind that must tell on public opinion, and even shape the materials for history. Our campaigns have annalists such as were never before known; and the flag at the window is the eloquent symbol of a new element in our nationality—that mighty power that has every postal conveyance at its command, and enables every man and woman in the land to write dispatches to friends every where within our lines, and to stamp the dispatch with the head of Washington, and give it the sanctity of the great nationality that he founded. Letters have always been written since the human fingers knew their cunning, but never till now have they so united the home and the nation, and made a nation's history out of its household affections. Each section of the country must share in this illustration; and we are ready to believe that the result must be such as to give us all a more humane view of each other's dispositions and relations—to feel that at heart we may be once more one people, and that in some respects the very men who are in arms against us are cherishing the very affections and purposes that we hold most dear. We have no fondness for the rebel chiefs, and find it very hard, sometimes, to keep from cursing them before God and man. Yet we may so far enlarge our view as to discern some elements in their

motives that are not utterly depraved; and we surely, in the fullness of our solicitude for our own kindred, may remember that the human heart is not bound by any political or geographical lines; and our enemy may love and be loved very much as we are, and on that very account may be worthy of better usages and laws than those which he insists upon maintaining, to the harm of the nation and the scandal of the world. His life, too, has its household side, and one, moreover, enough like our own to win our sympathy, and enough unlike our own to enlist our service in the hope of bettering his lot in spite of himself. The flag from our window has thirty-four stars on its folds, and shall have, we trust and pray, no less a number. Our window, therefore, waves a blessing to his, and offers him protection under the light of one—nay, of all—of those stars, and gives him warning as stern as the protection is merciful.

We have been speaking thus far of the importance of taking the *nation home* with us, or of giving definiteness and depth to our public life by looking at it from our domestic point of view. But we must not forget the other aspect of the subject, nor fail to see the need of *taking the home abroad* with us, and enlarging private feeling and interest by large public associations and ideas. If we look out of the window to see who are in the street, we must expect those in the street to look up to us, and to have some control over our thoughts. It will not do to interpret every thing from our own personal view, or insist upon giving the whole country the tone of our household or the color of our spectacles. We certainly have been too much imprisoned in our private interests, and we need to enlarge our horizon by generous patriotism as well as humanity. If the home view of public life is instructive, the public view of home life is no less so; and we do a great deal to cure our prejudices and repinings by seeing clearly that our lot is bound up with the common lot. If home-life teaches the worth of the unit, and enables us to see number *one* with some distinctness, and indeed compels us not only to say number two in connubial fondness, and number three, or four, or a dozen, in parental tenderness, public life enables us to count thousands and millions, and see that we personally are, after all, but one soul in thirty millions. Now it is a great thing really to enter into this thought; for we are prone to a monstrous egotism, and are tempted to take it for granted that the nation, if not the universe, turns upon our personal will or welfare as its centre. What a lesson for us it is to remember that this great country at once measures our greatness and insignificance, and that we belong to it as but one among the millions; and instead of being sure of wealth or luxury under its flag, we must share in its trials, and may be compelled to lay down our life in its defense! Look upon the troops in the street or camp, and consider that each man there has body and soul like ourselves, and when wounded or injured he suffers as we must do in like circumstances. It

may let down our pride somewhat, but it will exalt our wisdom to know that each decent man is probably in most respects like ourselves; and that it is utter vanity in us to consider our case so very peculiar, and that never did man suffer or enjoy as we do. It is well sometimes to go into the crowd for the sake of learning humility; and important as it is for each man to preserve his individuality, he must remember that other people are individuals too, and that thousands and millions of them quite as much as he need the earth's plenty and God's providence.

There is something indeed at first very chilling in this view; and when we really perceive that we are one of the many, that what we are personally going through is but the common lot, that what we are tempted to regard as peculiarly our experience takes place by general laws, and to a degree that may be calculated by general averages, we are somewhat in danger of losing our faith and courage, as if we were crushed under the iron wheels of fatality. It certainly gives a startling shock to our exacting sensibility to be assured that, on the whole, about the same average amount of pain and pleasure, sickness and health, birth and death, virtue and vice, and even crime, exists year after year; and that even great crises and revolutions do not essentially break the laws of historical development, nor universally change the human lot. Social statistics do not very widely vary from age to age; and the events that mark our lives most deeply with joy or grief have something of the same range and uniformity as the tides and rains, the heat and cold. War and pestilence are not without method when observed in the long-run, and, like fevers, they have their heats and intermissions. There is a kind of order even in disorder; and the tables of insurance, upon which practical men base their calculations and stake millions of money, show an average liability to tempests, fires, diseases, and accidents. History, it is affirmed, is becoming an exact science, and its periods may be defined, like the stages of vegetable or animal life. Certainly the more attentively we study nature, man, and events, the more are we impressed with the idea of universal law; and now, while war has come upon us like a whirlwind, we find ourselves applying general averages to its issues, and counting the probable percentage of death by battle or disease.

When we reflect upon this prevalence of historical law or social average, we are at first liable to be depressed, as if we were under the wheels of an iron necessity without consideration or mercy. But deeper thought must relieve this depression; and teaching us to recognize a personal intelligence and will beneath or within the system of universal law, it prepares us to rise above a blind and inexorable fate, and gather together as children under the discipline of the Universal Father. What is universal must surely have a providential purpose; and the generalizing of the facts of human life ought not only to enlarge our surface, but to deepen our mind and exalt

our faith, so as to lead us to accept the sufficient universal cause. If all our wishes were gratified at once, and the result answered exactly to our desire, we might be more than we are now in danger of forgetting or denying the overruling spirit; for we might readily regard ourselves as the moving power, and considering effects, however wonderful, as the work of our will, not as the act of God. The universe might seem, as the puppet-show does to the spectator—all the movements, however curious, being all ascribed to the human showman, and not to any divine and indwelling mind. There is something, therefore, in the union of benignity and universality in the divine method that saves us from mere humanism, and compels us to own an overruling power which cares for us upon principles that sometimes cross our wishes, that they may in the end secure the utmost good.

We may have a fair illustration of compatibility of universal law with personal intelligence and overruling power by reverting to our subject. What better expresses the antithesis between private feeling and public law than the flag at the window? The window opens into the house, where private affections prevail and love appears in its most exclusive form. The mother clasps her son to her arms as hers, and is slow to believe that any power can take him from her side. The flag, on the other hand, symbolizes the power of national law, and in its defense her son enrolls himself in the army and marches away to the war. Look upon him as he marches by the window with his regiment, and is there not something in the rhythm of the step and the recurrent order of the ranks and companies that symbolizes that tremendous law that pervades nature and history, and whose recurrent cycles mark the periods of planets and ages that march ever on at the word of Him whose voice is the harmony of the worlds? How different the movement of the young soldier in the regiment and in the house! In the ranks he has his fixed place, and he moves with the many, and advances or retreats, faces about or wheels, at the general command, without regard to his own wish or will. In the house he is quite at ease, and sits or lolls, dances or promenades, plays or reads, as he pleases. But who shall say that in submitting to military discipline he quits the sphere of free-will and personality, and submits to inexorable necessity? The social will, the national mind, is embodied in that discipline, and he finds that his spirit rises instead of being crushed by the discipline of the camp and the field; and even if he is wounded he may know that it is under laws that are essential and benign; and even if he gives his life for his country he can feel that it is better thus to die in a good cause than to breathe out an ignoble existence upon a bed of dainty indolence. Whatever may be the philosophy of the fact, the fact itself is sure, that the more thoroughly we enter into the idea of prevailing law and submit to the rightful discipline, whether human or divine, instead of losing our individuality we exalt

it, and our personal life is magnified, not lost, by being united with the social and civil order or the divine kingdom.

It would be indeed most disheartening if the power of law, whether natural, social, or divine, were always, or generally, mortifying or destructive. We know, for example, that all men must die, and this necessity, that is decreed of God, is often, as of late, hastened by national decrees, and thousands fall before their expected time by the fearful chances of war. But in order that men may die, it is necessary first that they should live, and if they live as they ought to do, death itself opens into higher life, and a universal law, written not only in Scripture but upon the human soul, saves us from the dreary sway of materialism and the fearful sting of death. The more we try to perceive and follow this supreme law, and ascend from the order of material nature to the higher plane of the divine thought and the infinite and eternal love, the greater will be our strength and our comfort. In the apparently inexorable march of events we shall hear the music of humanity and of God, that shall stir our hearts with blessed faith, and assure us that without the supreme wisdom and will not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

Our flag ought to teach us, as it waves from our window, that the public necessity that controls private caprice, and sometimes seems to sacrifice private interest, is full of benign influences and lessons. Let those thirty-four stars teach us to discern the higher meaning of our national life, as it has been forming for more than two centuries, and gathering to itself the truths and powers that all ages have been preparing for us as gifts of the Old World to the New. A divine order more and more distinctly enunciates itself as the years roll on, and it is evident that, while we are scheming and toiling, planting and building for ourselves, the Lord of the vineyard and the Master of the house is using us for His own far-seeing and majestic purposes, and uniting our little doings with His own gracious and comprehensive plans for this new continent and its new civilization.

To say no more of purely national law, but considering the bearing of our private life itself, what is more evident than the fact that every true home is under the influence of an enlarging and spiritualizing power, whose source is divine and whose sweep is boundless and unending? Wherever there is a Bible or a hymn-book, a sermon or a prayer, the divine kingdom is acknowledged, and the flag is but the earthly symbol of the spiritual empire that is to be militant until it is triumphant. In this way our private life is enlarged and evangelized, and our private feelings become part of the great and universal Christian conscience. When we read the household life of the nation thus, and see in it the workings of the moral and spiritual laws that are to move God's people for time and eternity, we accept them as we accept the laws of nature, the tides, the air, the light and heat, the changes of the seasons, and we are mightily comforted

by the conviction that religion is a great social fact as well as a divine revelation. Our family is seen to belong to the great family of God, and the flag of our civil Union becomes the ready symbol of our higher spiritual fellowship. National law, with its duty and privilege, is seen to be a stepping-stone to the law of the empire of God, with its truth and grace. Protected at home in our national birth-right, we the better understand our Christian birth-right; and the gospel, hymns, prayers, and sacraments of religion, as they come home to each of us, not only express our personal faith, but join us to the great company of brethren and fathers who have gone before us. They speak to us in time of need, but of a divine will instead of a material necessity. Their word is both human and divine, joining man's wants with Heaven's fullness in everlasting union. We still have the flag at the window, and love it all the more because above it we see the snow-white banner that shall win the earth to the sway of the gentle and the sceptre of the peace-making; for in war itself, war is no permanent end. The most ambitious invader professes to make war only to gain thereby a more secure peace; and our war is waged solely to preserve the unity of the nation, without which there can be no permanent peace on this continent.

We have, perhaps, taken pretty wide liberty with our subject, and moralized a little too freely upon a very common thing. There is no danger, however, that the truth that is so called for by the times will be too commonplace—no danger that public life will be taken too near to our homes and hearts, or that our homes and hearts will open too generously into fellowship with the nation and with mankind. Let us each look from our window wisely, with fellow-feeling for every citizen, especially for all who suffer in the common cause, not doubting that in this we do much to educate our own children to be good citizens, and breathe a temper that shall be the strength and blessing of the land. Let the house be the watch-tower from which we observe all that concerns our country, and interpret every hopeful event and worthy character with humane feeling and personal sympathy.

Nor let our gaze be wholly passive, but let what we see move us to do our part and train our children to do theirs. The *watch-tower* should be also the *fortress*; and wherever our flag waves, it should be over families that mean to live not for self alone but for their neighbor, their country, and their race. For good or ill we must share in the common lot, and whether we live or die we do not belong to ourselves alone. Wave on, then, old banner! Float from every frontier fort and sea-girt citadel, every camp, and every fleet! When war shall cease and the soldier returns to his home, still cheer and stir us in our homes; and whenever the nation keeps her festivals float in blessing from our windows and our spires, in token of the union between the private affections and public spirit of the people, the patriotism and religion of the nation, to the end of time!

MY SERMON BEFORE THE MAYOR.

"I'M going to drop in one of these Sundays to hear you preach," said the Mayor of our town, with whom I happened to be in conversation. We had lapsed into a little theological argument, and I was trying to open a window, so that light could flow down into his mind.

"Come at any time. We shall be pleased to see you," I answered, and thought no more about it.

On the next Sabbath, as I sat in the pulpit, waiting for the time of service to arrive, who should I see enter but our Mayor, accompanied by the sexton, who ushered him forward, and gave him a seat quite near to me in the upper part of the church. As he sat down he fixed his strong, intelligent eyes on my face, and I imagined them to say, "Here we are, according to promise. Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." I felt it as a sort of challenge to do my best.

Now the Mayor was no common man. He had been well educated, and was a strong thinker. At the bar he had known few rivals, and during ten years that he sat as a judge his decisions were marked by clearness as well as thorough knowledge of law. A change in the domination of political parties worked his removal from the bench, when his friends gave him the nomination for Mayor of our town, and secured his election. For several successive terms he had filled the place, and was accounted a good officer and a just man. As to religion, he made no profession, but attended Episcopal service occasionally with his family. On the subject of religion few cared to talk with him, for the reason that, having, as far as could be judged, no settled opinions of his own, he had an adroit way of attacking other people's opinions, and running their arguments into logical results neither to be gainsayed nor rejected. Most men, after talking with him on doctrinal matters for a while, were left in a state of mind by no means satisfactory to themselves. If he did not convince, he had power to disturb and perplex by questions that few could answer.

"Here we are, according to promise. Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." I dropped my eyes from the Mayor's face, and let them rest on the book I was holding in my hand. In a few moments I lifted them and glanced toward him again.

"Here we are, according to promise. So do your best."

He was looking steadily at me, and this, as I read them, was the language of his eyes.

If I had only known that he was coming! I felt that he had taken me at slight disadvantage. But there was no help for it now, and I made a brief but ineffectual effort to put him out of my thought.

Ah, if I had only known that he was coming! Would I not have prepared a different

sermon? Would I not have made him the one man in the church? He should have had some well-discussed points of doctrine and some home truths for digestion. But now I was at fault.

A glance at my watch showed that in two minutes the time for opening the services would arrive; so there was no opportunity for a mental review of the discourse I had written, to see how it would probably strike the Mayor. It was no ambitious effort: of that I was soberly conscious. A mere practical discourse, easy of construction, and abounding in commonplaces. If I had expected the Mayor I would have done very differently. The sermon should have been more doctrinal, and constructed with greater care. It was too late now, and I felt it keenly. But I was many years younger then than I am to-day. Let this be said for me in passing.

The time came, and I arose in the pulpit. I endeavored to seem entirely self-possessed—to be as calm as though his Honor the Mayor were not in the house, sitting just in front of me, and saying, with his strong, fixed eyes, "Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." The reading and prayers were over in due time. With my manuscript laid open, and the text announced, I began my sermon before the Mayor. How trite were all the sentiments! how feeble the composition! how poor the utterance! What would the Mayor think of me as a preacher? How persistently did that thought keep pushing itself into my mind, in spite of every effort to keep it on the outside!

"I am not preaching to the Mayor alone," said I, in the double process of thinking that went on in my mind. "There are other souls to feed with the bread of eternal life. Let him take the share that falls to his lot. If he is hungry, God will see that he is fed. I am but the dispenser of truth—the sower of seed broadcast over human hearts."

So I endeavored to establish my independence of the Mayor, who sat, in his erect way, just down in front of me, all attention, and fixing me, whenever I let my glance fall in that direction, with his intensely earnest eyes. How well I established this independence will appear from the fact that, soon after its mental assertion, I paused at the conclusion of a passage in my discourse which struck me as needing further illustration in order to make it clear to the Mayor—I had no question as to its being fully apprehended by the rest of my congregation—and, leaning over the desk, proceeded to extemporize certain new matter for my distinguished hearer's particular benefit. In my concern that the Mayor should apprehend the supplemental illustration, I fixed unconsciously my eyes upon him, and did not remove them until I had rounded, with some effect, the last sentence.

"A nail driven home and clenched," said I, with a motion of internal pleasure, as I drew back from my leaning position on the desk. I began to feel hopeful on the Mayor's account, for I saw that he listened with unwavering attention.

Soon there came another passage in the sermon that seemed to me rather weak and obscure—trite and commonplace better expresses my thought at the time. Having succeeded so well in the first attempt at amplification, I leaned over the pulpit again, and with much earnestness of manner drove home and clenched a second nail.

A third and a fourth time were these additions made to my sermon, greatly increasing its length. But what of that? What if signs of weariness did become visible in the choir, and among the junior members of my congregation? Was I not settling the Mayor? Not every Sabbath had I work like this on hand.

Well, my sermon came to the end at last; and there followed, as I sat down, a general movement of relief throughout the audience. I was conscious of having done very well, under all the circumstances—of having, by a few timely additions, made an effective discourse, and, above all, given the Mayor some arguments on the side of orthodox Christianity which he would find himself puzzled to refute.

I thought it not unlikely that the Mayor would linger in his pew until I came down along the aisle, or, perhaps, advance to meet me near the pulpit. But, a little to my disappointment, he passed out with the congregation, and was near the door when I reached the chancel. Usually I descended from the pulpit to the session-room; but out of compliment to the Mayor, I came down now into the body of the church.

An Elder reached out his hand. I took it, and our eyes rested upon each other's faces. He did not smile.

"Rather long, brother Thomas," he said, speaking soberly, yet kindly; for he was a kind-hearted, as well as a plain-spoken man.

"Long! Do you think so?"

"You preached just an hour and twenty minutes."

"Did I?" drawing out my watch and glancing down upon its face. "I'm sorry if I wearied the people. But the subject held my thoughts, and I could not well have said less."

He made no answer to this. Other members of the congregation came round me; and there were hand-shakings, and personal inquiries; but not a word about the sermon.

"Did you think the sermon too long?" I asked of my wife as we walked homeward.

"Rather too long," she replied.

"Did you observe any thing like restlessness in the congregation?"

"Yes. If you had preached the sermon just as written it would have been excellent, and not too long. What induced you to throw in so many extemporized passages? The whole argument was clear enough—a child might have understood it—and you only obscured what you overloaded with illustration?"

"Obscured what I sought to illustrate!" I might well express surprise.

"Yes; darkened your subject, and wearied your congregation. What did come over you,

Arthur? Surely you were not trying to convert the Mayor!"

"That were a bootless effort," I replied, as a cold shiver from my wife's wet blanket ran along my nerves.

"He's a good listener; so much may be said in his favor." There was something mollifying in that; for the good listening might have proceeded from his interest in my discourse. How ready I was to accept this palliative! But the next sentence wiped off the soothing oil and left a biting acid. "Though, from having sat on the bench for ten years, listening day after day to tiresome lawyers, he has, no doubt, acquired the habit of attention."

Now that was a hard saying, dear wife! and it hurt; though you had no thought of inflicting pain.

"See here, brother Thomas!" I turned at the voice of a parishioner. He was a nervous, impulsive, outspoken man, who rather prided himself on his bluntness. I saw that his countenance was rather flushed. Before I had time even to utter his name he went on with what he had to say. "See here, brother Thomas! this preaching sermons an hour and twenty minutes long is never going to do in the world. People won't stand it! You had more than half the congregation gaping and stretching and wondering if you would never reach the end. Forty minutes is long enough for any discourse; and here you kept us for twice that time."

It was not for me to get excited and show feeling. I must have Christian patience under the most sudden assaults, and never show a sign of pain, even when pierced by arrows, or transfixed by lances. So I smiled, and said in even tones:

"It was wrong, I know, and I must guard against the error in future. Of course, it is easier work to prepare a short sermon than a long one; but we sometimes get so interested in what we are doing, that we lose all idea of time."

"It won't do, brother Thomas, now I tell you!" was answered, dogmatically. "I'm outspoken, you know. People can always tell where to find me. If it was the President of the United States that I was talking to, it wouldn't make any difference. You must cut your sermons shorter. There was the Mayor to church this morning! Never been there before in his life. Do you think he'll come again after being kept nearly two hours? Of course not. You've seen the first and the last of him in our church."

"He listened with great attention from the opening to the close of the sermon," I replied.

"Good-breeding would prompt him to that. The Mayor is a gentleman. But, I'll warrant me, he doesn't come again."

"You are getting it on all sides," said my wife, good-humoredly, as we parted from my plain-spoken brother. "She did not know how much his words were hurting me; and, now, awakening more and more to a shame-consciousness of my error in preaching to the Mayor in-

stead of to the four hundred members of my congregation, I did not mean to let her down into my real state of mind. So I answered with what lightness of manner I could assume.

Still I was in doubt as to the effect of my sermon on the Mayor, and it was nearly a week before the doubt was cleared up. In writing my next sermon, I found it impossible to remove an idea of the Mayor as a hearer. He was as distinctly before the eyes of my mind as I wrote, as he had been before the eyes of my body while I preached on the previous Sabbath. How will this strike the Mayor? and how will that strike the Mayor? were constantly intruding, and directing and modifying every portion of the discourse I was eliminating. How did I know that he had not been deeply interested in my sermon? How did I know that he would not come again? As I reviewed the new matter which had been introduced for his particular benefit, and recalled the fixedness with which he had listened, I became more and more convinced that my logic had told on his convictions, and that he would most probably come again. "He shall not find me unprepared for him next Sabbath?" said I, to myself, during a pause in the work of constructing my sermon, in which I considered the Mayor's case for the hundredth time; and then went to writing vigorously again, doing my very best for the Mayor's sake.

Well, I finished my sermon on Friday, and quite to my satisfaction.

"I don't care if the President of the United States comes to hear me," said I, after giving the performance a second reading.

On Saturday I met the Mayor. I was in the office of one of my people, when he came in. It was my first sight of him since Sunday. His face lit up as he saw me; and I think mine showed a little more color than usual.

"Mr. Thomas," he said, in his polite, self-poised way, offering his hand.

I tried to seem very much at ease, but was far from feeling so. He must have read in my countenance the present thought of last Sabbath's performance, for he said, in the pause I left for him to fill:

"So you see, Mr. Thomas, I was as good as my word."

"Yes, I observed you in church." How carefully my voice was schooled to hide the concern I felt to know how my performance had been received.

"How did you like the sermon?" The question was not mine. It came from the parishioner in whose office we had met.

"Well," answered the Mayor, speaking slowly, like one who was choosing his words, so as not to let them betray too baldly his real sentiments—"Well, upon the whole, it struck me as up to the average of sermons. In fact, Mr. Thomas," and he turned to me, "there were portions with which I was particularly pleased. With Agrippa, I said, more than once, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' so clearly and so beautifully did you set forth the doctrine of that

religion in daily life, which I consider the only true religion. But, after driving home your nail, you were not content to let it hold in the grain—forgive my plainness of speech—but must try to clench it fast. In every instance, so far as I was concerned, you loosened instead of fixing your argument—drove back the nail instead of clenching it. I think, Mr. Thomas, if you had preached that sermon just as you wrote it, I, for one, would have been largely benefited. As it was, you were continually setting my mind adrift by your interpolations. Pardon my freedom. I am sure you will take kindly what is meant kindly."

I thanked the Mayor for his plainness of speech, and after a brief talk with him, left the office of my parishioner, and went home with the mercury of my feelings ranging low down on the scale.

I did not preach the sermon I had prepared for the next Sabbath, but selected an old one. The Mayor was not in church.

SOME SECESSION LEADERS.

NO one denies to the Secession leaders the possession of ready and active intellect, and extraordinary shrewdness in the accomplishment of their designs; and so constantly are their names before the public that a literary introduction to them, we conceive, will not be unentertaining or uninformative to the readers of *Harper*.

The writer passed the winter before the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in the Federal City—the winter in which the Gulf States seceded from the Union, and their Senators retired, one by one, from the capital. It was, perhaps, the best opportunity that has occurred to witness the personal appearance, the intellectual powers, and the manner of declamation of those who appeared then for the last time as national legislators. The occasion was calculated to call forth to the utmost the enthusiasm of both sides of the Senate chamber—to rouse to ardent eloquence those who were the defenders and those who sought the overthrow of the Government—to impel every man of genius to earnest, anxious, hard-contested debate. And it must be said that, taken merely as specimens of oratory, the efforts of several of the Southern leaders were rich, prolific in imagination and satiric point, and ingenious in logical sophistry.

We will take a glance at some of the men who, during the winter of 1861, made themselves eminent in the grand conspiracy, and who laid themselves open to the charge of high treason against the Constitution. The first name that occurs is that of the leader of the rebellious hosts, by whose commanding ability the disaffected States have thus far been governed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Imagine a rather small, feeble-looking man, with a high, square forehead, a slow and cau-

tious step, a satirical and self-satisfied expression of countenance, his whole manner indicating self-reliance and a consciousness of power, his voice clear and cheerful, his bearing courteous and pleasing, his eye a bright gray, sunken, and overarched by gray, bushy brows, his hair of an iron-gray and growing thin, his cheek hollow and his lips compressed, plainly but neatly dressed, and you get some idea of the *physique* of this man. He would hardly, at first sight, impress one as a leader, or even as eminent in the Senate; but a closer scrutiny raises him vastly in the estimation of his character. His impaired health and feeble eyesight prevented his devoting himself as earnestly as his active mind would have otherwise led him to do to the national affairs; and he hardly ever addressed his colleagues, unless it were upon some topic of grave and paramount interest. He usually wore green goggles, especially when in the street; walked little; and was long considered in a dangerous stage of consumption. This prevented his name being used several times in connection with the nomination for the Presidency. When speaking, or engaged in conversation, his face would light up with an expression of unusual vividness, and his clear voice was elevated with the earnestness and interest of his subject. His manners betokened high culture. He was always courteous, and was incapable of personal rudeness and coarseness.

As an orator he ranked among the first in the Senate. His delivery, which in the earlier part of his speech was low and rather indistinct, became firm, manly, and graceful as he proceeded. Sometimes employing a searching satire, his lip would curl in well-assumed scorn at the adversary he wished to humble; his voice would acquire a perfectly adapted tone to the sentiment; his head would be thrown back, and his eye, which seemed by its triumphant glance to demand acquiescence, would appear to penetrate the hearts of those against whom he directed his anathemas. Then, turning from a vein which, if followed too long, loses point, he would essay to demolish argument by argument, to combat logic with logic, to array fact against fact, to oppose principles by other principles. In this he had few superiors. But his excellence in dry debate was rather the subtlety with which he blinded, and the sophistry with which he avoided just conclusions, than in the fair, open, manly contact of honest reasoning, and in the ingenuous reasoning from existing facts. Daring and almost reckless in his assumptions, fearing nothing, and capable of supporting throughout, by one way or another, the positions he commenced with; perfectly cool and clear-headed, he could only be met with success by the very foremost of his opponents. And when he approached the pathetic and patriotic, no man could excel him in working upon the feelings, or in inducing the belief of his unselfish devotion to country. His conduct in the war with Mexico established his personal courage beyond a doubt; his service in the Senate subsequently demon-

strated his usefulness as a legislator; and during the period in which he presided over the War Department no complaint was made either against his efficiency or against his honesty.

It was a wise thing, therefore, in those who were to choose a leader, to select him as the champion of Secession. For they wanted a brave man, an able man, an active man, a man whose great energy and stubborn perseverance should scorn all obstacles, and should go straightforward in effecting the grand object. Such a man they found in Jefferson Davis; for he is less carried away by passion, less swayed by impulse than men like Yancey and Rhett, and still is intrepid, exhaustless, and determined.

As we have hinted, his health alone prevented his assuming a place in the first rank of American orators; and his statesmanship, when directed to good purposes, was valuable to the country. His manner when speaking was generally courteous, sometimes contemptuous, and always impressive. He was over-quick, notwithstanding the natural calmness of his disposition, to catch up and flare at a supposed insinuation against his character, or that of his people. He is the ablest of those who are now seeking to erect a hostile government, and therefore the more culpable. He has always been looked upon as ambitious, proud, and stubborn; but has never been charged with avarice, dishonesty, or personal meanness. Even after he had enlisted all his energies in the malignant purposes which he is now striving to fulfill, and which had long been the subject of solemn deliberation with him and his co-conspirators, his prudent good sense halted at the rashness of the ideas he had embraced; and he made an apparent attempt to stop the impending evil by accepting the Crittenden proposition. But cabal was too ripe, and he, perhaps unwilling, perhaps hypocritically appearing so, was swept into rebellion with the rest.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

The personal appearance of Mr. Breckinridge, and the attractiveness of his social qualities, had as much to do with his political popularity as his principles and mental ability. Tall, magnificently proportioned, straight as an arrow, and the impersonation of manly dignity and grace, one was struck by his *physique* at once. He was in height over six feet, had glossy black hair, a high and protruding forehead, a light blue eye, a prominent chin, and swarthy complexion. His head was thrown back, and his broad chest and shoulders indicated remarkable physical vigor. His manners were those of the perfect gentleman. No one ever went away from him but he was thoroughly convinced of that. His affability was marked by that calm and pleasant dignity which seems not to condescend, and yet which commands respect. He never departed from the admirable courtesy which made him every where liked and every where sought. Descended from one of the most aristocratic families in the country, bred in the

very best society of the Southwest, educated to be a gentleman and a scholar, and now elevated to the highest position but one in the Government, at an age when he was barely eligible to it (for he was only thirty-five when he was elected Vice-President), he yet had the good sense to discern that these advantages were more than half lost if not accompanied by good-nature and a conciliatory bearing. Brought up, as he had been, where jealousy of personal honor was a cardinal social principle, he was prompt to resent affronts, and ill brooked insinuations of political or personal corruption. He was undoubtedly brave and bold, and yet so well did he bear sudden elevation to a dizzy height that he was not corrupted by self-conceit, nor by presumptuous superciliousness. When, subsequently to his retirement from the chair, he took his seat as Senator from Kentucky, he frequently addressed the Senate upon the great topic which employed them, as indeed was necessary from the position he held as a representative of one of the border States. Although violent and radical in his denunciation of Northern policy, he never lost sight of that decorum which was personally due to his colleagues upon the floor. When addressing the Senate his manner was impressive, dignified, and always earnest. His voice was round and full, and indeed promised more in tone and emphasis than it fulfilled in the substance uttered. For, while his speeches were marked by an almost classical elegance of diction, and every sentence gave evidence of polish and forethought, nothing profound or strikingly pointed was therein contained, and it rather consisted of a popular commonplace political harangue than a shrewd statesman-like speech. Once in a while an impassioned burst of indignation or of patriotic ardor would elicit periods of eloquence sometimes even vivid and soul-stirring. Then would the noble and graceful form of the speaker sway with enthusiasm; his gestures, beautifully harmonizing with his voice and speech, would become animated and frequent; and a true orator, for the moment, stood before you. His youth, his earnestness in the great subject which occupied him, his fine manly countenance, his never-failing grace, and his powerful voice, in a manner made up for his want of profundity.

He was first known as Representative in the Lower House from the Clay district of Kentucky: in which capacity he became a ready and attractive debater, and won respect by his generous and manly bearing. President Pierce offered him the mission to Spain, which he, however, declined. When in the Cincinnati Convention (of which he was a member) his name was proposed as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He arose and declined the honor, but in so admirable and modest a manner as to excite at once an irresistible enthusiasm in his favor; an effect which his person must have heightened. During the session of 1860-61 he apparently opposed the ultraism of his Southern friends and pretended a devotion to the Union,

all the while protesting against the action of the North, and, as Vice-President, counted the votes and declared Mr. Lincoln President in the presence of both Houses.

But during the summer of '61 he resigned his place in the Senate, and was commissioned Brigadier-General by Davis, and is now a Major-General in the Southwestern army of the Rebel Government. We can not but deplore that so much worth should be attached to so bad a cause; that qualities fitted to shine out gloriously in the defense of country should be employed in its destruction; that so high a sentiment of honor should think itself compelled to throw off allegiance, and to make rebellion its standard of entirety; that one who has a long life before him, in which he might accumulate so much cause for the gratitude of future generations, should, at an age when most men are just beginning to rise, consign a noble name to ignoble obloquy.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Beyond all comparison the Senator from Louisiana was the most accomplished orator on the floor while he remained a member. He possessed a voice of silvery richness which was music to the ear. Skillful in every concomitant of oratory, brilliant and quick in imaginative creation, artful and rapid to seize momentary advantages, well aware at what stage to turn satire into pathetic appeal and earnest remonstrance; a perfect sophist in the use of facts and in the following up of false but admirably concealed premises—no man commanded to such a degree the attention of his hearers, no man was more dangerous as an opponent in debate. He carried with him the unmistakable countenance peculiar to his origin. The keen black eye, marked nose, and heavy mouth showed him at once to be a descendant of Abraham.

In person he was small, thick, and ill-proportioned. His manner (when not speaking) is far from prepossessing. Were you to meet him on Pennsylvania Avenue you would rather take him for a peddler of jewelry or an old clothesman than for the great lawyer, deep politician, and brilliant orator he was. He waddles along the street with one of those serpent-like smiles which seems to assume that whoever opposes him is destined to come to grief. His delivery, when addressing the Senate, abounded in graceful gesture, which was enhanced by the sweetness and clearness of his voice. Every motion was prolific in point and power, always in its exact place, and always harmonizing with the idea expressed and the tone uttered.

As a lawyer he stood at the head of the bar of the Supreme Court, and had an immense practice in that tribunal. He was from the beginning an ardent and active secessionist, extremely bitter in his opposition to Northern Senators, and enthusiastic in favor of a dissolution. Nevertheless he continued personally on good terms with many of those whom he anathematized in debate. When Ben Wade, of Ohio, had made his noble oration, denounc-

ing the treason of the malcontent Senators, he took his seat, at the conclusion, on the settees back of the body of the House. Benjamin, who was on excellent social terms with the old war-horse from the Buckeye State, came over to the Republican side of the House, and good-naturedly congratulated him upon his oratorical success. "But Wade," says he, "if I should secede, I know you would not hang me—would you, now?" "Hang you!" said the rough old patriot; "hang you! Yes, I'd hang you as high as Haman!" Benjamin probably thought the joke had gone far enough.

Mr. Benjamin's two great objects for years appear to have been the acquisition of money and the successful accomplishment of rebellion. To these all other considerations have been subservient. He at present presides over the State Department of the rebel Government, and doubtless earns the approbation of his great leader and of his people by the keen ability which he brings to bear upon its execution.

ROBERT TOOMBS.

One of the most noticeable men, as one glanced over the Senate chamber, was the stalwart Senator from Georgia, Mr. Toombs. At first sight he appeared a person of insufferable self-conceit, and holding a sort of contempt of every one around him. He apparently bestowed the least attention in the world to his dress, his clothes fitting very ill, and not of spotless neatness, his hair seldom smooth, his boots unblackened, and perfect independence of the requirements of social refinement. When pacing up and down the lobby (as he often did with his hands behind his back) he had a sort of a swagger, which seemed to indicate defiance and vanity at once. His head raised and thrown back, his hair topsy-turvy all over his head, his eyes more than half closed, and with a most supercilious, self-satisfied air imaginable. He was considerably over medium height, stout but not fleshy, possessed a well-formed and decidedly intellectual head and forehead, long limbs, thin brown hair, a firm chin and mouth, and swarthy complexion. At first sight he impressed one unfavorably, and a feeling of dislike instinctively arose; but this impression was much lessened when he addressed the Senate, or when you met him in social circles. I believe him to have been thoroughly honest in the belief of the principles he avowed, as he certainly was ingenuous, even to carelessness, in asserting them. In debate he was bitter, overbearing, and arrogant; but he added to these qualities a powerful mind and a clear head. There appeared not in him that underhanded, sly cunning, which marked so many of his coadjutors; and his bluntness and radical outbursts not unfrequently caused deep mortification to those who considered dissimulation and secrecy of their real sentiments necessary to accomplish their ends.

His eloquence was rapid, rushing along like a torrent, opposing himself to the arguments and anathemas of his opponents with a temerity

which was not wanting in a certain grace, and which, by the great power concealed beneath it, made him a worthy antagonist for any man. He spoke loud and full, his Southern provincial dialect being more noticeable than in any other Senator, and invariably became hoarse before he had got half through one of his elaborate speeches. Although apparently indolent, and probably really so until aroused by some engrossing object, when he was aroused his mind had active play, and he became earnest and enthusiastic in his devotion to his end. He was a fair representative of character modified by growth in a Southern clime. He often assumed a bullying, blustering tone, and yet managed to keep within the bounds of Senatorial decorum. He was celebrated for the kind hospitality with which he received every one, and was always ready to talk over political matters with any who chose to call upon him, and to explain his own belief. And it was evident, both from his manner and the unusually ultra views he expressed, that hypocrisy was not one of his vices, and the craving for power not a cardinal object of his ambition.

It was only when the final dénouement was ready to develop that others came out of their peaceful and patient garb of devotion to the Union. Davis, who had received in New England the most cordial hospitality; Hunter, who would fain (as he said) have interposed conservative old Virginia as a mediator between the extreme sections; Breckinridge, who had received no small vote in the North for President under the supposition that he was for Union—all appeared in the light of secessionists, after having protested their patriotism with a ready and artful eloquence. But Toombs was an original fire-eater; he was no hypocrite; and hence we must give him credit for honesty, when honesty was rather injurious to him than otherwise, and respect him more than we do the dark conspirators by whom he was surrounded. From his character, as displayed while a Senator of the United States, we should judge him far better qualified for the position of general in the field than for that in which he was originally placed, as Secretary of State; for he is brave and not crafty, is honest and not dissimulating, is energetic when he has something to be energetic for, and is enthusiastic in pursuing what he sets about. These characteristics shine rather in the field than in the cabinet.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

This eminent person, who was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy, evidently to conciliate the half-unwilling conservatives of the Gulf States, had been for several years previous to his elevation to that dignity in retirement from public life on account of poor health. When he was a member of the Lower House he was one of its leaders, and commanded universal respect for his ability and statesmanship. He was a most singular-looking man, as viewed from the gallery. His features were small, ex-

tremely delicate, and, from their immaturity, gave him the expression and appearance almost of a child. A nearer view of him, indeed, discovered wrinkles and an expression of care and thought; but at a little distance one would not have guessed him certainly over twenty years of age. His body was very thin (almost a skeleton), and when he stretched out his long bony finger while speaking it was painful to look upon. He absolutely seemed as if just about to drop into his grave; so emaciated his body, so ghastly his pallor, so leaden his eye, so frail his limbs, so feeble his whole movement, it did not seem possible that such a system could long retain vitality enough to exist. His eyes were black, his face badly freckled, his skin dry and lifeless, his hair thin and short, his countenance timid and care-worn. He has been called the modern John Randolph; and the comparison is quite apt. His voice, though painfully shrill, was yet clear and distinct, and rung through the hall like a clarion note. When aroused to exert his highest powers his tones would become full and teeming with pathetic fervor, and his slight form would become nervously active. If he had possessed the advantage of good health and a manly voice he would have unquestionably ranked among the first of modern American orators; for what he uttered was clothed in graceful, and accurate, and always powerful language, and his patriotic outbursts were full of splendid allusion and exalted sentiment.

Up to the extinction of the Whig party Mr. Stephens was one of its leading men in Congress. When the contest between parties became limited to the Democrats and Republicans he became a chief among the most moderate and liberal of the former; and when the rebellion was beginning to culminate he took a very strong position in opposition to the movement. Being, however, after using his utmost influence to that end, overruled by an immense majority of the convention called to consider the question, he acquiesced in its decision, and was elected Provisional Vice-President—an office since extended to a regular term of six years. He was almost the only statesman of great prominence in the Gulf States who took strong Union ground, but doubtless saw that no effort on his part would avail when the Georgia Convention met.

One great cause of the universal respect he always inspired was the known integrity of his public and private character, and the conviction that his efforts were raised above the engineering politician, and claimed justly the rank of liberal statesmanship. He possessed none of the vices which are so common among politicians. He was wholly engrossed, while at Washington, with his official duties, working night and day, in spite of ill health, upon committee business, or in the preparation of some elaborate speech. In his personal intercourse with men he was generally polite and communicative, but sometimes abrupt and petulant. This can not, however, be said of his intercourse with the members when in debate, for there he was al-

ways the finished gentleman and courteous opponent. There can be no greater proof of the consideration in which he has always been held than the joy with which every loyal heart heard of his heroic advocacy of the Union in his own State almost to the last, and the disappointment with which the news of his final and probably reluctant apostasy was received.

HENRY A. WISE.

This eccentric scion of Virginia stock has long been known to the public as a restless, blustering, noisy politician, forever seeking an opportunity for notoriety. Although he is now over seventy years of age he still retains the crazy activity which has always characterized him. He was long a Whig member of Congress from Virginia, and was always rabid in all his opinions. His personal enmities were uncompromising, and his bitter contests with the venerable John Quincy Adams, when that eminent man was a representative subsequently to his Presidential term, were full of scattering and insulting recrimination, hot invective, and excited eloquence. His complicity in the Graves and Cilley duel, in which the latter was killed, and Mr. Wise, the former's second, cast a shade upon his reputation which still rests there.

He subsequently became a strong adherent of Tyler, and from that time to the present Mr. Wise has been ultra in his adherence to that party. His campaign for the gubernatorial chair in Virginia is almost historic. Then came up the John Brown affair, in which Governor Wise succeeded in making himself a universal topic of remark throughout the country, and getting an opportunity to vent himself in sundry interminable letters; such a chance as he has never let go without improving it.

In personal appearance he is very striking. His long, now almost white hair, brushed back from his temples, hangs down upon his shoulders and back in long, thin locks; his eyes, deeply sunken in his head, but jet black, fierce, and brilliant, shine out sharply from under gray bushy brows which overhang and overshadow them; his mouth is wide, but firmly compressed and highly indicative of stubborn persistency, and hints the pugnacious spirit behind it. His countenance is much emaciated by long continued ill-health, is ashy pale and bony. Nevertheless, there is an expression of bold recklessness, and a consciousness of persevering power; a craving too after some object, and a restless, sleepless determination to accomplish it. He is tall and nervous, and in his manner is petulant and overbearing. He ill brooks opposition, is stubborn in his own opinion, and fails to give due attention to the opinions and feelings of others. As an orator, however, he generally excels, or at least did in his palmier days. Impetuous, overwhelming, bold and unscrupulous in invective and denunciation, brilliant and fervent in imagination, and not unskilled in the use of pathetic appeal, he succeeded in enticing the passions and ignoring the reason of the

multitudes whom he addressed from the rostrum.

We shall never forget the impression he produced on one occasion. It was just after the gubernatorial contest in Virginia had resulted in his elevation to the chief magistracy of the Old Dominion, and he had come up to Washington to address the people there, in answer to an invitation. He spoke from the balcony of Brown's Hotel—an immense mass catching every word that fell, below in the street. After, with rich eloquence, describing the contest, letting loose his indignation and sarcasm upon his defeated opponents, and enumerating in glowing language the results to follow, he burst out in a proud and exultant tone with the exclamation, "Yes, fellow-citizens, I have met the black knight with his visor down, and he is fallen!" Never did we see a more powerful effect produced by an oratorical simile. Wise's voice when speaking was clear, loud, and rapid, trembled with excitement, and was always defiant and conscious of power. His gestures were nervous, quick, and frequent; his body swayed with emotion, and his hair fell carelessly over his face. His ambition absorbed every other passion, and every other principle. No position was too high for him to aspire to. His brain, if not absolutely crazed, is so morbidly acute, and so nervously strung, as to give him at times the reputation of insanity. As a general he has not acquired much celebrity; as a statesman he never deserved high consideration; but as a political intriguer he was a valuable adherent, and as an orator few surpassed him in his long and very eventful career in the House of Representatives.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.*

THE President of the republic was Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the statutory heir of the first French Emperor. The election which made him the chief of the State had been conducted with perfect fairness, and since it happened that in former years he had twice engaged in enterprises which aimed at the throne of France, he had good right to infer that the millions of citizens who elected him into the Presidency were willing to use his ambition as a means of restoring to France a monarchical form of government.

But if he had been open in disclosing the ambition which was almost cast upon him by the circumstances of his birth, he had been as successful as the first Brutus in passing for a man of a poor intellect. Both in France and in England at that time men in general imagined him to be dull. When he talked, the flow of his ideas was sluggish; his features were opaque; and, after years of dreary studies, the writings evolved by his thoughtful, long-pondering mind had not shed much light on the world. Even the strange ventures in which he had engaged had failed to win toward him the interest which

* Extract from KINGLAKE'S *History of the War in the Crimea*. In Press by Harper and Brothers.

commonly attaches to enterprise. People in London who were fond of having gatherings of celebrated characters never used to present him to their friends as a serious pretender to a throne, but rather as though he were a balloon-man, who had twice had a fall from the skies, and was still in some measure alive. Yet the more men knew him in England the more they liked him. He entered into English pursuits and rode fairly to hounds. He was friendly, social, good-humored, and willing enough to talk freely about his views upon the throne of France. The sayings he uttered about his "destiny" were addressed (apparently as a matter of policy) to casual acquaintance, but to his intimate friends he used the language of a calculating and practical aspirant to Empire.

The opinion which men had formed of his ability in the period of exile was not much altered by his return to France; for in the Assembly his apparent want of mental power caused the world to regard him as harmless, and in the chair of the President he commonly seemed to be torpid. But there were always a few who believed in his capacity, and observant men had latterly remarked that from time to time there appeared a state-paper, understood to be the work of the President, which teemed with thought, and which showed that the writer, standing solitary and apart from the gregarious nation of which he was the chief, was able to contemplate it as something external to himself. His long, endless study of the mind of the First Napoleon had caused him to adopt and imitate the Emperor's habit of looking down upon the French people and treating the mighty nation as a substance to be studied and controlled by a foreign brain. Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile the relations between him and the France of his studies were very like the relations between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it; he dissected its fibres; he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully Nature in her infinite wisdom had adapted it to the service of the Bonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of those same Bonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate, and to perish out of the world.

If his intellect was of a poorer quality than men supposed it to be at the time of the Anglo-French alliance, it was much above the low gauge which people used to assign to it in the earlier period which began in 1836 and ended at the close of 1851. That which had so long veiled his cleverness from the knowledge of mankind was the repulsive nature of the science at which he labored. Many men before him had suffered themselves to bring craft into politics. Many more, toiling in humbler grades, had applied their cunning skill to the conflicts which engage courts of law; but no living man perhaps, except Prince Louis Bonaparte, had passed the hours of a studious youth and the prime of a thoughtful manhood in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence. It was not, perhaps, from natural

baseness that his mind took this bent. The inclination to sit and sit planning for the attainment of some object of desire—this indeed was in his nature; but the inclination to labor at the task of making law an engine of deceit, this did not come perforce with his blood. Yet it came with his parentage. It is true he might have determined to reject the indication given him by the accident of his birth, and to remain a private citizen; but when once he resolved to become a pretender to the imperial throne, he of course had to try and see how it was possible—how it was possible in the midst of this century—that the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804 could be made to sit kindly upon the neck of France; and, France being a European nation, and the yoke being in substance a yoke such as Tartars make for Chinese, it followed that the accommodating of the one to the other was only to be effected by guile.

Therefore by the sheer exigencies of his inheritance, rather than by inborn wickedness, Prince Louis was driven to be a contriver; and to expect him to be loyal to France, without giving up his pretensions altogether, would be as inconsistent as to say that the heir of the first Perkin might undertake to revive the fleeting glories of the House of Warbeck, and yet refrain from imposture.

For years the Prince pursued his strange calling; and by the time his studies were over he had become highly skilled. Long before the moment had come for bringing his crooked science into use, he had learned how to frame a Constitution which should seem to enact one thing and really enact another. He knew how to put the word "jury" in laws which robbed men of their freedom. He could set the snare which he called "universal suffrage." He knew how to strangle a nation in the night time with a thing he called a "Plebiscite."

The lawyer-like ingenuity which had thus been evoked for purposes of jurisprudence could, of course, be applied to the composition of state-papers and to political writings of all kinds; and the older Prince Louis grew, the more this odd accomplishment of his was used to subserve his infirmities. It was his nature to remain long in suspense, not merely between similar, but even between opposite plans of action: this weakness grew upon him with his years; and, his conscience being used to stand neuter in these mental conflicts, he never could end his doubt by seeing that one course was honest and the other not; so, in order to be able to linger in his suspense, he had to be always making resting-places upon which for a time he might be able to stand undecided. Just as the indolent man becomes clever in framing excuses for his delays, so Prince Louis, because he was so often hesitating between the right and the left, became highly skilled in contriving—not merely ambiguous phrases, but—ambiguous schemes of action.

Partly from habits acquired in the secret societies of the Italian Carbonari, partly from long

years passed in prison, and partly too, as he once said, from his intercourse with the calm, self-possessed men of the English turf, he had derived the power of keeping long silence; but he was not by nature a reserved nor a secret man. Toward foreigners, and especially toward the English, he was generally frank. He was reserved and wary with the French, but this was upon the principle which makes a sportsman reserved and wary with deer, and partridges, and trout. No doubt he was capable of dissembling, and continuing to dissemble through long periods of time; but it would seem that his faculty of keeping his intentions secret was very much aided by the fact that his judgment was often in real suspense, and that he had therefore no secret to tell. His love of masks and disguises sprang more perhaps from the odd vanity and the theatric mania, which will be presently spoken of, than from a base love of deceit; for it is certain that the mystery in which he loved to wrap himself up was often contrived with a view to a melodramatic surprise.

It is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth. He understood truth, and in conversation he habitually preferred it to falsehood; but his truthfulness (though not perhaps contrived for such an end) sometimes became a means of deception, because after generating confidence it would suddenly break down under the pressure of a strong motive. He could maintain friendly relations with a man, and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. Of course men, finding themselves ensnared by what had appeared to be honesty in his character, were naturally inclined to believe that every semblance of a good quality was a mask; but it was more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that a truthfulness continuing for seven years was a genuine remnant of virtue, than that it was a mere preparation for falsehood. His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment; for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it.

He had boldness of the kind which is produced by reflection rather than that which is the result of temperament. In order to cope with the extraordinary perils into which he now and then thrust himself, and to cope with them decorously, there was wanted a fiery quality which nature had refused to the great bulk of mankind as well as to him. But it was only in emergencies of a really trying sort, and involving instant physical danger, that his boldness fell short. He had all the courage which would have enabled him in a private station of life to pass through the common trials of the world with honor unquestioned; but he had besides, now and then, a factitious kind of audacity produced by long dreamy meditation; and when he had wrought himself into this state he was

apt to expose his firmness to trials beyond his strength. The truth is, that his imagination had so great a sway over him as to make him love the idea of enterprises, but it had not strength enough to give him a foreknowledge of what his sensations would be in the hour of trial. So he was most venturesome in his schemes for action; and yet, when at last he stood face to face with the very danger which he had long been courting, he was liable to be scared by it, as though it were something new and strange.

He loved to contrive and brood over plots, and he had a great skill in making the preparatory arrangements for bringing his schemes to ripeness; but his labors in this direction had a tendency to bring him into scenes for which by nature he was ill-fitted, because, like most of the common herd of men, he was unable to command the presence of mind and the flush of animal spirits which are needed for the critical moments of a daring adventure. In short, he was a thoughtful, literary man, deliberately tasking himself to venture into a desperate path, and going great lengths in that direction, but liable to find himself balked in the moment of trial by the sudden and chilling return of his good sense.

He was not by nature blood-thirsty nor cruel, and besides that in small matters he had kind and generous instincts, he was really so willing to act fairly until the motive for foul play was strong, that for months and months together he was able to live among English sporting-men without incurring disgrace; and if he was not so constituted nor so disciplined as to be able to refrain from any object of eager desire merely upon the theory that what he sought to do was wicked, there is ground for inferring that his perception of the difference between right and wrong had been dimmed (as it naturally would be) by the habit of seeking an ideal of manly worth in a personage like the first Bonaparte. It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity, if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say; for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of a man of honor.

What he always longed for was to be able to seize and draw upon himself the wondering attention of mankind; and the accident of his birth having marked out for him the throne of the First Napoleon as an object upon which he might fasten a hope, his craving for conspicuousness, though it had its true root in vanity, soon came to resemble ambition; but the mental isolation in which he was kept by the nature of his aims and his studies, the seeming poverty of his intellect, his blank wooden looks, and above all perhaps the supposed remoteness of his chances of success, these sources of discouragement, contrasting with the grandeur of the object at which he aimed, caused his pretension

to be looked upon as something merely comic and odd. Linked with this his passionate desire to attain to a height from which he might see the world gazing up at him, there was a strong and almost eccentric fondness for the artifices by which the framer of a melodrama, the stage-manager, and the stage-hero combine to produce their effects; and so, by the blended force of a passion and a fancy, he was impelled to be contriving scenic effects and surprises in which he himself was always to be the hero. This bent was so strong and dominant as to be not a mere taste for theatric arrangements, but rather what men call a propensity. Standing alone it would have done no more, perhaps, than govern the character of his amusements; but since his birth had made him a pretender to the throne of France, his desire to imitate and reproduce the Empire supplied a point of contact between his theatric mania and what one may call his rational ambition; and the result was that, so long as he was in exile, he was always filled with a desire to mimic Napoleon's return from Elba, and to do this in his own person and upon the stage of the actual world.

In some of its features his attempts at Strasbourg in 1836 was a graver business than is commonly supposed. At that time he was twenty-eight years old. He had gained over Vaudrey, the officer commanding a regiment of artillery which formed part of the garrison. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 30th of October, the movement began. By declaring that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that the king had been deposed, Vaudrey persuaded his gunners to recognize the prince as Napoleon II. Vaudrey then caused detachments to march to the houses of the Prefect and of General Voirol, the General commanding the garrison, and made them both prisoners, placing sentries at their doors. All this he achieved without alarming any of the other regiments.

Supposing that there really existed among the troops a deep attachment to the name and family of Bonaparte, little more seemed needed for winning over the whole garrison than that the heir of the great Emperor should have the personal qualities requisite for the success of the enterprise. Prince Louis was brought into the presence of the captive General, and tried to gain him over, but was repulsed. Afterward the Prince, surrounded with men personating an imperial staff, was conducted to the barrack of the 46th regiment, and the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo. It seems that this painful exhibition began to undo the

success which Vaudrey had achieved; but strange things had happened in Paris before, and the soldiery could not, with certainty, know that the young man might not be what they were told he was—Napoleon II., the new-made Emperor of the French. Their perplexity gave the Prince an opportunity of trying whether the sentiment for the Bonapartes were really existing or not, and, if it were, whether he was the man to kindle it.

But by-and-by Talandier, the Colonel of the regiment, having been at length apprised of what was going on, came into the yard. He instantly ordered the gates to be closed, and then—fierce, angry, and scornful—went straight up to the spot where the proposed Emperor and his "Imperial Staff" were standing. Of course this apparition—the apparition of the indignant Colonel whose barrack had been invaded—was exactly what was to be expected, exactly what was to be combated; but yet, as though it were something monstrous and undreamed of, it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of the great conqueror, an angry Colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him. Some thought that, after what had been done that morning, the Prince owed it to the unfortunate Vaudrey (whom he had seduced into the plot) to take care not to let the enterprise collapse without testing his fortune to the utmost by a strenuous, not to say desperate resistance; but this view did not prevail. One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet without striking a blow he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honor and all his other decorations. According to one account the angry Colonel inflicted this dishonor with his own hands, and not only pulled the grand cordon from the Prince's bosom but tore off his epaulets, and trampled both epaulets and grand cordon under foot. When he had been thus stripped the Prince was locked up. The decorated followers, who had been impersonating the Imperial Staff, underwent the same fate as their chief. Before judging the Prince for his conduct during these moments it would be fair to assume that, the Colonel having once been suffered to enter the yard, and to exert the ascendancy of his superior firmness, the danger of attempting resistance to him would have been great—would have been greater than any which the common herd of men are at all inclined to encounter. Besides, the mere fact that the Prince had willfully brought himself into such a predicament, shows that, although it might fail him in very trying moments, he had extraordinary daring of a particular kind. It would be unjust to say, flatly, that a man so willing as he was to make approaches to dangers was timid. It would be fairer to say that his characteristic was a faltering boldness. He could not alter his nature, and his nature was to be venturesome beforehand, but to be so vio-

lently awakened and shocked by the actual contact of danger as to be left without the spirit, and seemingly without the wish or the motives, for going on any further with the part of a desperado. The truth is, that the sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent; and these passions, though they had power to bring him to the verge of danger, were not robust enough to hold good against man's natural shrinking from the risk of being killed—being killed within the next minute. Conscious that in point of hat, and coat, and boots, he was the same as the Emperor Napoleon, he imagined that the great revoir of 1815, between the men and the man of a hundred fights, could be acted over again between modern French troops and himself; but it is plain that this belief had resulted from the undue mastery which he had allowed, for a time, to his ruling propensity, and not from any actual overthrow of the reason; for when checked, he did not, like a madman or a dare-devil, try to carry his venture through; nor did he even, indeed, hold on long enough to try, and try fairly, whether the Bonapartist sentiment to which he wished to appeal were really existent or not: on the contrary, the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself (as he always has done) to the first firm man who touched him. The change was like that seeming miracle which is wrought when a hysteric girl, who seems to be carried headlong by strange hallucinations, and to be clothed with the terrible power of madness, is suddenly cured and silenced by a rebuke and a sharp angry threat. Accepting a small sum of money from the Sovereign whom he had been trying to dethrone, Prince Louis was shipped off to America by the good-natured King of the French.

But if he was wanting in the quality which enables a man to go well through with a venture, his ruling propensity had strength enough to make him try the same thing over and over again. His want of the personal qualifications for enterprises of this sort being now known in the French Army, and ridicule having fastened upon his name, he could not afterward seduce into his schemes any officers of higher rank than a lieutenant. Yet he did not desist. Before long he was planning another "return from Elba," but this time with new dresses and decorations. So long as he was preparing counterfeit flags and counterfeit generals, and counterfeit soldiers, and teaching a forlorn, London bird to play the part of an omen, and guide the destiny of France, he was perfectly at home in that kind of statesmanship; and the framing of the plebiscites and proclamations which formed a large part of his cargo was a business of which he was master; but if his arrangements should take effect, then what he had to look for was, that, at an early hour on a summer morning, he would find himself in a barrack-yard at Boulogne surrounded by a band of armed followers, and supported by one of the officers of the garrison

whom he had previously gained over; but also having to do with a number of soldiery of whom some would be for him, and some inclining against him, and others confused and perplexed. Now, this was exactly what happened to him: his arrangements had been so skillful, and fortune had so far lured him on, that whither he meant to go, there he was at last, standing in the very circumstances which he had brought about with long design aforethought. But then his nature failed him. Becoming agitated, and losing his presence of mind, he could not govern the result of the struggle by the resources of his intellect; and being also without the fire and the joyfulness, which come to warlike men in moments of crisis and of danger, he was ill qualified to kindle the hearts of the bewildered soldiery. So, when at last a firm, angry officer forced his way into the barrack-yard, he conquered the Prince almost instantly by the strength of a more resolute nature, and turned him out into the street, with all his fifty armed followers, with his flag and his eagle, and his counterfeit head-quarters Staff, as though he were dealing with a mere troop of strolling players. Yet only a few weeks afterward this same Prince Louis Napoleon was able to show by his demeanor before the Chamber of Peers that, where the occasion gave him leisure for thought, and for the exercise of mental control, he knew how to comport himself with dignity, and with a generous care for the safety and welfare of his followers.

It was natural that a man thus constituted should be much inclined to linger in the early stages of a plot. But since it chanced that by his birth and by his ambition Prince Louis Napoleon was put forward before the world as a pretender to the throne of France, he had always had around him a few keen adventurers who were willing to partake his fortunes; and if there were times when his personal wishes would have inclined him to choose repose or indefinite delay, he was too considerate in his feelings toward his little knot of followers to be capable of forgetting their needs.

In 1851 motives of this kind, joined with feelings of disappointment and of personal humiliation, were driving the President forward. He had always wished to bring about a change in the constitution, but, originally, he had hoped to be able to do this with the aid and approval of some at least of the statesmen and eminent generals of the country; and the fact of his desiring such concurrence in his plans seems to show that he did not at first intend to trample upon France by subjecting her to a sheer Asiatic despotism, but rather to found such a monarchy as might have the support of men of station and character. But besides that few people believed him to be so able a man as he really was, there attached to him at this period a good deal of ridicule. So although there were numbers in France who would have been heartily glad to see the Republic crushed by some able dictator, there were hardly any public men who

believed that in the President of the Republic they would find the man they wanted. Therefore his overtures to the gentlemen of France were always rejected. Every statesman to whom he applied refused to entertain his proposals. Every general whom he urged always said that for whatever he did he must have "an order from the Minister of War."

The President being thus rebuffed, his plan of changing the form of government, with the assent of some of the leading statesmen and generals of the country, degenerated into schemes of a very different kind; and at length he fell into the hands of persons of the quality of Persigny, Morny, and Fleury. With these men he plotted, and strangely enough it happened that the character and the pressing wants of his associates gave strength and purpose to designs which without this stimulus might have long remained mere dreams. The President was easy and generous in the use of money, and he gave his followers all he could; but the checks created by the constitution of the Republic were so effective that beyond the narrow limit allowed by law he was without any command of the State resources. In their inveterate love of strong government, the Republicans had placed within reach of the Chief of the State ample means for overthrowing their whole structure, and yet they allowed him to remain subject to the same kind of anxiety and to be driven to the same kind of expedients as an embarrassed tradesman. This was the President's actual plight, and if he looked to the future as designed for him by the constitution he could see nothing but the prospect of having to step down on a day already fixed, and descend from a conspicuous station into poverty and darkness. He would have been content perhaps to get what he needed by fair means. In the beginning of the year he had tried hard to induce the Chambers to increase the funds placed at his disposal. He failed. From that moment it was to be expected that, even if he himself should still wish to keep his hands from the purse of France, his associates, becoming more and more impatient, and more and more practical in their views, would soon press their chief into action.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.

IN the Channel, where the Cape de la Hogue protrudes far into the sea and approaches the chalky shores of Old England, there are four islands—Alderney, Guernsey, Sark, and Jersey. They are only a few miles distant from the shores of France, which appear on them in the outlines of a blue, indistinct mist; but they belong to England, and are strong bulwarks of the latter against the old foe on the other side of the Channel. Since the bold Normans conquered Great Britain these islands, originally inhabited by Celts, have become parts of the great insular empire. They have yet their own ancient constitution, their own parliament. The Queen of England rules over them, but still they are al-

most republics for themselves. Many old Norman families have founded their homesteads here. Some of them have remained aristocratic proprietors of large *seigneuries*; and the portals of their castles preserve still the moss-grown escutcheon of the renowned ancestor who followed William the Conqueror over the sea to Hastings. Others of them have become merchants. The predominant number of the population is French; the native Celts have intermarried with them; the English families which have settled here live in isolation and exclusiveness. English and French manners, customs, language, life, and laws may be found here in the most peaceable contrast. But aside from this the character of the islanders has preserved much of its former independence. They want to be something for themselves, and sympathize neither with France nor with England.

Like the old Normans, the inhabitants of these islands are bold, daring sailors. The sons of many families, from generation to generation, have been seafaring men; and numbers of them met with a watery grave at the bottom of the sea. Frequently, when the vessels from these islands, on their return from long, long trips, are already in full view of their native shores, storms will hurl them on the dangerous cliffs so numerous in the Channel, and the sailor will die, his home before his eyes. For the old Celtic demons—so says tradition—haunt yet the shores of these islands, and draw, with fiendish delight, the returning skipper to the bottom of the sea.

But however wild the roar of the sea around these islands, however dangerous the cliffs near their shores, they are a perfect paradise in the loveliness of their vegetation. Italian luxuriance of growth is blended here with northern freshness; mellow, green meadows extend behind flower-gardens of tropic beauty; magnificent forests rustle around the neat houses of the villages, around the estates of a population generally wealthy and comfortable. Ivy, in rich garlands, clings to every tree, extends from branch to branch, from rock to rock. Every house, to the roof, is covered with the richest vines. Every thing grows exuberantly, every thing blossoms, every thing is fragrant—the breath which the sea exhales, the breath of the flowers which moves far over the dark-green billows.

Guernsey, next to Jersey, is the largest of these Norman islands. Close to the sea-shore rises its capital, St. Peter's Port, in the shape of an amphitheatre, with its ancient buildings, many of which date back to the times of the old Normans. The city has about 18,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow; the houses old-fashioned, with gable-roofs, bay-windows, and curious ornaments. Among them are the remnants of old medieval towers, with round windows and narrow inlets. Staircases in almost every street; the latter generally uneven and steep, in accordance with the hilly ground on which they are constructed.

At the same time, no house without its gar-

den, no window without flowers, no table in the rooms without bouquets. The male inhabitants so hale and vigorous, the women and girls so lovely and fair, as if they were really descendants of the fairies, who, according to the old traditions of these islands, have created the latter, and lived and died here.

On the narrow plateau, however, to which we have climbed meanwhile, the scene changes entirely. We now come to the more modern and handsome part of the city. We behold here a dark-colored, venerable house, with a garden in front, in which laurel and sweet pine-trees grow. An arch crowns the front door. The windows, wide and high, look in gloomy earnest down upon the sea, and over to the misty outlines of the French shore beyond the water. On the brass plate over the "knock and ring" we read the words "Hauteville House."

This building, erected sixty years ago, when England and France waged a relentless war against each other, by the daring captain of one of the most successful privateers, has been, for the last seven years, the residence of one of the noblest citizens of the French nation. One of the proscribed soldiers of the French Republic, who remained true to himself, true to revenge, to wrath, and to grief—the poet, VICTOR HUGO—lives here!

Oh, you ought to see how old he has grown! Eleven years of exile! eleven years of bitter grief at the misfortunes of his country! eleven years of deep longing for his native home!—who can count their long, weary hours? Victor Hugo, the greatest poet of France, the man whose tender lyrics taught the French to weep—he looks now every day from the heights of an English island over the sea toward his native land, of which he does not want to be a citizen as long as the present Cæsar rules over it. His hair has turned white; grief and suffering have deeply furrowed his noble features; but his eye still bears that soft, inspired lustre, and the eye is the mirror of the soul.

Victor Hugo lives now in seclusion at Hauteville House, surrounded by a happy domestic circle which fate, so cruel toward him otherwise, has left him as a palladium and consolation in his many trials. His cherished wife still lives—she whose love he once awakened by his inexpressibly tender lyrics; his daughter, generous and worthy of her father, still is the staff and stay of his age; with pride he looks upon his two sons, Charles and Francis, one of whom, as an inspired translator of Shakspeare, has won already fame and distinction. He still loves children as of old. Every Wednesday he gives a dinner-party to fifteen little boys and girls, selected among the poorest of the island. He takes pleasure in attending himself to their little wants during the meal. Thus, as he says in one of his letters, "he tries to make equality and fraternity understood, if only in his immediate neighborhood." Some other French exiles, who live on the island, often visit him; they have become members of his family. Now

and then an old friend will come from France to press his hand, and to cheer him in his solitude.

The *coup d'état* ruined Victor Hugo's fortune; he was scarcely able to save some *débris* of his former wealth; and only the greatest efforts enabled him at first to maintain himself in the foreign country. Only the four hundred thousand francs he received for his recent book, "Les Misérables," made him a rich man again, although, as he deeply regrets, not rich enough to gratify his charitable and benevolent inclinations to their full extent. The purchase of Hauteville House has procured him the inviolable rights of an English citizen. His house is his castle, and the Emperor Napoleon would be unable now to drive him from Guernsey, as he before caused his expulsion first from Belgium, next from Jersey. The great exile of "Napoleon the Little" has thus known to secure himself against a fourth place of banishment; and he has at least the consolation of living now in the midst of a people half French, and in full view of the shores of his ardently beloved country.

Victor Hugo has dogs, birds, flowers—he always loved them; in the solitude of his banishment he doubly loves them. Soon he will add to them a horse and a carriage to drive through the green meadows of the island—through the garden-like luxuriance of the fields, and along the shores of the roaring waves. For our poet is growing old, and the walks on the sea-shore, which used to form the delight of his heart, can not be as far extended as he would like. And yet he is hale and hearty, and full of elastic vitality. "I rise early," he wrote us lately, "work the whole day, and go early to bed. I do not smoke, but I eat roast beef like an Englishman, and drink occasionally a little beer; which," as he adds playfully, "does not prevent the *España*, an ultramontane journal of Madrid, to assert that there is no Victor Hugo in existence, and that the true name of the author of 'Les Misérables' is Satan."

In favorable weather he works in his beautiful garden, and his *fauteuil* there is a flat rock with a charming view of the sea. Let us add also, that Hugo loves the worthy and industrious little people in whose midst he lives, and that his affection is very generally and ardently reciprocated. The inhabitants of Guernsey, without exception, honor and love the great French exile, who has been among them now for over seven years.

Your readers know why Victor Hugo had to leave France. Having in his youth sought the welfare of his country in the support of the Bourbon dynasty, he became, after the felonies and crimes of the Restoration, an ardent republican, and adhered to this political faith ever since. As a member of the National Assembly he witnessed the solemn oath of President Bonaparte, and as the latter, in 1851, became recreant to his pledges, Victor Hugo was among the most determined in organizing legal resistance against the *coup d'état*. He knew very well what he was doing, and he says himself

that, in entering upon the struggle with its then very doubtful prospects, he had taken upon himself the obligation "of submitting to exile with all its trials and sufferings, but even to present a determined front to the oppressions of the December-man." For this reason, Victor Hugo, banished from his country, the violated laws of which he tried to defend, wrote the important pamphlet "Napoleon the Little."

This was his first deed in exile: the glowing book spread its fire from Brussels throughout the whole world, and ignited every where indignation and hatred against Louis Napoleon. It is written in the same powerful, antithetic manner so irresistible in its effect upon the reader, which Victor Hugo had previously wielded already with so much success in his tragedies and novels; also in the brilliant pamphlets "The Rhine" (1842), and "The Diary of a Révolutionnaire de 1830." "Napoléon le Petit" was the cry of vengeance, of rage, of indignation, uttered by a man who had been driven from his country by a usurper.

Belgium is only an outpost of France, Brussels a suburb of Paris. Louis Napoleon would not tolerate that the French emigration should live there, so close to the country he held under his iron heels, and in which the fire-brands thrown into it by the more gifted exiles might easily ignite a conflagration fatal to his régime. Belgium and Switzerland were on the point of defending the sanctity of their dominions as an asylum for the refugees by force of arms; but their Governments had to succumb finally, and the exiles had to leave for more distant shores.

Victor Hugo, with a large body of the French emigration, now went to Jersey. Here he was in full view of France; in its neighborhood; breathing an air almost purely French. At that time the belief that Napoleon's rule would soon be crushed by a general insurrection was prevalent every where. The emigrants were ever watchful; they were an army fully prepared, at the first signal from Paris, to march in triumphant procession against the man of December. The signal never came. The army laid down their arms in gloom and grief, and dissolved finally, despairing of the justice of Nemesis.

All these hopes, these passions, these disappointments were felt by none more poignantly than by Hugo. Then his heavily-stricken soul exhaled those touching elegies on the (perhaps eternal) loss of his country. His "Contemplations" appeared in 1856, the most beautiful pearls of his poetic lyre, deep, solemn contemplations of nature—"Memoirs of a Soul," as he calls them himself. They appeared just at a moment when Europe breathed more freely after a murderous war, and the bells were ringing from all the steeples of Christendom, and from the minarets of Stamboul, that great hymn of peace, principally in honor of the Emperor of the second of December, who had sent his eagles beyond the seas. These "Contemplations" appeared exactly twenty-five years after the time

when Victor Hugo had first touched the chords of his lyre! They were truly "memoirs of his soul." He tells us of the death of his first-born, of the frantic grief of the mother, who will not be comforted when Heaven gives her another babe—

"No, no! I wish for none! I see thy envious looks,
My sweet dead babe in the lone, cold grave!
I hear thee say, 'Ah, I am forgotten for this other child,
Which mother loves! Oh how she smiles—it is so fair!
She holds it in her arms! and I—am in my grave!'"

Suddenly a low, familiar voice whispers in the curtains of the mother's bed:

"Mother, weep no more; I am here!"

These poems are the memoirs of a soul. Victor Hugo describes the death of his daughter in the waters of the Seine; the death of her husband, Charles Vaquerie, who wished to save her, and plunged himself in despair into the river, when she finally disappeared, never to rise again. The priests then refused the usual funeral rites—what do they know of suicide from heroic love? But Victor Hugo dedicated half a volume to the unfortunate couple. In it you may find that simple but touching poem, "*A celle qui est restée en France*" (To her who has remained in France). The first few lines, in which he deplores his inability to pray at the grave of his daughter, express the grief of the poet at his long separation from his native land.

But not even in Jersey were the French refugees permitted to remain. Victor Hugo now passed over to the other Norman island, Guernsey, where, in 1809, the brave Duke of Brunswick, with part of his "black jägers," had found an asylum already. All hopes of a speedy downfall of Napoleon were now gone; quiet had gradually softened Hugo's grief; and he returned to the great task of his life. But deeply concealed under this returning calmness festered the old wound. Hugo's resignation partially arose from a contempt of the world, and of many of its worshiped idols, of its vanity and hypocrisy; it arose from his profound indignation at a society which shuns all contact with the down-trodden and unfortunate, whom it has created itself, but which prostrates itself before others who are successful and acquire influence. These sentiments have found their expression in the latest work of Victor Hugo—the novel "*Les Misérables*." Here he dissects, as the prime cause of all misery, of proletarianism, prostitution, and ignorance, the organization of modern society in France; and holds the laws responsible for the moral debasement of the people.

This remarkable book met, immediately upon its publication, with the most unequivocal success. The sale in France exceeded that of the most popular books ever issued; and translations of it into all living languages appeared immediately in the wake of the original. The opinions on the merits of the book are, of course, divided. It is perhaps too early, as yet, to judge of its influence upon the development of civilization in France.

THE GRAND IDEA.

A DEATH had just occurred in the Goitblind family. It must have been a fashionable death, they were such very fashionable people. There was old Goitblind—he used to sign his name without a capital letter, which occasioned his son to observe that his father could dispense with his capital and yet be a rich man; a remark which contained some truth, for the world was the old man's oyster-bed, and he dug it here, and he dug it there, and he always found oysters—and ate them. So for his wife, Mrs. Goitblind; she was a blessing to shop-keepers—a perpetual conveyance of the circulating medium. If she had said her creed, it would have been in this way: I believe in this world; I believe in myself; I love myself; I amuse myself; and, above all things, I dress myself. My looking-glass is my shrine, and my toilet-table is my altar; and my whole heart, mind, soul, and money are spent in my decorations.

Didn't they live in style, these Goitblinds! The sociables, the balls, the dinners, and especially the card-parties, succeeded each other as the perpetual wash-in upon the shore; and appeared to have much the same effect upon old Goitblind's purse as those same waves have upon a sand-bank, for his substance increased the while; land always makes upon a sandy shore, and washes away from a rocky one.

Besides young Mark Goitblind, the above-mentioned son, there were three daughters, all married. Very fashionable young gentlemen often remain single; very fashionable young ladies seldom do. This fact can not be easily accounted for, except that the apparent wealth and splendor which accompanies fashion is very alluring to uninitiated young gentlemen, and very inaccessible to uninitiated young ladies. However, the Misses Goitblind, although good-looking and sociable, did not obtain very superior husbands. Miss Maria Goitblind, the oldest daughter, ran away with a tobacconist, very much to her father's disgust, for he considered the young man to be of low family, and only admitted him to his parties for the convenience of getting supplies from him. Nevertheless the old man was good-natured, and did not turn his back upon the young couple entirely, especially as he believed the man's business money-making. For all that, he looked upon him as so insignificant a member of his family that he would have forgotten his name if it had not been Lendum Concha. The second daughter, Lucy Goitblind, married Handover Snob, who courted her father for so much of his greatness as might fall to the lot of one speculator in human commodity. He sold himself and bought his wife, and thus succeeded in his enterprise.

Louisa, the third daughter, although rather large in stature, was otherwise delicate in appearance, being rendered so by an exceedingly fair, white skin, and very light and long curling hair. She was a person of robust health, as was evinced by the roundness of her limbs, the

sparkle of her large blue eyes, the rich tint on lips and cheeks, and the sound white teeth displayed by her ever-ready laugh. In dancing she could wear out a pair of shoes in an evening, and at talking nonsense she could beat any six members of Congress. Accustomed to follow her own inclination, it led her to confer supreme bliss upon her family by marrying Colonel Holdon Partyman, a gentleman high in office, and having a ten-years' foothold in so-called good society.

They had just culminated this supreme altitude of earthly felicity when the father was seized with apoplexy, and suddenly died. His soul made a fashionable exit from his fashionable habiliments; a fashionable undertaker superintended for him a fashionable funeral; his body was buried in a fashionable grave-yard, and a fashionable mourning appeared upon the persons of his wife and daughters. A fashionable preacher preached a fashionable sermon about him, in a fashionable church, to a fashionable audience; and it should have been engraved upon his monument, if ever he had one, that, whatever might be the fashion in the Hereafter, in this world more fuss was made over the exit of one leader of ton than over ninety and nine vulgar persons who are careless of the cut of their coat-tails.

After the demise of his father, Mark Goitblind, who had been educated a lawyer, set himself to settling the estate, as he called it. But, in order to settle it, it was first necessary to find it, and it had to be sought for amidst a great rubbish of old papers, some with and some without the before-mentioned capitals. Moreover, the capital in the cash accounts was found to be in as much confusion and as out of place as the capitals in the documents; so Mark dispensed expectations to his sisters and brothers-in-law, and worked away in his mine with diligence.

In the midst of this great collapse happened another and a still more stunning misfortune. The office-holder, the husband of Louisa—the alliance from which they had all taken fresh titles of nobility—was found to be a defaulter. This would have been a small matter indeed could the money defaulted have only been found in the family; but, alas! it had gone through the oyster-beds, and by the outlets before described, into general circulation; and the unreasonable public, though they had their money, would have caught their Partyman too, could they have done so. Poor fellow! he escaped from the officers of the law, but officers Poverty and Chagrin could not be so easily evaded. They teased and tormented him for a few months, and finally slipped him into a prison under the sod, by the side of his respectable father-in-law, who had eaten the meat out of him while yet he was a living and respectable politician of the crab sort, and yet never cared enough about him to tell whether he was a Hard or a Soft Shell.

Real grief was now in the household of the Goitblinds, and for the first time care sat at their

council-board. Where now were all their balls and dances, their dresses and promenades? Who now could procure the tickets for the opera, and the gloves and carriages necessary thereunto? Their husbands could do no more than procure for them and their children a plain and decent living. Louisa was a destitute widow. Mamma, too, was to be taken care of. What could be done? Behold! they hit upon a Grand Idea; at least so they each and all pronounced it.

It was agreed that Louisa should take a large house, and that the family should board with her. By this they severally proposed to themselves to live very cheap, to entertain a great deal of company, and afford to their sister an opportunity for a second market for her yet scarce faded beauty and unimpaired social charms; and for this latter favor she was expected to be duly grateful.

They did not intend to keep a boarding-house—not they! Having produced a domicile—not the most desirable (for landlords dislike to rent eligible houses to other than palpably responsible tenants), but still a rather stylish place—and furnished it with what furniture they jointly possessed, they advertised in the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune*, that

A SMALL PRIVATE FAMILY, having more room than they desire, would be willing to accommodate a gentleman and wife, and two or three single gentlemen. Terms moderate. References exchanged.

The “small private family” consisted of only thirteen members, six of the major and seven of the minor generation. The house in which there was a surplus of room contained sixteen apartments, all told. They all went to work with great zeal and determination, and fixed up the house with commendable neatness. Louisa herself, who, as before hinted, was delicate only in appearance, would have been entitled to a dollar a day for what she performed in any other house but her own. Expectation threw into her limbs the strength of iron and the elasticity of steel. In fact she became a machine worked by hope instead of steam.

The bait thrown out in the advertisement had one or two nibbles in the shape of answers, but no bite, which caused the sky of their hopes already to look squally. The various females of the family next went round to all the boarding-house agencies, and paid them each two dollars. In consequence of this manœuvre throngs called, looked at their rooms, and throngs departed; but never a boarder increased the family circle, or promised to make its purse heavier. They had ill luck certainly. Meantime the gentlemen made interest with one or two young men of their acquaintance, and the ladies answered daily every advertisement for board in the *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Herald*, until, by much perseverance in flattery, coaxing, and cajoling, and accepting unprecedentedly low prices for the accommodations promised, they at length succeeded in getting a gentleman and lady to occupy the large front room, and three single

gentlemen ensconced in the three several nooks which composed the remainder of “more than required” room in this very *recherché* establishment. Experience was now found greatly to contravene certain popular notions which the family had previously entertained; for the lady-boarder gave little trouble, whereas the gentlemen, so far from coming down with presents, invitations, and matrimonial intentions, appeared to be fretted with a continual uneasiness of conscience on the subject of paying too much for board. They frequently compared notes with their friends in other houses, and fancied that Madame did not return sufficient equivalent for their money. They had been inveigled into her house under the idea that she was a charming and distressed widow; and, influenced by the interest they felt in her, they employed some of their leisure moments in consultation upon the state of affairs. On these occasions they would forget many items of expense, and, on account of ignorance, falsely state others, besides omitting many of which they were not at all aware. Thus correctly proceeding, they came to the conclusion that they were a most good-natured, imposed-upon, and swindled set of fellows—a faith which seems to be profound and universal among boarders, male and female.

All this while Louisa neither made a fortune nor caught a beau; consequently there was much complaint in the family. That her man-servant should cheat her and her cook get drunk was laid to her want of experience. That her chambermaid would be saucy, her wardrobe out of order, and her bills unpaid, was clearly the effect of mismanagement. In order to place this mismanagement in the clearest possible light, it will be necessary, though tiresome, to introduce a few statistics, stating, as an apology, the want of attention to these most important particulars was the cause of serious miscalculation and great inconvenience to the whole Goitblind family. Mrs. Colonel Partyman had undertaken to pay:

For rent per year.....	\$1200 00
For coal during summer, 6 tons at \$5 50 ..	33 00
Putting away the same, at 25 cts. per ton..	1 50
For coal during winter, 18 tons, at \$7 50...	135 00
Putting away the same, at 25 cts. per ton..	4 50
For wood 1 year, 1 load per month, at \$2 25	27 00
For sawing and splitting the same, \$1 per load	12 00
For gas in summer, \$6 per month.....	36 00
For gas in winter, \$12 per month	72 00
For a cook at \$9 per month.....	108 00
For a chambermaid, at \$8 per month.....	96 00
For a waiter, at \$10 per month	120 00
For miscellaneous brooms, brushes, soap, towels, etc.....	10 00
Total yearly expense, exclusive of food..	\$1855 00

It is not to be supposed that these estimates were as clear to Mrs. Partyman's mind as to the reader; for whenever she attempted to reckon them she became so puzzled, amazed, and disgusted, that she generally gave up before she reached the sum total. If her house expenses perplexed her, it is certain that her table expenses, composed of so many more items, of which the exact amount is so much more diffi-

cult to arrive at, was to her a profound secret and mystery.

Let us look for a moment at the weekly expense for food for this highly respectable private family of eighteen persons and the three servants. Seven of the family, as before stated, were children, who were sometimes roundly asserted not to exist at all, but who had always, somehow or other, to be fed. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious in the matter, they are here divided off, as it is not probable they will again be alluded to, it not being the intention of the writer to follow the fortunes of the Goitblind family into the next generation. The Conchas had produced three Conchetos. The Snobs had handed over two sons, and Louisa had contributed two Partymans to the general population. There was bought daily for the family breakfast—and it will be observed that the quantity was sufficiently small—

Four pounds of beef-steak	\$0 50
Of some other kind of meat, the value of.	25
A roast for dinner	1 50
A second dish	75
<i>Total per day for meat</i>	<i>\$3 00</i>

Let us now sum up the weekly expense for food:

Meat per week	\$21 00
Potatoes, 1 bushel per week	1 00
Butter, 12 pounds	3 00
Bread, 6 loaves per day, 42 loaves per week ..	2 10
Coffee, 3 pounds per week, 21 cents per pound ..	63
Milk, 28 quarts per week, 6 cents per quart ..	1 68
Tea, 1 pound per week	75
Sugar, averaging 12 cents a pound, 17 pounds per week	2 04
Pepper, salt, and mustard	10
Buckwheat, rice, and flour	50
Sirup, molasses, etc.	75
Pies and Puddings	3 00
Wine and spices for flavoring	1 00
Cakes and preserves, etc.	1 00
Apples, nuts, etc., for desserts	75
Miscellaneous vegetables	75
Vermicelli, farina, macaroni, etc.	25
<i>Total per week</i>	<i>\$40 30</i>
<i>Rent, and other housekeeping expenses</i>	<i>35 70</i>
<i>Expense of the family in housekeeping alone</i>	<i>\$76 00</i>

Let us now look at the income which was to meet these expenses, bearing in mind that nothing had been said about clothes, or the wear and tear of furniture, breaking of crockery, etc., etc.

The mother and brother paid each, per week, \$5	\$10 00
Concha and wife, with their children, 3d story, front	14 00
Snob, wife and 2 children, 3d story, back	12 00
Mr. and Mrs. Putthrough, 2d story, front.	18 00
The 3 single gents, miscellaneously located, \$5 each	15 00
<i>Total income per week</i>	<i>\$69 00</i>

Here was a clear loss of seven dollars per week, which no member of the family ever discovered, although they daily exclaimed against the disorder and confusion arising from unpaid bills and unbalanced accounts, and the state of perpetual panic in money matters; and, like the great public similarly circumstanced, they daily made calculations, speculations, and discussions, to discover the cause of the general disorder, and equally without success. Louisa would sit down by her sapient and extremely honest broth-

er, and in the presence of the very judicious mother, who had reared her, would spread out the five fingers of one large white hand, and with the forefinger of the other, pressing each separately and successively, would proceed to recount the sums received from each room, as though her fingers were notched sticks on which she kept accounts. But somehow she never got through with the sum total of them before her attention was distracted by something quite foreign to the matter in hand.

"There is Mrs. Putthrough," she would say, "in the large front room; her board almost pays the rent. Mamma, what a droll creature Mrs. P. is! I declare, she is very eccentric."

"Go on with your calculation," interrupted Mr. Mark Goitblind; "we don't want to hear about the Putthroughs; we want to know what you do with the enormous sums of money you spend."

"You have nothing decent to wear," observes the mother, "and I advise you, the next money you get, to lay it out in clothes, or you'll not be fit to be seen."

"I know it, ma; I want a stout black silk. It would be so useful. I could get one for thirty dollars, and I think I could trim it with—"

"Trim it with the cat's tail!" interrupted the brother. "Where in thunder are you going to get the money from?"

"Why, Mark, how you talk! Mr. Slowpay has promised to let me have some money tomorrow, and I am sure I ought to afford to dress, for I am as well paid as other persons, and better, too, than some. There is Joe Cheapenough boards for four dollars and a half a week at Mrs. Cumathin's; and I was reading in the *Herald* where they offer board for three and a half, and even two and a half, and how can I expect more?"

"I don't ask you to get more. What I want to know is, what you do with it," said Mark.

"Well, I do the best I can, and that is enough for you. As long as you are comfortable you need not grumble."

"I should like to have my room cleaned once in a while."

"Then," said Louisa, "you'll have to go somewhere and get it. I can't keep any such trollop about me as Bridget M'Carthy."

"Have you paid her her wages yet?"

"She has got as much as ever she'll get, the impudent minx."

Hereupon Mrs. Partymans flounced out of the room. Perplexed and tired of the discussion, she sought relief in attending herself to the neglected duties of Bridget M'Carthy, who had refused work on account of four months' unpaid wages. But finding it disagreeable, and herself, from want of custom, unable to do it so well as Bridget, she went to her own room and presented that worthy with a colored silk dress for which she, being in mourning, had no present use. Bridget concluded to remain where such windfalls were to be expected.

Mrs. P. now proceeded to the parlor, intend-

ing to refresh herself by playing upon the piano. There was scarcely an apology for a fire in the grate, and it was very cold. Instead of playing she rang for the waiter. This was done for effect, because she found a lady waiting in the room. Peter did not trouble himself to answer the call, knowing from experience that it was only to receive an order to put coal on the fire, which order he was secretly enjoined to forget to attend to. Peter's wages were also in arrear, and he was accordingly indulged. Besides, he had a way of paying himself, so he was content to remain.

After conversing a few minutes in the parlor, Mrs. P. paid a visit to her kitchen, as it was customary for her to do just before the dinner-hour, to assure herself before dressing that that important meal was in successful progress. A very useful custom, especially in her case. On this day it was lucky that she did not omit it, for there lay the cook upon two chairs in a state of inebriety most utter and helpless. Louisa was accustomed to find her domestic more or less under inspiring influence, but not usually to that degree that she could not do duty. On this occasion she felt alarmed for the safety of the dinner. Looking round, she observed a piece of corned beef that had been intended for that meal had not been deposited in the pot which should have contained it. She ventured to lift the cover, with a view of supplying the deficiency. Something was being boiled surely. She took a fork to examine; a spoon also was brought into requisition. She lifted and looked. Behold! the cook was boiling the clothes-line. Did our lady dismiss the cook? No. Her wages were never paid. It had come to be mutually understood that she worked for her board and the privilege of getting drunk. Mrs. P. put a pillow under her head, smoothed her hair, remarked that the poor woman was quite sick, and having replaced the pot with its proper contents, she proceeded to make a call upon Mrs. Putthrough, feeling that desire one always has to tell a droll occurrence to some one, and well knowing it would lead to an unpleasant talk with any member of her own family. She found Mrs. Putthrough in the enjoyment of an excellent fire, employed in reading a novel, and she made that lady laugh quite heartily at the mishap which had occurred in the kitchen. But in spite of the mirth Mrs. Put suggested that the cook should be at once discharged. Mrs. Partyman said, "Not so; for it would be impossible to fill her place, so excellent a creature is she, drunk or sober."

Finding her boarder perfectly comfortable, our landlady next proceeded to her own room, where it was her custom at this time to dress for dinner.

Her room was the front basement, communicating with the kitchen; and plying between the two rooms as industriously and continuously as the shuttle in a weaving machine, she contrived, with the help of the waiter and the mollified chambermaid (both of whom sympathized with

the cook), to have dinner properly served, and herself also dressed for the occasion—a cooked lady to sit at the head of the table.

Just before dinner, which was supposed to take place at six o'clock, Peter had his instructions to make the fire in the parlor in good earnest, and there the family, after that meal, as usual assembled. Mrs. Partyman played the piano; Joe Cheapenough called in, and he and Mrs. Snob danced the polka, and essayed a great many fancy steps; old Putthrough and his wife and two of the gentlemen boarders (Mr. Hope and Eusebius Spangle) played cards; Mr. Slowpay read the newspapers, and Mrs. Concha employed herself in sewing. Altogether they seemed to have found precisely "the comforts of a home" so often advertised, for Joe Cheapenough thought so, and he half made up his mind to court Louisa in order that he might enjoy them for nothing. She looked quite pretty this evening, and he believed in his heart she was making a fortune. Besides, it was supposed that her defaulting husband had amply endowed her, and the family were careful not to contradict the report.

Louisa perceived the incipient good opinion without, of course, understanding it in its details, and feeling on her part that somebody to be responsible for her bills would be to her not only a luxury but a necessity, she was delighted to witness the faintest looming up of such a prospect from any quarter, and her spirits rose accordingly with this slight hint of luck ahead. Oh, demon of ill-luck! when were mortals ever sufficiently happy to content themselves? Good-natured Mrs. Putthrough must needs increase the general felicity by sending to her room for sundry bottles of wine. The idea started, old Put would have some brandy. Joe Cheapenough proposed a whisky-punch. The ladies agreed to send for oysters. Presently there was a stir among the servants, a sending forth of orders, and the delicacies were brought. Now it came to pass that when Mrs. Putthrough had tasted Joe's whisky, and her husband's brandy, just for fun, and had drunk two or three glasses of wine, out of politeness, on her own account, she became red in the face, and talkative withal, and she inclined to be particularly sweet on all the gentlemen, and on Joe especially. This caused Louisa suddenly to fall down to the veriest snow and ice propriety, at which change of behavior the implacable lady took fresh offense. She commenced a downright abuse of the whole party. The very well-behaved and sober gentlemen alternately winked their eyes and burst out in great explosions of laughter. Old Put advised his wife to "shut up and go to bed;" but she was by no means so disposed, although Mrs. Partyman and her sisters all left the room, exclaiming severally, "Scandalous!" "Shameful!" How long the rest of the party remained, and how they got to bed, was known only to the waiter, who received half a dollar from each, and was discreet enough to hold his tongue. Joe Cheapenough resolved to come there to board,

although he thought no more of his intention to commit matrimony.

The next morning breakfast was eaten with as much decorum as if nothing had happened overnight. Mrs. Put, the chief offender, never came to breakfast; so the others had it all their own way, and persisted in saying to the two husbands, who had not been present, that they had passed a very pleasant evening.

After breakfast Mrs. Partyman again essayed the balancing of her accounts; spreading out her five-fingered calculating machine, she commenced with the room uppermost in her mind, and which paid her the largest price. On this occasion her two sisters were of the council.

"She is not a proper woman," said one.

"She is certainly not a lady," said the other.

"But we can't do without her," said Louisa.

"We ought to send her out of the house," remarked Mrs. Goitblind.

"Then how shall I pay my rent?" inquired Louisa.

At this stage of the proceeding a note was received from the personage under discussion, to the effect that she intended immediately to vacate her apartment, as the location of the house had just been discovered not to suit her husband's business. Mrs. Partyman immediately repaired to the room in question, where, with the blandest of smiles and the warmest of affectionate caresses, she regretted so much to part with her dear, lively friend, that the latter agreed to persuade her other half that the location of the house had been falsely and maliciously misstated. Nor did she stop here, but paid her dear Louisa fifty dollars in advance board, besides making her a present of a Honiton collar.

When Mrs. Partyman returned to the basement she was warm in her encomiums of Mrs. Putthrough, which were cut short by the arrival of various bills. Lucky were the creditors who came first, for so many as the fifty dollars would pay were paid at once; but that giving out, Mrs. Louisa commenced to draw upon her invention of ingenious excuses and put-offs, and when they would not depart for mild words which ought to turn away wrath, she even abused them, and asserted that their bills were conceived in fraud and presented in iniquity.

Finally, the landlord called. Now the fifty dollars had been borrowed in anticipation of this very visit. Our landlady felt like a condemned criminal in having to meet him empty-handed. The landlord was a gentleman by birth and education, had known the family for a long time, and had let them have the house with many misgivings in regard to their responsibility; but as it was a house not easily rented, he had thought it better to have a doubtful tenant than none at all. Having rented it, he conceived the notion that he ought to be paid, and was punctual in calling for his rent. When he found it coming only in small quantities, or not at all, between his desire to act like a polished and liberal man (the character he supposed himself to support) and his apprehension of losing his cash, the in-

dividual used actually to perspire with agony while he sat in the parlor of his own house, thus curiously turned into an instrument of torture. Poor Mrs. Partyman, who was in fact kind-hearted, might be compared to some person having no taste for cruelty, who had foolishly undertaken to be Sheriff of a county, and found numerous executions upon his hands, whereas he did not anticipate any. She had naturally no disposition to inflict the kind of punishment which had now become her daily business. She would have spent the United States revenue, without a single dollar of it sticking to her hands; yes, and the income of all the Russias, and the product of the mines of California. She was a perfect Rothschild on a spree, when she had money. Alas! having a magnificent attemperment, think what torment it must have been to her to deny fifties, nay, tens, fives, and even ones, to people who demanded them with every degree and kind of pertinacity. There was not only the landlord—an old acquaintance and courteous gentleman—who asked in evident collapse of colic pains for more, yet more! but there was the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milkman; the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, the carpet dealer, and the jobber; the shoemaker, the mantua-maker, the plain sewer; the dry-goods merchant, the collier, the woodman, the charcoal dealer, and the servants, from shillings to hundreds, she owed each and all of them.

Talk of a man's having the blue devils! Why, this poor woman had the devils after her in every shape and manner that belongs to humanity. They beset her in the street; they besieged her at home; they watched her incoming and outgoing. She dreamed of them by night, she heard them all day; in every voice in the hall, in every knock at the door. Sometimes she took refuge in the pantries or garrets, and hidden or locked in, would remain whole days together, wondering what would come of it. Meantime servants, children, and family generally, would pass the time in vain endeavors to hunt up the missing head of the family. At such times she usually made a confidante of her eldest daughter, an amiable little girl, who brought her food and kept the secret of her hiding-place with scrupulous fidelity, wondering the while that her mother, who seemed to be so nice a person, should be so persecuted.

By this time a most remarkable change had come over the fair face once before described. The complexion had lost its pearl-pink hue, and assumed the dead-white of marble. The smile which had once lighted up those brilliant features, had become ghastly as the glimmering moonlight on a tomb. The once dimpled cheeks had grown hollow and sunken, and the beautiful blush which formerly overspread them now concentrated itself into a burning red at the tip of the nose, the last ember of expiring hope and youth.

Every salable article sold, every pawnable article pawned, what need to tell of the catastrophe of the Grand Idea of reducing expenses by

taking boarders, of making one poor woman the means whereby to feed the lazy at the expense of the industrious, the poor at the expense of the trades-people? First the piano-dealer took the piano. Next the brothers-in-law and the sisters-in-law had a general quarrel, and departed different ways to seek other asylums for persons distressed in their manner of living. Our once fair Louisa sought a room, and resorted to that still more harassing means of existence, a needle and thread. Every promise of her once bright being ended in desolation. Of what avail was it to this woman that she had been gifted with noble impulses, warm affections, and a beautiful person; that she hoped against disappointment, and had striven against adversity? She died in a garret—died of poverty and overwork—died as hundreds are now dying, victims of the ignorance on subjects appertaining to domestic life which prevails in the city of New York.

A GOSSIP ABOUT NOVELS.

"IN order," said the magnificent Fadladeen, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, 'to convey with clearness my opinion of the story just related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever been—'

"My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the princess, 'we really do not deserve that you should give yourself this trouble.'

Thus saucily quoted Felicia, the daughter of my old friend Brown, when I had dropped in after my five o'clock dinner. Mr. Haskins, his junior partner, had just finished reading the closing number of "No Name" to the girls. The ladies liked it much, and it was rather a pleasant Saturday evening amusement, when they rarely went out, to have Mr. Haskins drop in with the *Weekly*, and read as they embroidered or crocheted. Brown usually went to sleep on these occasions, Felicia keeping a pillow and silk comforter in a small closet in the library for his convenience. This was a good arrangement for all parties, and Mr. Brown being comfortably tucked up on the chintz sofa, the readings and criticisms thereon proceeded with immense *éclat*. The recent death of a distant relative secluded the young ladies more closely than usual; and it was so kind of Mr. Haskins to bring them all the new books. Upon this occasion Brown, with unusual wakefulness, persisted in smoking instead of sleeping, and when the story was finished had nearly demolished the luckless reader, not only with a sweeping condemnation of "novels," but of *that* one in particular, and had delivered himself at great length upon "yellow covered literature" in general, and those who indulged in it. Fatima was vexed, Haskins was crushed, while Felicia, the favorite daughter, had playfully quoted the above passage just as I entered.

"Remarkably well recited, fair Lalla Rookh!" I remarked; for, knowing the habits of the family, I at once divined the situation. "Yet it may not be amiss after all to listen for a mo-

ment or two to some of the tales which the Scheherazade of the press has, from time to time, rehearsed for the listening ears and palpitating hearts of two hemispheres, which were only too willing to wake and listen."

"Now, Brooks, I used to think you a man of sense, and here you propose to encourage two silly girls in doing nothing but read novels, and neglecting every thing useful!"

"No, most noble Fadladeen, I do not; I but propose to talk the matter over in a serious way with them, to show the origin, necessity, uses, and abuses of the Novel; in short, that *in its place* it is a good creature."

"Oh do, Mr. Brooks!" exclaimed the girls. Feramorz, in the person of Mr. Haskins, brightened up a little, and sat back into his chair (he had previously occupied merely the edge of it, being prepared for a hasty retreat in case the argument was too strong for him). Feramorz was light-complexioned, fair-haired, and near-sighted; tried to look like a German, and had a bad habit of blushing. Brown thought him an "excellent book-keeper, but good for nothing behind the counter; would do very well if he would leave off blushing and novel reading of evenings." He had lately taken him in as a junior partner, on an infinitesimal interest, and had given him a great deal of excellent advice regarding his two failings.

"Every body knows that the Troubadours of France and Italy, and the Minnesingers of Germany were the historians, musicians, and novelists of the Middle Ages; and their treasures of romantic lore which have imperfectly descended to us prove that they must have been very pleasant fellows, and marvelously agreeable guests at those awfully gloomy castles where ladies did nothing but embroider, and the gentlemen fight, murder, and rob from year's end to year's end."

"Was there not one, Sir, who was borne to his grave by the most beautiful girls of Mayence, who poured libations of wine to his memory till the cathedral floor was covered?" asked Haskins, almost eagerly, pushing forward to the edge of his chair again.

"Lucky dog!" growled Brown; "I'll warrant, if he had had the wine when living, he'd have thought better of them even than he did."

Haskins blushed violently and retired behind his spectacles.

"You are right, Mr. Haskins," I replied, with dignity; "there was such a one, and doubtless in his song had done justice as well to the flag-on as to the fair maid who bore it. It was no wonder that they bid these honest fellows welcome, when their only amusements were the everlasting embroidery-frame, and Amadis de Gaul, and a few such twelve-pounder romances, granting that they knew how to read, which, by-the-by, was not so frequently the case as could have been wished. In fact they did not lose much either; for the novel of that day, and even down to the last century, was hardly fit for ladies' reading. When I hear gentlemen of the old school"—bowing politely to Brown—"con-

demning 'modern novels,' I more than suspect that their own tastes have been formed in that direction by 'Tom Jones,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' and the rest, and don't much blame them for a prejudice if they left off then. It's not surprising that they are not satisfied to seat their young daughters to such coarse fare as these books, however excellent they might have been deemed in their day. 'Don Quixote,' at whose plain speaking young ladies sometimes blush nowadays, was a pattern of purity at the time it was written, I doubt not. But as those same young ladies read George Sand's writings in the original, I do not find that the Don or his sturdy squire suffer greatly by the contrast."

"I remember," remarked Felicia, "in reading 'Don Quixote,' being struck with the idea that the world had rather misconceived him. It seemed so sad that he should have been called mad, and subjected to such cruel jokes, when he possessed so fine a nature, and was so true a gentleman, for all his crazy fancies about his knightly mission and his sweet Dulcinea. I am sure the world never saw a truer gentleman than the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, if every body did laugh at him."

"You are right, as usual, fair Princess," I replied. (Felicia really had remarkable tact in discriminating characters, and it struck me particularly to-night.) "Cervantes, I fancy, meant not to deride the knight himself, but merely the abuses of chivalry which had so dolefully turned the poor gentleman's head. He had the highest sense of knightly honor, though the exquisite sensibilities of his soul were like 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.' Who so ready as he to succor the friendless? Who so brave to foe, so true to ladye-love? Who so skilled in all knightly devoirs?—so tenderly courteous to all women, insomuch as she he loved was a woman? And it was none the less a true knightly passion—nay, rather the more so—that so large a share of her charms dwelt only in his own heated brain; and Don Quixote de la Mancha deserves even better respect of the world than he has ever yet received."

I was rewarded by bright, appreciative smiles from the girls. While Brown lit a second cigar, and puffed in contemptuous silence, I went on:

"The twelve-volume novel died, in time, of sheer attenuation, dwindling down to modern times, and the Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett class appeared. But ladies blushed, or pretended to, even through rouge and powder, at their hearty grossness; and Goldsmith, and Johnson, and little Miss Burney, and that class, came forward, and, a little later, the Misses Porter appeared to furnish light yet delicious intellectual pabulum, and to tell the old, yet ever new story, '*Amo, amas, amat*,' in terms which might find them an entrance into the boudoir of a pure and innocent woman. 'Rasselas' philosophized both in and out of the Happy Valley (so ludicrously unlike the geographical Abyssinia), in his stateliest phrases; 'Camille' makes her debut, under the loving auspices of *Ursus*

Major himself. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' preached, and prayed, and laughed, as dear old vicar never laughed or preached before; and the elegant Lord Mortimer handed the peerless Amanda out by her finger-tips, at respectful arm's-length, and the two stepped a dignified minuet through the three volumes of the 'Children of the Abbey.' Then 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' walks solemnly across the stage, with bowed head, breaking one's heart with his unapproachable perfections—paining us to think that there are no more such men, and even if there were, that their style is all out of fashion."

"I remember the scoundrel well," puffed out Brown. "Down in Logtown, where I was raised, Dolly Dumplin was about as nice a girl as ever I saw; just as round and plump as a partridge, with small bright eyes and dear little pudgy hands, a little red, perhaps, but very nice and soft, you know. Well, Dolly and I had kept company a while, and by-and-by I began to think things were growing serious when, presto! she veered round and threw me over quicker than a flash! I couldn't make it out for a long time, until Mercy Jones told me one night going home from singing school that Dolly told her in confidence that she really liked me until she read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and found out what a man ought to be; but she really couldn't think of marrying so far below her ideal. I read the book, of course, to find out about it, and heaved it into the fire behind the back-log when I'd finished it."

"Undoubtedly the best use to which you could put so dangerous a rival, and this fully accounts for your prejudice. When Mrs. Brown returns I shall—"

"Nonsense, Brooks," replied Brown, coloring, "Hetty knows all about it. You can't enlighten *her* about my history. I only wanted to show how girls sometimes lose good chances by getting their heads full of novels." Brown grew provincial as he became excited.

"Then there was a period of tales of haunted castles, subterranean passages, sliding panels, secret staircases, and mysterious murders crying out for vengeance, besides lambent blue flames and dripping daggers; novels in the 'jugular vein,' born of suppers of raw beef, toasted cheese, and awful indigestions. People got amazingly tired of them after a while. Then was the time for Sir Walter Scott, who raised the novel to the dignity of a prose epic. Writing much in the vernacular—though he *could* write 'Big Bugaboo' better than any body else—he got a fast hold of the affections of the popular heart, besides affording the more cultivated taste a new sensation. Somebody calls his works 'Guide-books to Scotland.' So be it. It is somewhat to be able to hunt a story through its native country by its own landmarks. You remember Campbell's ludicrous blunders in Gertrude of Wyoming, don't you? Tigers on the Susquehanna's banks, and magnolias on Ohio's shores, or something like that. I quote from my memory—which is bad."

"You remember Mr. Jones saying," remarked Haskins, again, "that the stage-driver pointed out to him Jeannie Dean's cottage?"

"Yes; and his 'D'ye mind yon wee house on the hill-side? Reuben Butler—ye ken Reuben Butler?—he keepit skule there.' I warrant Jones will never forget those 'bit houses.' And those who knew her will always remember the fair daughter of Brenda, whose artless beauty and sweetness so endeared her to her American friends. Verily, to be a novelist is worth one's while when his works do follow him after this fashion. The good Sir Walter does sometimes lack imagination, and fancy almost always; yet he deserves a place in the front rank of novelists, as being the pioneer of the novel proper. I don't expect every body to agree with my opinion, however.

"At nearly the same period of literature our own Cooper struck his rich vein of Indian character and achievement, and pioneer life and character. It was a new idea that an American book could be readable. But the fresh life developed in his characters, the rich and hearty vernacular of their speech, the delicious forest-odor breathed over the whole, varied by the dignified presence of the ladies and gentlemen whose stately bearing lent a riper charm to these greenwood homes—all took the public by storm, and surprised them into a cordial applause. It was new, it was not Arcadian exactly, but so like it, and yet so real that people at a distance believed in it. Those nearer were charmed with his idealization of scenes which, while many recollected then, it was well that the young people should perpetuate the memory of 'deeds that their fathers had done.' Leatherstocking was such a complete representative of the hunter-pioneer, while Harvey Birch vividly recalled the events of that period to minds of the oldest inhabitants. Then Uncas glorified the character of our few true Indian friends. Impossible as he is, the old people admired him, the young people believed in him (as the young, God bless them! always do in all heroic goodness). He is a perfect knight of chivalry to them!"

"But Cooper's orphan heroines, patterns of wooden excellence as they are, are all as like each other as a set of nine-pins, and not half so interesting. And does any body know the reason of such a dreadful mortality among their mothers, I should like to know!" exclaimed Fatima.

I smiled at the spicy criticism. "But we of to-day, despite the exquisite Hiawatha, are not so in love with the red men of the forest as were our parents. The massacre of whole western villages by bands of Sioux, which happened a few weeks ago, must have swept away the last remnant of romance which invested the Indian character."

"But Cooper will always be one of the greatest of modern novelists to father and mother, Mr. Brooks," put in Felicia.

"No doubt; there is the glamour of their own youth over him. I suppose that one reason why David Copperfield will forever be the most in-

teresting tale extant to this present circle of middle-aged young people like myself is because Tom and Jerry, and Fan and Peg read it with me as it came out in numbers, and we all lived in the village of Tomphoole, and were happy and jolly together.

"By-the-by, when I was last in Tomphoole, while waiting for the stage in the stiff little tavern 'parlor,' a goodly company being present who were going to the head of the lake, I beguiled the moments with 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Mrs. What's-her-name looked over my shoulder. I offered her the book.

"'No, no,' she said, 'thank you, I've heard of the book; don't think I should like it. All about mills and low kind of people, isn't it? I never read that sort of book: no, I don't like that kind of people—never meet any of them in my set.'

"'So you like genteel people in books as well as in your parlor?'

"'Well, yes, I must own I do: lords and ladies—there is a real pleasure in reading about them—very agreeable people usually. Now there's Dickens, he never introduces them into his books. I can not like him, his people are all so low.'

"'But never vulgar,' I ventured.

"'No, not exactly, but *low*. What places he finds them in! Prisons, work-houses, dens of thieves, jails, where nobody ever thinks of going. There is scarcely one of his characters who moves in what one might call *good* society.'

"'There is Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, in "Bleak House."'

"'Oh yes, Sir Leicester is a very gentlemanly person, and Lady Dedlock, so handsome and self-possessed, but Jo!'

"I had no more to say; but I thought of a book wherein all the interest depends upon a certain 'son of a carpenter,' sundry fishermen, and other '*low*' people, who were none of them well received in elegant society; and I wondered if my lady found the story dull or no, albeit she was a good church-member too."

"But, Mr. Brooks, tell us a little about 'John Halifax.' Is it really low?" asked Fatima, looking up from her ottoman, where she sat crocheting something of red silk.

"By no means. Not a *great* book, perhaps, but just the book to read to one's wife of a winter night, with a rattling storm outside and a bright fire in the grate. As the poor homeless boy grows into the earnest man, the good man, the great man, the gentleman, your hand seeks hers, and you remember how she waited for you, patiently, lovingly, till you gained your first foothold, and then, when you could not get on longer apart, the outstretched hands met and clasped, and you went on together, better and braver because you were together. And the story goes on, and grows more like one's own life, and the old times are too much for you, and her eyes get suffused, and you get a bad cold, and can not read, and then you both get silly, and—well, that is 'John Halifax,' just a story of a struggle for life."

Fatima drooped her eyelashes over her rosy cheek; Haskins looked animated; while Brown produced his bandana, and blew a suspicious blast. Felicia, I saw, was interested, but not so much so as Fatima. Perhaps I did not watch her so closely, however.

"But, after all," remarked Felicia, "the good lady was not so very much to blame. This sort of people were all that the novels of her youth told about, and so she liked them as you like 'David Copperfield,' or my father likes Cooper."

"I doubt not it was so. Those dear creatures were so graceful and so handsome, their frivolities so delightfully excusable, that we forget the shocking state of society at that time. The courtly graces of Sir Charles Grandison make us unmindful of the bands of Mohocks who made London streets a terror after night-fall. And when Lord Mortimer makes his famous declaration of love to Amanda Fitzallen the fact is overlooked that he has not relinquished the fair hand which he seized first to plead a dishonorable passion. And she lets him proceed with his suit, and is not implacable by any means; whereas, in a modern story, a big brother would have kicked the noble lord out of the front door, and sent the fair Amanda back to the school-room to learn propriety."

"Very true," assented Brown, emitting a puff of fragrant smoke as he knocked the ashes of his cigar into the terra cotta ash-basket; "but the world is not much wiser now, or George Sand and Victor Hugo would not be the fashionable rage."

I allowed this remark of Brown's to pass, for I knew the girls had been reading "Les Misérables," and as I had not I was not prepared to speak. I got back to soundings as soon as possible.

"A few years ago the reading world was startled from its apathy by the resonant peals of the 'Three Bells'—those weird sisters of romance—but Currer Bell's voice lingered longest, being of the deepest tone. There was an air of mystery about these writings, as if they were in the very confidence of Nature herself. They had the advantage, too, of being first in the field. No lover in any novel had, as yet, ventured upon the expedient of locking a lady into a room while he compelled her attention to his suit; or of starvation, as Paul Emanuel did, shutting Lucy Snowe into a hot garret in July, without food or water, to learn her part in the play which was to form a portion of his school exhibition. That type of humanity was, as yet, new to writers of romance, and as the saying is, 'it took.' It became a fashion, for a time, to represent gentlemen in the habit of bullying their ladies into acknowledging a reciprocal passion. The lover was always successful, of course. The human magnetism is too strong for the beautiful feline creature before him. She yields, for, as represented by Miss Brontë, the woman's is essentially an animal nature. She is wild, beautiful, sensuous, ferocious, and passionate, yet affectionate, and loves the hand that compels her

obedience. Yet you mentally wonder if the successful lover shall, as a husband, 'escape a predestinated scratched face.'"

"Surely you do not think 'Jane Eyre' soulless!" exclaimed Fatima. "Surely she could not love Rochester so if she were!"

"I kiss your snowy fingers, fair Princess!" I replied; "yet I can not agree with you in your admiration of 'Jane Eyre,' or rather Miss Brontë. I do not deny her great genius, yet her standard is faulty. 'Jane Eyre' is not a refined woman; she is almost coarse. Let me read to you one passage: 'As he said this, he held out his hand, I pressed it and flung it back red with the passionate pressure.' I should not like *my* lady-love thus to describe her own first timid acknowledgment of her long-concealed passion for myself. No! The fact is, Miss Brontë personally dislikes women and children. The first is common enough in female writers, the latter extremely rare. She knows that her feline pets are not generally popular in society, and willing to indulge this amiable weakness, she introduces a variety, 'Ginevra Fanshawe.'"

"Now, surely, Mr. Brooks," interrupted Fatima, "you must at least admit Ginevra to be natural and feminine."

"I do. At the Tomphoole Academy, which I attended between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, there were six Ginevra Fanshawes. I fell in love with them all, one after the other. I expended my pocket-money in lockets and daguerreotypes, pearl and turquoise rings, in volumes of poetry and buggy rides. It took six terms to go the rounds. At the commencement, being well supplied with pocket-money, I was liberal. Then I got smiles, and so forth. Toward the end, when supplies ran low, I was snubbed. With a fresh subsidy and a stock of virtuous indignation I tried another and another with like result, and learned the valuable truth taught by Miss Brontë in one lesson: 'The *jeune fille*, as represented by the poets, and the *jeune fille*, as she really is, are two essentially different beings.'"

Every body laughed, and then suddenly checked themselves, fearing to hurt my feelings, which had a comical effect.

"But let that pass," I continued. "Miss Brontë's real genius is in her description of situations. The elfish self-possession of her people is wonderful. Every body knows so exactly what to say and do that the wonder is that any complications arise at all. After all, there is a wonderful power in her books. She hints at more than volumes could describe; and with all her faults she has so much genius that it is ungracious to tear them to pieces in this way. And then her mastery of language is something wonderful; she has always the right word in the right place. One would think that she could not have written otherwise. But read her Life, and you will see the labor it costs to write in this way. There is one American woman who has an equal command of words—though I judge that this comes far easier to her

than it did to Charlotte Brontë; and though she not seldom wastes her magnificent diction upon a story unworthy of it, covers a flimsy material with the most exquisitely elaborate embroidery, I should not be surprised if the author of 'Yet's Christmas Box' and 'Madeleine Schaeffer' some of these days gave us the great American novel."

"But there are so many mannerisms," remarked the quiet Felicia. "There is a conflagration in every book, and several in some of them. Mrs. C—— used to call them the 'Fire Bells.'"

"Very good! very good!" exclaimed Brown. "I'd forgive her if she had made a general conflagration of it if she could only have consented to do us of broadcloth justice. Like enough she has only known such men as she describes. But I should not like to see my girls marry such a dubious character as Rochester. If I was an Irishman I should say that Shirley was the most gentlemanly person she describes any where."

"Thackeray had that fault for a while, you remember; but, after all, he came out gloriously in Colonel Newcome," ventured Haskins, hitching timidly to the edge of his chair, and then suddenly overcome with fright, subsided into its depths, blushing like a beet. Willing to encourage him, I agreed with him:

"Yes, time and popular favor mellowed him, like old Madeira. But after all he is best at the Englishman proper; grumbling, kind-hearted, quarrelsome, hearty old blades, who never had half justice done them before. But you are right about Colonel Newcome. There has been nothing finer since My Uncle Toby. Fancy the two hobnobbing over their port, and confess the richness, the Flemish mellowness of the picture. And while they drink, the one to a memory, the other to an ideal, in blusters Philip, big, genial, and quarrelsome, but so true, so warm-hearted, that you don't stop to think whether you like him or not. It is your instinct to do so. And dear little Charlotte so exquisitely true to nature, loving babies and husband and every body who loves them except Mrs. Brandon, whom she hates, because she loves them so well. Great is Thackeray!"

"Dickens used to be my favorite," remarked Brown, lighting a fresh cigar, and offering the case, which I declined.

"You have been reading Hawthorne's 'P. Papers' You remember the poor crazy fellow, who, shut up in his narrow grated chamber, imagines that he is traveling at will all over the world, and meeting in the flesh all the great men of the last generation, as they might be now. Do you remember Napoleon stumbling along the streets of London, scared out of his feeble wits by some little street disturbance, and contemptuously reassured by a policeman? Shelley, become ultra orthodox, and yet firmly believing that he had undergone no change since he wrote Queen Mab? And Byron, living in

perfect felicity with his somewhat shrewish wife, grown religious and fat, yet carefully hiding one foot under the folds of his dressing-gown? And a half-score of such like descriptions? You know what he says of 'Boz'—something like this, as near as I remember: 'I had expectations from a young man named Dickens, who published a few magazine articles very rich in humor, and not without symptoms of genuine pathos; but the poor fellow died shortly after commencing an odd series of sketches entitled the Pickwick Papers. Not impossibly the world has lost more than it dreams of in the untimely death of Mr. Dickens.'"

"Clever, but unjust!" interrupted Fatima. "The man dead, metaphorically, who has since peopled our world with such beings as Mr. Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon, Little Nell, Paul Dombey, Captain Bunsby, Sairy Gamp, Agnes, Dora, Steerforth, Little Em'ly, Little Dorrit, Pecksniff, Pegotty, Joe Gargery, Smike, Turveydrop, Mrs. Jellyby, Wilkins Micawber, and—but I am not going to give you a catalogue of all the living personages in all of Dickens's novels."

"One might do that from memory," I rejoined, "with Dickens as with Scott and Shakespeare; which is after all the true test of genius. Try it, by way of contrast, with Mr. James of the many initials and many volumes. I have read all his novels, except the last dozen or so; and I have not now a distinct remembrance of the story of one of them, or of half a dozen characters in the whole. I only know that each novel had a cleverly contrived skeleton of a plot, and that all are written in most unexceptionable English. If one wished to kill time at a small expense, I would advise him to buy all of Mr. James's novels, and devote himself to their perusal. He could, with fair industry, read them all in a year. Then let him, as preachers say, 'turn the barrel' and begin again. They would be as new to him as though he had never read them before; and I don't see why this process might not be kept up for fifty years, which is about as long as any one will be like to want to kill time, on this planet at least. But to come back to Dickens; this will not do with him. In every one of his novels there are half a dozen people who will be always old acquaintances to you after you have once known them."

"I must say that I like Dickens's crazy people best of all," remarked Fatima; "they are so amusing, and withal so sensible, that they make you suspect the sanity of half your acquaintance."

"Very true, and many of his characters have a 'bee in their bonnets,' who are not actually mad. But really, he has no equal in describing the workings of a shattered intellect, Barnaby Rudge, Miss Flite, Maggie, Mr. Dick, the fair Cleopatra, Miss Havisham, Smike, and others. 'Such thin partitions do their bounds divide,' that one can hardly tell where eccentricity leaves off and insanity begins, just as the everlasting disputes about Hamlet's madness among critics,

is one of the strongest proofs of Shakspeare's genius and truth to nature."

"It is a sad pity," remarked Felicia, gravely, "that Dickens is never in the least religious. He gets sentimental over it sometimes; but, after all, his characters get along very well with their own goodness, and seem to need no help. I do not remember that one of them ever prays. Now all Christian people know the need of God in their extremity—I mean," she added, blushing at having said so much, "that it is not fair to Christians to say so much against cant, and so little for Christ."

"Bear in mind that Mr. Dickens is a fashionable writer; and though his people are not fashionable, many of his readers are; and with such religion, though a good thing in itself, is usually thrown gracefully into the back-ground. It sounds trite and commonplace—that is, any but the elegant, full-dress kind. It is a different thing when, through anguish and sorrow, you have made its consolation absolutely your own. Thus you see why it is not oftener thus portrayed. Experience must precede reading in this case. It is not so with other emotions."

"Yet," persisted Felicia, "he makes so many repulsive things charming that he need not hesitate over one so lovely. A religious character would help many who read his books, and involuntarily shape their conduct by them."

"And what have you to say," inquired Fatima, "about Bulwer?—I don't like to call him Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And Anthony Trollope—doesn't he give you pictures of English folks as true as though they were daguerreotypes?—isn't Dr. Thorne a capital novel of life? and isn't Miss Dunstable one of the best creations of any novelist? and don't you think Sir Roger Scatcherd a great creation? and would you have believed, unless she had confessed it, that Lady Mason forged the will? And what do you think of Adam Bede, and the rest of Miss Evans's novels—do you read Romola? And there's Mrs. Gaskell, who wrote the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*—don't you think her *Mary Barton* one of the ten best novels of the last ten years? And there's Mrs. Wood, and a Miss Braddon, about whose *Aurora Floyd* every body is talking, and I don't know how many others. And why do not some of our American women, who write such clever stories, write a great novel of our own life and society? There's Miss Prescott or Rose Terry I know could do it; or somebody who wrote a story called '*Twilight*'—I don't believe a man ever wrote that; and there's Mrs. Stoddard, whose '*Morgensons*' I have just finished—she has genius. As for Mrs. Stowe, there is but one Mrs. Stowe, but the negro is her prophet, and I don't look for another novel from her. Don't you think I am right, Mr. Brooks?"

To all this series of questions I could make no reply. I looked into the glowing coals and mused. At last I said, in answer to my own thoughts rather than to any thing which had gone before:

"There are some who wholly forbid novels to

young people, and point to cases where unfortunates have traced their downfall to such reading. I think the taint in the soul led them to select bad books, and worse ideas out of them. It was the effect, not the cause. One does not relish and choose pernicious drugs in health, with wholesome food at hand. Let a pure-hearted girl read *Madame Dudevant*, and if she be pure-hearted indeed she will close the book with tingling cheeks, and live on good English fare to the end of her days. I would, if I had the training of girls, give them plenty of wholesome light reading, of that class which makes one wiser and better: hearty, honest loving in it, and a good *wicked* villain; none of your charming scamps, who drug your wits to steal and stab your heart. Men who are brave and real; women who are pure; no seduction, or murder, or such uncannie work. Let it be read in the family circle, and afterward be well talked over with each other. This mental diet (with solid reading, of course), with plenty of out-door exercise, and good beef and mutton, bread and potatoes, will hurt nobody. And by-and-by comes along an honest, true-hearted fellow to love them; and a pleasant home will testify to the healthiness of the regimen. The romance of real life and passion will throw *Dudevant* and the like into deepest shade."

The girls blushed and looked down (*Fatima* most). *Haskins* fidgeted, and nearly slid out of his chair. *Brown* muttered something about "bachelors' daughters always being perfect." Then *Haskins* sighed, very absurdly. *Brown* had nearly crushed him on the subject of light reading before I came in, when he has just finished "*No Name*" aloud to the girls, and he had not yet recovered his mental poise.

"I was just remarking," said *Haskins*, "to Mr. *Brown*, before you came in, that the serial novel was one of the strongest bonds of social family enjoyment we possess. Here, now, for nearly a year I have been in the habit of reading from *Harper's Weekly* the numbers of this story as it appeared. And I must say I am surprised when I think how little there is in the people themselves to like, that we have looked so anxiously for their weekly visit."

"No doubt of it, Sir," I replied, with an emphasis which made poor *Haskins* nearly jump out of his seat.

"Can't say I like a novel in homeopathic doses," growled *Brown*.

"Still it seems to me, after all, the proper form for the novel; for it so encourages sympathy of tastes in the family circle, and being short, it is usually read aloud. And the attrition of several minds prevents much of the harm that might ensue from a solitary course of sentimental reading."

"And, as Mr. *Haskins* remarks," added Felicia, "it is so pleasant to have these charming people dropping in once a week!"

"Oh, Mr. Brooks!" exclaimed *Fatima*; "do write a book. You could, I know; you criticise so finely!"

"Not in the Cottonian period of American literature, if you please. Nobody reads any thing but war stories, all about a gallant and gay soldier (with variations), who goes to the wars and comes gloriously home in six weeks and marries the girl he left behind him. When I write I write for immortality. That is only to be found in juvenile stories. The tales of Bo-Peep's sheep are more famous than 'The Tempest,' and Red Riding Hood is far better known than Portia. Then the young ones are grateful; the public isn't. Look out for a new edition of Mother Goose when my book is advertised."

Felicia rang the bell; Betsy appeared with the supper-tray. Haskins and the girls took tea and cake; Brown and I lager and crackers.

"It's very odd," remarked Brown, after one glass, "that you have all omitted the best argument on your own side. Novels are poor things in general; but they serve one good purpose. They are a sort of social lightning-rod, through which a damaging amount of scan—, no, 'discussion of character' is collected, and passes harmlessly into the book. While they relieve one's feelings, they save the characters of living friends so much! Haw! haw! haw!"

I saw Brown had said the best thing he had to say, and took my leave. I regret to say Mr. H. remained. I am afraid the girls will be bored with him. I thought I detected a yawn from Felicia as I left the library.

"KITTEN."

EVERY one liked Kitten Sawyer. Her mother had been a romantic, novel-reading girl, pretty and winsome, but characterless—whose greatest grief it had always been that her Puritan parents had called her Hannah. No such common name should ever be inflicted on a child of hers, she determined; so when her first baby came she meant to give it syllables enough, and fixed in her own mind upon "Arethusa." She was secretly afraid that her husband might not be quite suited, and she asked him with a little fear and trembling, one day when he came to her bedside, if he felt particular what she named the baby. He smiled very kindly on his little pale wife, and patted her soft cheek with his hard hand, as he answered,

"It don't make a mite o' difference to me, seeing she's a girl. I always held to letting women manage their daughters their own way. If it was a boy, now, I *should* a felt a little more anxious. I always *did* mean to call my first boy Samuel, after father, you know."

Poor little Mrs. Sawyer smothered a groan of dismay in the baby's blanket, and breathed a heart-felt prayer that all her children might be girls. Samuel, son of Hannah! She was sure she could never survive bringing up a boy named Samuel. She said nothing, however, on that subject, and only announced very meekly that she had made up her mind she should like to call the little one Arethusa.

"Very well, wife, take your own course. Arethusa is rather longish to be sure, but I don't know as we've any call to be economical about spelling."

So Arethusa the child became. But even her proud mamma found the long name too long for the short baby, and as she was a most merry, playful little creature she presently began to be called Kitten. The name grew up with her. Even her mother always used it, with some vague idea, I imagine, that the girl would be called by her own proper title by-and-by, when she was older. To her father, however, she was always Arethusa. He used the name his wife had given to their child with conscientious constancy, never exchanging it for any thing else, except on some rare occasions which aroused his deepest tenderness, when he would call her "daughter."

This latter, his sole term of endearment, no other child ever came to share with her. Nor was there even a boy to be called Samuel. Kitten grew up alone, and her reign over the whole household was absolute. No one ever thought of disputing her wishes, and if she was not spoiled it was only because nature had given her all her mother's sweetness balanced by all her father's common sense.

She was just sixteen when Ralph Morgan lost his heart to her. He had been away from Westville four years. His father was an honest and well-to-do New England farmer; but there had been another Morgan, an older and more enterprising one, who had made a fortune in California, in the days which we all remember, when commercial fortunes were made there with a rapidity that made one think of the Arabian Nights. For a wonder the successful speculator had not forgotten home and home friends in the pursuit of gain, and when he was worth the hundred thousand dollars he had set out to accumulate he came home for a visit. Ralph was his namesake, a fine young fellow just coming seventeen, and the uncle wanted to take him back to the auriferous regions. Ralph's heart was fired easily enough by any thing like the prospect of romance or adventure, and he was eager to go. At first his father and mother opposed the plan, but the elder Ralph's influence was powerful, and finally prevailed. The parents only exacted one promise, a solemn pledge rather, that, whether he prospered or not, and no matter what the temptations might be to remain, he would come back at the end of four years, and pass his twenty-first birthday under the old roof-tree.

It was well that they made this condition, for before the four years were over Ralph had become a first-rate man of business, his uncle's partner, beyond poverty already, and in a fair way to be rich. If his word had not been pledged he would certainly have been tempted to remain in the Golden Land a little longer; and the chances are that his parents would not have seen their brave boy again until his hair was grizzled and his heart had grown hard. But a

promise is a promise, with men like the Morgans; and with a little unspoken regret Ralph took passage for New York late in the summer of 1860, with the intention of staying at home for a number of months. He left most of his money invested in his uncle's prosperous business, with a comfortable sense of security that it would improve the space of his absence to double itself, and be ready for him at any time.

He was welcomed warmly by father and mother, brothers and sisters. He was glad that he had come as soon as he saw the dear old faces—grown a little older since he went away. He had left business behind him. He had nothing before him but a long play-spell, and having worked hard he was ready to enjoy heartily. I suppose he had a little natural vanity, and he might without blame have taken a secret satisfaction in the admiring looks which followed his athletic figure, developed since he went away into manhood, and rested on his bronzed, bearded face.

He had been home a week before he met Kitten. Not that she shunned society or put on airs. She had no lack of interest in the returned Californian; indeed she wanted to see him very much; but her mother had been ill with one of her frequent attacks of nervous pain and weakness, and Kitten had staid at home and nursed her tenderly.

She met him quite unexpectedly at last. It was a bright September afternoon, summery enough to make her light print dress appropriate. She had not been out of doors before for a week, and now she was only off duty for the length of time it would take her to do an errand at her aunt's—a farm-house on an out-of-the-way road, where she was likely to meet no one. She walked along very carelessly, swinging her Shaker in her hand, for she liked to feel the south wind, warm, yet with something bracing and cheery in it that told of autumn, tossing her hair and cooling her face.

"Whistle, and I'll come to you my lad,
Whistle, and I'll come to you;
Though father and mother and all should be mad,
Whistle, and I'll come to you!"

she sang, liltily, as she tripped along.

"If I only knew you, and could venture to say how much I would *like* to whistle!"

She looked up, and met dark eyes looking out of a swart, bearded face. The gentleman who had overtaken her made a bow deferential enough to atone for the freedom of his speech; and she answered, with a smile,

"Then you don't know me?"

The arch tone and glance which pointed the question recalled a four-years-old memory—a little girl of twelve—a girl in short frocks and pantalets, whom he had kissed good-by as one kisses children.

"Kitten?"

"Surely Kitten! You see my memory was better than yours, Mr. Morgan."

"Yes; but when one leaves a little dozen-

year-old, one is not prepared to come back four years after and find—"

"An angel" was on his tongue, but a sudden fear of making himself ridiculous or offending her restrained him, and she finished the sentence for him—

"A full-grown young woman of sixteen. No; and yet that is but the natural work of four years. When I saw you last, you know, you had no beard, and a good deal less complexion."

He smiled. "For the sake of what I used to be, then, may I go with you to your aunt's, whither I see you are bound, and then walk home with you? After four years of busy life I am come back to be for a while an idler, and I think you could hardly do a greater work of charity than to help me waste my time."

That was the beginning of an intimacy which ripened, before six months were over, into love as tender and true as ever poet or painter pictured.

All that was noble in Ralph Morgan's nature, and there was much—all that was heroic or tender, seemed to spring up into its best development in the light of her smile. For once all the wearisome old sayings about the course of true love were contradicted. The course of theirs was as smooth as glass. Every one else was delighted too. The Morgans were charmed with Kitten, and the Sawyers with Ralph.

It was arranged that Ralph should stay at home until the next fall, and then carry his Kitten back with him for another four years of money-making; after which he expected to be able to bring her home to Westville.

So, because there was nothing else to mar the peaceful tenor of their ways, the Southerners fired on Sumter, and the whole country rose like Samson, and shook itself, wondering what insidious Delilah had been shearing at its locks of strength while it slept.

When the call to arms came the spirit of some old ancestor, whose portrait, in full continental uniform, hung brave and horribly painted in the parlor of the Morgans, stirred within Ralph, and he felt that he must gird on the sword of the Lord and Gideon. His first thought was of Kitten. He went over to her at once. He knew she divined his purpose as soon as he saw her face. It had such a white, resolved look.

"You have heard the news?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go?"

"I supposed you would," she answered, and her voice was steady, though he could feel the painful throbbing of her heart against his side. He was proud to see how well she understood him; but man-like he could not help searching her secret thoughts a little more deeply.

"Are you willing, Kitten?"

"It is hard, Ralph, to say I am willing to risk what is so much more to me than life; but if I were a man I should go, so I can not complain that you should go in my stead."

"And if I fall?"

Her low tone never wavered—"I should have to wait for you a little longer, Ralph."

He understood all that her words implied—that whether he lived or died she was his. They parted—it would be idle to tell how—what words thrilled from their hearts—what tears fell from their eyes—what tender, prolonged kisses left their passionate sweetness upon their lips. She was bravest of the two, for she would not send him away gloomily. Even her unobservant father wondered to see how cheerfully she said the last good-by; and then pitied her the more when he saw how white and still her face was for days afterward.

But now the strong common-sense side of her character came out. Her keen sense of justice told her she had no right to darken the lives of those who depended on her for their sunshine with her own secret sorrow; so she did all her old duties, and tried her best to be their merry, playful Kitten, as she used. Cheerful and uncomplaining she succeeded in being; but something was wanting of the old frolic mirth, the overflowing play of spirits which had made her name seem so fit. Those who loved her felt the change, and loved her for it better still.

Time passed on, and Ralph's letters came regularly. She grew accustomed to the danger he was in, and every skirmish he passed through unscathed left her lighter of heart. Three months, and then that fierce, terrible first battle of Bull Run—then a nation in mourning—a country full of weepers refusing to be comforted. Then among the names of the killed Ralph Morgan. No hope—none. Not wounded, not missing, but **KILLED**. She did not weep or faint when she read it. She smiled pitifully at her own calmness. Then she got up and showed the paper to her father.

"You will go right off, won't you, and bring me his body back? It will be some comfort to have his grave here, where I can go to it. Will you start to-morrow, father?"

The next morning two men went on that sad journey—Ralph's own father and Kitten's. In a week they returned. The poor girl looked wistfully in her father's face when he came in; but her lips refused to form the words with which she would have questioned him. He put his rough hand on her hair with a pitying touch.

"Daughter, we could not find him. There is no hope but that he is dead, for I have spoken with two comrades who saw him fall. It was just before the retreat was ordered, and he died fighting like a hero. Then the retreat came, and the dead were left for the rebels to bury. There is no chance of finding any one who lies in those nameless graves. God pity and comfort you, daughter!"

After that she was very ill, and they tended her for weeks, with scarcely a hope that they should ever see her in her old haunts again. One day the doctor—a tried and familiar friend of the family, such as country physicians so often are—said to her,

"You will never recover, because you have no heart in it. Do you want to die?"

She turned her face to the wall, and was silent a few moments. When she turned it back again there was a light on it, such as is never born of earthly joy. She answered, unfalteringly,

"No, doctor; I want to live. For my own pleasure I might choose to go to Ralph; but who would take care of my father and mother when they are old? I am all their hope, and I must not fail them. Eternity is so long that a few years here more or less will not matter."

Could that be merry, playful Kitten, that woman, tender as a saint, strong and unselfish as a martyr? The doctor felt a dimness steal over his eyes, and his voice was not so firm as hers had been when he said,

"God bless you, child!"

From that time she began to get better. She put forth the strength of her will, and her self-control did not fail her. By the time the September day came round, anniversary of the day last year on which she had met Ralph, she was able to go again to the old spot alone; and kneeling there prayed God, with pure heart fervently, that she might be kept fit to meet him in the world whither he had gone. After that she went about the house doing all her old duties, assuming her old cares. There was a change, however. There was no remnant left of the old exuberant gayety. You looked in vain for the sunny smiles that used perpetually to curve her red young mouth, and dimple her fair pink cheeks. Her smile was sadder now, and it came more seldom, but there was such a tender light in her eyes that you scarcely missed the smiling.

Her father had grown clear-sighted. He watched her closely. He seemed scarcely to have faith in her recovery, and every time he came into her presence he looked at her with anxious eyes, as if to make sure that she was not fading away from his sight. She was always "daughter" to him now. Her mother seemed to forget herself and grow strong through love. She had no more nervous attacks—her only thought or care seemed to be to smooth the path wherein her child's feet must walk. Kitten saw every proof of tenderness and returned them fourfold. Oh how hard she tried to be happy for their sakes; to be, or to seem, interested in all that would have interested her in other days! She never was impatient, and never idle. When other tasks were over she worked constantly for the soldiers, finding at once motive and reward in the thought that so she might, by chance, minister to some who had known him, been kind to him, marched by his side.

And so the months wore on, until a day came which tried her as none had of those which had gone before. It was a February day, with a touch of spring in the air, a misty warmth full of suggestions of coming flowers. On that day, one year ago, Ralph had told her first that he loved her. All day she was living that other day over again—she seemed to hear his voice

ever in her ear, following her as it had followed her then with ever-new whispers of joy and tenderness. It was almost insupportable, the agony of contrast which these memories forced upon her. She longed to go away by herself—to sob out alone the extremity of her anguish—but she knew those watching eyes would miss her, those fond parental hearts guess what she was doing, and she forced herself to wait until night.

Just at dusk she stood alone, looking out at a western window. The glory of sunset yet lingered in the western clouds, and touched them with a pure, translucent flame. She thought how fair must be the far-off shore where he walked beyond clouds and sunsets, and waited for her in the radiance of a day that never died. For one undisciplined moment she longed with a wild longing to bridge the chasm—to go to him. "How long, O God, how long!" was the cry of her despairing soul. Then she remembered what her earthly work was, and turned away from the western light that had tempted her to the household tasks so near at hand.

She turned to be folded to the heart of one who had come in noiselessly—a wan, strange figure, with one coat-sleeve hanging empty at his side, and a pale, haggard face, out of which looked eyes that she knew.

She was not startled, perhaps because all day he had been with her in her thoughts. Thanks to her New England training she did not believe in ghosts, and never doubted for a moment that he of whom her heart was full stood before her in the flesh. She had been strong when strength was needed—she gave way to her long sorrow now it was over, and wept on Ralph's breast such tears as never fall more than once in a lifetime.

He told his story afterward. His right arm had been shot away, and he had fallen stunned and helpless to the ground, and been left for dead on the field. When the enemy came to bury him they found him living. He had been sent South a prisoner, and had awaited his turn for being exchanged; not patiently, indeed, for he knew what those at home were bearing for his sake. At last his day of release came, and he had hastened home to bring his own tidings. He had hurried on night and day without pause or rest, resolved to be with his betrothed before that day went by on which they had first pledged their love.

Later in the evening he spoke of the loss of his arm.

"It spoils me for a soldier," he said, half regretfully.

Kitten nestled to his side.

"I suppose," she whispered, "I ought to be good enough to be sorry, but I think I could hardly have borne to let you go again. God is merciful!"

THE MASTER KEY.

LO! in my lifted hand a little Key;
What matter if of iron or of gold,
My simplest gift, my greatest gift, you see;
My life, Beloved, when it is given you hold.

Enter whene'er you choose: at vesper chime,
Or when the dewy lips of midnight, dumb,
Kiss the dumb world. Behold, at morning's prime
My doors are open, and the many come.

The many come—it matters little who:
I guard the place and welcome, evermore.
My sacred chambers, never closed to you,
Are closed for them: I keep the outer door.

Enter whene'er you will, for every room
Is yours in being mine. To you unknown,
This Key knows outward porch and inner gloom,
Each sky-ward stair, each closet dim and lone.

Dance in the echoing halls, Beloved, and sing
Away your heart to every echo sweet
(The echoes, too, are mine) with flitting wing
Of buoyant joy and scarce-alighting feet.

The lighted walls shall answer your delight,
With floating shapes and summer dreams of Art:
The Undine springing from her fountain bright,
The lithe Bacchanté with her panting heart.

Dream in the purple glooms, for dreaming made,
Where the white angel holds the lily white
Against her marble bosom (in the shade
Her wings forgotten), watching day and night.

What though at times along the floors—unknown,
Unheard by others—echo phantom feet,
Weird faces start from veils, faint voices moan?—
Know Life and Death in every passage meet.

Open the chambers where the unburied dead,
While Memory stands forever wakeful there,
Show their thin ghostly radiance never fled—
Who enters life, to live with death must dare.

Around the death-beds, hushed, familiar go,
And kiss for me the dear familiar clay,
While the dark funeral tapers waver slow
And the old death-watch is renewed for aye.

Stand in my secret chapel when you will:
Lo! Visions come adown some unseen stair;
Sometimes vast voices all the silence fill,
And St. Cecilia's soul is in the air.

Fear not: the angel with the lily white
There watches, too, as in the dreaming place,
With wings uplifted in mysterious light,
And some white morning on her lifted face.

Enter, whene'er you choose, whatever door:
This Key will open, night and day, the whole.
Be Love with you your guardian evermore;
Fear nothing. Take the Night-Key of my Soul.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 9th of March. The military events of the month have been of little apparent importance, being confined mainly to skirmishes between reconnoitring parties. One of these, which took place near Strasburg, Virginia, was, according to the reports, disgraceful to our men, a party of 200 cavalry being utterly routed by an inferior force of the enemy. Another unfavorable encounter of more magnitude occurred on the 6th of March at Springfield, Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Nashville. Colonel Coburn, with about five regiments, advanced from Franklin, and after some slight skirmishing with the enemy on the 3d and 4th, was, on the 5th, assailed by a superior force of the enemy under Van Dorn, and lost by capture a considerable part of three regiments.—The operations before Vicksburg have been mainly confined to work upon the cut-off, which it is hoped will divert the channel of the river. Here also two unfortunate events have taken place. The gun-boat *Queen of the West*, having run unharmed past the batteries at Vicksburg, captured a transport belonging to the enemy, and proceeded up the Red River, with a view of capturing other vessels known to be there, and destroying fortifications which had been erected. She ran aground at a narrow bend of the river, close before Fort Taylor, and was exposed, helpless, to the fire of the fort. She was soon disabled, abandoned by her crew, and taken in possession by the enemy, who soon repaired the damage which she had sustained. Meanwhile the steam-ram *Indianola* also ran past the Vicksburg batteries, but was attacked by two of the enemy's vessels, one of which was the *Queen of the West*, and captured. It is reported by way of Richmond that the *Indianola* was blown up by the captors, and that her armament was subsequently recovered by the national vessels. Meanwhile strenuous efforts have been made, by cutting the levees above Vicksburg, to open communication through the Yazoo Pass to the rear of that city; and a project has even been broached of opening a continuous channel of communication through different bayous and streams from above Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico, thus practically reopening the Mississippi, even though the batteries erected at various points by the enemy should remain in their hands.—It now appears that the destruction of the gun-boat *Hatteras* was effected by the *Alabama*; the vessel was speedily disabled and reduced to a sinking condition. The crew were taken off and carried to Kingston, Jamaica, where they were put ashore, and were subsequently brought to New York.—The Confederate steamer *Florida*, which escaped the blockade at Mobile, has committed depredations upon our commerce. The most important capture effected by her was that of the ship *Jacob Bell*, owned in New York, on her voyage from China, with a cargo estimated to be worth a million of dollars, a large share of which belonged to English owners. The vessel was burned, and her passengers and crew were transferred to a Danish vessel, which carried them to St. Thomas.—Still another Confederate vessel, the armed schooner *Retribution*, has made its appearance in the waters of the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, where she has made several captures. It is said that she encountered an unknown whaler, which made resistance, and was sunk with all on board. The *Retribution* was

last heard of at the British port of Nassau.—From all accounts it appears that the Confederate vessels receive a warm welcome in all of the British West India ports, while our own meet with scanty courtesy.—The Confederate steamer *Nashville*, which has been for a long time under shelter of Fort M'Alister, near Savannah, shut in by our blockading fleet, in changing her position, apparently with a view of escaping to sea, came within range of the guns of our iron-clad *Montauk* on the 27th of February. She was struck by shells, and in a short time was set on fire and totally consumed.

The Thirty-seventh Congress terminated its existence on the 4th of March. Several bills passed near the close of the session are of the highest importance.

The Financial Bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow from time to time on the credit of the United States \$900,000,000—\$300,000,000 for the current, and \$600,000,000 for the ensuing fiscal year, and to issue bonds therefor, at such times and upon such terms as he may think advisable; the bonds to bear interest not exceeding 6 per cent., and to be payable at such times as may be fixed upon by the Secretary, not less than ten or more than forty years. The Secretary is also authorized to issue Treasury Notes to the amount of \$400,000,000, to run not more than three years, and bear interest; which notes may be made legal tender; besides which he may issue \$150,000,000 of Treasury Notes in the ordinary form, including the \$100,000,000 lately authorized by joint resolution. Thus, if money can be had by borrowing, he is authorized to borrow; if it can not be procured by borrowing upon terms which he thinks advantageous, he is authorized to manufacture paper-money to the amount of 550,000,000 of dollars. Besides this, the Bank Act in effect transfers to the Government the entire control over the bank currency. This Act empowers any Company to issue bank-bills on the basis of Government securities to an amount within ten per cent. on the market-value of the securities deposited by them. In just so far as currency is issued by individual banks under this law every stockholder and bank-note holder is really an insurer of Government stock to the value of his stock or notes.—Another provision, inserted as an amendment into the Tax Bill, has already exerted a decided influence upon the finances of the country: For some months gold and silver have become articles of speculation, and, in consequence, coin has almost disappeared from circulation. The holders of specie or bullion borrowed largely upon the pledge or deposit of the precious metals, and succeeded in raising its price to a maximum of 172 cents for the dollar. The amendment to the Tax Bill provides that all contracts for the sale or purchase of coin or bullion, if to be performed after a period of three days, must be in writing, or printed, and duly signed, the contract to bear upon it stamps equal to one-half per cent. upon its amount, with interest; any renewal or extension of such loan to be subject to the same tax; and, moreover, no loan to be made upon pledge or deposit of coin or bullion for an amount exceeding the par value of the coin pledged or deposited as security; all contracts made in violation of this provision to be invalid, and any amounts paid upon them to be recoverable by law. The bearing of this amendment is to impose a tax of one per cent. upon all contracts for the purchase and sale of specie to be executed in

30 days, the general tax being one-half per cent., and the interest for 30 days being one-half per cent. more. The immediate result of this measure was that in three days the price of gold fell from 172 to about 150 per cent., though it afterward rallied to 155, at which price it was currently sold on the day when our Record closes.

The "Act for Enrolling and Calling out the National Forces," commonly called the "Conscription Law," provides that all able-bodied male citizens, and persons of foreign birth who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, and who have voted, between the ages of 20 and 45, are liable to be called into service—unless specially excepted. The exceptions are those who are physically or mentally incapable; those who have ever been convicted of felony; a few specified officers of the National and State Governments; and the following classes of persons: The only son of a widow or of aged or infirm parents, dependent upon his labor for support; when there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents, dependent upon them for support, the father, or if he be dead the mother, may select one who shall be exempt; the only brother of children without father or mother, under 12 years old, dependent upon him for support; the father of motherless children under 12 years old, dependent upon his labor for support; where of the same family and household a father and one or more sons are in the military service of the United States, two of the same family and household are to be exempt. Those persons liable to conscription are to be divided into two classes; the first class comprising all below 35 years of age, and all unmarried persons between 35 and 45; the second class comprises married persons between 35 and 45. This second class is not to be called into service until the first class has been exhausted.—Any person actually drafted may be discharged from draft by furnishing an acceptable substitute, or by paying a sum not exceeding 300 dollars, to be fixed by the Secretary of War. The foregoing are the essential provisions of this Act, the remainder prescribing the details of carrying it into execution. It will be seen that every able-bodied citizen, who is not included within these exceptions, between the ages of 20 and 45, without respect to color, occupation, or religious persuasion, is liable to be called into actual service. Negroes, clergymen, teachers, and Quakers, who have heretofore been exempt from military service, are put on the same footing as other classes. Another Act empowers the President to suspend the *habeas corpus* Act, whenever and wherever he deems it expedient. Still another Act empowers the President to issue Letters of Marque and Reprisal. The entire white population of the loyal States, at the breaking out of the war, liable to enrollment under the Conscription law, after deducting all exemptions, was fully 4,000,000; of these probably 1,000,000 are now in the service or have been killed, disabled, or discharged; so that there is a reserved force of 3,000,000 able-bodied men between the ages of 20 and 45, all of whom are liable to be called into military service. By these several military and financial laws the entire resources of the country, personal and material, are placed under the absolute control of the President of the United States. Power more ample was never assumed by or confided to any ruler.—A concurrent resolution which passed both Houses of Congress takes decided

ground against any attempt at mediation by foreign Powers, declaring that Congress will regard every proposition for interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible as to be explained only on the ground of a misunderstanding of the true state of the question; and that any further attempt of the kind will be looked upon as an unfriendly act.

EUROPE.

Parliament met on the 5th of February. The Queen's Speech indicated that no change in the policy of Government toward the United States was in contemplation. She had failed to take steps toward mediation, because it did not seem probable that any overtures would be attended with success. It was hoped that the distress in the manufacturing districts was diminishing, and that some renewal of employment was beginning to take place. The policy of Government was generally approved; although the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli, the leaders of the Opposition, regretted that England had not made an effort, in conjunction with France, to bring about an armistice, while they believed the attempt would have failed.—Parliament, in view of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales, voted him an allowance of £40,000 per annum, in addition to his revenue of £60,000 from the Duchy of Cornwall, and besides granted £10,000 per annum to the future Princess.—Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, was a guest at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, where he made a speech, regretting that the Confederacy had not been recognized by Great Britain, and predicting that intimate commercial relations would soon be established between the Confederacy and Great Britain. This reception of Mr. Mason is not, however, considered to have any political significance.—The ship *George Griswold*, laden with the provisions sent for the relief of the starving operatives, had arrived at Liverpool, and was warmly welcomed. The general tone of English feeling seems turning in favor of the North.

An insurrection of an annoying if not formidable character has broken out in Russian Poland. The immediate occasion appears to have been the attempt at a rigid enforcement of the conscription law, although indications are not wanting to show that a national movement, long meditated and secretly organized, underlies this sudden action. The outbreak took place almost simultaneously at Warsaw and other places about the 22d of January. The rising is evidently of such an extent and character as to have excited serious apprehensions. Within a week after the first movements an alliance offensive and defensive was entered into by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, both of whom had so large a share of dismembered Poland. This alliance appears to have been looked upon unfavorably by France and England, and the French Emperor sent a dispatch to Berlin expressing his displeasure, while in the English Parliament Earl Russell has denounced the course of Russia. Our intelligence is as yet too meagre to enable us to form any opinion as to the result of this rising; but it is clear that it is considered in Europe as not unlikely to give rise to serious international troubles, which will for the present give ample occupation to the European Powers.

Literary Notices.

The Invasion of the Crimea, by WILLIAM ALEXANDER KINGLAKE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Kinglake occupies a peculiar position in our literature. Almost twenty years ago he produced "*Eöthen*," a book of brilliant sketches of travel in the East. Its success was so marked that the author seemed to be afraid of his own reputation; and with the exception of an occasional review article, he wrote nothing more. Meanwhile he again traveled extensively in the East, was for a time, as a spectator, with the French army in Algeria, and subsequently with the British forces in the Crimea. For some years it has been known that he was engaged in writing the history of that campaign; but the work has been so long delayed that it was feared the fastidiousness which prevented him from following up the success of *Eöthen* would prevent the execution of this design. But the first installment, comprising half of the work, has at length made its appearance, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the delay. In these days of hasty, careless writing, it is something to have a work every sentence of which has been carefully considered. Mr. Kinglake's style is a model. Less pointed and epigrammatic than that of Macaulay, it is in every other respect superior to that of the great master of English prose. If he has taken a large canvas, it is because he had a great picture to paint. He had to describe not merely a few brilliant battles, but to unravel a scheme of tortuous policy, in which the chief actors were moved by conflicting motives. He had to describe Turkey, apparently in the last stages of existence, and all the Great Powers of Europe watching for the effects of the sick man, each determined that no other should get more than its due share. He had to present the strange career of the man who, with no apparent endowment except the name which he bore, managed to place himself upon an equality with the sovereign in whose service he had only three years before carried a club as special policeman, and to humble the haughty potentate who had scornfully refused to recognize him as a "brother." He had to show how it happened that out of a question so unimportant as whether the Latin Church should be allowed to have a key to the door of a single place of worship, a war sprung up which in a few months cost the lives of a million men. Besides this, he had to paint the portraits of a vast number of men whose peculiar characters gave form to these great events. It is indeed in portraying character that Mr. Kinglake has put forth his full strength. In another part of this Magazine we have given his cool and merciless dissection of the character of the Emperor of the French. Following this comes a minute description of the plot of the *coup d'état*, written in a tone of scornful severity like that with which Sallust describes the conspiracy of Catiline. Still more vivid than the portraiture of Napoleon is that of St. Arnaud, "formerly Le Roy," the French Commander in the Crimea. Vain, ambitious, dissipated, and unscrupulous; yet with a wonderful power of secrecy when the occasion demanded, he entered the French army twice and twice left it with discredit, if not in disgrace; he entered it a third time as Lieutenant, at the age of forty; was sent to Algeria, where the fierce old Bugeaud soon discovered the servicea-

ble character of the man, and advanced him rapidly. In 1845 he learned that a large body of Arabs had taken refuge in a cave; of these eleven came out and surrendered; St. Arnaud alone knew that five hundred more remained behind; these he determined to kill, and say nothing about it. He wrote to his brother, "I had all the apertures hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one went into the caverns. No one but myself knew that under there were five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. A confidential report has told all to the Marshal, without terrible poetry or imagery. No one is so good as I am by taste and by nature; but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again; but I have taken a disgust to Africa." Six weeks after this transaction Mr. Kinglake was riding by the side of St. Arnaud, who was moving with his force a five weeks' journey into the desert, to wreak vengeance upon a revolted tribe. As he looked upon the keen, handsome, eager features of the Frenchman, heard the clear incisive words in which he described the mechanism of the "movable column" under his command, and saw the delight with which he managed his Arab charger, the English visitor little dreamed of the secret of the suffocation of half a thousand men which the gay Frenchman bore in his heart. Still less did he imagine that this dashing Colonel was in a few years to be the man chosen out of all the army to fill the post of Minister of War, when the great conspiracy of the *coup d'état* required a man alike bold, secret, and unscrupulous. But "the right man for the right place" was found in Achille St. Arnaud, once known as "Jacques Le Roy." The *coup d'état* succeeded, and St. Arnaud, its right hand, could demand his pay. He received it in honors and wealth, but always put in claims for "more;" and so when the war with Russia was determined upon, and England had been forced into it, St. Arnaud, though his health was so feeble as apparently to unfit him to lead an army in the field, was appointed to the command of the French forces.—In contrast the most striking with St. Arnaud is Lord Raglan, the English Commander: a man of unstained honor, and of abilities originally of no common order; but who seemed crushed by the remembrance that he had fought under Wellington. One can not help thinking, in reading Mr. Kinglake's narrative, that the question with Lord Raglan always was, not, "What is now to be done?" but, "What would the Great Duke have done?" How two men so different as St. Arnaud and Raglan—each commanding independent of the other, yet having to depend upon the other—could act together is one of the problems with which Mr. Kinglake had to grapple. In addition to the main figures, Mr. Kinglake had to present many others; such as the Emperor Nicholas, audacious yet irresolute; Mentschikoff, fierce but incapable; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, quiet, keen, and impassible; and a score of others of greater or lesser note. Of all these men, most of whom are now living and may look upon their own likenesses, the historian writes as coolly as though they had been dead a thousand years. We trust they will enjoy seeing the manner in which they are to be handed down to after-years.—This first installment of the History of the Inva-

sion of the Crimea concludes with a long and elaborate description of the Battle of the Alma—the first in which the Allies measured themselves with the Russians. It was no great battle, after all, in any sense. It was marked by the strangest blunders on both sides. The Russians, with 39,000 men in a strong position, undertook to stop the Allies with 63,000. But as it happened, 37,000 French were opposed to only 13,000 Russians, and there was no real fighting between them. The contest was actually between 26,000 English, with 60 guns, and an equal number of Russians, strongly posted, with 86 guns. The Russians should certainly have crushed their English opponents; but so far from doing this, they were driven from their intrenchments, and forced into what became a tumultuous retreat. Then the superior Allied force ought to have improved the victory by following up the routed enemy. Had this been done, Sebastopol might have been taken at once, and the only possible object of the invasion of the Crimea would have been attained at a blow. The world would have been richer by a million men, and poorer by a new lesson in the art of defensive warfare.

Elements of Military Art and History, by ED. DE LA BARRE DUPARQ. That General CULLUM, Chief of Staff to the Commanding General, should have chosen to translate and edit this work, rather than to prepare an original one himself, gives the highest professional testimony to its value. The work contains a history of the Art of War, as it has grown up from the earliest ages; describes the various formations which have from time to time been adopted; and treats in detail of the several arms of the service, and the most effective manner of employing them for offensive and defensive purposes. It is fully illustrated with diagrams, displaying to the eye the formations and evolutions which find place in ancient and modern armies. Though the book is especially designed for the instruction of officers and soldiers, the non-professional reader can not fail to perceive the clearness of its statements and the precision of its definitions. It differs from the smaller and more popular book of Captain SZABAD, "*Ancient and Modern War*," of which we had lately occasion to speak, mainly in this, that Duparcq's work is especially addressed to the soldier, while that of Szabad undertakes to furnish to the general reader an idea of the principles of war, as now waged. Each bears upon its face the evidence that it has been written by one thoroughly qualified for the task which he has undertaken; and the careful study of either, or both—which would be better—would be of inestimable service to any one who wishes to gain some adequate idea of warfare as waged at the present day.—The work of Duparcq is published by D. Van Nostrand, who has made the issue of military works a specialty. From him we have also a thoughtful and suggestive pamphlet by Captain E. B. HUNT, U. S. A., entitled "*Union Foundations*." We can not better express our opinion of the worth of this treatise than by saying that the manuscript was placed in our hands, and that by the permission of the author the main facts and views contained in it were embodied in an article in our February number, upon the "Indivisibility of the Union." In the pamphlet, as now published, the argument is further developed, and sustained by an array of facts and statistics which our space did not allow us to present in detail.

My Diary North and South, by WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. The "*Times* Correspondent," whose

letters from the Crimea and India gave him a special notoriety, has in this volume endeavored to reproduce the impressions made upon his mind during his rather unfortunate visit to America, without being fettered by the consciousness that when he wrote for his immediate employers his letters would be suppressed, or "doctored" to meet the views of the directors of the paper at which every true-born Briton grumbles and by which he swears. Mr. Russell is an odd compound of the Irishman and the Englishman. To the impulsiveness of the one he adds the conceit of the other. We doubt whether those who "dined and wined" him look back upon him as a genial guest. But he sees clearly what lies upon the surface; and if not over-scrupulous, is yet passably honest in telling what he saw. He journeyed widely, saw many of the men who are now making history, and describes vividly what he saw, without being restrained by any scruples of delicacy in giving personal details of individuals with whom he came in contact, whether in public or private. His account of slave life on the plantations of the Far South is especially interesting at the present time; and his condemnation of the system is all the more emphatic for being involuntary. Unlike Baalam, he wished to bless, and is obliged to curse. If the North will take exception to the tone and spirit of his descriptions, the South will have far more occasion for dissatisfaction. Still, making all due allowance for errors arising from hasty observation and abundant prejudice, there is much in this Diary which the American people will do well to read. There is always an advantage in knowing how we appear in the eyes of one who does not like us. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The New American Cyclopædia, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, Vols. I.—XVI. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.) The editorial preface to the first volume, issued five years ago, gives, in a single sentence, the precise idea of what such a work *ought* to be. It should "furnish a condensed exhibition of the present state of human knowledge on the most important subjects of human inquiry." A *Cyclopædia*, as is implied in its title, professes to be a *resumé* of the whole circle of human knowledge. It is to Things just what a Dictionary is to Words. It is especially designed as a book of reference, where the reader may expect to find the information which he may want upon any one of ten thousand subjects, often at an instant's notice. The information must therefore not only be contained in the work, but it must be so arranged as to be readily found; and, moreover, it must be so condensed that the whole shall be comprised within some moderate compass. A great library—such as the British Museum or the Astor—may be fairly assumed to contain all the information which any man can possibly require. But only a few persons can have constant access to these collections, and of these not one in a hundred can search their vast alcoves for any special purpose. A *Cyclopædia* professes to condense within the space of a single book-shelf the substance of a great library. If it does this in any fair measure it is of the highest value; if it falls notably short of this it is worse than useless. The completion of the "*New American Cyclopædia*" affords a fair occasion to inquire how far the editors and contributors have succeeded in accomplishing the design so clearly announced at the outset.

In a work of such magnitude, comprising so many subjects, and which must be the work of numerous

hands, absolute perfection is not to be expected. The "New Cyclopædia" comprises some 30,000 articles, furnished by some hundreds of writers. The "leading articles," of course, have been intrusted to men whose reputation is a guarantee for the value of their contributions. No publisher willing to risk his capital in such a venture would fail to perceive this evident necessity. It is to be assumed that any Cyclopædia will contain papers of great value, furnished by men fully competent for the task which they undertook. We need but glance at the list of contributors to see at once that this point has not been neglected; and when we read the papers of this class we find that the writers have done justice to themselves and their subjects. But a Cyclopædia may contain scores, or even hundreds, of articles, each in itself of great excellence, and yet, for all practical purposes as a book of reference, the work may be wholly defective. Thus the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has not a few elaborate and brilliant articles; but as a whole it is lamentably defective in the very points where it should be perfect. It does not give an "exhibition of the present state of human knowledge." It is admirably written in parts, but poorly edited as a whole. It is worth while to examine in how far the *New American Cyclopædia* meets the required conditions in the points in which the English one is defective. One who examines it for the purpose of censure, we may be sure in the outset, will find what he seeks; he can easily point out what he may, not unreasonably, consider faults of omission, if not of commission. Nor is one who takes up the book simply for the purpose of criticism a fair judge. He will naturally give his main attention to the few subjects in which he takes a special interest. If these accord with his views he will pronounce the whole work to be good; if not, he will condemn it. The only competent critic is one who has had frequent occasion to put the work to its true use as a book of reference. We have had almost daily occasion, from the time of the publication of the first volume down to the hour of writing this notice, to use the work in this way. There is scarcely a conceivable subject in relation to which we have not frequent occasion to consult a work of this class. Gradually, as volume after volume of the "New American Cyclopædia" has appeared, we have found ourselves making more frequent use of it, and less of its English and Continental rivals; and it is rarely that we find occasion to go beyond it upon any subject in respect to which we require immediate, precise, and definite information. We consider, therefore, that we are fully warranted in saying that, for all the practical purposes for which such a work is designed, the "New American Cyclopædia" is, beyond all comparison, the best in our language. We are sure that within these sixteen compact octavo volumes there is comprised more valuable information, far more accurately stated, and with much fewer faults of omission or commission, than in the thirty bulky quartos of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Harper and Brothers have made several additions to their series of reprinted novels. Foremost we place Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S *No Name*, which, as a simple piece of story-telling, where the interest of the plot is kept up to the last, is perhaps without a rival in our language.—Of Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Orley Farm*, which has already appeared in the *Magazine*, we need not speak in detail. Our readers can not have failed to recognize in it many delineations of special phases of English life and

character, as accurate and minute as photographs. It was a bold experiment, certainly, to bring the actual dénouement of the plot into the middle of the work; yet Mr. Trollope has succeeded in maintaining the interest in his story even after the reader knows how it is to end.—*The Chronicles of Carlingford*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, is, upon the whole, the best novel of its author. It has more life and action than her other stories, and abounds in those minute descriptions of local character which distinguish the novels of the author of "Adam Bede." Indeed, while the stories were in course of publication in *Blackwood* they were generally attributed to Miss Evans.—In *Barrington* Mr. CHARLES LEVER has produced one of those stirring and racy Irish stories upon which his reputation mainly rests. This last is not inferior in spirit and vivacity to his early ones.—*The Mistress and Maid*, of Miss MULOCH, we need not say to our readers, is a charming story of domestic life, marked by the purity of feeling and elevation of principle which form the charm of the writings of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The Employments of Women: A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work, by VIRGINIA PENNY. In any civilized community there must always be a large number of women who are obliged to earn their livelihood by their own labor. "Woman's work," in popular estimation, is mainly confined to the use of the needle. How erroneous this impression is may be seen from this book, in which are enumerated fully five hundred different occupations in which women are actually employed in the United States, with statistics of the number engaged in each occupation, and the pay received by them. These facts have been gathered with immense labor; and the volume in which they are embodied is well worthy of the consideration of those who wish to study one of the most important social problems of the age. (Published by Walker, Wise, and Company.)

Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, widely known by the *nom de plume* of "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," has issued, under the title of *Drifting About*, a curious volume of autobiography. Few men have seen, and done, and been as many things as Colonel Pipes. In the Atlantic States we meet with him as law student, banker's clerk, actor, carpet salesman, and newspaper correspondent. In California and Oregon as editor, lecturer, alcalde, vocalist, alderman, and once at least as clergyman. In his various avocations he has traversed a good part of our planet, and gives us amusing sketches of life and adventure in Turkey, France, India, Italy, the Pacific Islands, Great Britain, Australia, and elsewhere. Of himself and his own personal doings he tells us in a quaint, comical, self-deprecatory fashion. With such abundant and varied materials no man could well fail of making an amusing book—least of all Mr. Massett, whose rich humor crops out on every occasion. Shut him up in a solitary cell, or banish him to an uninhabited island, and he would somehow find something odd and fanciful. (Published by Carleton.)

African Hunting from Natal to the Zambezi, by WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN. In another part of this Number we have given an extended article compiled from this work, which shows to some extent the interest of its contents and the spirit and beauty of its illustrations. Upon the whole, we think it the most readable book of adventure for which the *Paradise of Nimrods* has given occasion. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1863. The want occasioned by the discontinuance of the "American Almanac" is abundantly supplied by the issue of this excellent work for reference, which contains full and accurate statistical information, brought down almost to the day of publication, upon almost every subject which might be expected in a work of this class. In it will be found, properly arranged and classified for ready consultation, a complete representation of the actual condition of the Federal Government and of the respective States, in their political, social, industrial, educational, and ecclesiastical aspects. The Record of Important Events during the years 1861 and 1862 furnishes a comprehensive index to the history of the war, with a table, as full and accurate as can now be made out, of all the battles, and of the respective losses on each side. The compendium of the late census has been officially corrected at the Census Bureau. In the number and variety of topics introduced, the fullness, and, as far as we have had occasion to verify them, the accuracy of its statement, this work far exceeds any one of a similar character which has been attempted in this country. (Published by George C. Childs.)

Memoirs of Mrs. Joanna Bethune, by her Son, Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D. Few women have ever achieved, by patient self-denial and active effort, so noble a reputation as that of Mrs. Bethune. It was fitting that some memorial of her long and useful life should be prepared; and by no one could it have been so well done as by her son, one of the ripest scholars and most eloquent preachers that have adorned our American pulpit. The pious task was, in fact, the last which he performed upon earth. Indeed it is rather a fragment than a completed work; for the hand of death, which was over him during its preparation, was laid upon him before its completion. But even a fragmentary sketch of the daughter of Isabella Graham, written by the son of Joanna Bethune, could not fail to be of high worth. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A. Roman and Company, of San Francisco, publish a handsome volume upon the *Resources of California*, by JOHN S. HITTELL. It contains a resumé, evidently prepared with great care and industry, of the physical character, social, industrial, and political aspects, and probable future developments of the State. The concluding chapter, which advocates the sale of the mineral lands, and treats of the evils which have resulted from the insecurity of land titles held directly or indirectly under Mexican grants, is especially worthy of consideration. The present white population of the State, according to Mr. Hittell, is about 350,000. More than 200,000 have left, never to return, mainly on account of this insecurity; while probably as many have been deterred from coming to California for the same reason. It is estimated that the delay in settling land titles alone has cost the State 250,000 men, representing a population of a million.

Springs of Action, by Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A volume of quiet, thoughtful essays, written in a graceful style, designed especially for the benefit of girls growing up to womanhood. Under such titles as "Health," "Industry," "Earnestness," "Reverence," "Self-Consciousness," "Tact," and "Dignity," the author treats of some of the great facts and principles which should be the "Springs of Action" in the character of any one who is to be worthy of the honored name of woman. No one of those for

whom this little volume is specially designed can read it without becoming wiser and better.—Of somewhat similar character is *A Talk with my Pupils*, by Mrs. CHARLES SEDGWICK, which is a sort of resumé of oral lessons, on various subjects, given at various times to her pupils by a teacher long and honorably known. Though primarily designed as a memento for those who have been the pupils of the writer, the volume will be welcomed, we believe, by not a few beyond that large circle. (Published by John Hopper.)

Country Seats, by HENRY HUDSON HOLLEY. This volume contains a series of designs for cottages, mansions, churches, etc., with estimates of the cost of construction. A number of these, which can be built for from 800 to 3000 dollars, show that a home combining taste with convenience is not beyond the reach of persons of moderate means. This feature of the work commends it to special attention. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

The future historian of the War in America will be embarrassed by the extent and variety of the materials at his command. He must analyze and compare the speeches, messages, and proclamations of statesmen and politicians, and the official reports of superior and subordinate officers in every action and movement, in order to ascertain the exact truth contained in the mass of conflicting testimony. He must make himself acquainted with the innumerable letters from newspaper correspondents which embody striking pictures of isolated scenes and events. He must study the diagrams and maps to gain a clear idea of the topography of the seats of war. The innumerable pictures produced by the pencil of the artist or by the camera of the photographer will also be brought into requisition. All these materials must be moulded into one consistent whole. Much of the preliminary labor of collection will indeed be saved to him by Mr. FRANK MOORE's *Rebellion Record*, of which we have before had occasion to speak in the highest terms. It is not surprising that many writers should be eager to enter upon so wide a field. We have before us a list of at least fifteen Histories of the War already in course of preparation. The publication of some of them is so far advanced as to furnish a basis for an estimate of their respective merits. Among these is *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*. The writer brings to the execution of his task untiring industry, quick perceptions, thorough candor, and a clear and nervous style. He lays at the outset a broad and firm foundation for his superstructure by tracing in a rapid manner the outlines of our political history, pointing out especially the bearings of the slavery question in every stage; developing the various compromises, and the infractions of them, real or alleged, on both sides; notes the rise and progress of the feeling of secession which culminated on the occasion of the election of Mr. Lincoln; describes the feeble, vacillating course of Mr. Buchanan, whose constitutional timidity, enhanced by extreme age, ill-fitted him to contend with the bold and unscrupulous traitors in his Cabinet. Having thus, in his introductory chapter, laid a foundation for his history, he proceeds to narrate, in a clear and graphic manner, the successive withdrawals of the Gulf States, the investment and final capture of Fort Sumter, which formally opened the war. With this the second chapter closes, giving promise of a work of high value. The ample size of the page—four times that of this *Magazine*, enables the publishers to use maps and illustrations drawn upon a large scale.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE social excitement of the month around the placid Easy Chair has been divided between the marriage of General Tom Thumb and the performance of a foolish young Englishman, the Marquis of Hartington, at a private party. The marriage was one of those foolish excitements which are produced in New York by the daily papers. If the owner of a two-headed calf should teach the animal a few tricks, construct a silken marquee to exhibit it in, then invite a few gentlemen to a series of good dinners, those gentlemen, out of pure good-nature, and themselves laughing at the absurdity of the thing, would write with due rhetorical eloquence accounts of the learned calf, which would simultaneously appear and reappear in the papers, while the enterprising owner would, if he were wise, exhibit at shop windows in Broadway the alphabet blocks with which the learned calf told his letters, the pictures of cows at which he bleated, etc., while the dead walls and fences would be covered with brilliant wood-cuts of the calf in the very act of selecting the letters S—O—L—D, until at last, by dint of persistence in presenting his name and performance to the public, the town would discuss the learned calf together with the war.

That a human being is born dwarfed is his misfortune. If he chooses to turn his misfortune to his profit, no one will seriously condemn him. For another man to share the profit of his misfortune, however, is another thing. And that another man should make a show of the marriage of two persons who are dwarfs, and that a very general public excitement should prevail about such a marriage, is both ludicrous and humiliating. The interest is not of wonder only, it is a prurient curiosity. And while such things are possible in New York, we have no right to be furious with cockneys who speak of us with disdain. The thing was a week's wonder, is laughed at, and forgotten. But next week what will be the excitement? Could there be a more curious illustration of the kind of reaction of feeling which has followed the sublime lift of public emotion two years ago than that there was so general a conversation about the wedding—such a rush for tickets, and such prolonged accounts of the marriage ceremony of two persons, who, without any personal disrespect whatever, must be considered objects of sympathy and compassion?

The other affair was an incident at a purely private party; but its immediate publication was a matter of course, so that it became a topic of universal discussion at clubs and lunch-houses, and in offices and parlors. The result of the affair indeed must have been a very grateful fact to the host; for had it been known, as it surely would have been, that the badge of an enemy now seeking the overthrow of this Government had been worn at a party in his house, and unrebuked by him, the consequences to himself in public opinion could not have been agreeable.

That the distant friends of the Chair may know exactly the facts of this important event he will detail them as they were reported to him by one who was present. The young gentleman in question, the Marquis of Hartington, had been traveling for some months in the country, and had run the

lines to Richmond. In returning, his companion, or one of them, was taken, and is now imprisoned. The Marquis was more fortunate, and escaped. Before sailing for England from New York a masquerade was given by a gentleman of the city to which the young man was invited. While chatting with a domino the wearer insisted that he should wear a rebel badge upon his coat. He refused, good-humoredly. She pressed. He declined. At last she said, "Well, then, at least, while you are talking with me." It was the old story: "The woman tempted me, and I did yield." She paraded her triumph through the rooms until meeting suddenly his guide, philosopher, and friend, that gentleman said abruptly to the Marquis, as his eye fell upon the badge, "Good God, my good fellow! you mustn't do that;" and exhorted him in the most stringent way to remove the badge. The young man obeyed; but not of course until it was known throughout the rooms that he had plainly displayed a badge which was inexpressibly offensive to the feelings of every loyal heart in the house.

There were several officers of various grades present. General M'Clellan was one of the guests. It was therefore not surprising that a little later a young officer, whose only knowledge of that badge was that it was the symbol of the murder of his friends and the attempted ruin of his country, brushed violently against the Marquis. That gentleman, thinking possibly that it was an inadvertence, took no notice of the collision. But upon its repetition, when the intention was palpable, he turned, and said, "Well, Sir, what am I to understand by that?" The reply was very crisp: "You know very well what it means." At the same instant friends interfered, and begged that if any difficulty were pending, its consideration should be deferred until the morning. The gentlemen assented. Before the morning full explanations were made, and when the two gentlemen met at the Club-house an explanation satisfactory to both sides concluded the affair. A few days afterward the Marquis sailed for England.

It was nothing but the weakness of a youth who either knows nothing of the world, or who is simply silly, or else it was a conscious insult to the presumed sentiment of the company. If, at a corresponding festivity in Richmond, it is to be supposed that the Marquis would have allowed himself to promenade the rooms with the Union badge upon his coat, then the wearing of the disunion badge in New York was simply silly. But if this young British nobleman had sense enough not to do it in Richmond, he had not lost his senses when he reached New York; and in wearing such a thing here he meant either to express his sympathy with the cause represented by the badge, or he counted upon wearing it with impunity in the company in which he found himself, or he yielded without any particular thought to the importunity of a woman. Either of the first suppositions, if true, should have caused his prompt expulsion from the house. The last saves his good-humor at the expense of his brains.

It was a proceeding which most grossly insulted every loyal American in the rooms; and it is not to be doubted that the host—a conspicuous member

of the gayer circles of the city—took occasion to inform the light-headed youth of the great abuse of courtesy and hospitality of which he had been guilty. If the host himself had been dining four or five years since at the house of the Marquis of Hartington's father—an English duke—and had said or implied (as he certainly never would have done), intentionally or unintentionally, that he hoped Great Britain, which was then contending for India in the persons of the children and brothers and friends of the company at table, would not succeed; or if he had worn at table the colors, had there been any, of Nena Sahib—if there had been a single gentleman present whose son had been massacred in that war, it is not rash to presume, despite British phlegm, that the offender would have left the dining-room more rapidly than he entered. And failing such a person, the Duke would have informed his guest that the insult to his house, to his friends, and his country was gross and unpardonable.

Such signal rebukes are not wanting in our current history. It is not long since two or three of the young sprigs at the Naval School, now in Newport, called upon a lady of fashion and intelligence, and spoke with indifference or worse of the good cause. She rose immediately, and said to them: "I have to wish you good-evening, and I regret that I can not have the pleasure of receiving you in my house again." And so, with a bow, she turned them out of doors, leaving them to understand that if they were willing to see their country ruined she was not. Such are the women who adorn the country which their brothers, and husbands, and friends defend and save.

APPROPOS of the escapade of the silly young Englishman, the Easy Chair acknowledges the following note:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—I see that you are a kind of general censor of manners and the minor morals,* and perhaps a word sent to you may get beyond you to your readers. I want to know if you and they have observed a disposition in society—especially among us girls—to carp, and criticise, and take violent part for or against certain public men, and so to sneer at any want of success upon our part in the war as to make a person wonder whether we really wish to succeed. I know several girls who are so fond of General McClellan—and I am sure I don't blame them—that they seem to think *he* is the country, and that nothing *can* be done, or *ought* to be done, or *will* be done so long as he is not at the head of affairs. Well, now, I have a great admiration for General McClellan, as I have for General Burnside and General Rosecrans and Butler, and others of our brave Generals; but I should think myself a mighty poor kind of patriot, or lover of my country, if I thought she depended upon any one man, however much I might admire him.

"You know—dear Mr. Easy Chair, *don't* you know my cousin Belinda? Well, she is a combination of Sappho, Helen of Troy, and Marie Duplessis. The other evening General McClellan was presented to her, and in his quiet way he shook her hand. '*Ciel!*' exclaimed my cousin Belinda, drawing off the glove which he had touched; 'hail, immortal glove! Henceforth no meaner touch shall pollute thee!' She has laid it away under lock and key, and makes a kind of shrine of it. I don't object to that. Heavens, dear Sir! I too have gloves, and handkerchiefs, and old nosegays; and very pleasant souvenirs they are. But Belinda sneers and sniffs at every thing that is done now by the authorities, merely because McClellan is not consulted; exactly as Captain Henry, who served with Frémont, says that every thing will of course go wrong until General Frémont is in the place where Belinda wants her General.

"Now I want to know if these people think they can go on in this way and still preserve that united sentiment which is the only hope of the cause. The girls and boys in society are not always so wise as they think they are (I was twenty-nine on my last birthday), and they go on in this way until they forget entirely that they have any duty to perform, and that while they sneer and abuse the authorities they are doing all they can to hurt the cause. Do you suppose that little Hartington (how glad I am the President told him his name rhymed with Partington!) would have dared to wear that thing on his coat the other evening if he had not been about and heard the girls talk? I don't. I believe that if we had all said, and said always, that we had our preferences of men and methods indeed, but that our great preference of all was our country and its salvation, no snip of a Marquis would have ever insulted us all by wearing the sign of our defeat and shame.

"What I want is, that you should tell the girls something of this kind: that we have no choice between the present administration of the Government and sheer anarchy; that therefore if they want to have the fight in our own streets they had better do all they can to bring the authorities into contempt, but if they really wish for peace and success they will do what they can to support them in their efforts.

"I confess that we are, a good many of us, poll parrots. We say what we have heard our fathers, and brothers, and lovers say, and we don't know why. General McClellan is the fashion; so we all praise him, and insist that there never was such a soldier and such a dear. To-morrow he may go out of fashion, and then we shall all spatter the new man with our praises. It used to be the fashion when Mr. Lincoln was elected to sneer at him as a vulgar, common person. Dear Mr. Easy Chair, *did* you ever see Mr. Buchanan? He used to spit on the carpets in London (I beg pardon for that word, but it is just what he did do, so I run the risk of using the word). And Mr. John Mason—did you know him? He was our Minister in Paris, and his great feat was to smoke and chew at the same time. I never heard the people who thought the new President so 'vulgar' complain of these gentlemen. No; it was a fashion. It has been the fashion in my day to call a great many young men 'gentlemanly.' Well, that depended upon whether God or the tailor made a gentleman. The Southern 'gentlemen' that I have seen at Newport—No matter; the South was the fashion. That fashion is rather going out.

"In the same way, I say that it is the fashion to sniff at the authorities, and to make General McClellan the point of interest rather than the country. Please ask the girls to think about it; to remember that it is easy to honor any man they choose as much as they will without doing it at the expense of their duty to the cause. If General McClellan is the man I believe him to be, he would be very sorry that any admirer should be more interested in him than in the cause which makes him interesting. If he is truly great, it is because he is devoted unreservedly to his country, and willingly forgets himself and his own wishes in her service. Is it not so?

"I merely send you these incoherent hints for you to work up into some proper shape. It may lead some, it may lead many, to ask themselves whether they are doing their duty when they hold their sympathy coldly aloof from the Administration which is conducting a war for the salvation of the country. Have we no interest in our country and its welfare if it is not saved by our party or by our favorite leaders? What sort of a 'woman of the Revolution' would she have been who shrugged her shoulders as if all were lost when Washington was made chief of the army instead of Lee? What sort of a woman would she have been who lost all interest in the cause if Greene had superseded Washington?

"These, and such as these, dear Mr. Easy Chair, are the questions I should like to ask Cousin Belinda and her set. Won't you please ask them for me? And I remain your friend and well-wisher,

CLARA."

To so clear and simple an appeal the Easy Chair has certainly nothing to add. Clara has observed what has been observed by others and reported, with pain, to this Chair, that there is often a gay

* What are the minor morals?—EASY CHAIR.

and skeptical indifference in the conversation of many drawing-rooms about the solemn trial through which the country is passing. Happily for humanity it is seldom in what are technically called "drawing-rooms" that the great movements of the world are determined. The grand experiment of free popular government is not like to fail even should Cousin Belinda still sniff and sneer. Cousin Belinda is one of the young women who would not have felt very much troubled if the Marquis of Hartington had worn hostile badges all over his coat while she hung upon his arm. Cousin Clara, on the other hand, would have pulled the mask from her face, ordered him to remove the badge, and if he had hesitated would herself have torn it from his coat—oh fie! what impropriety! hey, Cousin Belinda? What is national pride, womanly dignity, decency, and fidelity to the whim of a Marquis? O dearest Cousin Belinda, aren't you glad that we live in a land where there are no specimens of that most offensive form of humanity, a young and pretty Female Snob?

IN speaking of the new member of the Sassafras Club in January I mentioned the shanty, or rustic den, which is his study and retreat. There he sits and dreams his dreams, or looks out at the window in the winter afternoon, watching the sunset, and unconsciously lapsing into a melancholy mood, as if he beheld the symbol of his own decline. But it is the penalty of solitude that, having no others to study, we study ourselves; and by-and-by we have to engage in a very brisk struggle to prevent a morbid habit from overcoming us.

And yet it would seem that the lesson of solitude should be that there is no age in an unpleasant sense. Among the books in which lies pressed forever fair the bloom of so much genius, in which old Herodotus is a boy and Tennyson in his wise music as old as Ulysses—where George Fox still trudges about in his leather breeches, and Milton sits at his door to feel the evening sun—where the verse of Chaucer sings like spring brooks, and we shudder with Dante in the gloom of centuries ago—here surely should be no sense of age, but only of an eternal permanence of thought and sympathy. Even the backward running regrets of our prime are but echoes. The air of all time is full of them; just as every body complains of his age as sordid and poor. The earliest spring song,

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!"

is repeated every year with the first note of the earliest bird. Spenser's *Epithalamium*, Herrick's "Daffodils" are no older than this year's crocuses. The man therefore who lives alone among his books, who has his walls, like those of the shanty, tapestried with all kinds of manuscript extracts from the immortals, should be always young in spite of himself.

And so he is. Our member for woods and forests has an unfailing youth, and yet his chief recreation is to lament the departure of its ghost. Years are the merest shadows of life. The essential substance they leave untouched. Many of the youngest men in the world have the whitest hair. And one of the oldest men I ever knew was under thirty. Here is this old elm, the archbishop of the leafy diocese in which I live: it is long past its half century, but every year the tender tips are as green, every year the bowery foliage as fresh, as if it were a mere shoot of a tree springing from the lawn. It is not less so with our new member. If he were a hundred

years old his heart would be as young as a boy's, and therefore his words and works, the clustering blossoms and foliage and fruit of his life and character, are as unworn as the sky and as sweet as honey.

Thus in some of the pensive musings which naturally flow in cadence from his pen as he sits writing in the quiet shanty, it is not a stinging regret, it is only an affectionate regard for all the years, all the feelings of the heart, old as well as new, of yesterday no less than to-day, which casts them in the minor key. The purple of the distant hills is a deeper, graver hue than the bloom of the plum upon the tree by the window; but if you sing of purple, you sing of both. Thus in the following verses the poet recounts with delight the precious names of birds and insects, the shrubs and flowers that fill the summer air with sweetness of sound and odor. But when he says that the zest of enjoyment is gone, the verse itself ripples incredulously in the ear, denying his impeachment of himself. The eye of earlier youth with which he saw, the emotion which he remembers, were indeed "another, yet the same."

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The same clear notes the robin sings,
While on her nest his mate is sitting,
The oriole with sable wings,
And golden breast is by me flitting.

The martins chatter from the eaves,
The swallows through the old barn flying,
The vireos among the leaves
Of clms, in singing still are vying.

The summer air is just the same,
The same blue sky and fleecy cloud,
A thousand things endeared by name,
A thousand thoughts my memory crowd.

The harvest-fly with long-drawn note
Salutes the drowsy noontide hour,
And on the soothing breezes float
The cricket's chime of mystic power.

The primrose by the wayside smiles
Where soon the golden rod shall tower,
Its beauty still my heart beguiles
As in my boyhood's sunniest hour.

The raspberry ripens by the wall
That bounds the new-mown meadow's side,
The bay-berry and spirea tall
Are growing still there, side by side.

Mid-summer in her glory reigns
In this our fair New England clime;
Among her glorious hills and plains
How rich this generous flow of time!

In all around I miss no power,
I find no change in earth or air,
The same as in my childhood's hour,
When each new sense was fresh and fair.

No change in Nature's grand domains
As rolling on the seasons go,
Though man may change, she still remains
The same as forty years ago.

But yes! ah yes! I feel a change,
A change within myself alone,
And wheresoe'er my footsteps range,
I find with youth the zest has gone.

Here again, in the same vein:

O my lost youth!
Those days of happy dreams,
When Hope triumphant
Bore me on my way—

No longer young!
Those bright and cheering beams,
Forever gone!—
Beyond the reach of day.

These verses express not so much a distinct personal regret as that sweet luxury of melancholy into which a meditative mind falls upon a still summer day in the country. When they shall come to be read beneath the aromatic shade of the sassafras, and mingled with the gurgle of the brook, they will be entirely harmonious with the call of the pee-wee, the melody of the woodthrush, and the z-ing of the locust, as Thoreau called it. It is the vague, yearning sentiment of summer which make such verses; singing itself, as it were, through a sensitive organization. In the same way the winter spirit, homely, domestic, contented, and serene, inspires this "Winter Evening:"

"The snow falls on my shanty roof,
And fiercely drives against the door;
But my warm fire keeps harm aloof,
And flickers on the hard pine floor.

"Flickers upon the boards and beams,
That form my humble rustic dome,
Where flies enjoy their winter dreams,
And wasps and spiders find a home.

"Companions of my solitude!
Ye're welcome to your chosen nooks;
In this my habitation rude
Ye never on my peace intrude,
But leave me to my thoughts and books.

"So let the storm beat loud without,
If only peace may rule within:
All harping ills I'll put to rout,
And deem my solitude no sin."

The sessions of the Sassafras will be attuned to peaceful music by so sincere and simple a muse as this. The gracious elm will not withhold its breezy benediction, and the modest brook will murmur through summer days and nights its soft Amen.

The author of *Eöthen*, the most brilliant of books of Eastern travel, has never seemed brave enough to write another book. The sudden and general reputation of that work, almost as un-English as Beckford's *Italy*, had apparently paralyzed his power or his ambition. It was one of the few instances of great literary success, not unlike that of Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, which was not followed by another venture. The usual excuse of a desire to devote himself to his profession was freely made by Mr. Kinglake's friends. But there must have been some overpowering reason to withhold a man who could write so well from writing again. That the ambition and power were both his could not be denied, and the explanation was doubtless to be sought in a fastidiousness which could not satisfy his own demands upon himself.

At length, however, the long silence is broken. The *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*, announced for some years, has been partly published; and the English journals devote their attention to the first two volumes, which are to be followed, and the work completed, by two more. The best notices concede to it the rank of history, while all the gifts of picturesque description and rhetoric which make "*Eöthen*" so glowing have been of the utmost service in the accounts of battles and military movements which the subject offers, and in which the author is said to show that he is no contemptible

"strategist," and to take rank among the best historians of warlike operations.

But for us at the present moment the interesting point of Kinglake's history will be his estimate of the talent and purposes of Louis Napoleon. His investigation of the causes of the Crimean War lead him necessarily and at once into the politics of the early days of the present French Empire, and he discusses the character and conduct of his Imperial Majesty with a plainness of speech which will forever prevent his being a welcome guest at the Tuileries. The historian thinks the Emperor a clever man, but not infinitely cleverer than other men: a man devoid of conscience and reticent, and therefore somewhat inscrutable; and, upon the whole, rather a coward. At the same time he attributes much of his wrong-doing to the influence of bad advisers. He was goaded to the Imperial throne, according to Mr. Kinglake, by Persigny, De Morny, and Fleury, especially the two last, who, he thinks, are as thoroughly unprincipled counselors as a ruler could have.

Seated, by their assistance and by the sudden massacre of the Boulevards, upon the throne, his next step was necessarily the occupation of the public mind by some measure which should appeal to the pride and illustrate the glory of France. In his view, Louis Napoleon had to divert attention from despotism at home to diplomacy abroad. Hence the Eastern difficulty about the Holy Places was fanned into a flame. The original quarrel was insignificant, about some keys or cupboards. But the piety of Russia, which, the historian claims, if unenlightened, still regarded the pilgrimage to Jerusalem with almost Mussulman reverence, was withstood by the piety of France, which country, he says, was understood since the eighteenth century to have obtained a tight control over her religious feelings, and which had been latterly represented at Jerusalem by "a tourist, with a journal, and a theory, and a plan of writing a book."

In continuation of his plan the Emperor found that Lord Palmerston's views of foreign policy favored an alliance between France and England against Russia. Prussia and Austria were the powers chiefly interested in keeping Russia away from the Danube, and would have cheerfully united with the others, so that a war would have been impracticable. But the adroitness of the Emperor succeeded in effecting a special alliance between France and England, leaving out the others, and war began. The work proceeds with the story of the war down to the battle of the Alma, including a vindication of the ability and sagacity of Lord Raglan.

But in his brief remark that to divert attention from despotism at home Louis Napoleon undertook the Crimean war, Mr. Kinglake, although saying nothing new, undoubtedly touches the key of the general foreign policy of the Emperor. For what other reason are his soldiers in Mexico? The individual debts of French subjects are guaranteed, and the Emperor, run to earth, is obliged to declare that his "mission" there is the supremacy of the Latin race. That he is the head of the Latin race, and that his personal success is essential to the fulfillment of the Latin destiny, are, of course, corollaries of this amusing assumption. Of all transparent pretenses those of statcraft are the chief. When Louis Napoleon gives a masquerade at the Tuileries, as he lately did, and at the close of the evening huge beehives are brought in from which steps a cluster of gorgeous ladies who dance the quadrille of the bees, does any body suppose those pretty women to be

winged insects? So when the same Louis sends soldiers to Mexico, and prates solemnly of the Latin race, does any body seriously accept the ethnological explanation? My dear old lady in the corner, these dancers in the Tuileries are *not* queen-bees, they are pretty French women, and this supremacy of the Latin race is only the success of Louis Napoleon. He sits upon an insecure throne. Kinglake calls him a person of a highly dramatic disposition. But he plays his play too late. New imperial dynasties are not founded in the nineteenth century. The alphabet is the lever that upsets monarchies, and A B C are more crafty conspirators than de Morny or Fleury. His majesty Napoleon III. is busily engaged in the unpromising enterprise of balancing a pyramid upon its point. We have changed all that. It is not the day of any individual, but of men; not of kings, but of peoples; and men are eminently successful not as they withstand but as they assist the popular instinct. The revolution is declared in permanence not by the edict of an assembly, but by the course of civilization. Poor innocent Louis XVI., like Charles Stuart, butted his head off against an irresistible fact of human nature. The steady tendency of history is to the recognition and practical establishment of equal human rights, and Louis Napoleon is playing a desperate and hopeless game against civilization.

What he will effect in Mexico is yet to be seen. The movement is only part of his floundering to keep himself afloat. Do the French love him? Do they love his dynasty, including Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and the Spanish countess, his wife? Were he to die to-morrow do they feel that the peace of France is secure? Do his counselors inspire confidence? Is living easier to the individual Frenchman under his reign? Is not the instinctive conviction of France precisely that of all the world, that the empire is merely a striking and temporary phenomenon?

The Crimea, Italy, and Mexico have the same interpretation. They show a monarch conscious of insecurity. Were he sure of his supremacy in the heart of France he would not be troubled about that of the Latin race in Mexico. And precisely for that reason he is the man of all foreign rulers to be suspected in his dealings with us. The British dynasty is sure of the loyal affection of Great Britain. Were its tenure doubtful, it would betray the same restless meddling which characterizes the French ruler. The difference explains the differing conduct of the two powers toward us. Great Britain has growled and snapped like an ugly mastiff guarding its own bone of aristocratic privilege. France, smooth, silent, and wily, has watched us like a tiger. Great Britain in the beginning issues a proclamation of equal belligerence, and openly says and does all she means, so that we see the character and extent of her hostility. Louis Napoleon waits nearly two years and then writes a letter to General Forey, insinuating the limitation of our expansion. Which do you trust most, gentle reader?

A FEW lines in a late paper are full of interest and significance: "Mrs. Eliza Fleury, Beranger's Lisette, has just died in a Paris hospital. For some time previous to her death she lived in a poor attic on ten half-pence a day, the produce of her handiwork. Not one of the many admirers of the great *Chansonnier* seems to have remembered his old friend, or tried to alleviate the gnawing hunger and want to which she must have been pretty often

subjected when her feeble hands failed to earn the miserable pittance upon which we should fancy only a Frenchwoman would be able to subsist."

Here is a new chapter for the Loves of the Poets. Laura and Beatrice, and Waller's Sacharissa, Dorothy Sidney, might look askance upon the lady. But Philip Sidney's Stella, Diana de Poitiers, and Rizzio's Mary, would they frown upon the grisette? Dead in a hospital at three-score and ten! The woman whom the most passionately popular of all French poets had immortalized in glowing song! The woman, tender and true to him while his life lasted, and whose name will be as imperishable in French literature as his verses! What a wonderful history that poor old woman has seen! Born in the agony of the first revolution, and dying in a hospital while the quadrille of the bees is danced in Louis Napoleon's palace! Her life included the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the renown of her lover, Beranger, and that lover has made her a part of that history as well as of that literature; for his songs are an essential part of it, and Lisette is the heroine of his Muse.

Poor old soul! Was there no Frenchman who could spare thee a comfortable pittance in thy decline, for love of Beranger? Was there no Republican who remembered the inspiring music of his lyre, like a morning hymn, in the height of the reactionary Bourbon gloom, who felt it a pious duty to smooth thy pillow and tenderly hold the withered hand that in its bloom had been pressed to the poet's ardent lips? Nay, is the Emperor so astute, and yet could not forgive the dust of one who did not love *his* empire, but who sang: +

"Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst
Mid the bright bowls;

Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!

Bronze cannon roared; France, with redoubled might,
Felt her heart swell!

Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell!"*

And remembering this, did he not know that a surer path to the heart of France lay in cheering the last days of Lisette than in paving with dead Frenchmen the shores of Mexico?

"Lived in a poor attic upon ten half-pence a day, the produce of her handiwork." What a vanished world of youth, and song, and revelry those few words recall! For Beranger's songs have the quality of great historic pictures. They restore the times, the people, the scene, the spirit of the life they describe. When you are familiar with them you are admitted *ad eundem* to the Republican Bohemia of France thirty, and forty, and fifty years ago. No song writer had ever the influence of Beranger. "My Muse," he said, "it is the people." And they acknowledged it. The poet spoke for them with a brilliant audacity, a sagacity, a humor, variety, and persistency that their prosiest advocates never surpassed. During all this time, as Lisette was the solace of his home so she was the familiar spirit of his song. In that wild burst of passionate yearning and regret, the *Garret*, she was the central figure. "Lived in a poor attic upon ten half-pence a day," did she, poor old woman? And as her failing fingers wearily wrought was her old brain busy with the past? Did her feeble voice essay the fiery music she had inspired long ago? Did she stop from time to time, and

* Translated by Frank Mahony (Father Prout).

rub her dim eyes, and look out from that attic upon the roofs of Paris? And did she see that other attic and hear that song? And was she, poor old forgotten waif of humanity! the same of whom he sung?

"O my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learnt but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell!"*

There is a picture of the scene in Father Prout's Reliques. It is a coarse wood-cut, but it tells the story. A table with bottles and glasses; a bench upon which two companions sit; another bench at the end of the table on which sits another reveler singing, and by his side stands one with outstretched hand and glass, in front of the window curtained by the shawl. His huge, grotesque shadow falls upon the curtain of the bed by the side of which sits the young poet, his face smooth, and with the full shirt frill of the period. He is filling a "bright bowl" from the bottle with one hand, and Lisette's fair form is clasped by the other arm. Her hair is dressed high, she has the *gigot*, the mutton leg sleeves. There are ear-rings in her ears; and—and—yes, she is actually sitting partly on the poet's knee! As they proudly drink the Consul's health, is the lover singing this song?

"Lisette, who o'er my glass
Will, like a despot, reign,
Compelling me, alas!
To beg a drop in vain.
No chicken now am I,
Yet you my *quantum* fix;
But when, dear, did I try
To reckon up *your* tricks?
Lisette, O my Lisette,
You're false—but let that pass—
A health to the grisette,
And, to our love, Lisette,
I'll fill another glass."†

Or this?

"What! is it you, Lisette?
You a rich robe can wear?
You mounting an aigrette?
And jewels, I declare!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!

"How Time has winged his flight
Since—in your garret yet—
The queen of my delight
Was only a grisette!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!

"If Love's a god, he cares
For honest girls and true;
You've all a duchess' airs!
Adieu, your Grace, adieu!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!"‡

Or is it haply this, for in the picture the young woman has a most modest, simple, confiding aspect?

"What! ye venture, court ladies, of Liz
And her virtuous fame to make sport?
Granted she's a grisette ye but quiz,
What's a patent of rank at Love's court?"

"With the flash of her eye, men at arms,
And the bar, and the church, are aflame;
Lizzy says not a word of your charms,
Never trouble yourselves with her fame!"*

Can you fancy the old woman plying her tasks, earning ten half-pence a day, and thinking of those other times? Had her poet often told her what he tells us all in his memoirs? "There was, however, some alleviation to my poverty. I was inhabiting a garret on the fifth story in the Boulevard St. Martin. What a beautiful prospect I enjoyed from it! How I delighted in the evening to hover in spirit, as it were, over the immense city, especially when to the murmurs which were unceasingly ascending from it were added the noise and tumult of some great storm! I had installed myself in this lofty abode with inexpressible satisfaction. I was destitute of money, without any certain prospect for the future; but I considered myself fortunate in being at length delivered from the anxiety of so many unfortunate transactions, by which all my better feelings and tastes had been constantly ruffled.

"To live alone, and to compose verses at my leisure, appeared to me the very summit of felicity. And then my budding wisdom was not of that kind which dispenses with all joy; very far from it. Perhaps I have never thoroughly known what our ancient and modern romancers call love; for I have ever regarded woman, not as a wife or as a mistress—relations which too often put her in the condition either of a slave or a tyrant—but I have always seen in her a friend whom God has bestowed upon us. That tenderness, mingled with esteem, with which this sex has inspired me from my youth, has never ceased to be the source of my sweetest consolations. I have thus completely triumphed over a lurking disposition to indulgence in gloomy humors, the returns of which became less and less frequent under the influence of women and poetry. It would have been sufficient to have expressed my gratitude to women for this blessing, for poetry came to me from them."

And the chief of women to him dies poor, and old, and friendless in a hospital. She was buried in the hospital cemetery probably. What have they carved upon her head-stone? Or has she only a wooden cross to mark her grave, which will crumble with her bones, and so all sign of her disappear from earth? Last year it came out that the grave of Charles Lamb was overgrown with brambles and utterly neglected. Yet no author was ever more personally loved by his public than he. Doubtless months since, when the fact was made known, the mound has been softly turfed anew, and flowers that bloom all summer long trail over it. And how many, had they but have known of Beranger's Lisette living in age and pinching poverty, would, for love of him, have spared her old hands the hard necessity of work! It is too late now. Lisette is with Beranger, and the First Consul, and all the famous company of the Paris of half a century ago. But what other Charles Lamb's grave may be at this moment neglected that we might piously restore? What other Lisette lives painfully in an attic whom we might console?

* Translated by Frank Mahony (Father Prout).

† Translated by John Oxenford.

‡ Translated by William Young.

* Translated by William Young.

Editor's Drawer.

I HAVE been reading, in "The Book Hunter," Mr. White's kind notice of Mr. John Keese, the book auctioneer; and have looked over my book-case, among the catalogues of the many auctions I have attended, for one where I noted down in shorthand the witty run of words that, for a few minutes, fell from his lips, and I will copy it for you. Few book-buyers in this city but have dropped in his auction-room, and those who were his friends will have pleasant reminiscences awakened, as mine are, by hearing again his words:

"N'alf, n'alf, n'alf; three do I have? three, three; quarter, did you say? Never let me hear an Irishman cry quarter. N'alf, n'alf; knocked down to Maguire at three dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid for 'Byron's Works,' London edition, full of illustrations. Two dollars, two, two; an eighth, eighth, eighth; quarter, quarter, quarter—the man that deliberates is lost. Moffat, at two dollars and a quarter. The next thing, gentlemen, is 'The Four last Things, by Dr. Bates.' Fifty cents, fifty—*What are they?* Bid away, gentlemen, the book'll tell you exactly what they are: five eighths, five eighths; five and six, five and six. Chase has it, at five and six. *Stop! that's my bid.* Too late, Sir, all booked to Chase; had such a confounded short name, got it right down. Start, if you please, gentlemen, on 'Protestant Discussions, by Dr. Cummings,' an original D.D.—none of your modern fiddle-dee-dees: three quarters, quarters; seven eighths; do I have seven eighths?—yes, it is all complete; a perfect book, gentlemen; wants nothing but a reader. Dollar, dollar; n'eighth, n'eighth. Black has it, at one and one eighth. Now, gentlemen, I offer you a superb 'Prayer Book,' Appleton's edition, best morocco, gilt all over, like the sinner; three quarters, three quarters, quarters, quarters—look at it, gentlemen. Here, Sir, let me show it up to this goodly company; you've looked at it many a time with more care than profit: seven eighths; dollar; n'eighth; quarter, quarter—large print, gentlemen; good for those whose eyes are weak and whose faith is strong; remember your grandmothers, gentlemen—three eighths, three eighths. Brown has it, at one and three eighths. Now, gentlemen, I come to a line of splendid illustrated English books. Be so kind as to bid for 'Finden's Beauties of Moore,' cloth extra, full of superb illustrations, and I've how much bid for this? Start, if you please; go on. Two dollars; and a half, n'alf, n'alf; three, three; n'alf, n'alf; four, four, four. These are all English books, printed in England, bound in England, and sacrificed in America; and I have only four dollars for this superb book—quarter, quarter, quarter, and this goes to the great Maguire [at that time Kossuth was being called every where the great Magyar], at four dollars and a quarter. 'The Gems of Beauty' is the next book, gentlemen. This is a glowing book, beautiful as Venus, and bound by Vulcan in his best days, red morocco, well read outside, gentlemen, and what do I hear for that? Fifty cents—horrible! Two dollars by some gentleman whose feelings are outraged; quarter, quarter; half, shall I say? Cash has it, at two dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, for the 'Philosophical Works of John Locke,' best edition, opened by John Keese; start, if you please—go on. Dollar; n'alf, n'alf; three quarters. *Bound in muslin?* Yes, Sir; don't you respect the

cloth? Seven eighths, seven eighths; two, two; two; quarter, quarter—brought three dollars the other day. *No, it didn't!* Well, one just like it did. Moffat takes it, at two dollars and a quarter. Now for a beautiful Annual, gentlemen, 'The Ladies' Diadem,' splendid steel engravings, and no date, may be 1855, 6, 7, or 8. Can't tell; they publish them so much in advance nowadays. What do I hear? seventy-five, seventy-five; new book, published in England; dollar, dollar; eighth, do I hear? eighth; quarter; three eighths, three eighths—down. What's the name? whose bid is that? Well, just as you please; quarter, quarter—that's your bid, Sir, 'gainst you out there, three eighths, that's yours, Sir; what's the name? *I'll take it; you seem to be very anxious to sell it.* No, Sir, I'm not on the anxious bench; those are the anxious seats where you are. I take a decided stand on that; I face the whole congregation. Go on, if you please. The next book, 'Kirke White's Remains,' London edition, with splendid portrait, taken from some old daguerreotype; dollar, dollar, dollar, and down it goes. Who'll have it? Well, start it, gentlemen. What do I hear? seventy-five cents; seven eighths, seven eighths; dollar by all the house; n'eighth, n'eighth. Cash has it, at a dollar and one eighth; horrible! I've been the high priest of many a sacrifice. Now, gentlemen, who wants 'Ross's last Expedition;' went to the poles, and, no doubt, voted twice. Start, if you please—go on; dollar, did you say? quarter, quarter, quarter; bidder here, half, half"—and so on through the catalogue.

A FRIEND in Chicago writes to the Drawer:

Quite a number of contrabands have found their way into our city, and are employed in various capacities in families. One of them was sent by his new master for a "porter-house" steak, which proved to be tough and uneatable. No notice was taken of it, however, and soon after Cuffee was sent on a similar errand, when the steak was worse than before. Cuffee was called up and interrogated.

"When I send you of an errand, do you always ask for what I send you?"

"Yes, Sah; allays, Sah."

"What did you ask for when you went for the steak this morning?"

"Boarding-house steak, Sah."

A CLERGYMAN, whom we are pleased to number among the contributors to the Drawer, relates an amusing scene in his own house, in the country:

A strapping Irishman, full six feet two inches, accompanied by another son of Erin, came into my study, and intimated a desire for matrimony on the part of the taller and larger of the two. The female had remained bashfully in the kitchen. After several inquiries the matter did not appear at all satisfactory—the man seemed sullen, and the bride decidedly secretive. It was finally determined, however, to tie the knot, and after asking about a ring, which the man said he had, the party were directed to go into the parlor. Here were difficulties innumerable. The man persisted in keeping his hands in his pockets, and stumbled fearfully in his answer to the important question. But the climax was reached with the ring. "Where is the ring?"

"John," said the bridegroom to his friend, "give us the ring."

John, thrusting his hand in his trowsers pocket, drew out a dirty buckskin purse, and emptying a miscellaneous collection of pennies, keys, pieces of

string, etc., produced a formidable ring, and extended it toward the bridegroom. His fingers were slippery, and the ring rolled off somewhere on the carpet. Immediately the whole party were on their knees in search, while the clergyman contemplated the unusual spectacle of bride, bridegroom, and friends groping around on hands and knees upon the floor. The bride at last finding the ring under a sofa, the ceremony was concluded, a certificate given, and the parties departed, but evidently not in a condition of perfect bliss. It appeared afterward that the man had been engaged to the girl for some time, was tired of her, but could not resist the force of circumstances.

A few days afterward the woman came to say that her husband had taken the certificate and had disappeared. Another certificate was furnished, and the man was pursued by his wife and brought back—only in a few weeks to depart again for the Far West. Six months afterward the woman walked sixteen miles to ask the writer to *unmarry* her, as *she wished to marry another man*.

A SOLDIER who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff:

Passing along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried,

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

A WESTERN New Yorker writes the following for the Drawer:

In the neighboring town of D—live two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line-fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school-house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse—from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—invited any of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose, and commenced his remarks by saying,

"What shall a man give for his soul? How much is it worth? Can any one here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in shrill, piping voice, which penetrated every corner of the room,

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just *one rod of side-hill!*"

THE blunders of "help" are endless, but this is rich beyond any lately narrated. It is reported by a clergyman, whose wife is the daily victim of such a plague:

We had recently a new "help," of the "African persuasion," who, being from the city, naturally prided herself on her qualifications. "The Lady of the Manse" the other morning directed her to boil some eggs, and at the same time placed on the table an egg-glass, the sand in which runs through in three minutes, directing her to boil the eggs by the

glass. Going into the kitchen a few minutes later the eggs were found boiling away for dear life around the circumference of the pan, and the egg-glass mounting guard in the centre, and the boiling water playing such antics with it as would have appalled Father Time, its great patron.

THE same good-humored friend, in writing of the trials of the kitchen, tells us of the parlor-talk as follows:

We have a small melodeon, that was once overheard by a country parishioner. He expressed a wish to come in and hear it to his full satisfaction. After listening a while, with evidently gratified feelings, he exclaimed, "Well, that is pretty! This is the only forty piany I ever see in my life but one, but that one had a crank rigged at the back of it!"

WE have not had a neater story than this in the Drawer for many a month. It is all the pleasanter as it comes from one of our "wayward sister" States:

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a violent "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town; and, after a great deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the sticking point, and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at her work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress's female friends dropped in a few minutes after our heroic friend had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than to himself. All efforts to draw him into conversation proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was well known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his only frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work, and called out to the negro man in the kitchen:

"John!"

The door opened, and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the doorway, and said,

"I is here, Missus."

"John, will you take this *goose* out?"

Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed,

"I beg your pardon, Madam, for intruding on you, but *I'll go out myself!*"

And before the lady could explain her meaning to him, he had gathered his hat and made his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. I am sorry to add that that little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.

ONE of our army correspondents sends to the Drawer a capital story of a Yankee who was up to driving a trade under the most unfavorable circumstances:

A certain Captain in this regiment (Massachusetts Fourteenth) is noted somewhat for his love of the good things gastronomic, and several days since dispatched one of his "live Yankees" off to Alexandria for some fresh oysters, giving him, in his usual jocular vein, the command, "Don't come back without them!"

Off goes the man, and no more was seen of him

for several days. The indignant and disappointed Captain reports him a deserter, and gives him up as a "lost child." But lo! after a lapse of nine days, the Captain beholds his reported deserter, Baily, coming into camp, leading in a train of four-horse wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed and speechless Captain, Baily laconically "*reports*:"

"Here are your oysters, Cap; couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels—where do you want 'em?"

Baily, it seems, did really make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before "reporting," to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of \$150. The "two hundred bushels" were divided among the regiment, and Baily returned to his duty as if nothing unusual had transpired.

THIS comes to the Drawer from Missouri:

Not far from here, on the Missouri River, live a worthy couple, Mr. Tom Childers and wife, whose principal occupation during the boating season is watching and commenting on the different steamers passing up and down. Mrs. Childers can read a little, and generally manages to spell out the names on the wheel-houses; but Tom knows nearly every boat on the river by some peculiarity of construction. Once they were both puzzled. The *Thos. E. Tutt* was coming up.

"There comes the *Thomas E. Tutt*," says Tom.

"No," says the old lady, after the boat had got near enough for the letters on the wheel-house to be distinguished; "it's the T-H-O-S-E T-U-T-E, the *Thos. Tute*, for there's the name on the wheel-house."

Tom insisted that it was the *Tutt*, and even wagered a calico dress that he was right. While they were considering about how the bet was to be decided, Steve Bynum, a noted wag, rode up, and they agreed to leave it to him. He looked at the boat attentively for a moment, and answered,

"Well, I declare, at the first glance I thought it was the *Tutt*; but, Tom, you've lost the dress. Your old woman is right; there's the name as plain as day: T-H-O-S-E, *those*; T-U-T-E, *tute*—THOSE TUTE."

Tom bought the dress, but is puzzled to this day about the great similarity between the *Thos. Tute* and the *Thos. E. Tutt*.

THE intelligence of our Anglo-Saxon brethren over the water was strikingly exhibited by the verdict of a jury in Surrey a few weeks ago. A jury was empaneled to try a man charged with having house-breaking implements in his possession, with intent to commit a felony. The foreman delivered the intelligent verdict: "We find the prisoner guilty, with the benefit of a doubt." Of course the presiding magistrate refused to receive such a verdict; whereupon the foreman explained that there was a doubt among them, but they thought the prisoner was guilty. The explanation did not make matters clearer, and the doubting jury were sent back to consider the evidence again. They failed to agree, and were discharged, the prisoner being remanded to the next sessions, to be then tried.

To get a joke into some people's heads requires a surgical operation. Our Scotch friends are not very quick at "seeing the point." In London, the other day, at the trial of a divorce case, the parties to

which were a nobleman of advanced years and his young wife, Sir Cresswell Cresswell remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." Shortly afterward the learned Judge received a letter from the Secretary of a Scotch Statistical Society, intimating that the body which he represented would be much obliged if Sir Cresswell would favor them with an account of the facts from which he had derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of marriages solemnized during certain months of the year; and adding that some of the members of the Society wished to draw up the information which might be thus afforded them in the shape of a paper to be read before the Society, with a view to public discussion.

SPECIMENS of the eloquence of lawyers are frequently met with in print. It is seldom, however, that the world is favored with a glance at the office-practice of counsel, in which, after all, the greatest triumphs of the profession are won. The following will be fully appreciated by legal gentlemen:

In the town of C—, De W— County, Illinois, lives a lawyer named Smith. Not long since a Mr. Jones, wishing to purchase some land, the separate property of the wife of a Mr. Brown, consulted Smith in reference to the matter. The purchase was effected, and the deed to Jones executed by Mrs. Brown and her husband. Acting under the instructions of lawyer Smith, the justice of the peace who took the acknowledgments of the parties examined Mr. Brown separately, afterward affixing to the deed the following certificate:

"And the said John Brown, husband of the said Mary Brown, who is personally known to me to be the same person who subscribed the said instrument of writing, having had the contents of said instrument made known and explained to him, and being by me examined *separate and apart from his said wife*, did acknowledge said instrument to be his act and deed; that he executed the same, and relinquished his courtesy in the lands and tenements therein mentioned, *voluntarily and freely, without the fear or compulsion of his said wife, Mary Brown*, and that he does not wish to retract."

This extraordinary document is now on the records of De W— County, a standing monument of the legal acumen of the attorney aforesaid.

In 1848, while the Convention which nominated General Taylor was in session at Philadelphia a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway County, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story:

"I had mounted my best regalia and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote, 'This is my pew, Sir,' and tossed the card to me.

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

A VENERABLE correspondent writes to the Drawer: Your "Yuba Dam" anecdote puts me in mind of

a story of many years ago. Our dear old dead and gone teacher had a strange way of instructing us. Calling his class into his study, he would say "Go on;" and on we went, all together. Suddenly he would cry "Stop!" and "Go on you," pointing to some poor fellow he thought was "doing the shuffle." Upon one occasion he was down upon an unoffending-looking lad. His recitation did not please the Doctor, and out came the cane, wax-ended. When "wax end" came out we knew he was in a passion.

"What's your name?" asked the Doctor.

"Watt, Sir," replied the unoffending boy.

"What, Sir?" repeated the irate Doctor.

"Watt, Sir," replied blue coat.

"Put out your hand!" And six would have been administered had not the other boys with one voice cried out,

"His name is *William Watt*, Sir!"

IN Central New York a crowd had congregated at the dépôt to "see the cars come in." The ground was covered with a plank flooring level with the top of the rails. A young man from the "rural districts" stood very near the track, both hands in his pockets, and mouth and eyes open, eagerly watching for the expected train, which, when it came around the curve and approached the station, so completely absorbed his attention he was regardless of the fact that the point of his boot rested on the rail. Suddenly, however, he jumped back, greatly frightened, minus the end of his boot, which the wheels had neatly amputated. As he was gazing at the curtailed member with some astonishment, and thinking what a "near" thing it was, some one coolly remarked to him, "My dear Sir, you came very near being made no-toe-rious that time!"

THERE lives in this city (says a Chicago friend) a lady named Mallaby, whose sudden illnesses and more sudden recoveries are the cause of wonder among her many friends. The doctor's carriage stands at her door of an afternoon, and in the evening she will be out to ball or party, radiant with health and beauty. These sudden conversions were well hit off by a friend of mine, a day or two since. Meeting him on Lake Street, I inquired anxiously after Mrs. M., having heard shortly before that she was very ill.

"Oh!" said he, "she is bad—very bad; she wasn't expected to live yesterday."

"Is it possible?" I replied.

"Yes. She called up Mr. Mallaby, and bid him good-by; called up the children, and bid them good-by; called up John, and told him to bring the carriage to the door; and in half an hour she was shopping in town!"

ONE of our many army correspondents sends us a whole budget of pleasantries, from which we cull a few for the Drawer:

One of our Companies is composed of *émigrés* from "the fair land of Poland." Before we adopted the regulation uniform (nearly two years ago now), these "gay and festive" exiles beamed in four-cornered blood-colored caps and coats, faced with the same sanguinary color, it being the national costume of the Polish "Fatherland." They were called by the men throughout camp as "the Poles." One day, as the Colonel was writing in his private office in barracks, he desired a bundle of papers which were on the top of a high chest. Having nothing at hand to get them down with, he dispatched his or-

derly—who was one of the Polish gentry—to bring him a long pole. "And mind," said the Colonel, "to bring the longest pole you can find."

Off went the son of Poland, and soon returned, bringing with him a tall brother "patriot," with the queer cap and faced coat (since denominated the "regimental flag-staff"), and saying, as he entered, "Kollnel, dis is de longest Bole in mine Kompany!"

THE Captain of B Company, who is known as the "Senior Captain" by the persistency in which he advanced his claims to that honorable position, had, singular to say, two-thirds of his large Company composed of tailors. Why the sons of St. Sartorius should have gathered around him none can say—except, perhaps, he having been a lawyer, the connection between suits at law and suits of clothes, or the lawyer's quill and the tailor's goose had caused it—but so it was. One day, when the number of tents and occupants to each was being regulated, the Captain aforesaid had asked for two more canvas houses, and fancy his surprise when an order came from the Colonel for him to turn in to the Quarter-master one tent, as he (the Colonel) was informed there was "but one man in the tent."

Off went the surprised Captain to head-quarters, and meeting the Colonel and Quarter-master there, asked the meaning of the order in question.

"Why," says the Colonel, with a droll twinkle in his eyes, "one of your sergeants informed me that you have a tent with but one man in it."

"It is false, Sir!" says the irate Captain. "Every one of my tents is more than full, and I want two more."

"Captain," said the Quarter-master, "haven't you got *nine* of your tailors in *one* tent? and—"

But the "sold" Senior Captain had "sloped," and did not hear the laughter which accompanied the Quarter-master's statement that "nine tailors make a man."

IN our camp a peculiar kind of brandy, marked V. O. P., is much used by the officers. What V. O. P. stands for no man can tell, but all the bottles bear prominently the cabalistic letters. In relation to this a good story is told:

Several of our officers were once assembled at head-quarters. The Colonel was engaged in writing to the Secretary of War relative to a certain inscription to be placed on the regimental colors. As this was a subject of discussion in the regiment at the time, Captain Rufus Potts said,

"Colonel, what inscription will be placed on the flag?"

"Why," broke in a Lieutenant familiarly known as "Old Useless," an inveterate punster—"why," said he, "the inscription will be V. O. P."

When the laugh had subsided, Captain Dan Bobbels, known as "the small but healthy tiger," innocently asked what V. O. P., in that connection, stood for.

"Why," answered the "Old Useless" chap, "the Colonel prides himself upon having one of the oldest regiments in the service; and V. O. P. stands for *Very Old Privates*."

Silence reigned, while several dark bottles were produced, and all agreed that the *Very Old Privates* are the best companions on a campaign.

FROM the interior of Pennsylvania comes the following admirable story:

Many years ago, when Coudersport, the seat of justice in Potter County, was in its infancy, there lived and flourished a good old man named Taggart. He was endowed with strong common sense, a genial disposition, and considerable love of fun. His education was quite limited; but for all that he was the choice of the people and the Governor for justice of the peace for many years.

One day a man was arrested and brought before "Squire Taggart," charged with setting fire to a neighbor's barn. Mr. Cole, a lawyer of the place, was employed for the prosecution, and one Jacob Bishop, a wrangling, ignorant, and pretentious pettifogger, was employed for the defense. In the course of the examination the wife of the man whose barn had been burnt was brought on the stand as a witness for the prosecution, whereupon Bishop got up and objected to the witness.

"State the ground of your objection," said the justice, mildly.

"Yes, yes," interposed the counsel for the prosecution, "we want to know upon what grounds you object to this witness."

The pettifogger here drew himself up, and, looking at the old justice with an air of profound wisdom, said, slowly and emphatically,

"May it please this hon'ble court, I object to this witness on the ground that she is *compos mentis*."

"*Compos mentis*!" exclaimed Cole, with a laugh. "Come, come, Bishop, don't you go to humbugging the court with your nonsense."

"Sir," said the justice, sternly, "this court permits no hog Latin to be used here, and you must state in plain English what you mean by such outlandish talk as *compos mentis*. For my own part, I never heard any thing against the woman's character before."

"I beg the hon'ble court's pardon," said Bishop, with great dignity. "I had no intention of defaming the lady's character; and what I meant by her bein' *compos mentis* is, that she is interested in the event of this here suit, and therefore I object."

The court overruled, and the case went on.

A FRIEND in Buffalo, writing to the Drawer, says:

Some years ago, at the Erie County Oyer and Terminer, a man was tried for murder before the late Judge Dayton. He was defended by the late and lamented G. P. Barker, and Mr. Coon. During the entire trial the judge ruled against the prisoner, and the consequence was a conviction.

The next cause moved was that of an Indian, for murder. The judge says: "Mr. Barker, do you defend this man?"

Barker rose to his feet and replied: "Well, your Honor, Brother Coon and I thought we would look on and see how your Honor and the District Attorney propose to hang the Indian."

A CORRESPONDENT from whom our readers have heard before writes:

They have a good old Hibernian Society in Philadelphia, at whose dinners, in former days, might have been witnessed the richest scenes imaginable. The then President was a gentleman of the old school, of the highest social standing, greatly esteemed by all the community, and idolized by his countrymen. The Society then numbered among its members the Chief Justice of the State, several of the Judges of the Courts, and many of the most eminent merchants and lawyers of the city. At one of these dinners the laughter becoming somewhat

uproarious at the lower end of the table, occasioned by a passage of wit between the Honorable R——d V——x, the ex-Mayor, and M——n M'M——l, Esq., one of our talented editors, the Chief Justice commanded the Sheriff (another member) to read the riot act, arrest the rioters, and bring them before his Honor Judge B——e (then present) for trial. The pleadings in the case, *pro* and *con*, by some of the ablest lawyers of the city, were so extremely rich in humor and wit that they can never be forgotten by those that heard them. That was a night to be remembered in the history of the Society.

At another dinner, when the President called the gentlemen to fill their glasses for a toast, a certain member jumped up, and, in his rich Irish brogue, called out,

"Mr. President, here's a gentleman don't drink fair!"

"I hope," said the President, "that no gentleman at the table refuses to drink his wine."

"Oh," said the other, "that's not what I complain of at all: he drinks two glasses to my one!"

It was the same member who told the story of the Irish wake, where two boys of tender years were, on account of their youth, refused a share of the liquor which is so freely distributed on such occasions:

"Niver mind, Jimmy," said one to the other, "I hope we'll soon have a death in our own family, and then we'll get as much whisky as we want!"

He congratulated the Society, when the Sheriff was elected a member, that they then "had a hangman of their own, and could have their hanging done gratis—a matter of no small importance where so many Irishmen were interested."

They tell a story of the Judge alluded to above who tried the rioters at the dinner-table. Before his promotion to the Supreme bench he had once a number of Irishmen before him, in one of the interior counties, indicted for a riot on the canal. All their names were included in the one indictment, and the jury found them all guilty, though one of them (Pat Murphy) clearly proved an *alibi*. They were all brought into court to be sentenced, and Pat was directed to stand up among the others. Pat protested vehemently, and reminded the Judge that it was clearly proven on the trial that he was at the time sick in bed, and at a considerable distance from the scene of the riot.

"Sit down, Pat," said the Judge; "sit down: you're just as guilty as any of them. You know you would have been there if you could!"

FROM BOSTON "O. H. P." writes:

Saturday came, and, as usual, brought the *Weekly*. We like the *Weekly*—we do; it's always right up to the mark. Could we do without it? Guess not. Excuse me; did not write this to praise the *Weekly*. No praise needed from this quarter, or any other. As I was saying, Saturday eve came, and we were looking over the illustrations. By we, I mean Wife, Little One, and Self. The portrait of Nicholas Longworth was studied. Wife, with an eye to the main chance, inquired how he became possessed of such enormous wealth? I replied that he invested largely in lands, which rapidly "rose on his hand." Little One was all attention. She looked very scrutinizingly at the portrait, then raised her eyes to me, and exclaimed,

"Papa, where's the 'rose on his hands?'"

The rose was not to be seen in the picture. Is the pun worth preserving?

[It is. And here it stands.—EDITOR.]

A Few Cartes de Visite.





Fashions for April.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*

PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO



FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—STREET COSTUME.

THE BRIDAL TOILET, made of appropriate materials, is especially becoming, while the style of the robe is such that it is well adapted for the promenade, the material, of course, being different.

The STREET COSTUME which we illustrate consists mainly of a mantilla-shaped pardessus, made of black silk of the heaviest description, and ornamented with the braid-wrought embroidery now so much in vogue.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLVI.—MAY, 1863.—VOL. XXVI.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.*



WILLIAM HULL, 1812.

I.—HULL'S CAMPAIGN.

FORTY-NINE years ago a court-martial was in session in the city of Albany, trying a Brigadier-General of the United States Army, who had been accused of treason, cowardice, and neglect of duty. The acting Commander-in-Chief of that army was the President of the court. One of the most eminent lawyers of the day (soon to be made a cabinet minister), and another, who was afterward President of the United States, were appointed special judge-advocates. One of the principal accusers and witnesses is now a distinguished statesman, and was not long ago a cabinet minister.

The accused was WILLIAM HULL, a meritorious officer of the Revolution,

* It is proposed in this and subsequent papers to give a series of sketches of the leading events in the War of 1812. These sketches will be entirely distinct from the elaborate "Field-Book of the War of 1812," upon which the author, Mr. Lossing, has for some years been engaged, the publication of which will shortly be commenced. This work will be on the same general plan as the "Field-Book of the Revolution," and will be illustrated by several hundred engravings, mostly from sketches by Mr. Lossing.

and Governor of the Michigan Territory. The President of the court was HENRY DEARBORN, also an officer of the old Continental army. The prosecuting attorneys were ALEXANDER J. DALLAS and MARTIN VAN BUREN, and the principal accuser and witness was LEWIS CASS.

The charge of treason was not considered, it being without the jurisdiction of a military tribunal. The court found the accused guilty of the second and third charges, and sentenced him "to be shot to death," at the same time recommending him to the mercy of the President of the United States. That mercy was exercised. President Madison remitted the sentence; and in general orders, signed by J. B. Walbach, the adjutant-general (who died a few months ago), the following decree went forth: "The roll of the army is not to be longer dishonored by having upon it the name of Brigadier-General William Hull."

Almost half a century has passed away since that sentence was pronounced, and each participant in the trial—accuser and accused, court, advocate, witness, and almoner of mercy—has been laid in the grave, except the venerable General Cass, the faithful among the



LEWIS CASS, 1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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faithless when active treason was beleaguering the citadel of the national strength.

Notwithstanding almost two generations stand between us and the events of fifty years ago, and we are too remote to be seriously influenced by the prejudices and passions of that day—notwithstanding the voice of the accused was heard at the time of trial and in after-years, protesting innocence in solemn cadences, and citing grave facts and arguments not to be rightfully unheeded by dispassionate reason, History still repeats the terrible sentence, the general order, and the merciful words of the President, without more than hinting at the defense; and we all acquiesce in the justice of the verdict.

The offense of Hull was the surrender of Detroit and the Michigan Territory to the British in the summer of 1812. I propose to give an outline history of the campaign which resulted in that surrender, and thus present the question of the righteousness of that verdict.

For several years the insolence and aggressions of ever insolent and aggressive England in the enforcement of her claim to be the "mistress of the seas," and the persistent efforts of her approved agents in Canada, for twenty years, to incite the savages of the Northwest to an exterminating war against the Americans northward of the Ohio River, in order to secure the monopoly of the Indian traffic to British traders in the country of the Great Lakes, had made it clear to every sagacious mind that war between the two nations was inevitable.

The Democratic party, from its birth, during Washington's first administration, had been bitterly hostile to England and friendly toward France. The Federal party (its opponent), on the contrary, was bitterly hostile to France and desirous of maintaining a good understanding with England. These opposing opinions and feelings were exhibited by strongly-defined party lines in the autumn of 1811. The Democrats, led in Congress by Henry Clay of Kentucky, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and others, and composing a large majority in the present slave-holding States, were known as the *War Party*. The Federalists, led in Congress by the then mature Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Emott of New York, and others, having a majority in New England, were called the *Peace Party*, but not of that character, half treason and half cowardice, known at this time as the "Peace-on-any-terms-Party." The President and a majority of his Cabinet, though Democrats, were opposed to war; and the only man among Madison's Constitutional advisers who possessed any practical knowledge of military affairs was James Monroe, the Secretary of State. The war party in the Congress were the stronger; and during the session of 1811-'12 it was

determined that a declaration of hostilities against Great Britain should be made at an early day. That declaration was promulgated late in June, 1812.

That President and his Cabinet, and all the Senators and Representatives in that Congress, have passed away from earth, except Josiah Quincy, the great champion of the Federal party, whose influence in the East was so conspicuous that his opponents called him, in derision, "Josiah the First, King of New England, Nova Scotia, and Passamaquoddy." That venerable and venerated man now stands, in relation to his compeers in the National Legislature, like a solitary column, almost perfect in its exquisite proportions, and the admiration of beholders, notwithstanding his life has reached into the last decade of a century of earthly existence.

An invasion of Canada at three points, namely Detroit, and Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, was a chief feature in the programme of the first campaign. The project was freely discussed in official circles at Washington four or five months before war was declared, and preparations were made for its execution. Governor Meigs, of Ohio, was requested to call for troops to assemble at Dayton in April, and Governor Hull, who was in Washington in the winter and spring of 1812, was consulted on the subject. He advised, as he had done before, the creation of a navy on Lake Erie sufficient to control its waters, before an attempt should be made to invade Canada; and when he was offered the commission of a brigadier-general, and the command of an army in the Northwest for the purpose, he declined the honor, partly because his judgment condemned the proposed invasion as premature and perilous, and partly because of his age and growing infirmities, he being then sixty-five years old. He knew better than President, Cabinet, or Congress the character of the country through which an army from Ohio must pass, and in which it must be subsisted; the disposition, temper, and force of the savages; the great influence of the British emissaries; and the manifold dangers to which such an expedition would be exposed. His advice and remonstrances were of no avail. He yielded, accepted the commission of a brigadier-general, and in May he was at Dayton, at the head of three regiments, under the respective commands of Colonels Duncan M'Arthur, James Findlay, and Lewis Cass. The place of rendezvous was a pleasant plain on



PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS NEAR DAYTON.

the north side of the Mad River, about two miles above Dayton.

The destination of the troops was Detroit. Before them lay a dense wilderness over a space of more than two hundred miles, broken only by the cabin and the clearing of the hunter and trader here and there. They were to pass by the place of Wayne's victory over Little Turtle and his warriors, at the rapids of the Maumee, in 1794; and Fort Miami, built by the British upon the soil of the United States, to aid the savages in their bloody raids upon the frontier settlements, to which they had been constantly incited. Before him stood veterans in Indian wars; and upon the mind of every soldier the horrors of recent massacres along the borders had made deep impressions, and fired him with vengeful feelings against the British, the real authors of these calamities. By such men a stirring speech, made by Hull on formally assuming command, was responded to by most vociferous applause. "In marching through a wilderness," he said, "memorable for savage barbarity, you will remember the causes by which that barbarity has been heretofore excited. In viewing the ground stained with the blood of your fellow-citizens, it will be impossible to repress the feelings of indignation. Passing by the ruins of a fortress erected in our territory, by a foreign nation, in time of profound peace, and for the express purpose of exciting the savages to hostility, and supplying them with the means of conducting a barbarous war, must remind you of that system of oppression and injustice which that nation has continually practiced, and which the spirit of an indignant people can no longer endure."

On the first day of June, one of the loveliest of the season, the little army commenced its march up the Miami. At Urbana, on the verge of the great wilderness, they were joined by the Fourth Regiment of Regular Troops, under Colonel James Miller, the brave leader who said "I'll try" when asked if he could capture a British battery in Lundy's Lane, and succeeded. They were received with honor as the heroes of the Wabash, and entered the volunteers' camp under a triumphal arch of evergreens, decked with flowers from the banks of the brooks, surmounted by an eagle, and inscribed with the words, in large letters, **TIPPECANOE—GLORY.**

Now commenced the difficulties and fatigues of the march. Hitherto the troops had enjoyed a sort of holiday frolic, for wide latitude had been given them. Now pleasure and romance were compelled to yield to work and stern reality. There was no pathway for the army—no, not so much as an Indian trail. They were compelled to cut a road through heavy timber and tangled vines. They built causeways over broad morasses, and bridges over considerable streams, upon the water-shed between Lake Erie and the Ohio River; and at certain intervals block-houses were erected for the purpose of protection to provision trains and those who might fall sick by the way.

On the 16th of June the road was opened to the Scioto River, and on the south side of that stream half an acre of land was inclosed with pickets, two block-houses and some huts were built, and the whole affair was called Fort M'Arthur. The forest here began to swarm with savages. The hostile Wyandots were watching every movement of the little army with vigilant eyes and malignant hearts. They had suffered at Tippecanoe, and thirsted for vengeance.

Colonel Findlay pushed forward, and on a branch of the Au Glaize erected a stockade called Fort Findlay. The whole army soon followed, except a small corps left to garrison Fort M'Arthur. Heavy rains were falling, and the mud in the marshes became so deep that the army was compelled to halt. Its position became extremely perilous. It could move neither backward nor forward. Black flies and mosquitoes were a terrible scourge. The cattle were placed on short allowance, and preparations were made to transport the baggage and stores on pack-horses. They built a stockade, and, in allusion to their condition, called it Fort Necessity.

While stuck in the mud in the deep wilderness—mud equal in tenacity to any that ever blocked the Army of the Potomac—General Hull was met by two messengers from Detroit, bearing gloomy tidings. A great council of Indian chiefs had been held at Brownstown, nearly opposite the British Fort Malden, in which Walk-in-the-Water, a powerful Wyandot chief, had expressed hostile feelings toward the Americans. The British too, had collected a considerable body of Indians at Malden, where they were fed, armed, and well furnished with blankets and ammunition. These tidings made Hull anxious, for Detroit, his capital, with its weak defenses, was evidently in danger. At length the rain ceased, and the army moved forward. It soon reached Fort Findlay (where the village of Findlay now stands), and there Hull received a dispatch from the War Department urging him to hasten to Detroit and await further orders. It was dated on the morning of the day when war was declared, but contained no allusion to the measure. Ordering all the camp equipage to be left at the fort, and directing Colonel Cass to move forward and open a road to the Maumee, Hull moved steadily on with the army, and at the close of June it encamped upon a plain at the Rapids of that river, a few miles above the present village of Perrysburg.

So exhausted were Hull's horses and mules that, from the foot of the Rapids, he dispatched a schooner for Detroit with his own baggage and that of most of his officers; also all of the hospital stores, intrenching tools, and a trunk containing his commission, his instructions from the War Department, and complete muster-rolls of the army under his command. He would also have sent the army money-chest by the same vessel had he not been persuaded by his paymaster to take it by land. This was a fatal blunder, as we shall perceive presently. A smaller vessel was sent with the schooner to convey the army

invalids to Detroit. Both sailed from the present port of Toledo on the evening of the 1st of July. On the same day the army moved forward through the beautiful open flat country to the settlement at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, now the pleasant city of Monroe, Michigan.

When approaching Frenchtown, toward the evening of the 2d of July, Hull was overtaken by Mr. Shaler, of Cleveland, who had been sent by Postmaster Walworth, at that place, with the following dispatch from the War Department:

"SIR,—War is declared against Great Britain. You will be on your guard. Proceed to your post with all possible expedition. Make such arrangements for the defense of the country as in your judgment may be necessary, and wait for further orders."

Hull was perplexed. This dispatch bore the same date as the one received from the same office eight days earlier, in which no mention had been made of a declaration of war. *That* dispatch, comparatively unimportant, had been sent to him from the seat of Government by special courier—*this*, extremely important, had been sent to Cleveland by mail to be intrusted to such conveyance as accident might supply; and but for the vigilance and judgment of Walworth, it might have remained there a month. This action of the Secretary of War remains unexplained to this day. Indeed the remissness of Dr. Eustis in not speedily informing the military commanders of the declaration of war was amazing. British subjects in New York sent an express with the news to the Governor-General of Canada; and Colonel St. George, the British commander at Fort Malden, was informed by letter of the fact two days before Hull received the least intimation of it. That letter was in an envelope franked by the American Secretary of the Treasury. How that frank was obtained will forever remain a mystery. No man now believes that Albert Gallatin would have lent such assistance, *knowingly*, to an enemy of his adopted country. His known opposition to the war *then* gave plausibility to the report that he was willing to cast obstacles in the way of the invasion of Canada; and President Madison was afterward charged with having, under the influence of Virginia politicians and the wily sophist Calhoun, withheld aid from Hull that the conquest of Canada might not be effected. It has been alleged that Calhoun, Virginia members of Congress, and others of the war party, were opposed to the scheme of invading Canada, and their motives have been sought in the fact that the conquest of that province would lead to its annexation to the United States, and thus materially increase the area and influence of free territory, and speedily cause the sceptre of political domination to pass from the hands of the politicians of the Slave States. It may be remarked, in passing, that it was during the session of Congress when war was declared that Calhoun assured the now venerable Admiral Stewart that, when that sceptre should thus pass away from the Slave States the people thereof would resort

to a dissolution of the Union. Their right to do so had just been vehemently declared on the floor of Congress by a distinguished representative from New England.

On the receipt of the last dispatch from Washington Hull felt well-grounded anxiety for the safety of the schooner sent from the Maumee. She was beyond recall; and within twenty-four hours he heard of her capture by the British at Fort Malden. Through the tardiness of the Secretary of War the enemy were thus put in possession not only of valuable clothing, hospital stores, and intrenching tools (all lost to the Americans), but also of yet more valuable information, and thirty-six men. The sin of the Government was temporarily covered by charging Hull with a treasonable design in sending that vessel to Detroit under such circumstances. He was charged with the crime of desiring her capture, that the enemy might have the benefit of the information contained in his papers! The charge fell to the ground when touched by honest investigation. It was a blunder—nothing more.

Hull rightly believed that the enemy, possessed of a perfect knowledge of his force, would attempt to intercept him on his way from the Raisin to Detroit. He pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and barely escaped an attack from the British and their savage allies in the swamps of the Huron River. On the evening of the 5th of July his worn and weary little army, about fifteen hundred strong, encamped upon an eminence at Spring Wells, now in the southern suburbs of Detroit, and opposite the pleasant Canadian village of Sandwich. There they were allowed to rest and recruit while Hull waited for the promised "further orders" from the Secretary of War.

Detroit was then a small village of about sixty houses, surrounded by strong pickets fourteen feet in height, erected for defense against Indian incursions. On the hill in the rear, about two hundred and fifty rods from the river, stood Fort Detroit, built by the English after the conquest of Canada a hundred years ago. It was quadrangular in form, with bastions and barracks, and covered about two acres of ground. The embankments were nearly twenty feet in height with a deep dry ditch, and were surrounded by a double row of pickets, the outside row standing in the centre of the ditch, and the other row projecting laterally from the banks, forming what is technically called a *fraise*. There was another work called the Citadel Fort that stood on the site of the present American or Temperance hotel on Jefferson Avenue. The location of Fort Detroit was badly chosen, for it did not command the river.

The British had watched the movements of Hull from the Canada shore, and as soon as it was seen that he had reached Detroit, they commenced throwing up fortifications at Sandwich, and opposite the Michigan capital on the site of the village of Windsor. Hull's officers and men burned with a desire to cross the river imme-



BLOODY RUN.

diately and attack the foe, but Hull would not move. The sight of growing fortifications that would endanger Fort Detroit and the town, and soon become too formidable to face in crossing the river, maddened them, and it was with great difficulty that the Ohio volunteers were kept from open mutiny.

To quiet the growing tumult in camp Hull called a council of his field-officers. They were young, ardent, and impatient. With the exception of the regulars they had no knowledge of thorough military discipline. The Commander-in-Chief was old, extremely cautious, and obedient to superiors. He assured the council that he had no orders to invade Canada. They insisted that it was expedient, orders or no orders, to do so immediately, and drive off the fort-builders. "While I have command," said Hull, firmly, "I will obey the orders of my government. I will not cross the Detroit until I hear from Washington."

The young officers heard this announcement of the veteran with compressed lips; and doubtless many a rebellious heart—rebellious toward the commanding general—beat quickly with deep emotion for hours after the council was dismissed. The General, observing the temper of the officers, was perplexed. Happily for all a letter came from the Secretary of War that evening, directing Hull to "commence operations immediately," and if he thought circumstances would justify the attempt, to invade Canada at once, take possession of Fort Malden at Amherstburg, about eighteen miles below Detroit, and assure the inhabitants that ample protection to persons and property would be given. To the delight of all Hull immediately issued orders for the invasion of Canada. With the Michigan mili-

tia his force was now about twenty-two hundred effective men, and were mostly encamped in the vicinity of the Fort.

There were boats and canoes only sufficient to carry about four hundred men—too few to cross in the face of the intrenched foe; so Hull resorted to strategy. Toward the evening of the 11th all the vessels were sent down to Spring Wells, in full view of the British, and at the same time Colonel M'Arthur and his regiment marched down to the same point. The deceived enemy concentrated his force at Sandwich to dispute the passage. After dark boats and men moved silently up the river to Bloody Run, so called because it was the scene of the slaughter of Provincial troops by Indians under Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, a century ago. It was about a mile and a half above the fort.

At dawn on the morning of the 12th, the regulars and Ohio volunteers crossed to the Canada shore and ascended the river bank without molestation. Colonel Cass and a subaltern immediately raised the Stars and Stripes, in token of conquest, for the first time over British soil, amidst the cheers of the invaders themselves, and the soldiers and citizens at Bloody Run and



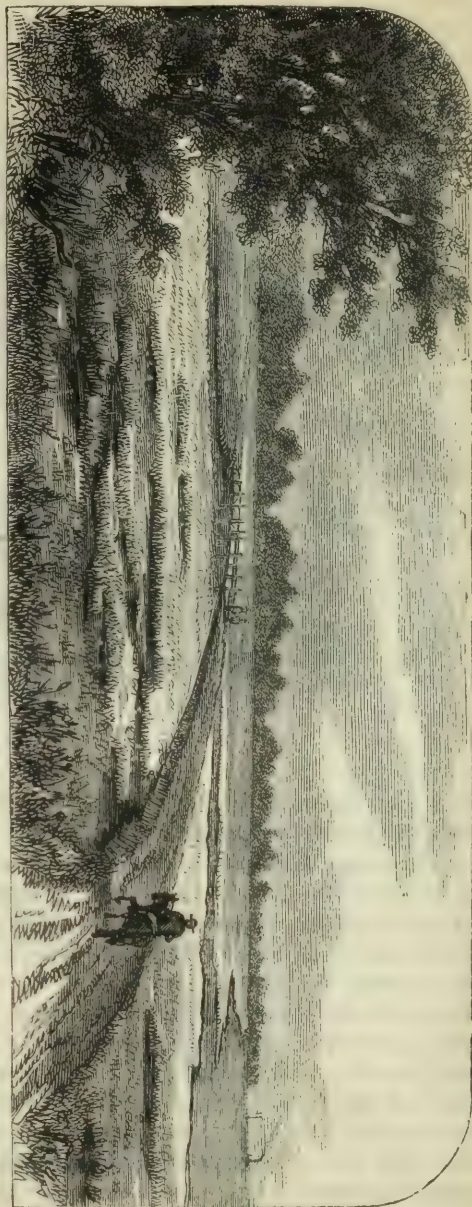
COLONEL BABY'S HOUSE.

Detroit. The Americans were welcomed by the French inhabitants who remained. Hull made the fine brick house of the British Colonel Baby (yet standing in the village of Windsor) his headquarters, and proceeded to construct a fortified camp. At the same time he sent out a stirring proclamation, written by Colonel Cass, assuring the inhabitants that he came as a friend and not as an invader, as a liberator from British tyranny and not as a subjugating foe. "I tender you," he said, "the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary results, individual and general prosperity." He exhorted them to remain peaceably at their homes. He did not ask them to join his army, as he had come amply prepared for every contingency. He told them that he had a force that would look down all opposition; and declared that it was only the vanguard of a larger one. At the same time he warned them that no quarter would be given to any of the inhabitants who should be found "fighting side by side with the savage allies of the British."

This proclamation, the presence of an army to sustain it, and the sight of the American flag waving on both sides of the Detroit, produced the desired effect, and Hull found himself in the midst of at least passive friends. He commenced preparations immediately for an advance upon Malden. A reconnoitring party went as far as Turkey Creek, half-way to that post, and returned with information that Tecumtha, the great Shawnoese warrior, who had attempted to confederate the Northwestern tribes against the Americans, and who was now in the British service, was lying in ambush below with about two hundred Indians, and that the woods were swarming with savages. Rumors also came that the British were about to send a small squadron up the river to co-operate with a land force in an attack on the Americans; also that a body of hostile Indians were up the river in the direction of the Thames.

These rumors caused Hull to hasten the fortification of his camp on the land side, and to plant the two or three cannon in his possession on the bank of the river to confront the expected British squadron. He also sent M'Arthur and a hundred mounted men after the Indians above him. These were soon joined by another troop. They pushed into the interior to the Moravian Towns, full sixty miles, scattering the banded Indians to the winds, alarming the loyal inhabitants, and bringing back as spoils two hundred barrels of flour, four hundred blankets, and a large quantity of military stores, which had been collected for the use of the British army at Fort Malden.

In the mean time Colonel Cass and a detachment of volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Miller with some regulars, made a reconnoissance in force toward Malden, as far as the sluggish stream called Ta-ron-tee by the Indians, and Aux Canards by the French—a wide and deep creek that flows sullenly into the Detroit River through broad marshes, four miles above Mal-



VIEW AT THE RIVIERE AUX CANARDS.

den. They discovered a British picket and a body of Indians, under Tecumtha, at the southern end of the causeway and bridge by which the stream was crossed. Cass went up the stream four miles, forded it, and after great difficulty and fatigue, came down upon the enemy's flank at sunset, and dashed upon them with great impetuosity. They fled at the first fire, but rallied. They again fled, and again they rallied; and a third time they ran, and then turned upon their pursuers. Cass drove them about half a mile, his drums beating Yankee Doodle, when, night falling with intense blackness, he returned to the bridge and crossed to the north side of the stream, where he had left a small corps of riflemen in ambush. He immediately dispatched a courier to Hull with a request that he might be permitted to push forward in the morning and attack Malden. The request was denied. The detachment was too small, the cautious Hull said, to make the attempt alone, and because his cannon had not yet arrived from Detroit he was not prepared to march upon the British strong-hold, as he con-

sidered it, with his whole army. The victors were indignant, and murmured loudly.

This was the first battle and victory in the second war for independence, and was hailed throughout the United States as an omen of future success. Colonel Cass was called the Hero of Ta-ron-tee.

Had Hull marched immediately against Fort Malden when he crossed into Canada he might have taken it. He had no means for obtaining correct information concerning its strength, and he believed it to be much more powerful than it really was. It was a quadrangular work with four bastions, each flanking a dry ditch. There was an inner defense of pickets pierced with loop-holes for musketry. All the buildings were of wood, roofed with shingles and very dry. A few well-directed shells might have laid the fortification in ruins. The garrison, exclusive of the Indians, was small; and so well-convinced was Colonel St. George, the commander, of his inability to cope with Hull's army, that he gave orders for the troops to be in readiness to leave the works at a moment's warning. But Hull did not advance. The fort was saved and speedily strengthened, and the garrison was reinforced.

On the evening of the 17th of July, Hull's camp was stirred by a report that the *Queen Charlotte*, a vessel mounting twenty guns,* was committing depredations on the American shore of the Detroit, between Malden and the Michigan capital. Colonel Findlay was sent on a tour of observation toward the Ta-ron-tee. He found the *Queen Charlotte* lying in the mouth of that stream, the planks of the bridge removed, and a British battery erected at the southern end of the causeway. The fruits of Cass's victory were utterly lost. Another party were sent in the same direction the next day; and Hull delighted the army by an order that seemed to promise an immediate march upon Malden. Their interpretation was erroneous. Hull had not yet procured his needed cannon from Detroit, and he would not allow his troops to cross the Ta-ron-tee without them. Detachments went in that direction, and skirmishing with Indians took place, but no other result followed than the irritation of the Americans. They finally returned to camp, followed to Turkey Creek by the dusky foe, who took possession of the country between there and Malden. Dispirited and indignant, the officers and men lost confidence in their commanding general. He was accused of incapacity and timidity; and a few expressed the belief that he was treacherous. These suspi-



MACKINACK.

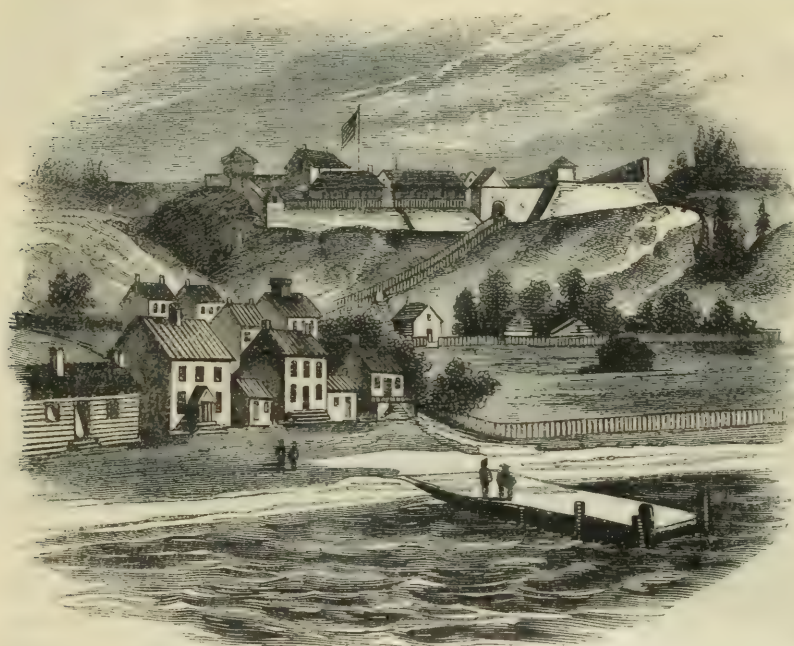
cions were confirmed to their minds, when, on the 21st of July, he left the invading army in charge of Colonel M'Arthur, crossed over to Detroit, and remained there four days.

Alarming intelligence now came from the north, the far distant and mysterious region of the Upper Lakes, which was considered the great hive of the fierce savages. In the bosom of the clear, cold, and deep waters of the strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, a strait forty miles in length and four in breadth, stands a limestone rock, seven miles in circumference, rising in the centre to an altitude of almost three hundred feet, and covered with a rough and generous soil, out of which springs heavy timber. The Indians speaking the Algonquin tongue, impressed with its shape, called it *Michilimackinack*, which signifies the Great Turtle. That long Indian name has been abbreviated to Mackinack, and by that title the island and strait is now known. It is a delightful spot. As seen from the water, it presents a striking picture of white cliffs, contrasting beautifully with the dark flood below and the green foliage that half covers them.

On that island the English built Fort Mackinack after their conquest of Canada, and it became a possession of great importance. Under the treaty of 1783 it finally passed into the possession of the United States in 1796. In 1812, a new work called Fort Holmes was standing on the high bluff of the southwestern part of the island, and garrisoned by less than sixty men under Lieutenant Hanks of the United States Artillery. It was a dreary post in a social point of view, for it was isolated from all exterior civilized life more than half the year by ice and snow. Now the hum of industry is heard over most of that region; and modern Fort Mackinack, the pleasant village below it, and the picturesque scenery of the island, are visited by hundreds of tourists and sportsmen between May and November.

Forty miles northeast from Mackinack was the British island of St. Joseph, on which was a small fort of the same name, garrisoned by about forty volunteers under Captain Roberts of the British army. That officer received early information of the declaration of war, by a letter also in an envelope franked to Buffalo by the

* B in the map on page 732.



FORT MACKINACK.

American Secretary of the Treasury, while Hanks remained in profound ignorance of the fact and rested in fancied security. On the morning of the 17th of July, when not a cloud was seen in the firmament and no breeze rippled the waters, an overwhelming force of British and Indians, under Captain Roberts, appeared before Mackinack in boats, batteaux, and canoes, and conveyed by the British Northwest Fur Company's armed brig *Caledonia*. Roberts demanded an immediate surrender of the post "to the forces of his Britannic Majesty." "This," said Hanks in his report of the affair, "was the first intimation I had of the declaration of war." Resistance would have been in vain. The post fell into the hands of the enemy, and the spoils were valuable stores and seven hundred packages of costly furs.

By this capture the key to the fur-trade of a vast region was placed in the possession of the allied enemies of the United States. The command of the Upper Lakes, with all its vast advantages, was transferred to that enemy. The prison-bar that kept back the savages of that region and secured their neutrality was drawn, and Detroit was exposed to fearful raids by those fierce barbarians whose numbers were unknown, and the dread of whom made all the frontier settlements shudder with horror. Such was another result of the criminal remissness, willful neglect, or imbecility of the Government.

The prospect presented to Hull immediately after the fall of Mackinack was justly appalling. His uneasiness was increased by the clear perception of the weaving of a web of extreme difficulties around him. It was becoming more complex every hour. He was in a region almost barren of supplies, with foes on every side. The adjacent country was a wilderness. In the whole territory of Michigan there were not much above five thousand inhabitants; and he was

separated from the Ohio settlements by two hundred miles of solitary forest. He had sent to the Governors of Ohio and Kentucky for reinforcements and supplies, but had, as yet, no positive tidings of their approach. From the north came sounds of dreadful import to a handful of isolated soldiers. The savage chiefs in alliance with the British had sent couriers to all the Indians south as far as the Maumee to inform the warriors of that alliance, and urge them to assemble as quickly as possible at Malden. From the east came a rumor that the Canadians and savages in that direction were hastening toward Malden as a common rendezvous; and that a detach-

ment of British regulars, with artillery, had landed at the west end of Lake Ontario, and were pushing toward the Detroit by way of the Thames, receiving large accessions of militia and Indians. These rumors were followed by a report that Colonel Proctor of the British army had arrived at Malden from Fort Erie, with reinforcements; and an intercepted letter from a member of the Northwest Fur Company, assuring the British authorities that all their *employés*, and all the neighboring Indians, to the number of four or five thousand men, were ready to assist in the destruction of Hull's army, was placed in the General's hands. To these external causes of alarm was now to be added the display of a spirit of mutiny in his own camp—a spirit, he said, "which before had manifested itself in whispers, increased and became more open. It was evident it was now fostered and encouraged by the principal officers of the militia, and was fast rising."

Such was the situation of General Hull and his little army at the middle of the first week in August, when intelligence came that Captain Brush, of Chillicothe, with more than two hundred Ohio volunteers, a hundred beef cattle, and a mail were at the fords of the Raisin, thirty-five miles south of Detroit. Great perils lay in the remainder of his way, for Tecumtha and a band of warriors, and some British troops, had crossed the Detroit from Malden to intercept him. Of this movement Brush was informed, and prudently halted at the Raisin. Hull was also apprised of it, and after some hesitation—a reluctance that irritated his young field-officers—he dispatched Major Van Horne, of Findlay's regiment, with two hundred men, to join Brush and act as auxiliary convoy for the cattle, provisions, and mail.

Van Horne crossed the Detroit on the 4th of August, and that night his soldiers slept on their

arms on the right bank of the Ecorces River. They pressed forward at an early hour the next morning. The flat country over which their path lay was veiled with a light fog. The air was still and sultry. Cautiously they moved forward through the open woods and over the green savannas. Four spies under Captain M'Culloch led the van watching for the enemy, and while passing a field of corn in full bloom, they were fired upon by concealed Indians. The brave leader fell, and before his comrades could reach the spot the dusky allies of the British bore away his shining scalp-lock, an acceptable trophy to their employers.

Onward the main column moved. Rumors of other savages near were prevalent, but Van Horne, accustomed to alarmists, did not believe them. Suddenly, near the little village of Brownstown, they fell into an ambushade and were terribly smitten by a storm of bullets. The attack of the savages was quick, sharp, and deadly. To avoid being surrounded, Van Horne ordered a retreat, and a running fight ensued half-way back to the waters of the Ecorces. The mail in care of the detachment, containing important information—letters in which the weakness and disaffection of Hull's army were revealed—fell into the hands of the enemy. The detachment lost seventeen men killed, and several wounded, who were left on the field.

"Let us instantly retrieve this misfortune," said the young and ardent officers at head-quarters. "Brush and our needed supplies are in peril. The way between the army and Ohio must be kept open or we are lost. Send five hundred men at once to escort Brush to Detroit." Hull listened, shook his head, and said, "I can spare only one hundred men." The decision fell like ice on the hearts of the brave soldiers. These were too few. The enterprise must be abandoned and Brush be left at the mercy of Tecumtha and his savage followers. Then followed indignation and alarm, and a mutinous spirit, far more manifest than ever before, broke out at head-quarters. There was a great deal of plain talk—talk which startled the General and caused him to assemble a council of field-officers, which resulted in an agreement to march immediately upon Malden.

Orders for a forward movement diffused joy throughout the little army. Every man was seen cheerily engaged in preparation; but when the long summer day was drawing to a close

another order went out from the Commander-in-Chief, which cast a cloud of disappointment over the camp more sombre than the curtain of night which speedily fell upon it. It was an order for the army to abandon Canada and recross the river to Detroit! Intelligence had just reached Hull that General Brock, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Upper Canada, was hastening toward Malden with reinforcements that would imperil the Americans. This intelligence, and the necessity for keeping open his communication with Ohio, forced the cautious Hull to the wise conclusion that an inglorious termination of the invasion of British soil would not be so disastrous as the loss of his army. He believed the longer occupation of that soil to be perilous in the extreme; so, leaving a corps of artillerists to occupy Fort Gowies (a brick house stockaded) and a large stone building in Sandwich, yet standing, "to hold possession of that part of Canada, and afford all possible protection to the well-disposed inhabitants," Hull recrossed that deep, dark, and rapidly-flowing river, sullenly followed by his disappointed and humiliated army.

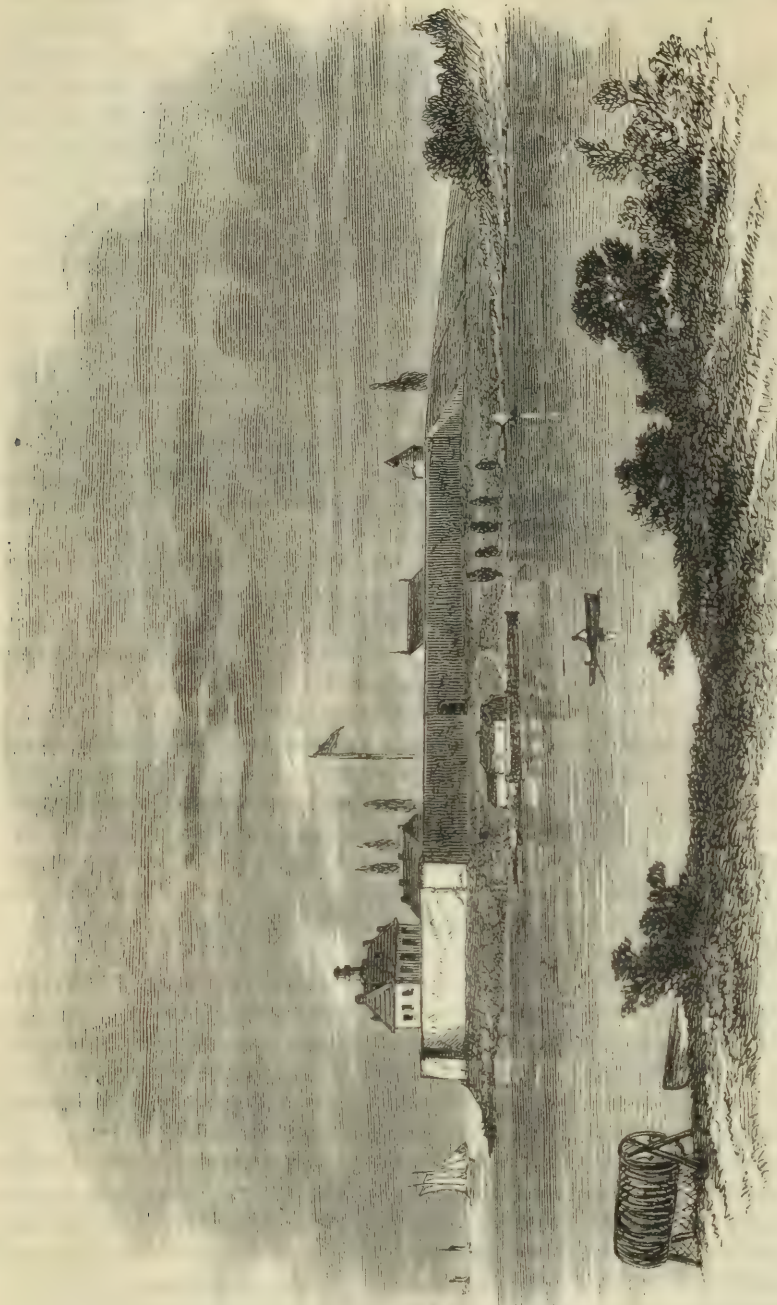
The vigilant and energetic Brock was indeed on his way with reinforcements for Fort Malden. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, and, while he was preparing for war in the Upper Province, Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, was spending precious time at Quebec in the indulgence of doubts whether war had actually begun.

Brock was at York (now Toronto) when intelligence of the declaration of war reached him. He had just ordered an extraordinary session of the Provincial Legislature. He flew to Fort George, on the Niagara River, with the intention of seizing the American Fort Niagara opposite. Prudence forbade the attempt; so he summoned the militia of the Canadian Peninsula to arms, and at his call a hundred Indians from the Grand River hastened to his standard under John Brant, son of the great Mohawk chief.

On the 20th of July Brock received intelligence of Hull's invasion and a copy of his proclamation. He also heard of the disaffection of the inhabitants in the west. He comprehended the peril that menaced the Province, and sent Colonel Proctor with reinforcements for Fort Malden. He then hastened to York to attend to his civil duties. These, for the moment,



BARRACKS AT SANDWICH.



FORT NIAGARA, FROM FORT GEORGE.

the Raisin, and escort Brush to Detroit. He chose part regulars and part Ohio and Michigan militia for the enterprise. They were paraded on Jefferson Avenue, nearly opposite the present Exchange, where they were addressed by the brave Lieutenant-Colonel. After assuring them that they would soon meet the enemy, and by victory retrieve Van Horne's disaster, he turned to his comrades of the Fourth Regiment, and said: "My brave soldiers, you will add another victory to that of Tippecanoe—another laurel to that gained on the Wabash last fall. If there is now any man in the ranks who fears to meet the enemy, let him fall out and stay behind." A loud huzza went up from the entire corps, and "I'll not stay! I'll not stay!" broke from every lip. That night Miller and his men bivouacked on the southern bank of the Rouge River.

On the morning of the 9th of August, a sultry, lowering Sabbath morning, Miller pressed forward in the path of Van Horne. He was accompanied by that officer and several others who had volunteered as aids. Spies, commanded by Major Maxwell, led the way. These were followed by a vanguard of forty men,

were made subordinate to military necessity. He prorogued the Legislature, and issued a proclamation to counteract that of Hull; and while that General was lingering near Sandwich he gathered some militia, clothed them in the scarlet uniform of regulars to deceive the Americans, and pushed on toward the Detroit. The fatal tardiness of General Dearborn in placing troops on the Niagara frontier to make a diversion there in favor of Hull, as was promised, enabled Brock to thus strip that frontier, on the Canada side, of its military defenders, and use them timely in checking the invasion. Brock was twenty years the junior of Hull, quick in his perceptions, hopeful, and full of fire.

On their withdrawal from Canada Hull's army encamped on the rolling plain in the rear of Fort Detroit. Lieutenant-Colonel Miller was then ordered to take six hundred men, open the way to

under the heroic Captain Snelling. The infantry marched in two columns, two hundred yards apart. The cavalry kept the road in the centre. Flank guards of riflemen marched at proper distances, and all were in position to form a line of battle immediately. Toward noon Indians, fleet of foot, were seen flying in the distance; and as an eager citizen of Detroit dashed ahead of the column he was shot dead near the cabin of Walk-in-the-Water, the hostile Wyandot chief, near Maguaga. His scalp was borne off as a trophy and spoil, having a marketable value in gold at Malden.

The day was waning, and Snelling and his men were approaching the Oak Woods near Maguaga, not far from the Detroit River, when they received a terrible volley of musket-balls from a line of British and Indians in ambush, the former commanded by Major Muir, and the latter by Tecumtha. They had come up from



MAGUAGA BATTLE GROUND.—THE OAK WOODS.

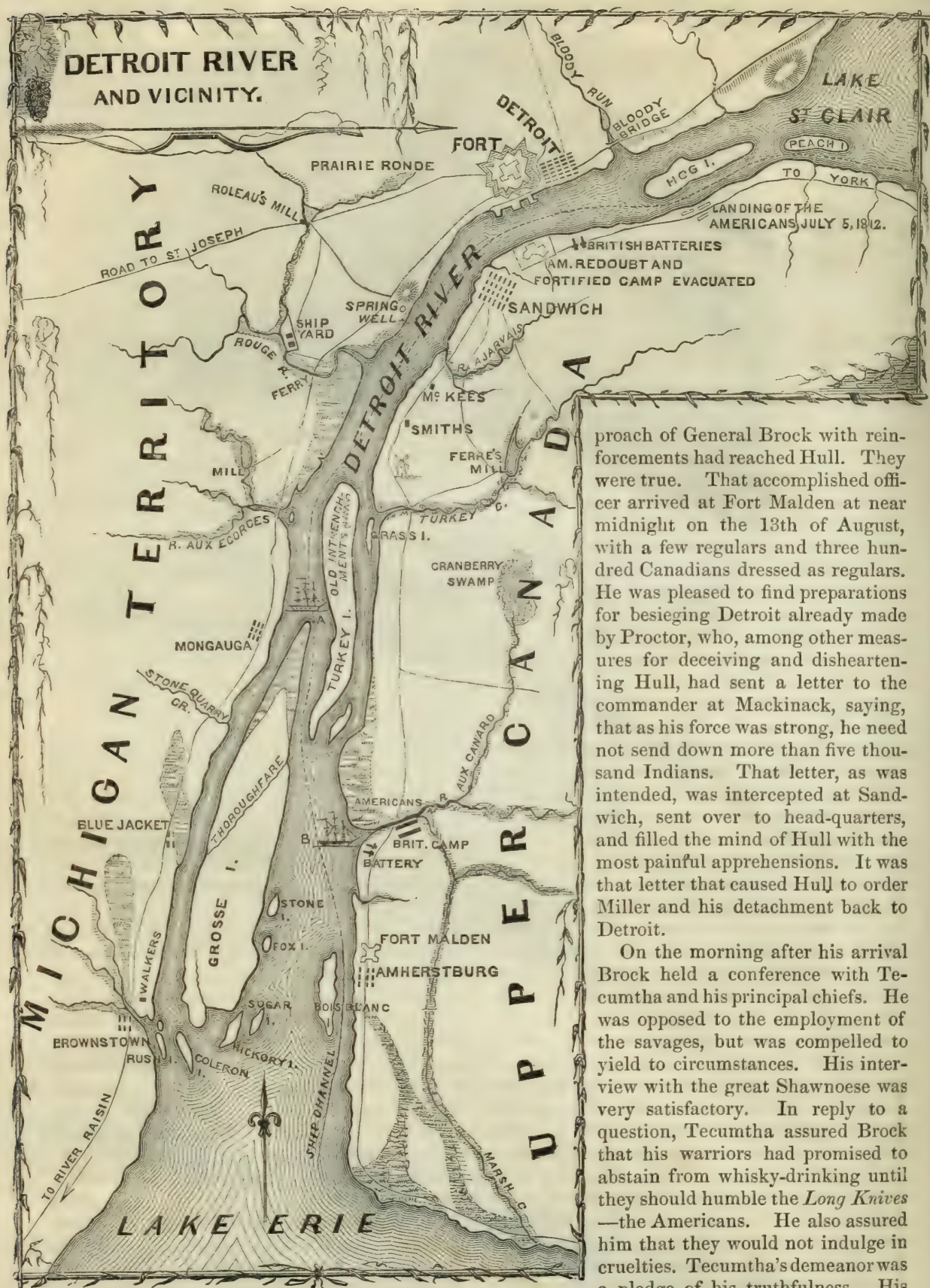
Brownstown, where the flying Indians just mentioned had given them notice of the approach of the Americans. Snelling received and returned the fire gallantly. Miller's quick ear caught the first sound of the battle, and ordering his men forward at double-quick, he rode at full speed toward the field of conflict. As his troops came up he waved his sword and shouted, "Charge, boys, charge!" The order was instantly and effectively obeyed, especially by the gallant Major Dequindre and his Michigan militia and Ohio volunteers, who fell upon the savages on the right wing of the enemy and scattered them in all directions.

The conflict now became general, and the whole British line, civilized and savage, soon wavered. Expecting an attack in the rear the British regulars and Canadians fled in confusion, leaving Tecumtha and his followers to bear the brunt of the battle. These, too, fled; when Miller ordered one of his cavalry officers to pursue. The trooper hesitated. The impetuous Snelling, perceiving the tokens of cowardice, rushed up to him, ordered him to dismount, leaped into the delinquent's saddle himself, and at the head of a troop of horsemen, bareheaded, his long red hair streaming meteor-like in the wind, he dashed after the fugitives and pursued them more than two miles.

Anxious to follow up his advantage, Miller, at sunset, sent a messenger to Hull to ask for a supply of provisions. Hull promptly responded by dispatching Colonel M'Arthur and a hundred

men, in boats, with food. The night was dark and stormy, and they passed the British vessels and reached their destination in safety; but when, the next day, they attempted to return by water with the wounded, they were intercepted by those vessels, and compelled to abandon their boats and make their way to Detroit by land. Meanwhile Colonel Cass had come down. Miller had been injured by a fall from his horse at the commencement of the battle and was too ill to proceed. Knowing the importance of prompt action at that moment, Cass sent a note to Hull, saying, "Colonel Miller is sick, may I relieve him?" No reply came, and he hastened toward Detroit. On his way he met a messenger from Hull, conveying positive orders to Miller for the immediate return of his whole detachment to head-quarters. Thus another opportunity for achieving great good was lost by the seeming timidity and indecision of the commanding general.

The troops were now exceedingly dispirited; according to modern phraseology, "totally demoralized." The shortcomings of the General were freely discussed; and the belief prevailed that he was traitorously inclined or had become an imbecile. His incompetency was felt by all; and his officers of every grade, after consultation, came to the conclusion that the salvation of the little army would only be found in depriving him of the command and giving it to another. Colonel Miller was asked to accept it. He declined, but was willing to give it to

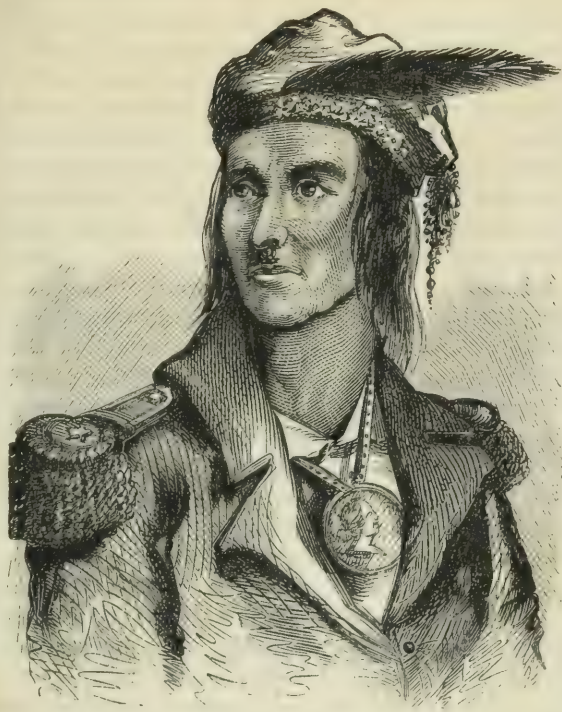


proach of General Brock with reinforcements had reached Hull. They were true. That accomplished officer arrived at Fort Malden at near midnight on the 13th of August, with a few regulars and three hundred Canadians dressed as regulars. He was pleased to find preparations for besieging Detroit already made by Proctor, who, among other measures for deceiving and disheartening Hull, had sent a letter to the commander at Mackinack, saying, that as his force was strong, he need not send down more than five thousand Indians. That letter, as was intended, was intercepted at Sandwich, sent over to head-quarters, and filled the mind of Hull with the most painful apprehensions. It was that letter that caused Hull to order Miller and his detachment back to Detroit.

On the morning after his arrival Brock held a conference with Tecumtha and his principal chiefs. He was opposed to the employment of the savages, but was compelled to yield to circumstances. His interview with the great Shawnoese was very satisfactory. In reply to a question, Tecumtha assured Brock that his warriors had promised to abstain from whisky-drinking until they should humble the *Long Knives*—the Americans. He also assured him that they would not indulge in cruelties. Tecumtha's demeanor was a pledge of his truthfulness. His

appearance was very prepossessing. He was about forty years of age; his figure was light and lithe; his height five feet nine inches; his color a light copper; his face oval, with eyes of dark hazel, the whole beaming with cheerfulness, energy, and decision. Three small silver coronets were suspended from the lower cartilage of his nose, and a large silver medallion, given to his

We have observed that rumors of the ap-



TECUMTHA.

father by Lord Dorchester when Governor-General of Canada, hung from his neck by a string of mixed wampum. His dress was neat. It consisted of a scarlet military coat appropriate to his rank; tanned deer-skin jacket, and trowsers of the same material, the seams of both neatly fringed. On his feet were ornamented leather moccasins, and on his head was a scarlet cap with ornamented band and an eagle's feather.

Brock lost no time at Malden, but pushed on toward Sandwich, sending before him a proclamation calculated to calm the fears of the inhabitants and secure their loyalty. This was easy, for Hull's desertion of them had produced great exasperation. The little American force at Fort Gowies and Sandwich had already fled across the river, and Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, commenced erecting batteries opposite Detroit. Hull's artillerists begged permission to interrupt their work by sending over a few meddlesome 24-pound shot; but the commander, who seemed unwilling to either injure or exasperate the foe, denied their request. Captain Snelling, impetuous, confident, and brave, earnestly desired to cross the river with a party in the night and attempt the capture of the British engineers; but the cautious Hull would not consent.

The thoughts of the little army were frequently turned with the greatest anxiety to far distant Ohio, their only source of supply; and on the day when Brock appeared at Sandwich, Hull ordered M'Arthur and Cass to march with three hundred and fifty men toward the Raisin for the relief of Brush. M'Arthur was placed in the chief command of the expedition. They departed in haste just at the close of a sultry day, taking very little food with them, for Hull promised to send after them a supply on pack-horses.

They took a circuitous route by the upper fords of the Huron to avoid the enemy. At sunset the next day they found themselves twenty-four miles from Detroit, half famished, and so entangled in a swamp that they could not proceed. They anxiously looked for the pack-horses with food. In their stead a solitary horseman appeared just as the twilight ended. He bore a summons from Hull for the detachment to return to Detroit immediately. They obeyed; and at ten o'clock the next morning they were in sight of the town. Since dawn they had heard the sullen booming of cannon in that direction. Affairs there had reached a crisis.

For two days the British had piled up earthworks and planted a heavy battery opposite Detroit without molestation from twenty-eight pieces of ordnance, with which chafing artillerists might have swept clean the Canada shore from the present Windsor to Sandwich. Those works and that battery would command the fort and town, and yet Hull would not allow any interference with them.

When Brock was full ready for attack, at noon on the 15th of August, he sent a flag to Hull with a summons for the immediate and unconditional surrender of the post. "It is far from my inclination," Brock said, significantly, in his note, "to join in a war of extermination; but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians who have attached themselves to my troops will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences."

This covert threat of letting loose the blood-thirsty savages deeply stirred the commanding General with conflicting emotions. His pride of character and his hitherto unsuspected and tried patriotism, for which he was venerated, bade him fight; his tenderness of heart, his sense of responsibility, and his fear of dreadful consequences to the army and the inhabitants under his charge as General and chief-magistrate bade him surrender. His whole effective force did not exceed one thousand men. The fort was thronged with trembling women, helpless children, and decrepit old men of the town and surrounding country, who had fled thither to escape the blow of the tomahawk and the keen blade of the scalping-knife. Among them were his own daughter and her children. Every thing conspired to make him doubt his ability to sustain a siege. Dearborn had evidently failed to make the promised diversion at Niagara and Kingston, or Brock would not have been at Sandwich. The way to Ohio, the source of Hull's supplies, was cut off by a vigilant foe as well as a broad wilderness. His provisions were becoming too scarce to promise long sustenance. Hemmed in on every side by a foe of unknown strength, and his own force wasting by disease and disappointment, his natural kindness of heart and the timorous circumspection of old age counseled him to yield. He did not know that Proctor's intercepted letter was intended for him. He did not know that a large portion of Brock's troops, reported to him as Regulars,

were Long Point Militia in the uniform of Regulars. He sincerely believed that his little army was in imminent peril, and doomed, possibly, to experience the horrors of Indian atrocities.

A younger man, full of resolution and resource, might have braved the dangers of an attack, even at this period, from an enemy who could not fail to perceive that he had a timid antagonist to deal with. For full two hours Hull detained the flag while endeavoring to decide what to do. Stimulated by the courage and earnest words of his soldiers he at length answered, "I have no other reply to make than to inform you that I am ready to meet any force which may be at your disposal, and any consequences which may result from its execution in any way you may think proper to use it." This decision was greeted by a defiant shout from the garrison and the soldiery without.

An immediate attack was expected. Major Jesup rode down to Spring Wells to reconnoitre. He there saw the *Queen Charlotte* apparently ready for action, and the British in great numbers at Sandwich. Not doubting that it was their intention to cross there, he hastened back and asked Hull to have a 24-pounder placed so as to sweep the suspected landing-place. Hull refused. Jesup and Snelling then asked for troops to oppose the landing of the foe. Hull refused. They then asked for a small body of troops to go over and seize and spike the cannon that commanded the town and fort. Hull refused. His reply to the last request had just been given when the British battery opposite opened with shot and shell. Hull took shelter within the walls of the fort, and ordered all the troops, but a few, to follow him.

The British kept up a cannonade and bombardment until almost midnight. Just at the dawn of a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, the 16th of August, a large portion of Brock's army landed at Spring Wells, unopposed by ball, bullet, or bayonet. Tecumtha, with six hundred Indians, took position in the woods to flank the Americans. After a breakfast enjoyed without molestation, the whole invading army moved cautiously upon Detroit. The white troops were in single column, their left flank covered by the savages, and their right resting on the Detroit River, covered by the guns of the *Queen Charlotte*.

The Americans, though inferior in numbers, had greatly the advantage in position, fortifications, and artillery. Miller and the Fourth Regiment of Regulars were in the fort. The Ohio Volunteers and part of the Michigan Militia were posted behind the town palisades, so as to annoy the enemy's whole left flank. The residue of the militia were stationed in the upper part of the town, to resist any attempts of the Indians to enter it. Two 24-pounders had been placed in battery on an eminence, from which they could sweep the approaching column.

Onward, with steady tread, the invaders move. The forest swarms with Indians. The road par-

allel with the river glows with scarlet uniforms. That column in which is centred the real strength of the enemy has reached a point within five hundred yards of the fort, where the 24-pounders may hurl terrible destruction upon them. The gunners are ready, with lighted matches, and only await the order to fire. That word, so fatal to the foe, is withheld. Another, fatal to the hopes of the Americans and the reputation of the commander, goes forth. Hull sends out an imperative order for the troops to retreat within the fortress! Astonished and bewildered, they rave like madmen. Some of the Ohio troops, in whose veins runs the best blood of the continent, are almost in open mutiny. They resolve to seize and imprison the General, declare his successor, and destroy the invaders. But Reason prevails over Passion. Like good soldiers, they obey the order; but they enter the fort with feelings of intense bitterness and disgust.

The fort was now densely crowded, and scenes within it were most appalling. Ever since the dawn the British battery had been throwing shot and shell at intervals, but without doing much damage: now that battery was worked with increased energy and destructiveness. Suddenly a huge ball came bounding over the front wall of the fort, dealing death and destruction in its passage. A group of officers, at the door of the quarters of one of them, were almost annihilated by it. Many women and children were in the building. Some of them, petrified by affright and bespattered with blood, were carried senseless to the bomb-proof vault for safety.

The General saw the effects of the ball from a distance. He knew not whether his own child was slain. Another shot immediately followed, and killed two soldiers. The storm of iron was becoming more furious. The yells of the savages were heard in the woods. The Regulars and Canadians were almost at the gates. The terrible casualties already observed the General believed to be the precursors of greater calamities, and he was unnerved. He paced the parade backward and forward in the most anxious frame of mind. At that moment an officer from the Michigan Militia in the town, who had observed the steady approach of the foe without opposition, came in haste to the General to inquire whether that force alone was to defend the place, and to inform him that the British and a large body of the Indians were at the tan-yard, close upon the village. The General made no reply, but, stepping into a room in the barracks, he wrote a brief note, handed it to his son, Captain Hull, and directed him to display a white flag immediately from the walls of the fort, where it might be seen by Captain Dixon, the commander of the British battery on the opposite side of the river. He obeyed, and a table-cloth was soon seen fluttering in the wind over the eastern wall. The guns of the enemy were silenced by it; and a few minutes later a boat with a flag of truce was seen crossing the Detroit. The bearer conveyed a message to Brock

from Hull, proposing an immediate capitulation. The astonished Briton sent back commissioners authorized to arrange the terms of surrender.

The white flag upon the walls had awakened painful suspicions in the minds of the Americans; the arrival of the British officers announced the virtual betrayal of the garrison, for Hull had asked no man's advice, nor suggested to any the possibility of a surrender. The act was his own, quick, and as unexpected as a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. Not a shot had been fired upon the enemy—not an effort to stay his course had been made. For a moment nothing but reverence for his gray hairs and veneration for a meritorious soldier of the Revolution saved the commander from personal violence at the hands of his people. Even the women were indignant at so shameful a degradation of the American character. Many of the soldiers shed tears of mortification and disappointment; and when the order for surrendering their arms was given, they dashed their weapons upon the ground, exclaiming, with bitter scorn, "Damn such a General!"

When the terms of surrender were agreed upon, Hull sent a note to Colonels M'Arthur and Cass, announcing the fact, and informing them that the detachment then under their command were included in the capitulation. They had arrived in sight of Detroit at about the time when the white flag had silenced the British battery. They attempted to communicate with Hull, but failed; and for many hours they waited in wonder for a message from head-quarters, confident that they might fall upon the rear of the invaders, and make their capture or destruction an easy matter. A message finally came, in the form just mentioned, and was followed at sunset by a British officer, authorized by Hull to receive their surrender. The dark, lustrous eyes of M'Arthur flashed with indignation at the demand. Then, as they filled with tears of deepest mortification, he thrust his sword into

the ground, broke it in pieces, and tore the epaulets from his shoulders. This paroxysm of feeling was soon followed by dignified calmness; and in the dim twilight M'Arthur and Cass, with their whole detachment, were marched into the fort, where the arms of the soldiers were stacked. The formal surrender of the fort and garrison had taken place that day at meridian.

At noon on Monday, the 17th, General Brock and his staff, and other British officers, appeared in full uniform; and in their presence a salute was fired from the *esplanade* in front of the fort, with one of the brass cannon included in the capitulation, which bore the following inscription: "TAKEN AT SARATOGA, ON THE 17TH OF OCTOBER, 1777." Some of the British officers greeted the released captive with kisses. The Americans retook it on the banks of the Thames in Canada, in October the following year. In April, 1861, I saw it in the arsenal at Frankfort, Kentucky.

The surrender of Detroit produced the greatest indignation. The national pride was intensely mortified. In less than two months after war was declared, and the favorite scheme of invasion of the enemy's province had been put in motion, a strong military post, a spirited army, and a magnificent territory (for the whole peninsula of Michigan was included in the surrender), had been given up. The opposition denounced the Government, and the Government frowned awfully upon General Hull. While he and his fellow-officers were on their way to Montreal as prisoners of war, Colonel Cass was hastening to the city of Washington to lay before the Government a history of the campaign. He made his communication in writing. The letter exhibited much warmth of feeling, and its immediate circulation in print prejudiced the public mind against Hull, and intensified the indignant reproaches which the first intelligence of the surrender had caused to be hurled at the head of the unfortunate General. It also diverted public attention, for a while, from the palpable inefficiency of the War Department, and the injurious delays of General Dearborn, to which much of the disaster should properly be charged. The young Colonel's *opinions*, as well as *facts*, were eagerly accepted by the excited public as veritable history. His assertion that "had the courage and conduct of the General been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been as brilliant and successful as it was disastrous and dishonorable," was accepted as indisputable truth.

General Hull was soon exchanged, and retired to his little farm in Massachusetts under a cloud of deepest disgrace. It was a year and a half before he was tried by a court-martial. The result has been mentioned. For twelve years he remained silent. Then he published an able vindication of his conduct. Soon afterward, on his dying bed, he declared his conviction that he was right as a soldier and as a man in surrendering Detroit. He had the consolation of feeling, before his departure, a growing sympathy



DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

for him in the partially disabused public mind which prophesied of future justice.

The facts given in this outline of Hull's campaign, and others which limited space would not allow me to introduce, unattended by analysis, comparison, and argument, present the conduct of the veteran in that campaign, in some instances, in an unfavorable light, not as an actual coward—not as an actual traitor, but as having the semblance of both. After having weighed these facts and many others, and estimated their value in connection with the concurrent circumstances to which they bore positive relationship—after having considered the composition of the court-martial, and the relations of that court and the witnesses to the accused, and the testimony in detail, I am constrained to believe that General Hull was actuated throughout that campaign by the purest impulses of patriotism and humanity. That he was *weak*, we may allow; that he was *wicked*, we can not believe. His weakness, evinced at times by vacillation, was not the child of cowardice, but of excessive prudence engendered by the noblest sentiments of the human heart. This, in his case, was enhanced by the disabilities of waning physical vigor. He was then far down the western slope of life, when men *counsel* more than *act*. The perils and fatigues of the journey from Dayton to Detroit had prostrated him; and the anxieties created by his responsibilities bore heavily upon his judgment. These difficulties his young, vigorous, ambitious, daring officers could not understand; and while they were honestly cursing him they should have been kindly nursing him. When he could perceive no alternative but surrender or destruction, he bravely determined to choose the most courageous and humane course; so he faced the frowns and taunts of his soldiers and the expected scorn of his countrymen rather than fill the beautiful land of Ohio and the settlements of Michigan with mourning.

Hull had warned the Government of the folly of attempting the conquest of Canada without better preparation. But the young hot-bloods of the Administration—Clay, and others—could not wait; and the President and his Cabinet, lacking all the essential knowledge for planning a campaign, had sent him on an errand of vast importance and difficulty, without seeming to comprehend its vastness or estimating the means necessary for its accomplishment. The conception of the campaign was a huge blunder, and Hull saw it; and the failure to put in vigorous motion for his support auxiliary and co-operative forces was criminal neglect. When the result was found to be a failure and humiliation, the Administration perceived it and sought a refuge. Public indignation must be appeased—the lightning of the public wrath must be averted. General Hull was made the chosen victim for the peace-offering—the sin-bearing scape-goat; and on his head the fiery thunder-bolts were hurled.

The grass has now grown greenly upon the grave of General Hull for almost eight-and-

thirty years. Let his faults (for, like all men, he was not immaculate) also be covered with the verdure of blessed charity. Two generations have passed away since the dark cloud first brooded over his fair fame. We may all see, if we will, with eyes unfiled by prejudice, the silver edging which tells of the brightness of good intentions behind it, and prophesies of evanishment and a clear sky. Let *History* be just in spite of the clamors of hoary *Error*.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

WE sat together, you and I,
That evening in the month of June,
Beneath the porch; the deep-blue sky
Held the sharp crescent of the moon.

So mildly shone her silvery light
On the smooth lawn it seemed to sleep;
Sweet odors filled the summer night
From fragrant gardens ankle-deep.

The honey-suckle, wet with dew,
Scattered her perfume on the air;
Soft gales from spicy woodlands blew,
And toyed each moment with your hair.

And now and then the drowsy herd,
From meadow pastures far and near,
Low'd dreamily; the startled bird
Twittered the while; and sweet and clear

The murmur of the cool, dark stream,
That woo'd with song the heart of Night;
And through the vines a truant beam
Of moonlight kissed your neck so white.

I held your tender hand—we talked
About the future and the past;
Or sometimes down the path we walked
Beneath the lindens; till at last

The moon sank in the violet east,
Gilding the thin clouds as she went;
And on the lawn the shades increased
Till all in doubtful dusk was blent.

When suddenly upon the night,
Near where the moon had sunk to rest,
Kindled a strange, mysterious light
Behind the ragged mountain's crest,

And up the glittering arch of blue,
And far across the billowy plain,
As through the air the meteor flew,
A ball of fire with streaming mane.

How wildly gleamed your startled eye,
How tight your fingers clasped my hand,
As slowly in the western sky
It faded, leaving all the land

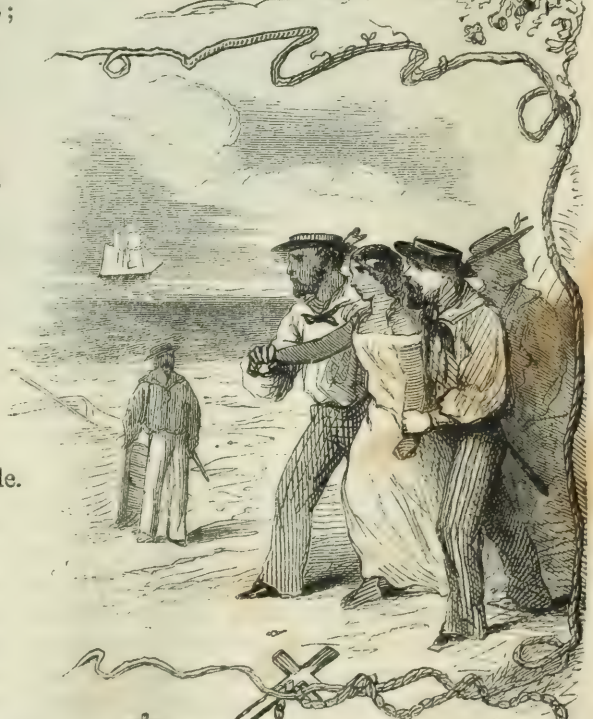
To darkness and the silent stars!
That night, upon my restless bed
I tossed, in dreams of cruel wars
And fields of battle strewn with dead.

Nettie's Shells.

THE waste of the great sea was lost
 In wastes of sand on Barbary's coast,
 Where a maiden played on the beach with shells
 That sang in her ears like summer bells.
 The sun, that had scorched the desert dry,
 Had tinged her face with its violet dye:
 The breaking waves, in murmurs hoarse,
 Gave back the echo of Nature's curse.
 But she heard not these, nor remembered then
 Tales that her mother had told in vain,
 Of stranger ships that flitted by
 On snow-white wings, in mystery;
 Of their pale-faced crews, with hearts of stone,
 Sweeping the coast like the dread simoon;
 And the piteous fate of man or maid
 That fell in the way of their heartless raid.
 Lost in her dreams, she forgot all these;
 The tiny shells but whispered peace:
 And she seemed to hear from beyond the sea
 Bland winds that wooed her steps away.



But our Thought works magic through secret laws,
 And swift through darkness its answer draws;
 Else why, within this dim twilight,
 Floats yonder vessel into sight,
 With white wings flapping in the wind,
 Leaving whole leagues of sea behind?
 A boat was lowered, and twelve white hands
 Brought it to anchor in the sands:
 And twelve white hands the maid did seize,
 With her shells in her lap, in dumb amaze.
 With her shells in her lap, across the sea
 They brought poor Nettie in cruel glee;
 And when they landed, she was bound
 And sold as a slave in Newport town.
 Light were her bonds, but she deeply sighed
 When she looked on the ocean dark and wide.
 Winters and summers came and went,
 And the marvel lasted which God had sent.



For Nettie lived to grow old among
 A people whose love outlived their wrong;
 And she wore, long ere her hour of death,
 In a happy triumph, Freedom's wreath.
 From Nature's bonds and Man's, through love,
 She swan-like passed to realms above.
 And thus the ways of God grew plain,
 Which through small losses brought great gain:
 For Slavery is God's in the highest sense,
 And this is every recompense.
 Old Nettie's shells sing yet in our ears
 The meaning of this many years:
 They ring in: "*Freedom as the end*
 "*Toward which all human footsteps tend:*
 "*Hid in the shadow of the White*
 "*The Black race struggles into light;*
 "*And woe to him that in God's good hour*
 "*Maintains the Shadow, and mocks His power."*





GARROTING IN LONDON.

ROBBERY AS A SCIENCE.

DE QUINCEY'S famous essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," is perhaps the grimest specimen of humor in our language. Think of a "Society for the Encouragement of Murder" having a regular course of monthly lectures, with coffee, chocolate, and sandwiches, like our own excellent Historical Society, and most likely, *more Anglicè*, with a formal annual dinner, with an elaborate report on the state of the Art, and the general progress of the society: is it not a fearful take-off upon many of our own "Societies" whose May Anniversaries used to form a feature in our spring amusements? Now, as a matter of fact, we can not think that murder has been fairly reduced to the category of an Art or a Science unless the poisonings of Brinvilliers, the Borgias, and others in France and Italy may be so considered; for in the system of "Thuggee" in India, although murder was always involved, it was only as an accessory to robbery: the victim was killed, but only that he might be robbed. But robbery, pure and simple, has been brought to the per-

fection of a system, with well-established rules, cunning implements, and able professors. The ablest professors of the science are doubtless to be found in England, though some of no mean ability now and then pay us a visit. To study this science thoroughly, therefore, one must go to London, just as the young surgeon should study in the hospitals of Paris, or the young artist in the galleries of Rome. Moreover, special implements are required for the more delicate operations, which are only produced at Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton; and as there is a general prejudice against their use, they are not sold openly, so that the person who proposes to enter the highest branches of the profession, and must therefore have the best tools, must procure them in person from the manufacturers. London is therefore the school for the

robber; and the person who wishes to guard against his performances needs to look to London for the means.

A late writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, who has thoroughly studied up the subject, gives the result of his researches, which we propose to embody in this paper. We give him general credit for the whole, our own contributions being too insignificant to be taken into the account. He commences with describing the system of "garroting," which, within a few months, has filled so large a space in every English publication, from *Punch* to the *Times*.

Crimes, he says, like some other diseases, are often epidemical. They appear from time to time in new forms and in strangely gathered force, rage a while, and then die away; their coming and their going being equally inexplicable, or at least unexplained. A few years ago the garrote broke out suddenly, like a new plague, infested the streets with danger, infected the community with half-shameful apprehensions, and disappeared without leaving a hint to settle our bewilderment. Winter after winter passed, and the garroter came not again.

He was no more heard of than Paul Jones or the Black Death; when suddenly no place was safe from his atrocities. The long summer nights had scarcely ended, the doors of that most civilizing Exhibition at Brompton were not yet closed, when we were surprised by the most inclement ruffianism that ever disgraced a nineteenth century. Once more the streets of London are unsafe by day or night. The epidemic has come upon us again, and we are just as unprepared and as helpless as before. The doctors who are appointed to regulate our social system are taken by surprise, and the public dread has almost become a panic.

It is certainly not to increase the panic that this paper is written; but simply to expound from the lips of criminals themselves, and for the information of honest men, the most approved and successful methods of burglary and the garrote. The subject is not a pleasant one, and I feel almost apologetic for the slang that I must write. On the other hand, what I have learned among burglars and garroters in my prison ministrations may be useful at a time like this; and for the rest we should remember that dread may encourage the propagation of moral as well as physical disorders. To fear the plague is to be half dead of it; and by the time a gang of desperadoes have intimidated a whole city they have become to other rogues so glorious that they are sure to be imitated, and imitated by bungling ruffians more dangerous even than the original practitioners. This has been shown already in the rise and progress of the garrote system of robbery. At first it was a scientific operation, abundantly cruel, but not absolutely murderous; the *intention* was neither to kill nor to maim. The audacity of the system, its novelty, and the difficulty of guarding against it terrified the public; and this terror gave the very best testimony that could be borne to the merits of a practice already too inviting to crime. Rogues with a good heart for such work, but no skill, rude unhandy villains, took up the trade, and now it is carried on with a ferocity more than brutal.

We have been told, and the statement is curious if true, that the garroter first acquired his art in a convict-ship, where her Majesty's jailers practiced it on *him* occasionally, whenever he became very outrageous. Finding how easily he was subdued by this method, and how little it injured him if coolly applied, the convict noted the trick, with an eye to business when he should become a ticket-of-leave man. Perhaps it is because the lessons they have received were all at their own sore cost that regular garroters work with great care. They practice upon each other frequently before they venture into the streets—not only to acquire the art of garroting in every possible position and attitude, but that they may learn how long and with what degree of force they may hug their victim's throat without endangering his life or seriously injuring him. They consort in companies of three—a “front stall,” a “back stall,” and a “nasty

man.” These designations are perfectly significant of the part each man is expected to play. The “nasty man” is, of course, the actual operator; and, accordingly, he is the leader in all enterprises, and takes a larger share of the plunder.

A regular gang does not often make speculative ventures. They call that “throwing a chance away,” meaning that they run extraordinary risks. Only when the rogues are “hard up,” or made audacious by drink, or encouraged beyond their cooler judgment by such a run of success as they have achieved in London lately, do they “throw a chance away.” The favorite method is to select a promising victim, mark his incomings and outgoings, and await a fair opportunity of time and place. By many unsuspected means, as well as those which are open to every body, they get to know that such and such a man carries a good “stake” about with him, in money, watch, jewelry, etc., and that he is generally to be found walking in a certain direction at certain seasons. He is marked. Time and place are fixed for the deed; but opportunity is never forced. If success appears doubtful on one occasion they wait till another comes round, and will dog one man for nights and even weeks together. At last fortune favors the unjust, and the thing is done. The “front stall” walks a few yards in advance of the prey; it is his duty to look out for dangers ahead. The “back stall” comes on at a still further distance behind, or sometimes in the carriage-way—aloof, but at the victim's side. Immediately in his rear walks the “nasty man,” approaching nearer and nearer, with steps which keep time with those of him whom he follows. The first stall lifts his hat from his head in token that all is clear beyond; the second stall makes no sign to the contrary; and then the third ruffian, coming swiftly up, flings his right arm round the victim, striking him smartly on the forehead. Instinctively he throws his head back, and in that movement loses every chance of escape. His throat is fully offered to his assailant, who instantly embraces it with his left arm, the bone just above the wrist being pressed against the “apple” of the throat. At the same moment the garroter, dropping his right hand, seizes the other's left wrist, and, thus supplied with a powerful lever, draws him back upon his breast and there holds him. The “nasty man's” part is done. His burden is helpless from the first moment, and speedily becomes insensible; all *he* has now to do is to be a little merciful. An experienced garroter knows immediately when his prey is insensible (or so he boasts), and then he relaxes his embrace somewhat; but if symptoms of recovery should follow too rapidly the hug is tightened forthwith. Meanwhile the stalls are busy. Their first care, after the victim is seized and safely held, is to take off his hat and their comrade's too; hats awkwardly kick about in the scuffle, and it is obviously not well for the garroter to leave any thing that is his on the field of strife. This operation is assigned to the

"front stall," and is simple enough; but he has sometimes to perform another and a far more onerous one. Should the "nasty man" have a "tumble," or, in language a little plainer, should he find a difficulty in "screwing up" his subject, it is the duty of the "front stall" to assist him by a heavy blow, generally delivered just under the waist. The screwing up is easy after that, and then the second stall proceeds to rifle the victim's pockets. This done, the garroter allows his insensible burden to drop to the ground, carefully avoiding a fall, lest that should arouse him.

I once allowed a thief, continues our authority, whom I visited in his cell, to garrote me. We had a clear understanding that I was not to be made insensible; but he explained that it was necessary that he should screw me hard if I wished to experience the sensation of the garroter, and to know how speedily the trick could be done. I submitted to this view, and in a marvelously short period found that I had gone through almost all that the "nasty man" inflicts in an ordinary way. The operation was exactly what I have above described it; it occupied a few seconds only; and yet, had I been held a few seconds longer, I must have become insensible. As it was, I was wholly helpless, and my throat was not easy again for several weeks afterward. Although this is the most approved mode of garroting, there are others—as may be seen from the police reports which have made the news-sheet so hideous lately; it is obvious, moreover, that circumstances must sometimes oblige the best-regulated gangs to vary their tactics. A "nasty man" will sometimes work alone, lying in wait in a door-way, or at a street corner. More brutal and inexperienced thieves press the fingers of both hands into the victim's throat; others use a short stick, which is passed across the throat from behind, and hauled back at both ends—a plan seldom adopted, though, and one that is of no avail to long-armed ruffians. Another set of thieves, who go the shorter way to work of pouncing on the wayfarer and stunning him with a blow, are not garroters at all, and are as much despised by regular practitioners as both parties are execrated by every body else.

Sometimes garroters select largely frequented thoroughfares for their work, trusting in that case to the very boldness of their guilt; but, as a rule, they prefer late hours and lonely, ill-lighted places. They are very shrewd in the selection of their subjects, and profess to be able to tell at a glance whether a man is worth "planting." Garroters are not without expedients to avoid suspicion, should they be interrupted by a passer-by. Their victim is then their friend; and their friend is intoxicated, they are sorry to say; and the stranger will be good enough to pass on, perhaps, as otherwise the police may observe their friend, which would be awkward. Or they pretend that he has been taken suddenly ill, or is in a fit; and starting off, one to fetch a cab and another a doctor, the rogues make good their escape.

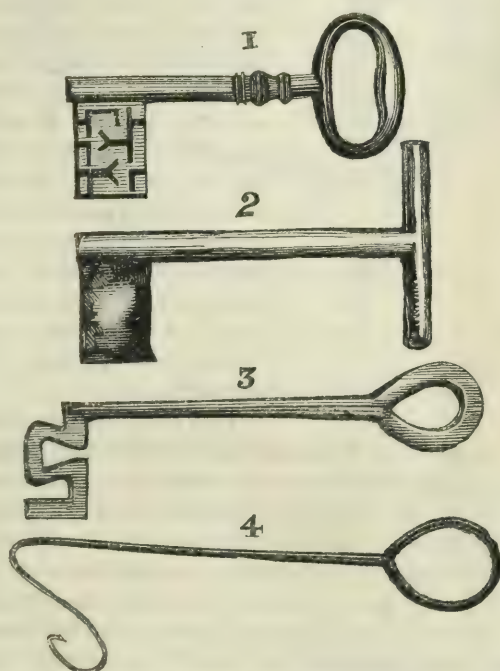
Women are seldom garrotered; and their exemption is due, perhaps, to some last spark of manly and generous feeling which even a garroter may cherish. There are other motives, to be sure. The unhappy creatures who are or should be the thieves' wives resent the practice of this outrage on their sex, and many of them have a bitter experience of it; for when they offend their lords, those rascals sometimes "screw them up" by way of punishment. Then, again, women are more difficult to deal with, and more adept at an outcry, than men: such of them as carry money or jewels worth the risk of penal servitude are rarely found alone in unfrequented places; and it was Adam, and not Eve, who swallowed the core of the apple. The *pomum Adami* in a woman's throat is so small that it is difficult to choke her on the safest principles of the garrote, and in fact it is safest altogether to allow her to go unmolested. Garroters declare that more perjury is committed in convicting them than any other class of malefactors. They admit that a prosecutor may generally swear to the identity of the "stalls" with a sure conscience, but seldom or never to the "nasty man," because he keeps out of sight as much as possible from the beginning, and at the moment of attack is always invisible to the sufferer. Possibly there is some truth in this, though not enough to add much to the uneasiness of society.

This uneasiness has been much increased by the observation that garrote robberies, numerous as they have become of late, do not exhaust the energies of our more desperate criminals. Burglary also is alarmingly frequent; and for that, too, there appears no immediate remedy beyond the courage and caution which every man may exercise in his own defense. In aid of these, a little information may be useful, if not exactly agreeable.

First, as to the burglar's tools. These are made, for the most part, like the tools of honest men, in Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton. The simpler appliances, indeed, such as skeleton-keys, a rogue will sometimes make for himself in the intervals of business, and others come readily enough to hand any where. An ordinary set of tools comprises a darkey, or small dark lantern; silent matches; a wax taper; a neddy, or life-preserver; a large pruning-knife, useful for cutting panels out; a pallet-knife, thin and pliant, for opening windows (by insertion between the upper and lower sashes, so as to push back the spring fastening); a jemmy, or small crow-bar about twelve inches long, and splayed or crow-footed at one end; skeleton-keys of various sizes, with wards at each end, called "double-enders;" wires to lift lock-tumblers; and a centre-bit. This is a complete set of *ordinary* tools; and they are usually carried in an honest commercial-looking kit or carpet-bag. A capitalist entering on business may obtain the whole budget, nicely fitted, for about five pounds, it is said.

But ordinary tools are for ordinary work

alone; and the ingenuity which provides against them has been promptly met. At one time, when our houses and treasures were all protected by old-fashioned warded locks, it was thought that safety was insured if only the key was a very big one. The strong-room keys of that period were monstrous engines, tortured with complex wards of every conceivable shape; and yet neither the weight nor the complexity of these instruments was of much avail against the resources of a thief. It was well known that many of the wards were superfluous, and the house-breaker easily avoided the trouble of copying them in all their intricacy. All he had to do was to find out just what were the effective wards in the lock, which opposed any obstacle to the working of the key. The accompanying wood-cut will assist us to describe the process.



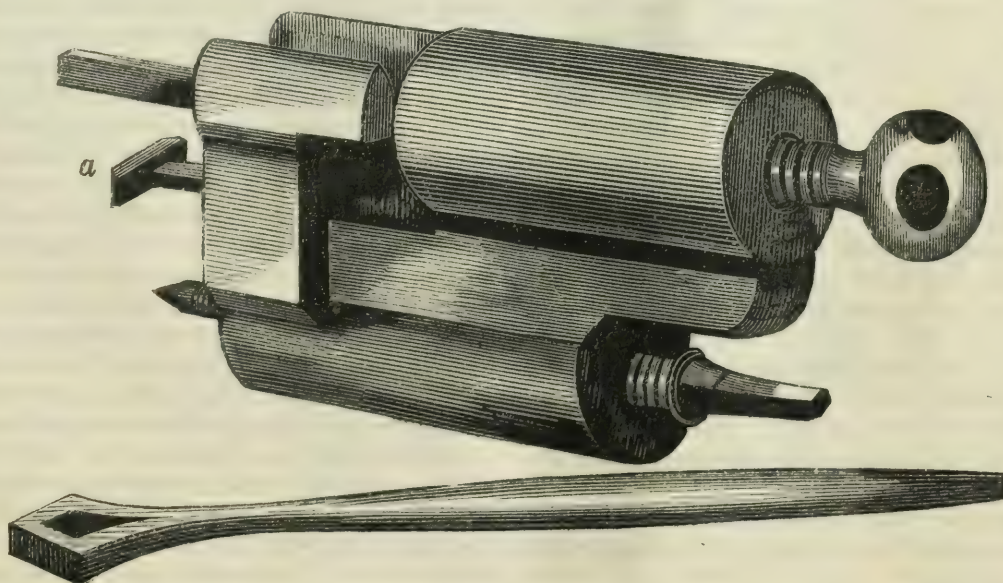
FALSE KEY AND PICKLOCK.

Figure 1 is a key which the thief can not obtain, and for which he has to find a substitute.

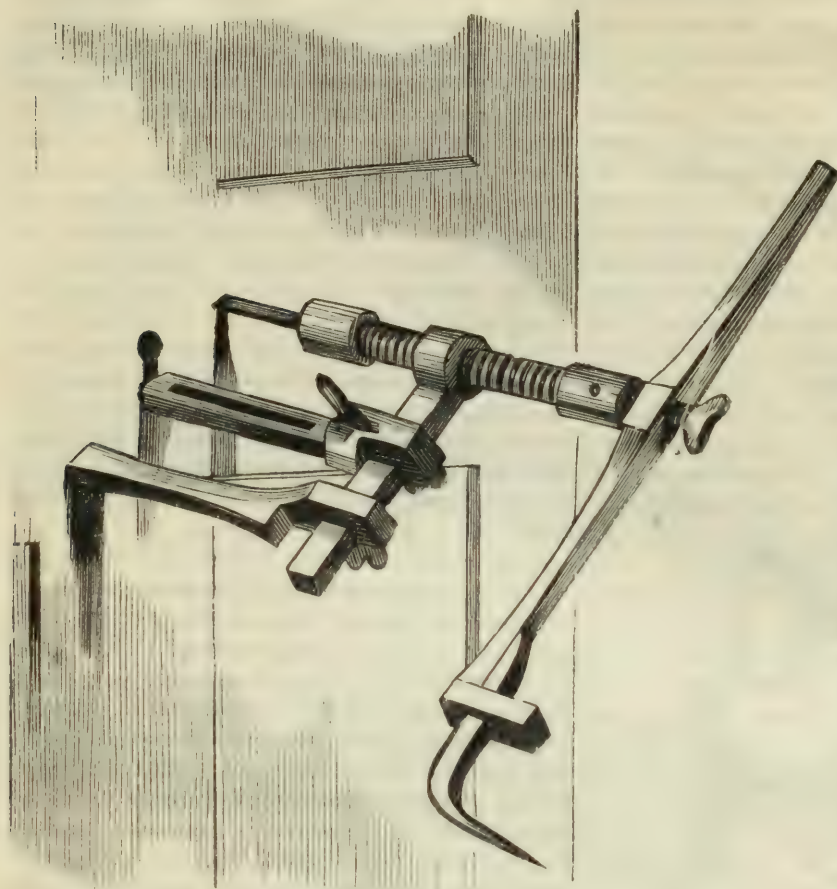
To accomplish this he provides himself with a coarsely made *blank* key of tin, one side of which is covered with a layer of wax. Wards being fixed obstructions in these locks, it is only necessary to insert the blank, and turn it gently, to receive an impression of them on the wax. From the map of the interior thus obtained a forged key (Fig. 3) is made of strong flattened wire. It will be seen that the copy is a much simpler instrument than the original, but it is equally effective. It will open the lock just as easily as the genuine key, although the prettiness and the pretension of those slits and slots in Figure 1 are lost. The picklock, Figure 4, is of a different character; it acts by working round *outside* the wards, reaching the bolt that way. This key requires more dexterity than the other; but it rarely fails in the hands of a practiced thief.

The success of Industry's chevaliers with warded locks brought them into disrepute at length; they were cashiered from all offices of trust, in favor of the "lever" or "tumbler" lock. Even for these inventions a ponderous key was used: dishonesty had not yet provoked the construction of those admirable locks which throw out any number of great bolts with the smallest of keys. But this important advantage had been gained: the thief's skeleton-keys were strained to no effect in the new locks, whenever they were well made, with several tumblers. Still rascaldom was not baffled yet. The locksmith had to be circumvented by fresh means, and they were soon discovered. The jack-in-the-box was invented—a small compact article, and very portable, the use of which was to force the lock off, or rend the case sufficiently to allow its bolts to be drawn back.

Into the keyhole the \perp piece (*a*)—a separate part of the instrument—was inserted, upright, so that on turning it round it lay broadly across the keyhole (in the position it has below), forming a fulcrum there. The shank of the \perp piece was then fitted into the main body of the instrument, the lower screw of which was next ad-



JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



THE ORIGINAL SAFE-DRILL.

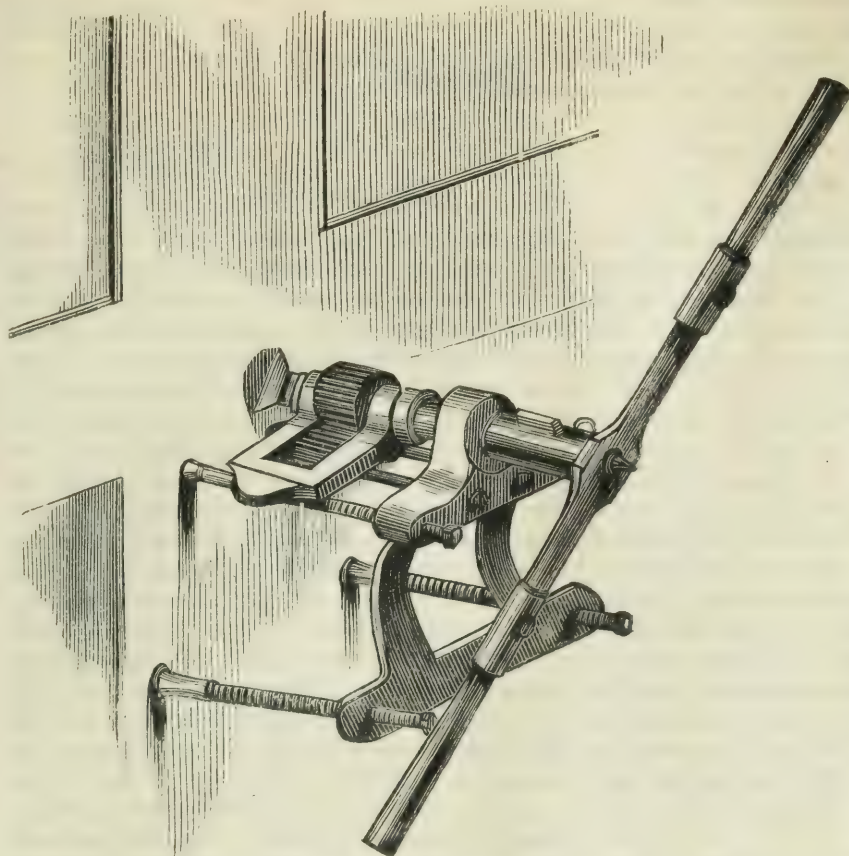
box had now no chance at all; the keyhole was too small for it to work upon. Driven from this expedient, the thief's next plan was to drill into and thus destroy the lock, or such parts of it as would give access to the bolts. A clever hand could accomplish this with an ordinary breast-drill and bow. Safe-makers were therefore obliged to protect the lock with a covering-plate of hardened steel. This succeeded well enough till some ingenious mind hit upon a mode of fixing the drill to the lock after the manner of the jack-in-the-box, and so to work it with greater ease and rapidity. In the case of this instrument the \perp piece was necessarily very small, to be accommodated to the reduced area of the keyhole, but it sufficed to afford a good fulcrum for the drill.

vanced, until it bit into the door. The machine was thus rendered quite steady and firm, and nothing remained to be done but to force on the straight iron tool which is seen over the \perp piece by means of the larger screw. This tool was also a separate part of the instrument, and varied in dimensions according to the size of the keyhole at which it had to operate. The power of the instrument was resistless. The rather small specimen from which our engraving is made is capable of lifting three tons; and it is not surprising, therefore, that it should force a lock off in a very few moments. This invention was met by a certain improvement in the "detector lock" of Mr. Chubb. Instead of the back plate of the lock being of one sheet of iron, a piece was cut out just behind the keyhole, and its place filled by a separate small plate containing the pin on which the key revolves. This second plate was kept in position by a few slight screws only. When the lock was fixed upon an iron safe, the inner case of the door had *also* a false pin, corresponding in position with that of the lock. The object of all this is obvious. Upon the application of any such instrument as the jack-in-the-box, the false plates give way, and it is of no more use. The tumblers and works of the lock are above the level of the keyhole, and out of reach.

By-and-by the use of locks with large keys was superseded by a system of throwing the bolts of a safe-door by means of a handle, and securing them with a small key. The jack-in-the-

in its way, but it was not good enough. Locks which protected the one coveted treasure were of several kinds, and their vital parts were variously situate; so that the burglar often found himself drilling at random. It was desirable to bore larger holes, for then a single one might suffice. To accomplish this end a really formidable machine was at length constructed—the completest tool in the burglar's budget. In an engraving on the next page it is shown at work, and a glance at the picture explains its processes.

The centre pin and chief support of the machine is fixed in the keyhole, while several set-screws passing through the frame of the machine serve to adjust it. The drill itself is worked by a lever handle, which can be lengthened by movable arms to give increased power. The "bits," of various sizes, will make a hole of half an inch to three inches in diameter, and are propelled through their work by a self-adjusting, slow-motioned screw at the rate of an eighth of an inch of progress for every sixty turns of the lever; and that can be handled rapidly. Of course the larger drills of this machine were as likely to have their edges turned upon a hard steel plate as smaller ones; but there was this difference in the burglar's favor—supposing the larger drills to have penetrated an outer plate of iron, and then to be arrested, or even damaged, by an inner plate of steel, it would still wear away the overlying iron until a considerable surface of the harder metal lay exposed; and it was possible to break that up with a



THE IMPROVED SAFE-DRILL.

punch, and so proceed till the lock was destroyed.

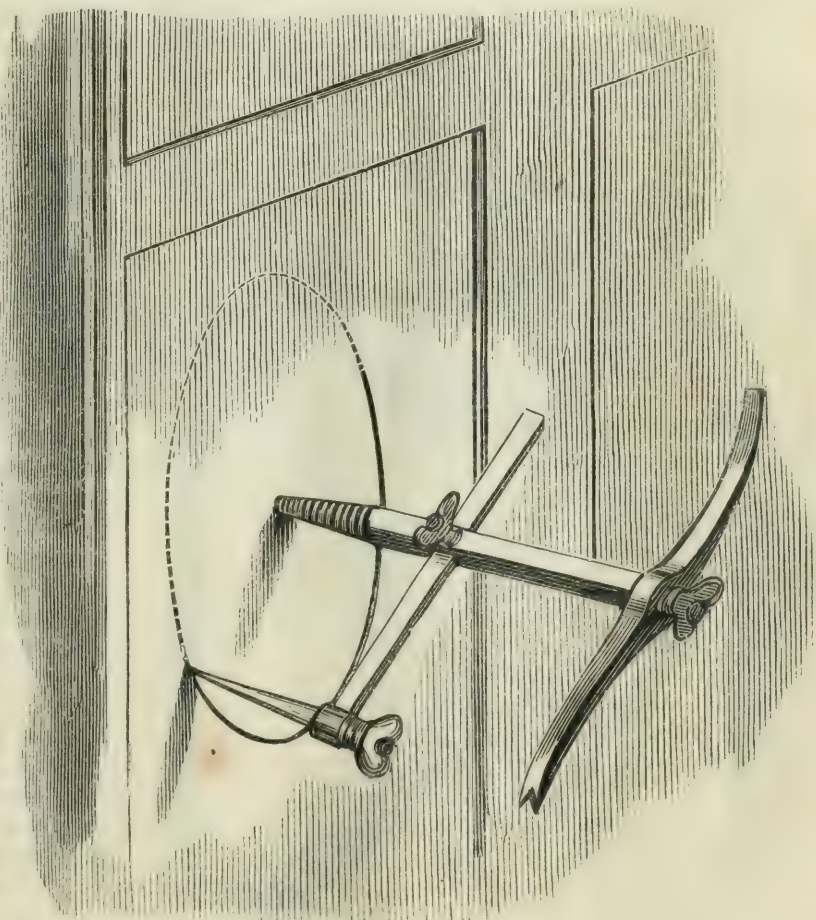
To meet this difficulty, Mr. Chubb patented an improvement, consisting mainly in the insertion in the substance of the outer iron plate of numerous steel screw-plugs; these were placed so closely together that the larger drills could not avoid them, while the smaller ones were sufficiently checked by the inner lining of steel. To the same end other manufacturers have adopted the use of case-hardened iron, with steel in plates or bars.

We have now described the most formidable implements of strong-box breaking; and we are happy to say that all the thief's ingenuity seems to have been exhausted upon them. The box-makers, and not the box-breakers, have the advantage at present; and now the hope and dream of these latter is that some one will invent a chemical preparation capable of fretting a

lock away or consuming an iron door.

Gentlemen who enjoy not the luxury of a strong-box are as much concerned in the arts of burglary as those who do, perhaps; to them the operation of the "panel-cutter," figured below, may be instructive. Now a good lock upon an ordinary timber door suffices to prevent unlawful entry unless the burglar is violent; but violence is noisy; and noise is fatal to the "job;" and therefore the burglar proceeds upon a system which he finds very objectionable when practiced on himself—the silent system. Instead of forcing a door, he will cut one of its panels out. This used to be managed by a fine saw worked softly; but a quicker and quieter method was established when the panel-

cutter was invented. A strong stem with gimlet point is thrust into the centre of the panel.



THE PANEL-CUTTER.

Through this stem slides a cross-bar, carrying at one extremity a sharp cutting tool, which, it will be seen, may be adjusted to move at any desired radius. At the head of the stem is fixed a double-armed lever (detached, it forms a powerful "jemmy") which works the whole machine. In a few minutes this instrument will make an aperture large enough to admit the burglar's arm, or his whole body even; and the door is then quickly unfastened. The best safeguard is to have the door lined with sheet-iron, or plaided with metal strips, or studded with nails irregularly disposed.

If it be necessary to force a door, however, the burglar is at no loss: he again becomes mechanical, and produces the apparatus figured below. It consists of a stout metal arm riveted to a plate at the lower end, and having a worm like the screw of a press working through the upper. Sharp-pointed thumb-screws, passing through each corner of the plate, fix the whole apparatus to the door-jamb. The screw is then worked as shown in our engraving—a stout socket plate being interposed between the end of the worm and the face of the door, so as to obtain a good bearing. This instrument may be applied to the lock, the hinges, or wherever a bolt may be fixed.

A locked door is obviously no difficulty with a thief provided with such apparatus, but if the master of the house is ingenious enough, having

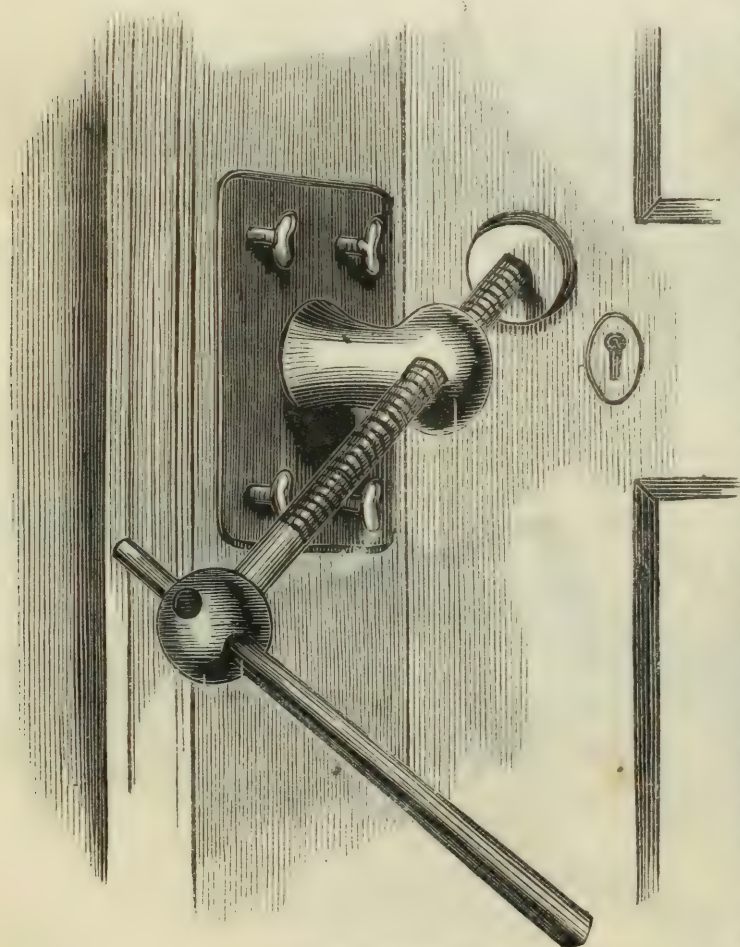


THE KEY-NIPPER.

locked the door, to leave the key in it, the burglar's operations are much facilitated. A belief still prevails in many families that to leave the key in the lock is to bar the entrance of picks and skeletons, and very true it is. But in such a case a thief uses neither of these instruments. He introduces into the keyhole a strong and slender pair of nippers, such as we have engraved above, and seizing the extremity of the householder's key, opens the door therewith by a single turn of the wrist. This is very agreeable to the thief, but particularly annoying to the householder. An effectual safeguard against the use of the nippers, is to pass a stick through the handle of the key on the inside, and fasten it so as to prevent the turning of the key.

Having now described the ordinary and extraordinary tools of a burglar, let us see how he works his own wits. It is pretty well understood that he seldom breaks into a house where there is nothing to be had, or of which he knows nothing. Generally, thieves take care to be well-informed on both points: what is to be had, and where to have it. This information

they get in many ways; often accidental, but oftenest from hawkers, who are either themselves thieves in disguise, or traders who, while afraid of the law for their own sakes, know no reason why they should not "put a friend up to a good thing." A house chosen for plundering is said to be "planted." The burglars have learned how many people live in it, and when and in what rooms they retire to sleep. Night-lights, burned as a warning that somebody is awake and stirring, never deceive a thief; a few nights' watching discovers the pretense, which thenceforward is, of course, despised. If it be necessary to watch a house in order to learn this or other particulars, the work is done at all hours, and by various persons. The housebreakers' wives and children, maybe, take their turn during the day; at night, the men themselves watch. On such occasions they often wear "reversibles," or coats which may be worn inside out; one side being of a bright, the other of a dark color. The use of this garment is obvious. Should the watcher find himself observed, he goes into some quiet corner in the neighborhood,



THE DOOR-FORCER.

turns his coat, exchanges his hat for a cap, and returns to his post another man to all appearance; the very policeman knows him not again.

We will suppose a burglary completely arranged, and a dark gusty night arrived to favor its execution; bright nights are never chosen for such enterprises. After drinking a courage cup together, the thieves start away, but not in company. There are usually three in a gang, two to enter the house, and one to keep watch outside. Each man takes his own road to the house; and should any one of them be watched or followed by the police, he avoids the place of rendezvous, and the "job" is off for the night. The tools are either carried by one of the party in a traveling-bag, or, more frequently, they are bestowed in multitudinous pockets about the person. There is no difficulty in carrying the most complex and formidable apparatus in this way, for such tools are made to separate into many pieces. And the thieves have agreed upon a plan of action for every emergency. Sometimes the motto of the expedition is "every man for himself," in which case each makes his escape as best he can, should the attempt fail; but oftener it is understood that they shall stand by each other from first to last.

The police constable has once more passed the house in his weary round, his footfall sounds far away down the street, and now the burglars commence operations. If you have a watchdog, it is drugged; if you have a corruptible servant, he has been bribed, perhaps. A mould has been taken of your house-key by some innocent-looking woman, who has got into the hall for a moment on pretended business, and the door yields instantly to the counterfeit. Or perhaps your house is regularly broken into; and there are various ways of accomplishing that feat. "Jumping a crib," is entrance by a window; "breaking a crib," forcing a back door; "grating a crib," through cellar gratings; "garreting a crib," through the roof or by an attic window. Entrance through the roof is sometimes cleverly effected (from the leads of an empty house adjacent) by means of an umbrella. First a few slates are removed, then a small hole is made, and through this aperture a strong springless umbrella is thrust, and shaken open. Again the thieves go to work upon the hole in the roof, which they widen rapidly, and with perfect confidence, since the *débris* falls noiselessly into the umbrella pendent beneath.

Some of our own "Artists" have accomplished feats in the way of forcing an entrance which exceed any thing which we find recorded by our *Cornhill* authority, or in the English police reports. Every few weeks we read of rogues hiring a house adjoining some rich ware-room, digging through the walls at leisure, and taking advantage of Sunday when the employés are supposed to be absent, removing the most valuable goods. Not many months ago a person who carried on a large business as a reputable trader, displayed besides an original genius as a burglar, which had he devoted his whole ener-

gies to roguery would have given him a prominent place in the profession. He occupied in his lawful business the upper part of a building adjoining one filled with costly goods. Ascending at night to the roof of his own premises, he crossed to that of his neighbor, let himself down by a rope over the eaves to the level of his neighbor's upper windows, five stories from the street, and therefore left unfastened in fancied security, raised the window, swung himself in, selected at leisure the goods that he needed to complete his own assortment, conveyed them over-roof to his own premises, where having removed the trademarks of the owners, he sold them openly, without being obliged to share his profits with "fences." When he left his neighbor's premises, he took away his rope, leaving behind him not a trace to show that a burglary had been committed. Goods to a large amount were missed, but as there were no tokens to show that any outsider had entered the premises, the inevitable inference was that they had been stolen by some of their own employés. It was only by the merest accident that the true robber was detected.

In another case the vault of a New York bank was located in the basement of the building. It was built in the strongest manner, of solid masonry, with burglar-proof iron doors, provided with the best locks, the floor of the vault being of large blocks of solid granite. An enterprising Professor of the Science of House-breaking rented the basement of the adjoining building, ostensibly for some legitimate purpose—the manufacture of rag-carpets, we believe. He with his confederates actually dug down below the level of the foundations of the bank building, and excavated an underground passage, for ninety feet, leading directly under the bank vault, carrying off the rubbish into their own premises. Then they carried a powerful screw along the passage with which they actually forced up the massive granite flooring, in order to gain access to the vault, where money to a large amount was deposited. But, unfortunately for them, these operations took a few hours longer than they had anticipated, and the time for opening the vault by the officers of the bank arrived just before a practicable breach was effected. The operators were obliged to desist, and when the vault was opened their whole plan was apparent. They made nothing by their labors, as it turned out; but if they could only have had an hour or two more for working, they would have rifled the bank, and got clear off with their spoil.

For boldness of conception these two last operations of American "Artists" exceed any thing which we find on record of their foreign brethren, though perhaps the technical details were less perfectly executed. The difference is just that between a picture by Church, full of broad massive conceptions, and a painting by a Düsseldorf artist, in which the slightest point is carefully elaborated. An American, when he takes to roguery, displays more genius, though less technical culture, than his British confrère.

This characterizes their efforts in the whole domain of fraud. Compare, for instance, Monroe Edwards and Charley Huntington with Sir John Howard Paul and Leopold Redpath, or the knavish contractors in the Crimean War with some of our own "operators," whose names are fresh in men's minds. A Frenchman, indeed, now and then manifests a brilliant genius for roguery on a large scale—Monsieur Mirés for instance; but there is something bizarre in his performances. He is in Rascality what Doré is in Art. His performances are very wonderful, as he does them; but nobody else can imitate them; his copyists are simply ridiculous. Whereas the conceptions of an American rogue are good; if he fails it is in execution, and any one can see how and why he failed; but a British rogue works by rule, and so if he is not so apt to make a great "strike," meets with fewer absolute failures. Hudson, the "Railroad King," though an Englishman, belongs rather to the American school of operators. A man is sometimes born in the wrong country.

As we write, the New York papers contain reports of the arrest of a burglar whose exploits, and the manner of whose detection, furnish a good exemplification of the difference between the American and English schools of robbery, illustrating the brilliant conception and the want of artistic perfection in details which characterize the former. Within a few weeks the inhabitants of one of the best neighborhoods of the adjacent city of Brooklyn were alarmed by a rapid succession of burglarious robberies. Property of the most costly kinds—jewels, plate, furs, and the like, mysteriously disappeared. The burglar evidently knew not only what houses contained valuable booty, but just where it was kept; but for weeks there was not the slightest clew to the disposition of the property or the personality of the depredator. At length an old fur-dealer, who had retired from the trade, but still kept a kindly interest in his former profession, happened to see, on the counter of a reputable furrier in New York, a costly cape, which he at once recognized as answering to the description of one which he had seen advertised as stolen in Brooklyn. Upon inquiry he was informed that it had been left to be furnished with a new lining. This was suspicious, for its present lining was unexceptionable in color, and as good as new. The proprietor of the establishment was put on his guard, the police notified, and when the person who had left the cape called for it at the appointed time he was taken into custody, and the whole mystery of the Brooklyn robberies was speedily unraveled.

Some three months before a genteel young man of twenty-three was in search of pleasant apartments in the City of Churches. He was rich; money was not the slightest object; he would willingly pay fifty dollars a week for accommodations that suited him. With such liberal views he was of course soon suited, with handsome apartments on the first floor of a fine house in a genteel neighborhood. He proved an admirable

inmate. Punctual as Saturday came the promised fifty dollars was paid. He was always at home in the evening, retired at seasonable hours, and was never absent from the breakfast-table in the morning. His unexceptionable manners—aided, very likely, by his costly jewelry and the liberality with which he offered little presents and other attentions to the lady inmates of the house—soon made him a favorite, and he was introduced into one after another of the "good" houses of the neighborhood. He was a "nice young man" every way. But alas! it was this "nice young man who stole the spoons." Whenever he attended a party or paid a visit, he busied himself in observations upon the valuables in the house and their place of deposit. Returning home, bidding good-night to his friends, he would retire to his "first floor" apartments, and as the "small hours" approached, would disguise himself, slip quietly from the window, enter the house which he had fixed upon, secure his booty, return to his rooms, and make his usual appearance at the breakfast-table. When his apartments were searched, after his arrest, his disguises, tools, and a large amount of property was found. The watch on his person was identified by one, the diamond breast-pin by another, a pair of gold glasses by another, and so on. In all he had robbed about thirty houses, and secured probably \$50,000 in booty, without, as far as appears, having the aid of a single accomplice. His conception, as we have said, was bold, and the general execution masterly; but he failed in minute details. A thoroughly educated English operator, for example, would never have exposed the fur cape to public view so near the place where it was stolen; still less would he have run the risk of carrying upon his own person the jewels, watch, and other articles so easily identified.

But to return to our *Cornhill* authority:

By one of these means, then, the burglars have entered the house; and when they are determined to come in, it is almost impossible to keep them out: and once within, they fall to work rapidly and noiselessly. At one time house-breakers held to the superstition that no sleeper could awake, and no waking man could see them, if they carried their candle in a dead man's hand. There are no such superstitions now, but there are silent matches and India-rubber goloshes—things far more to the robber's purpose. Or he pulls a pair of thick stockings over his boots, and so moves about unheard within, while his confederate, the "crow," keeps watch without. Plate is the house-breaker's dearest hope—money their fondest aim; and as for the former, they usually know exactly where to lay their hands upon it. It would be far safer than it is in most houses if it were not kept always in one place, which a dishonest servant is able to point out years after his existence is forgotten in the household he betrays. The policeman again passes the house where this treasure is being sought, but nothing is discovered to him. Is there not a "crow" outside? and is not that

a wary bird, who faithfully signals the constable's approach, so that his confederate may put out the light and be quite still for a while? Even if a panel has been cut from the door, and the constable, in passing, turns his lantern on the very spot, discovery is by no means certain; for the panel has been replaced by a sheet of grained or painted paper provided for that purpose. The scout's signals are anxiously observed by his comrades. By a cough, a whistle, a stamp of the foot, or by mewing like a cat, perhaps, he is able to inform them instantly, while they are at work in one room, that a light has been struck in another: that the inmates are aroused, in fact, and immediate retreat necessary. Nor do the burglars venture to leave the house, even when the booty is secured, until they are signaled that the way is clear for an escape. As soon as the thieves reach their quarters they change their clothes: that is the first thing to be done. The next is to get rid of their plunder; than which nothing is easier if it be plate. Jewels also are readily disposed of, but not so profitably for the thieves; the receiver has always the best of the bargain, which has to be repeated through many hands after his. A wounded burglar is conveyed at once, if possible, to another town, where he is said to have met with an accident. Unless the wound is serious no doctor is called in; he is confided to the care of the women of his wicked fraternity. When house-breakers are disturbed, and have to abandon their plunder, they say that they have "rung themselves."

A quick succession of dextrous burglaries occasionally astonishes some quiet country town; the operators are almost always professional thieves from a distance. They come provided with ample information, and with plan, of certain houses, perhaps, in their pockets. This knowledge is often obtained from the idle, dissolute fellows who are to be found in every village. In country towns, too, there are local rascals who are in frequent correspondence with city thieves, and who supply them with the knowledge necessary for that which they are too cowardly or too cautious to commit themselves.

Jewelers' shops have great attractions for thieves, and are very provoking to their ingenuity. One clever plan is managed thus: two young women, or a young lady and a young gentleman, enter a jeweler's shop, and ask to see some brooches, rings, and so on. From certain pretty remarks and jocose observations it soon appears that there is a wedding in the wind, and that there stands the bridegroom or the bride herself. The jeweler, though ordinarily cool and cautious, is still human, and the thought of a wedding-order pleases and confuses him. He has eyes for the bride, or the bride's sister, as well as for his wares; but the bride sees only them, and her fingers are busy in the trays. Certain things are bought and paid for; then others are taken up, and handled with such dexterity that of two trinkets examined one remains concealed between the thumb and the palm till an opportunity occurs of dropping it

into a pocket, or between the folds of a parasol hanging half open from the left hand.

But, after all, with caution there is little danger, especially from burglars. These men, who inform themselves so accurately as to what and where they can steal, venture little willingly; and they are careful to learn, among other things, whether you leave your bars and bolts alone to protect your property. No burglar ventures into a house knowingly where there is a wakeful dog and a pair of loaded pistols by the master's hand. He has easier prey for the seeking, and he very much prefers it.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

VII.

THE study was no place for Mr. Home next morning. He looked into it on his way from the house, stood in the doorway gazing round upon its walls and shelves—on table, desk. There was neither book nor paper that could charm him or beguile him of his liberty that morning, nor was there a duty whose claim might hope for hearing.

A half sad curiosity was in his eyes when he gave the room this kind of inspection, as if he had surveyed an old friend under changed circumstances, in the newness of the change.

In that room had passed over him how many renunciative years! but at last, in the fullness of time, renunciation was required of him no more. He should never again enter that study, as he had often entered it, sadness unconfessed lurking under the mask of cheerful philosophy. He could not cross its threshold even this morning. He must go to the river first. Perhaps he should meet Judith there. Indeed, he expected it; for he knew that often in the early morning she was down there. He had sometimes met her in her early stroll, and conversations, which, it seemed to him now, had all one drift and bearing, were begun, continued there. Years ago, from the window of his humble lodging, he had seen her coming up from her uncle's house with her school-books, seeking the shade of the old willows, whose branches dipped to the waters of Grand River. *Had* all this come between them—the noisy factory, the great, fine mansion, Mill Hamilton, infancy, a prison? He would not think of these things. He would sing in solitude no longer the sweet, sad hymn of Werner:

"Where art thou, oh mine own dear land,
Far from whose lovely shores I stand;
The land that knows not woe or gloom,
The land where all my roses bloom?"

He saw the quiet shores stretching softly upward, green and bright, and the roses were all in bloom.

Somewhere he should meet her, and he could not rest till he had ascertained whether all was well with her, as with him, and how she met the morning light of this new day.

But he saw nothing of her while he strolled on up or down the river bank. And so at last he struck into the path that led to the house. It was yet quite early; but before now, at an hour as unseasonable, he had called upon Mrs. Hamilton at Riverside in behalf of some needy parishioner. Why might he not in his own behalf?

Yet as he approached the house it became his impulse to pass quite around it, and probably he would then have gone down the carriage road, and so have left the grounds, had he not seen Judith coming up that road. She was dressed for the street, and evidently had been to Granby, and on foot.

When she saw the minister she seemed greatly disconcerted; for she paused, hesitated, and would fain have prevented the meeting if she might have done so by any device. She, however, continued to advance toward him, and said, when they were met,

"Let us walk toward the river. Have you time this morning?"

"It is my morning," he said, "if I may ever claim one. How could I sermonize this morning, or even speak well to some poor wretch about patience and submission? The queen's wonder why her starving people didn't use bread and cheese would be of a piece with my moralizing."

So they crossed the brow of the hill and descended to the water's edge, for Judith said,

"I want some water-lilies if you can take me up the river. I was obliged to go out this morning, as you see. But I only went a little way—it is so sultry below.....Besides, I slept little."

Dreaming of him, did he think? wakeful for very happiness? He could understand how that might be, and without presumption, by experience!

"It isn't too late to go to town now, is it? It would be quite delightful by the river, and there would be time enough after for the lilies."

"It is quite too late," said Judith. And the word decided the point, it was spoken with such decision. "Another time will do as well. I was going to see Morris—but nothing important. And I want the lilies."

She gave him the key to the boat-house, and, while he was getting the boat ready, stood in the doorway watching the process, so quietly, with such perfect composure, as was strange to see. It may have helped to confuse his movements a little, for he had some difficulty loosening the chain, so that at last she closed the door, stepped into the boat, and took the knot into her own hands. She was more dextrous than he, and when she lifted the oars and rowed out into the river, he said,

"It isn't the first time, Judith, that you've shown me how awkward and clumsy I am. I think sometimes that my *business* in the world is almost a failure."

She answered, speaking from a depth of knowledge which he had not sounded yet; he thought from the abstraction of her manner that her

mind was withdrawn from the place and hour, from him, and he wondered at it, so concentrated his whole being was in this present interest:

"Not as long as there are poor creatures who must be taught what is right, and encouraged to stand for that, though it be to their destruction."

"And how little I can do there!" he answered; "for the soul in each individual case must do its own fighting. The outside encouragement may be of some service, of course; in many instances of the very greatest service. But your true life is not born of another."

"No; but human help we all want. It is our need. Most efficacious, David, if it is given with the authority of a man who has been tried by temptation and has resisted it."

She looked at him with a wistful, anxious, longing look. Could he not understand? must she speak to the last word their doom of separation? "Yet," he said, interpreting her mood in his own way, certain that though some vexation, or merely reminiscence perhaps, had clouded her morning, there was a central light that shone serene and steadfast for her—"Yet I have sometimes become the confidant of experiences which for depth and sadness made mine to seem shallow. Though I have had my struggles. Victories too. When Hamilton told me that you would marry him, I saw nothing left to strive for, nothing in this world that was worth the winning. That was not an experience to be repented or outlived; but I grew stronger. It has made renunciation and submission on behalf of others who came to me in perplexity and disturbance not so easy a matter."

"It must be one of the hardest of trials," said Judith, "if we love the sufferer, and feel our perfect helplessness to serve him. We see then that duty is a terrible master; that the struggle between desire and conscience is as momentous as can be endured."

"What has put you into this grave way this morning, Judith? I did not leave you so last night. Has not this morning begun for you a happy day, as it has for me the happiest? I wanted to say to you before I said it to my mother that I had found my youth."

He waited for her answer. It did not come speedily. A word would break his dream. The emotion that possessed her in those few moments of silence that followed his question was a violent one. It was her impulse to throw herself before him and leave all to his decision, renounce herself so utterly as to have no voice whatever in this decision that must be made; and equally her impulse to fling herself from the boat into the swift current, and cease from struggle and from life in one moment. She did neither. And this was more than the self-control of the serene lady of fashion, whose emotions are never to get the better of her breeding, whose passions are not to be suspected as existing forces in her life. She sat silent, looking, not at him, but, it seemed, on the softly-gliding water. At last she spoke:

"You have not said it to her, then?"

"No, dearest Judith, to you first."

Trouble was in his voice, anxiety in his eyes. In his desire to be released from the suspense of the moment he almost ceased from rowing the little boat till it seemed as if the current might reverse its course and carry it along. Yet he held the oars, and his resistance to the opposing force was hardly voluntary.

"I am glad," said Judith. "You need not disappoint her."

"I shall never disappoint her again," he said. Was he refusing to discover in her words a meaning that might have a present application? "Oh, dear love, can you understand what joy it is for me to think of the happiness her son has yet to bring her?"

"Do not speak of it, David. Do not think of that."

When she had said this Judith made no effort to add another word. Her face grew pale; and that ever a smile should beam from those eyes again seemed impossible, so drearily they looked on him. For they were upon him; once having lifted them to his, she seemed incapable of withdrawing them again.

They were going, were they not, two happy lovers, in search of water-lilies, wherewith to decorate the house? Nothing, it seemed, could have been more remote from the thought of either—the flower had not budded that should breathe its perfume around them that day.

"I can not understand you," said David Home. "What has happened, Judith? You have something to say to me."

"Do not claim your right to hear it," she answered, turning her face suddenly away from him; and it seemed as if in the act even some violence had been done. "Believe any thing. Forget what we said last night. It will not realize itself for you and me in this life. Let it be as a dream."

"As a dream!" he exclaimed, too much astounded even for indignation. "The one hour of my life in which I have really lived, heart, soul, and will! Do you know what you ask? Did Judith ask it?"

"Not as a dream, then, David. Not as a dream. How could it be? As a vision, my friend; as a promise of what shall be. Did I say I loved you?"

"Oh, Judith, never word like that was spoken to me!"

"It doth repent me that I spoke it. Yet—it was truth. I loved you—with a deathless love. Why do I say it? That you may help me, not hinder me. Oh, help me! You say you have been called upon to sustain poor human nature in a fight where your great pain was that you might not aid in the struggle. You may aid here. You must, indeed, take your part in it. You were to be my portion, my strength, in this life. Be that, I charge you! We promised each other—it was our dearest hope. But the time has come to prove it. So soon!"

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"If Mill Hamilton had, in some inexplicable way, returned to you a living man, I might hope to understand you; but—"

"He has!" said Judith, and she hid her face in her hands, and bowed her head.

For a long time dead silence ruled there. David Home took up the oars, and rowed on swiftly. They glided past islands of water-lilies; green leaves and dainty bloom were swept by the boat's keel, unheeded. Let the bees have their sweets. At last, said the minister:

"That is a dream, Judith—a diabolical imagination. Such a thing could never happen. It could not be—permitted."

She answered:

"He came to me last night. His escape was effected at the time of the reported death. That was the true reason why they would not let us have the body for burial, and not the danger of contagion. He has been living in secrecy."

"Escaped!"

"Yes."

"Then you know his guilt."

"He could not endure the prison, nor—he said so—to live without me, David."

"What! not choose between five years and a lifetime dragged out in fear and secrecy! Mill Hamilton is guilty."

"David, be just; be merciful at least."

"I have sufficient evidence, Judith, of his guilt apart from this. But you shall bear me witness that I let you lament for an innocent man. He can not live without you! Doesn't he know that the marriage bond is broken between you? He has been convicted of a crime that was punished by imprisonment. He has no legal claim upon you: has he any other?"

"He loves me."

"Loves you! Can you believe it? Do you love him, Judith?"

"That is not the question," she answered; and she spoke coldly, as if she were not taking part against herself, it was now so evident that David Home would not sustain her in this struggle, but would make it yet more desperate by taking part against her soul's conviction. "The covenant said, For better, for worse; and can I ever forget what he was, and was to me?"

"You did not love him."

"I was grateful to him, and I can not forget. If there was any reason for gratitude—"

"Gratitude! gratitude! You are merely inviting ruin for the future; and do you think that a past recollection can meet it successfully? I am the one to decide your destiny, Judith—not Mill Hamilton. You must listen to me."

She did hearken: would she be persuaded? He had so evidently forgotten all things in his blind, desperate struggle, clinging to the one joy of his life, as that, at all hazards, he would keep.

"If the worst is in it," she said, "it does not set me free. If even love has perished—and it has. Dare you listen to that? I have given you my love, and it isn't that I gave to him, though it absorbs that. Remind me of nothing."

I trust you. Why? You are David Home. I am Judith Hamilton. Help me to sustain my heart, to honor my conscience. Turn me not off wholly upon God. Let me feel that a strong human hand supports me. Stand by me, David! What I promised last night I can never forget. It remains true always. I will keep it. Oh! you have said too often that our life is a battle. You were not speaking to poor human nature, demanding of it what you could not yourself give!"

"Yes," he said, "it seems so, Judith."

"No: you preach of One who gave himself for the unthankful. I may bring *him* back to what he was. You do not know—you can not imagine—how changed he is. It's a fearful change. If it is not given me to bring him back, his salvation will never come."

"I would rather bury you."

"That is an easy thing to say. It would be but getting rid of a trouble. Speak words that befit you better."

"You will take this upon yourself to hide his life from the living. Hedge him about with suspicious care. Make yourself a spy on all the world. You think you can do it. You might, if you loved him. You can not otherwise."

"I know," she said, "with men it is impossible."

"One such flower to bloom in a hundred years, and only for a night!" He seemed speaking to himself, as one might muse over glory utterly destroyed.

She took up the thought in a stronger tone:

"Forever!" she said, with a clear conviction of eternity. "So I believed. I shall never hear a voice like yours, nor find my home again. It is all over for me too. Only a harder way to go, and heavier work to do. Yet, could I rest in heaven, and think of ruin I might *perhaps* have hindered? I can not save him, but I may prevent a worse fall. You, who have said so often that we must follow the best light we have, and follow the light we see clearest—"

"Don't remind me of any thing that I have ever said. I have not known any thing. I've been prating all my life, and only lived since last night's sunset. I see only one thing—ruin without remedy, and no justice in it."

"Justice! I had not thought of justice. If duty is clear to me, don't insist that I shall see it in all its bearings. I see nothing but that we shall suffer as we love, according to the depth; and mine for you is deep as life is. And I dare to say it because it should be said."

"I ask nothing more," he answered; and that was all he said. Changing the boat's course, he now rowed rapidly down the river. They went in silence. But when he had brought the boat again to the point from which they set out, he said, looking upon her, with eyes full of the tenderness that has dared to deepen to love,

"I shall leave you here, but I can not go home yet."

Judith had intended to tell the minister her purpose in regard to the factory and Riverside. But, after all, she had not spoken. She had found it impossible, just as in the morning, when she set out for the interview with Morris, purposing to authorize the sales. Fear, in both instances, withheld her. Morris would listen with amazement to the acknowledgment of such design; possibly suspicions would be roused in respect to Mr. Hamilton—knowledge of his existence made such suspicions seem possible to her; and in the dishonor of them she must share. When Mr. Home had left her landed by the boat-house, and rowed on down the river, she stood looking after him silently, thankful that she stood alone, and that all was said; for thankfulness does not necessarily involve or even suppose joy.

She went back to the house. Breakfast had been waiting long. The child in the piazza came toddling toward the steps from the nurse's arms, laughing and shouting in true child-delight. How should she in an instant show him a smiling face? Yet it was done, and she took him up in her arms and carried him into the house. He nestled in her bosom, for she had clasped him in a close embrace; and he was satisfied, with his little face so closely pressed against his mother's cheek.

VIII.

A little after breakfast came Mrs. Home. One of the parishioners had been to see her son, and was apparently so anxiously desirous of the minister's advice, that, on his second coming, she set out in search of him.

Mrs. Hamilton could tell her nothing more than that Mr. Home had taken the boat and gone down the river.

"He said he meant to have a holiday," said the mother, looking at Judith, as if she had a suspicion that in some way Mrs. Hamilton might be concerned in it. "Did he tell you when he might be coming back? I expect not," she added, as if conscious that her words might betray her secret hope in her son's behalf.

"He thought that he might not be back till night."

"Oh, then it's down the river he's gone," said the old lady, evidently disappointed. "To spend his holiday down there! Well, I can't help it. But I do wish that David wouldn't always go off by himself so, when he thinks to take a little pleasure."

The smile that had been summoned to reassure her child now gladdened the eye of David's mother. You might safely have charged her with ambition there and then—for to look on Judith Hamilton one might almost have forgotten that Nature is a democrat.

"Wouldn't you think he must be tired of people?" Judith said. "He has so much to do with them. And they don't seem to think how necessary it is that he should ever see the bright side of their fortunes. They are so careless and selfish—they let him ease their pains, but

they do not remember him as they should do in their pleasures."

As rain to the thirsty earth was Judith's kind consideration to the mother of David Home. Her face brightened; that bent and wrinkled being was bathed in deep content.

"You can't say a thing like that to him. He won't hear to 't. But I say to myself 'twon't be so always. His day must come. He'll be like what he was once. He'll begin to grow young. And I thought this morn maybe the time was near. Well, well—this isn't setting the poor man's heart to rest. I must go back."

"Let me send James for you, Mrs. Home. He can do the errand. Rest here a while. I can make you comfortable; then you will not be disturbed all day by visitors. Let James tell Janet that you'll not be home till afternoon, and to say to every body that Mr. Home has gone down the river."

Judith was so urgent, and the old lady so well inclined, that she allowed herself to be persuaded.

So she sat on the sofa in the cool and shadowy piazza, and read the newspapers which Judith herself brought for her; and the little one played in the sight of age; and age fell into a dream which Mrs. Hamilton, coming by-and-by with her work to sit beside her, did not break.

When the child was taken away to his morning nap, she said:

"As often as I see that baby I'm downright envious. It isn't wicked, is it? I know my son 'd be so happy with *his* children playing round him. It's astonishing to me."

"If he could marry the right woman," said Judith, glad of any talk that would relieve her of herself, and prevent the possibility of any planning for at least this day.

"Of course," said Mrs. Home; "of course the right woman."

"Can you take it for granted that he would do that? I know he is a wise man, but wise men have been known to do not the wisest things. Then both of your lives would be spoiled! How you would repent that you were not satisfied with such peaceful days as you have now!"

"It isn't for myself I think of change and wish for it," said Mrs. Home. "But I shall be gone by-and-by, and I want to see him happy first."

"But in all Granby you couldn't find one good enough for the minister. And people are much alike elsewhere. Only if he married a stranger—some little lady you knew nothing about—you might be satisfied; but that would be because you were ignorant of what she really was. It is all hazardous and fearful. Do not persuade your son. Don't speak of it to him."

"Oh, as to that, he needn't be beholden to strangers for a wife," said Mrs. Home, folding up the newspaper she had been reading, very carefully, after the original creases. "He is a good son—David is. He'd make a good husband. And he has learning that's better than riches. I suppose if he had the mind for 't, he

might have a better church than this—a better place altogether. And the right kind o' wife would stir him up to it."

"Oh, Mrs. Home, how you would spoil him! You want he should be ambitious too. Dear, dear, what a pity!"

"I want him to be happy," said the old lady, with such significance that the words seemed to convey reproach.

"And I want him to be happy," said Judith, caring not what meaning her words might convey to another, so real and so urgent at that moment was the want expressed.

"Then make him so," was the instant response; "for you can, Mrs. Hamilton, and I don't know the living creature save and except yourself."

"Don't say that—don't think it!" exclaimed Judith. Then she checked herself. Perhaps, in the fullness of her own knowledge, she had mistaken the mother's meaning. "Is there any one in Granby—any young lady you would like to have me intercede with?"

"No; you understand me." And Mrs. Home thought that she also understood. It was beyond her expectation to see Judith so much disturbed. She had only feared to speak because she dreaded to be met with a real or a perfectly assumed ignorance as to what her meaning could be. But no sooner had she touched upon this ground than she saw that it had been touched and trodden before, and she looked at Judith through her mild surprise with a very manifest pleasure.

"There's one, and but one in the world, he'd give his heart to, as a man should to the woman he marries. I'm speaking to her, Mrs. Hamilton. It isn't his fault."

"Is it mine?" asked Judith, quickly, as if some new discovery were at hand. If blame was any where—if she could but take it upon herself, and say, "My foolishness has brought this calamity," the trouble would be easier to bear. To have been convicted of any wrong-doing, of any foolishness at this moment, would have given her strength to rise above the temptation that beset her.

"No, no," said the old lady, kindly, "I can't say that. You have been his good friend and mine. I've often said that no one could be discreeter. And it was curious people couldn't see that you must have no intimates, but stand alone and feel alone. But there's one always stood with you, and suffered for you, and served you, never tiring. I mean David. There's no use hiding of it."

"I know it, mother; and if you had a daughter she could never love you better than I love the mother of David Home. But if you knew that what I am now I must always continue, or else pay a dreadful penalty to my conscience, would you not say to me, 'Go your way; keep as you are, no matter how you loved even the voice that asked you for love?' Would you not? You know what is in a woman's heart, for you are his mother. Are there no duties and obligations with which the desire of happiness *must*

not interfere? Would you not choose to have me die sinless—yes, die to all of you, and leave David a solitary man, rather than tempt him by permitting my love for him to overrule my sense of right? Come; speak to me as if God heard you."

With such passion this appeal was made that Mrs. Home, thoroughly astonished, and not less alarmed, feeling her incompetence to deal with any such difficulty as was acknowledged here, shrunk away even bodily from Judith. A love was sounding in her ear of which her heart had no knowledge; and summoned with this manner of solemnity to speak, as in God's presence, she could only falter:

"I don't understand you. If I could, I think that I'd say yes." Then, with increasing decision, as if time and occasion were swallowed up by the very principle they had presented: "There's no good ever come, *that* I know, from wrong-doing. But if my son—if you're thinking of him so, what could hinder you? For he has loved you so long—before ever I came to Granby—when you were a school-girl and he worked in the factory. He's never lost sight of you since. He's always been thinking of you, though I say it that shouldn't, and it's no wrong to them *that's* dead and gone. And for your sake he never could marry another woman, though he might have had his pick. Oh yes; I can't tell you how many I've seen with my own eyes. But that's neither here nor there." And thus she suddenly checked herself.

"You speak for him," said Judith; "then you trust me. I know you trust me. I am very thankful. Then you will not make the mistake to think that I can not value rightly what you tell me. But we must not talk of these things any more. People in Granby shall never have the right to blame their minister or question his prudence. We must say no more about it. I must think no more."

Mrs. Home listened with most painful gravity. She put up her knitting-work. It hindered her thinking. She suspected it had prevented her speech. She looked altogether so sadly disappointed, gave so many touching evidences in her old and battered person that the "summer of her life" had also been but "brief," as David said of his, that Judith was constrained to throw her arms around the old lady's neck; and thus embracing her, she said:

"Don't take away *your* love from me!"

"It's little I can do for such as you are, but I love you, if you'll have it. I always loved you since I stopped being afraid because you was what the folks called a great lady."

"Oh, mother, there's nothing more I have to cling to now! I have given up what makes every thing else seem worthless. Do not blame me. Only do not blame me. You can not understand it. God, it seems, requires it of me. Does he ask of us any thing we have not power to give?"

"Nothing, my child."

"Oh, are you sure! For it seems to me that

many *die* of grief, and many because they *can not* do the work required of them. If I pray to Him, are you sure that he will give me the strength? Must He not?"

"I know," said the bewildered, terrified old mother of David Home, "there are some who have the strength to do great things that are not required of them, and some that smile under what's put upon them without their seeking. I don't understand it, but it's all right, I know. It must be right. And the weakest, I think, might get through their trouble if they'd believe more."

"But there isn't any way of finding out our duty except by listening to what our conscience says. Is it so, dear mother?"

Like a child she questioned, and with the hope of the humblest child she waited for the answer.

"I don't know another," said Mrs. Home; yet she spoke with hesitation, as if to confess the truth of this point were to give up all her confidence in David's cause. When she had spoken thus Judith rose and went away.

But she staid not long. When she came back she had gained her usual serenity, but her whole bearing was changed. Those who were quick at finding pride and pretense first in the wife of the prosperous Hamilton, and then in the woman who was capable of setting public feeling at defiance, would not have found it within the power even of their stolid hearts to accuse her of pride or pretense now.

"You have not had your nap yet, mother," she said. "Come and lie down in the library. The sight of so many dull books will send you to sleep, I am sure. I have to go down to the tenant's house. Robert's wife is very ill."

"Then let me go with you." Mrs. Home had been longing for Judith's return—she had thought of so many things to say, such irresistible facts, such powerful arguments.

But Judith would not listen to it. "No," she said, "you are too tired now. Besides, I am in doubt as to what this sickness is—there is no need of your exposure to it. I have sent to town for a nurse, but I must go myself to visit her. Come, let me see you stowed away nicely before I go."

IX.

It might have been an hour afterward that Mrs. Home was again on the piazza, when her son came to the house. He seemed greatly surprised to find her there, and his "Why, mother, are you here?" and the question, "Where is Mrs. Hamilton?" expressed to her that he had come on urgent business that must not be delayed.

When she told him the direction in which Mrs. Hamilton had gone, and her errand, he set out at once for the tenant house.

He met Judith coming alone from Robert's cottage. He spoke at once:

"I have seen Hamilton to-day: will you walk across the lawn with me, Judith?"

For an instant she was evidently and even violently alarmed. That her husband should be seen of any except herself she had not anticipated. He would certainly take precautions in the neighborhood of Granby to remain undiscovered. How had it happened that an interview between these men, of all men, had taken place!

"I can ask no questions," said she; "if you have any thing to tell me, Mr. Home, say on."

That was his evident purpose. He had come to speak. His heart was full. He would hold back nothing. He was playing no game, he was fighting a desperate battle, not only with an adversary, but with himself; and to her he had come not for encouragement in the struggle, but to claim her service.

"I was going down to Granby, I don't know what for. I could not go home. I am not so strong after all, Judith, that I can hide myself altogether from the suspicions of those who love me as my mother does. At least she would not let me rest unless I put her off, and I had no heart for any resistance. It seemed as if the town were in pursuit of me when I got there. I couldn't stay. So I took the boat and went down to the ferry and crossed to Milford. I was going from there to Davidson when I met Hamilton. He was on foot. I should have known him in the dark. He recognized me too, and we talked. He is very bitter. He will never forgive men for convicting him. Yet I do not think he is revengeful. He only purposes to take you away with him, and that must never be, unless you go from sovereign choice—a desire uninfluenced by any fear whatever. The bond between you two is broken; there isn't the merest thread of it left. Such as it was, it can never be formed again."

"You do not speak as I should have the confidence to expect of you, David. You forget every thing. I can not forget. You take him as he stands steeped in misfortunes, very bitter I have no doubt. But that is not his natural disposition. There was never man more kind than he."

"It may be while he was prosperous. But he is savage now—insane, I think. What should you expect—an escaped convict!—I will not trust you with him. Your conscience is no judge at all in this matter. He has lost the rights to appeal to it. Ask my mother why she sent Sandy to her brother in the country—if the story he told her had gone abroad it would only have deepened the evidence of Hamilton's guilt."

"And you knew it!"

"My mother knew it from the first. She did not tell me until after I presented the useless petition. He has no right whatever to make any claim on you. He has forfeited all right. It would not only be to your misery, but to your ruin, that you listened to his claim. I told him so."

"You told Mill Hamilton so!"

"Yes—and he will not dare to persecute you

—for the law is hanging over him—his life is not safe—he will fear discovery."

"He will not fear it, he will dare it, if you tempt him far, or if he should suspect—"

"No, Judith, I am not afraid of his suspicions. If he has failed to do you honor, by the strength and the purity of my love I will take away all reproach that could cling to his wife."

"He is not sane, you think," asked Judith, whose mind was steadfastly pursuing one thought; and the calmness of her manner by degrees seemed to communicate itself to the minister; he too became more composed. He hesitated before answering this question.

"He is not the Hamilton we once knew—certainly. I think that the state of mind in which he now is by no means sane. Morally, he is insane. I should certainly not trust him."

"And to what end, David, do you think he is approaching?"

"I can not see."

"Or do you see more than you will acknowledge? Is it to destruction, David? Must he live like a wild beast, skulking in the dark, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him?"

"He is a ruined man, Judith." That seemed to be the sum of the minister's reflections on the future of Mill Hamilton. He was as fixed in that view as in his purpose that there should be no renewal of promise, or acknowledgment of obligation, between these two who had once been man and wife.

"Did he"—asked Judith, who, knowing that such was the purpose of David Home, yet would have from his lips his conception of Hamilton's purposes, that, in his speaking, her own heart might intelligibly present itself before the tribunal that had convened among spiritual powers of whom she was cognizant, with all solemnity—"Did he tell you, David, what his plans were? Did he deem you his friend so far as that?"

"He said that he had left directions with you, and that you would see they were all carried out. About disposing of the factory and the house."

"He did!"

Again, after a moment's pause, she spoke, with a resolution that was more sharply self-condemning than Hamilton's bitterest accusation could have been.

"In your need and in mine he befriended us. If I never loved him as I loved you, I regarded him with an honest, honorable trust. I was to him what he could perfectly rely on. The last year has given you to me, and me to you. But I acknowledge this pre-existing claim. You say the law abolishes it. What is that to me? There is another law more stringent whose demand I recognize. It is God's law. If he looks to me as to his only friend for this life dare I disappoint him? His condition shows me that I must not dare. If it has no allurements for me, if I renounce myself to the uttermost in this, let me ask you again what have you been teaching ever since you went into a

pulpit? I asked you to succor me, but you tempt me! Oh, it would ease half my burden, and take away the sharpest sting of pain, to know that you stood by me, resolutely bent on my doing my duty!"

Hoarse and rudely shaken was the voice that answered her; the voice so clear and flute-like, valiant in sound as a trumpet, when he stood on the walls of Zion and challenged the besiegers!

"If it were duty, Judith, well. But duty it is not. I say duty it is not! He has gone in his own way; with his eyes open he has chosen the path. What right has he to make a hell of your life? What *right* have you to give to your boy such a father? How *dare* you consign that beautiful sunny-hearted child to the gloom of such a youth as threatens him? Better for him that he died! Have a care how you confound duty. Be just, Judith. Shall not the claims of three equal the demand of one?"

"Far, far better that he died, if I might not leave him here with you and your mother, David. And that I could not do. But I will give my boy a better portion than you think. And some day, if God spares him, he shall come to you. Will you take him then?"

"I'll never let him go."

Her eyes brightened as she heard him say this; gradually, though, the brightness passed from them, though they continued resting on him: a strange hope, it seemed unlikely she would trust, and yet a hope, softened the eyes, softened the voice.

"Do you bid me cease to think and reason for myself? Oh, David, can I give all this into your hands, and forget all except that I have you? Can one life be so involved in another as to lose all individual responsibility?"

"Trust me!" he said. "I dare bid you trust me. It is not that I am so hungry for love; it is not that alone; but I can not patiently, I never could, stand by and see a monstrous wrong committed."

"Is forgiveness then so shallow a thing," she asked, "that it shrinks away into nothing the instant it requires much of us? Think for me, David, if you dare think. For there is more than action necessary here. Forever! it is long to think of. It is only pain that is transient. Happiness—"

"Happiness! I have known for a moment what the word means, Judith. What do you ask of me?—permission to exclude it from you till you shall look into human faces no more, and need no more of human hearts?"

"You and I have work to do. You have your mother and I have my child," said Judith. She had now removed her gaze from him; she had returned into the solemn council chamber, where was other testimony, where other witnesses were gathered. "I married him in ignorance, not *against* any feeling of my own. For I had not ever loved, and if I did not love him, at least I knew it not. Had I known it all would now be changed. I would not dare to speak as I have to you. I would silently pay

the penalty. I could go with you then wherever you led. One wrong should not prevent another. But now I must remember how one left the ninety-and-nine that went not astray, and sought the one that was lost. Yourself would teach me that but for the terrible surprise."

"It is true," he said, "I have lost something of the enthusiasm of youth. I have none of the heroism that takes real pleasure in sinking self in renunciation. I have been *constrained* to do it so long that I can not rise to the virtue of the voluntary act a moment when the necessity seemed removed. Judith, I have fallen so low as even to count the stones that bruise my feet. How base must my position seem, if you can not see that at this moment it is the thought of the life that awaits you from which I shrink in horror and fear—which I shall not allow."

He ceased to speak, and she was dumb. That silence made him hope.

"He is coming here to-night again," he said. And he saw that Judith's face changed; that, strive as she might, she could not conceal her despair. Was it despair? The symptoms were those of fear. He had never for an instant abandoned his ground, and he now spoke as if, in spite of all that had been said, the argument might this moment be concluded.

"Before he comes let his claim on you be decided. If your resolution were but equal to your life's salvation nothing could come between us! George Ridout is at my house. He came down with me from Milford. Let him marry us, and your child shall have a father who will love and protect him so long as God gives him life and power. Hamilton may do what he will with the property. Every requisition he makes in regard to it shall be met. He has earned his fortune. The sale of the factory and of this place will not then arouse suspicion. The minister of Granby is not a trader; and what more reasonable than that, when you married him, you should choose anew in reference also to your son. Your boy shall never want. I myself will educate him. I said I would be a father to him. Judith, I will decide for you here! You asked if I were able. I am able; as I would be if a Hindoo woman appealed to me when the pyre was lighted that should consume her dead husband."

While he spoke thoughts had been flying through the brain of Judith, to and fro, swift as a weaver's shuttle.

"He is coming to-night.—Go, then. Bring George Ridout."

Her words, and the voice that spoke, the look that enforced them, were all so decisive, so urgent, that one less determined than the minister as to what he should do would have been compelled by them.

When he had left her, Judith sat down to wait his return in the summer-house they had approached, but had not entered yet.

But she did not stay there long. She was in a state that made silent deliberation impossible. Mr. Home had hardly gone when she repented

having sent him. She did not at this moment clearly understand why she had allowed him to go for his friend. It seemed to her that she had spoken on some other authority, by aid of some other intelligence than her own. She was whirling in the maelstrom of passion, and darkness was above and around her. Not only did the excited state into which she was physically thrown prevent her silent reflection in this summer-house, but as helpless seemed the vexed spirit that shrunk from the part her conscience assigned to her. "This is your work, do it; this is the way, walk in it." Against the peremptoriness of this injunction she rebelled, now that the voice she loved was not here urging what she felt bound to resist.

She thought of her child—and this thought it was that brought her from the summer-house; but she did certainly not purpose to find him, though she took the path that would lead her through the garden and across the lawn up to the house.

The moments flew. It startled her when, approaching the piazza, she saw George Ridout and David Home going down a winding walk, which they presently left to strike across the green-sward, shortening thus their way—as if it were too long.

They did not see her, but kept steadily on toward the summer-house, and for a moment she stood still—transfixed, it seemed, by the agony of a doubt that could have of her alone its fit solution.

Looking toward the house again she saw, not her boy, but David's mother, dozing over the newspapers in the warm, quiet afternoon. A thought flashed through her mind. She did not wait to reconsider it, but ran to the house in haste, laid her hand on the old lady's shoulder, and whispered in her ear,

"Come, mother—come! I need you."

"What's that?" exclaimed she; and the minister's mother started up, frightened and trembling, for Mrs. Hamilton was obviously not in a playful mood.

"I need you—come and help me!" exclaimed Judith; and taking her arm she hurried Mrs. Home down the piazza steps, and, by a short cut, to the place where David already stood, waiting and wondering at Judith's disappearance. When he saw her coming at length with his mother, he was confounded. What need of such a witness? Why trouble her mind, or raise a question that might plague her with doubts for the remainder of her days? That Judith herself should have suffered from doubt and hesitation did not surprise him; but he was confident that one decisive act on her part would establish her convictions. Their marriage once made a fact, legal as well as spiritual, conscience would immediately pronounce an absolution; all these mists would be absorbed, and the splendor of the shining sun should no more be dimmed. But the vision of his mother was narrow; her notions of duty were childish; her conscience made her a slave, in some respects, where she

might have been nobly free. If Judith had brought her here as a counselor, or arbitrator, Judith was strangely at fault. And so any one must have perceived who beheld the old lady in her present attitude and aspect. On her own ground Mrs. Home felt comfort and assurance, but an inch removed from it she was in distress and perplexity, lost, and unavailing. So her son deemed, though he kept the conviction at a distance; and no one ever could have suspected his apprehension of certain very obvious facts that, in more shallow-hearted sons, would have had a demonstration cutting them clearly from the consideration of the fifth commandment.

Mr. Home had not, for his part, confided all the facts of this business to his brother minister; and now, instead of speaking when Judith came, he remained silent and in doubt. His friend seemed removed an immeasurable distance from him; his mother was looking to him with questioning anxiety; Judith stood face to face with him, and he seemed to see her alone.

He tried to read her thought when she was yet approaching to the spot where he waited for her, but he seemed incapable. His own emotions hindered. He only saw her—the presence he worshiped—Judith Hamilton, the woman of his dreams these many years; the unapproachable so long—his at last! The words of her love were in his heart, a possession forever; and vows were on her tongue which in a moment should have utterance. He had no misgivings now. He could excuse the trouble he saw in her eyes when they met his. That she had consented to accept for her conscience a law suggested of his own—that she had made her spiritual life to be thus identified with his—satisfied him. At this moment he could ask no more!

He was first to speak.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to make you happy at last. You shall have a daughter to-day whom I can not instruct you how to love, for long ago you found out the excellent way. I thank you, Judith, for bringing her to witness this ceremony."

She stood and heard, looking on him; motionless she stood, and her face had a strange calmness one rarely sees in the face of a bride who has not yet spoken her vows. She slowly moved her head thus standing, and thus looking on him; an arrow piercing his heart could not have startled him more, for he saw in it the most absolute, the most profound resistance to his will and to her own—the most utter renunciation.

Easier would it have been to see that life before him drop into sudden and irrevocable ruin than to hear the words she spoke.

"David"—as she uttered that name George Ridout came nearer; and the poor old mother drew herself up, yet somewhat bewildered, and yet faintly smiling, such a smile as might grow brighter; it seemed as if, when Judith said "David," she might have answered, "Yes! my son, that is!"

"David"—her voice shook, and she paused that she might summon strength, for she would

speaking now with the firmness that alone could befit her character and place. The effort was well made—triumphantly; though a keen ear might have detected in it the valor of desperation. "When it becomes impossible for two persons to see their way clearly, it is best they should look for help to those who love them. If we were younger, and erred, we might plead youth, inexperience, passion. But now we are helpless, and we know it. If I can not trust my own sense of sight to-day—neither my own nor yours—your mother can not mislead us, your friend will not."

Alarmed and impatient, the minister answered quickly, addressing his friend:

"Ridout, I brought you here to marry us. And I said I'd explain why the ceremony must be performed in this hurried fashion some other time. Last night this lady and myself understood and trusted each other as we seem not to do now. We promised ourselves to each other in marriage then. But last night Mill Hamilton returned to his house, and he claims his wife."

Mr. Home did not pause even for his mother's amazed outbreak, nor for the sudden gesture of his friend—that was, however, unaccompanied by any word.

"It has often enough been said and repeated that she is free of him—that she was free of him before his death was published. The law made her free. Has she any right to outlaw herself for his sake, merely because once she was married to him? Why should *she* acknowledge a claim he long since destroyed? for it is ascertained that there is no question of his perpetration of the crime he was accused of. There is but one thing that would sustain his claim—Love. That has perished. I love Judith Hamilton. She has said..... Oh, Judith!..... I would protect her and her child. She does not see clearly what is right. I would teach her; but she will not trust me. The old obligation is what she acknowledges—for better, for worse." The minister ceased abruptly, yet not as if out of his own mouth condemned. He had presented the strong points of his argument, and could say no more.

"Speak, mother!" said Judith, in a suppressed voice, that told the difficulty of that mere utterance. But let a woman counsel her; let one who had known, in whatever measure, a woman's trials, joys, temptations, rights, speak—lead her. For how should she lead herself?

"What brought me here?" exclaimed the distressed old mother. "Oh David! David! man of God, I ne'er feared for you!"

The words startled that little group. To Judith it was obvious that, against herself, she had a woman on her side.

David also obviously gave the words this interpretation, for he said, instantly,

"Fear not now, mother. I will do the thing that is right. I will defend the fatherless and the widow. God will teach me how to do it."

"Speak!" said Judith, turning to George Ridout.

He came forward as if to a conference whose eternal issues were clearly set before him. David Home's heart misgave him as he looked at his friend; for here was not the mere personal ally who would shield him from a threatened blow; here was one who could drop his prerogatives of friendship to assume higher, nobler. His countenance was almost stern of aspect, and his audience was larger than this apparent one of three struggling souls.

"Brother," said he, approaching David Home, and laying his hand on his shoulder, "there's one word, the sublimest and most terrible of all those great words whose meaning we must learn—not from the dictionary—self-abnegation. Let this woman, who must answer for her own soul, speak to you for herself. You can not so instruct her as to take away her right, her responsibility, nay, her subjection, to the conscience that speaks louder than our voices. She is, as you say, legally free of the man who was her husband; and her heart is yours. But it is for not one of us to decide what she shall do. You have yourself reported to me the admirable wisdom and judgment with which she has conducted her life, and her son's life, and her estate for these two years. To her God alone, I must remind you, she stands now responsible. I can only counsel her—because I love you, and because I respect her—follow your *heart's* bidding."

In the solemn and awful hush that fell over them Judith Hamilton gave her hand to David Home. For one instant even now he dared hope that the heart should be victorious; had not Ridout even made the last appeal to *it*? But looking into Judith's eyes he could deceive himself no more.

"It is enough," she said. "I am glad for this, at least—that God has let us speak. It will not be a harder life to me that I have the knowledge of your love. Of mine I can speak no more. For I have spoken, David. Mother, I have spoken to him. Do not let it die—the flower that opened so fair! It might blossom all the year round; and it would not make other work the harder than this, the hardest, is done. Done by God's help, or it could never be!—He is coming here to-night, you say. I will go with him. He has never doubted me: he doubts every thing else now but me. Something he must have. It was for better, for worse; till death us do part—till death *us* do part!"

Life, at the longest, is brief—we are in the habit of saying.

We sum up the moments that go to make the years, and stand appalled to think of what must be lived through if the years are joyless. Ten years are not many, but in less time a ruin may be wrought; or in them the soul may grow in strength and grace and in wisdom to enter a kingdom of heaven all whose events, all whose revelations, shall correspond to the inward fitness.

When the cholera came into the heart of New England Judith Hamilton said to her husband,

"Let Judah go to Granby. Whatever happens to us, we must keep him for this world." And that day the lad set out alone for the town on Grand River, where David Home still lived and preached the Gospel.

Before the end of the week Mr. Home went down to the great city, where a thousand crimes might hide themselves a lifetime from detection. He had no fear of cholera, or it was a fear now mastered. For the first time in ten years he had obtained knowledge of Judith's home. He had talked with Judith's son, and the day after the lad's arrival at his house he left him there in his mother's charge, in sight of Riverside.

It was his conviction that there was urgent reason for this journey: that more than the ten solitary, workful years were drawing to a close. The inquiries he had made had left on his mind an impression young Judah was innocent of attempting to convey, and nothing could loosen its hold—nothing abate its force.

He readily found the house that he was seeking—a cottage in the suburbs of the town, isolated, remote, with no recommendation of site, no charm of prospect or neighborhood, to point it out or to commend it. Judith's home.

A frame cottage, painted white, across whose front a veranda ran whose latticed walls were covered with vines, in whose narrow yard were a few ornamental shrubs, and tiny beds of flowers in the grass, showed that refinement and taste lived in the house—the house where Judith lived.

It was such a home as Mill Hamilton in his early dreaming moods might have desired. The aspirations of David Home would never have passed beyond it. Yet as he walked up the street, and surveyed the green inclosure, looked at the shrubs and flowers as *her* friends, *her* witnesses, about which she had planned, whose growth she had regarded, he found himself wondering whether the great Mill Hamilton had actually found content as well as retirement in this humble retreat.

He ascended the flight of steps leading to the veranda and approached the open door, and as he did so a voice, raised high in fear or pain, said, "Judith! Judith!"

The name drew him in "as a call," till he stood at the end of the passage, before the open door of an apartment where on a bed lay—no! it was *not* Judith! The voice that cried was not to one departing—and that had been David Home's instant suspicion as, breathless, he hurried on till he came and beheld.

It was Mill Hamilton, who lay, that summer evening when Death's messages were many, doubting whether his own time had come.

So absorbed was Judith in the efforts she was making to soothe him in his agony, that though she saw the minister enter, she saw it as the arrival of a friend whose presence—not as a mere spirit—was familiar in that room. At the first glance, indeed, she supposed it was the physician, for whom she had sent two hours ago, and whose coming she had waited for, mo-

ment by moment, with most intense anxiety. But a second glance was sufficient; and she said,

"Did Judah find you?"

"Yes."

"Then sit here, in my place, for I must leave it. I must find a doctor. I have expected one every instant, so long! He is falling into the stupor."

As she spoke Mill Hamilton opened wide his eyes. He saw Judith leaving his bedside, and he fancied for an instant—incredible though he might pronounce the fancy, and instantly though he must reject it—that she was going to desert him.

"There!" he said. "You're afraid of the cholera too. So am I, for your sake. I wish you had gone with Judah. It is wicked to keep you here!"

She was back by his side in an instant, and bending over him, said,

"I was going for something that would help you, Mill; it was only a minute I'd be gone, and our friend here would sit with you."

But before he could speak in answer the doctor came.

He did not stay five minutes. Going directly to the bed—he had been sent for, this house answered to the number, that was all he knew—he looked at the patient, and turning to the wife, said,

"It was too late at noon. Yet, in the morning, if we deem advisable then, he must be taken to the hospital. He will get the right treatment there."

Mill Hamilton heard these words: he looked at the doctor and laughed.

"I understand you," he said.

"I'm a dead man myself," replied the doctor. "We may happen to meet at the hospital though. You've got pluck enough, and if *I* die it will be standing."

"Lie down," said Judith, in quick sympathy with the spirit that could speak thus. "You will find a bed up stairs. I will send for any one you say. You do look very ill. Indeed you must remain."

"No, no," answered the doctor; he was a young man, and a month ago studied this pestilence with ambitious vigor, and in imagination saw himself the healer of the town—the stayer of the scourge; and though that expectation, hope, ambition had dropped out of sight, and was as if it had never been, he was still bent on the work; and where there was a hope of saving life he served the sick with untiring zeal.

When he was gone Judith sat down by Hamilton's bed. She held his hand—something in life to lean on he should have—as long as his life lasted. He grasped her hand when he felt her touch as if in it lay his salvation.

"Where's the boy?" he asked, rousing from the strange state of drowsiness into which he was constantly falling.

"He will come back by-and-by," said Judith.

"Don't let him stay too long."

"No, father, it will not be a great while. We could not spare him long."

David Home stood at a distance and surveyed his old friend—saw what ten years had done toward whitening his gray hair. How old he looked! and yet this was not irascible, vindictive, or defiant old age. Had the years brought him repentance? was it possible for him to speak out on his death-bed in blessing or in praise? Had he any thing to say to her who had given her life for his life, honoring love even to death—surrendering common happiness that she might save even the semblance of love from a new desecration in any mortal's mind? She had thrown herself into the deadly breach with more than the valor of fighting men who have for their incitement gaping wounds, and flowing blood, dismembered bodies, death. She had pitched her tent among enemies, had become outcast and alien for the sake of a deserter. And to what purpose?

To hear him say at last, as in a dream, that now and then moved him as a reality,

"It is the cholera—the city is dying of it. We sent away Judah—run Judith! I won't have you dying here for me! It's too much—go."

And yet, when she did not go—neither argued with him, but sat silent—he did not seem to notice that she lightly heeded what sounded so peremptory in the moment of strenuous utterance which exhausted him. He was still holding her hand—clinging to it yet.

"Judith," he said, "you've been true as God. I couldn't consent to go to any one but Him from you."

"I would not give you up," she answered, tenderly, "to any one but Him." And who can tell the satisfaction with which she spoke those words! It was—David Home where he stood acknowledged it—it was, though an hour of death, an hour of holy triumph.

"Judith—there! Kneel down. Say, God take this sinner in—say—I'll say to Him—in a moment, when I see clearer—I'll say, *she* stood by me till death. It was of her free-will. I'm a sinner; but she did that for me, and I've got to worshiping her where I only was proud of her; and that's all my fitness for heaven. She did it to save me. God can't do less."

"Mill, dear, here's an old friend come to speak to you," exclaimed Judith. She looked toward the minister as she spoke, but not for "ghostly counsel" nor for priestly warrant. She would have risen up and withdrawn her hand, but her husband would not let her move. He held her there as much by his words as by his grasp.

"No friend but Judith," he said. "Judith, pray out so I can hear you what you've been praying all this while. I know you've made it all safe for me, intercessor, but no harm—once more."

"O Father, if Thou art taking him out of this world, take him to a better home! Take him to Thyself. O thou loving one, if Thou wilt take him from us, smile on him!"

"Say for your sake, Judith, for you love me." So did he stay him on this rock—of trust in Judith.

"For Jesus' sake! Thy dear Son's sake—not mine—not my husband's. We are dust before our Creator."

"My boy," he said, with sudden vehemence, "love your mother. God will love you for that. Judah—how could she make a man out of a wild beast? She's done it. There she stood—like a rock it was, my boy—till I cast anchor."

As long as he could speak this was Mill Hamilton's testimony. He spoke but to bless the name of Judith. His hope of heaven was fixed on his trust in her perfect faithfulness. And again the world was saved by Love.

When he could speak no more, she bowed her head over him and said:

"It is enough. The battle's fought, the victory's won. The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

David Home wrestled in that cottage all night long with Death. Morning saw him kneeling, as last night Judith knelt, and as scores of men at that same moment were kneeling, to hear last words of the most precious life.

"I give you all I have," she said. "Finish the work I began, for Judah's sake. Oh, David, it is not long. Has it been a weary time, beloved? Wait! wait! We have done our duty. Leave to God the rest."

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDEL."

CHAPTER XLII.

ROMOLA IN HER PLACE.

IT was the thirtieth of October, 1496. The sky that morning was clear enough, and there was a pleasant autumnal breeze. But the Florentines just then thought very little about the land-breezes: they were thinking of the gales at sea, which seemed to be uniting with all other powers to disprove the Frate's declaration that Heaven took special care of Florence.

For those terrible gales had driven away from the coast of Leghorn certain ships from Marseilles, freighted with soldiery and corn; and Florence was in the direst need, first of food, and secondly of fighting men. Pale famine was in her streets, and her territory was threatened on all its borders.

For the French king, that new Charlemagne, who had entered Italy in anticipatory triumph, and had conquered Naples without the least trouble, had gone away again fifteen months

ago, and was even, it was feared, in his grief for the loss of a new-born son, losing the languid intention of coming back again to redress grievances and set the Church in order. A league had been formed against him—a Holy League, with Pope Borgia at its head, to “drive out the barbarians,” who still garrisoned the fortress of Naples. That had a patriotic sound; but, looked at more closely, the Holy League seemed very much like an agreement among certain wolves to drive away all other wolves, and then to see which among themselves could snatch the largest share of the prey. And there was a general disposition to regard Florence, not as a fellow-wolf, but rather as a desirable carcass. Florence, therefore, of all the chief Italian States, had alone declined to join the league, adhering still to the French alliance.

She had declined at her peril. At this moment Pisa, still fighting savagely for liberty, was being encouraged not only by strong forces from Venice and Milan, but by the presence of the German Emperor Maximilian, who had been invited by the League, and was joining the Pisans with such troops as he had in the attempt to get possession of Leghorn, while the coast was invested by Venetian and Genoese ships. And if Leghorn should fall into the hands of the enemy, woe to Florence! For if that one outlet toward the sea were closed, hedged in as she was on the land by the bitter ill-will of the Pope, and the jealousy of smaller States, how could succors reach her?



The government of Florence had shown a great heart in this urgent need, meeting losses and defeats with vigorous effort, raising fresh money, raising fresh soldiers, but not neglecting the good old method of Italian defense—conciliatory embassies. And while the scarcity of food was every day becoming greater, they had

resolved, in opposition to old precedent, not to shut out the starving country people, and the mendicants driven from the gates of other cities, who came flocking to Florence like birds from a land of snow. These acts of a government in which the disciples of Savonarola made the strongest element were not allowed to pass without criticism. The disaffected were plentiful, and they saw clearly that the government took the worst course for the public welfare. Florence ought to join the League, and make common cause with the other great Italian States, instead of drawing down their hostility by a futile adherence to a foreign ally. Florence ought to take care of her own citizens, instead of opening her gates to famine and pestilence in the shape of starving *contadini* and alien mendicants.

Every day the distress became sharper: every day the murmurs became louder. And, to crown the difficulties of the government, for a month and more—in obedience to a mandate from Rome—Fra Girolamo had ceased to preach. But on the arrival of the terrible news that the ships from Marseilles had been driven back, and that no corn was coming, the need for the voice that could infuse faith and patience into the people became too imperative to be resisted. In defiance of the Papal mandate the Signoria requested Savonarola to preach. And two days ago he had mounted again the pulpit of the Duomo, and had told the people only to wait and be steadfast, and the Divine help would certainly come. It was a bold sermon: he consented to have his frock stripped off him if, when Florence persevered in fulfilling the duties of piety and citizenship, God did not come to her rescue.

Yet at present, on this morning of the thirtieth, there were no signs of rescue. Perhaps if the precious Tabernacle of the Madonna dell' Impruneta were brought into Florence and carried in devout procession to the Duomo, that Mother, rich in sorrows and therefore in mercy, would plead for the suffering city? For a century and a half there were records how the Florentines, suffering from drought, or flood, or famine, or pestilence, or the threat of wars, had fetched the potent image within their walls, and had found deliverance. And grateful honor had been done to her and her ancient church of L'Impruneta; the high house of Buondelmonti, patrons of the church, had to guard her hidden image with bare sword; wealth had been poured out for prayers at her shrine, for chantings, and chapels, and ever-burning lights; and lands had been added, till there was much quarreling for the privilege of serving her. The Florentines were deeply convinced of her graciousness to them, so that the sight of her tabernacle within their walls was like the parting of the cloud, and the proverb ran, that the Florentines had a Madonna who would do what they pleased. When were they in more need of her pleading pity than now? And already, the evening before, the tabernacle containing the miraculous hidden image had been brought with high and reverend

escort from L'Impruneta, the privileged spot six miles beyond the gate of San Piero that looks toward Rome, and had been deposited in the church of San Gaggio, outside the gate, whence it was to be fetched in solemn procession by all the fraternities, trades, and authorities of Florence.

But the Pitying Mother had not yet entered within the walls, and the morning arose on unchanged misery and despondency. Pestilence was hovering in the track of famine. Not only the hospitals were full, but the court-yards of private houses had been turned into refuges and infirmaries; and still there was unsheltered want. And early this morning, as usual, members of the various fraternities who made it part of their duty to bury the unfriended dead were bearing away the corpses that had sunk by the wayside. As usual, sweet womanly forms, with the refined air and carriage of the well-born, but in the plainest garb, were moving about the streets on their daily errands of tending the sick and relieving the hungry.

One of these forms was easily distinguishable as Romola de' Bardi. Clad in the simplest garment of black serge, with a plain piece of black drapery drawn over her head, so as to hide all her hair, except the bands of gold that rippled apart on her brow, she was advancing from the Ponte Vecchio toward the Por' Santa Maria—the street in a direct line with the bridge—when she found her way obstructed by the pausing of a bier, which was being carried by members of the company of San Jacopo del Popolo, in search for the unburied dead. The brethren at the head of the bier were stooping to examine something, while a group of idle workmen, with features pale and sharpened by hunger, were clustering round and all talking at once.

"He's dead, I tell you! Messer Domenedio has loved him well enough to take him."

"Ah, and it would be well for us all if we could have our legs stretched out and go with our heads two or three *bracci* foremost! It's ill standing upright with hunger to prop you."

"Well, well, he's an old fellow. Death has got a poor bargain. Life's had the best of him."

"And no Florentine, ten to one! A beggar turned out of Siena. San Giovanni defend us! They've no need of soldiers to fight us. They send us an army of starving men."

"No, no! This man is one of the prisoners turned out of the Stinche. I know by the gray patch where the prison badge was."

"Keep quiet! Lend a hand! Don't you see the brethren are going to lift him on the bier!"

"It's likely he's alive enough if he could only look it. The soul may be inside him if it had only a drop of *vernaccia* to warm it."

"In truth, I think he is not dead," said one of the brethren, when they had lifted him on the bier. "He has perhaps only sunk down for want of food."

"Let me try to give him some wine," said Romola, coming forward. She loosened the

small flask which she carried at her belt, and, leaning toward the prostrate body, with a deft hand she applied a small ivory implement between the teeth, and poured into the mouth a few drops of wine. The stimulus acted: the wine was evidently swallowed. She poured more, till the head was moved a little toward her, and the eyes of the old man opened full upon her with the vague look of returning consciousness. Then for the first time a sense of complete recognition came over Romola. Those wild dark eyes opening in the sallow deep-lined face, with the white beard, which was now long again, were like an unmistakable signature to a remembered handwriting. The light of two summers had not made that image any fainter in Romola's memory: the image of the escaped prisoner, whom she had seen in the Duomo the day when Tito first wore the armor—at whose grasp Tito was paled with terror in the strange sketch she had seen in Piero's studio. A wretched tremor and palpitation seized her. Now at last, perhaps, she was going to know some secret which might be more bitter than all that had gone before. She felt an impulse to dart away as from some sight of horror; and again, a more imperious need to keep close by the side of this old man whom, the divination of keen feeling told her, her husband had injured. In the very instant of this conflict she still leaned toward him and kept her right hand ready to administer more wine, while her left was passed under his neck. Her hands trembled, but their habit of soothing helpfulness would have served to guide them without the direction of her thought.

Baldassarre was looking at *her* for the first time. The close seclusion in which Romola's trouble had kept her in the weeks preceding her flight and his arrest had denied him the opportunity he had sought of seeing the Wife who lived in the Via de' Bardi; and at this moment the descriptions he had heard of the fair golden-haired woman were all gone, like yesterday's waves.

"Will it not be well to carry him to the steps of San Stefano?" said Romola. "We shall cease then to stop up the street, and you can go on your way with your bier."

They had only to move onward for about thirty yards before reaching the steps of San Stefano, and by this time Baldassarre was able himself to make some efforts toward getting off the bier, and propping himself on the steps against the church doorway. The charitable brethren passed on, but the group of interested spectators, who had nothing to do and much to say, had considerably increased. The feeling toward the old man was not so entirely friendly now it was quite certain that he was alive, but the respect inspired by Romola's presence caused the passing remarks to be made in a rather more subdued tone than before.

"Ah, they gave him his morsel every day in the Stinche—that's why he can't do so well without it. You and I, Cecco, know better what it is to go to bed fasting."

"*Gnaffè!* that's why the Magnificent Eight have turned out some of the prisoners, that they may shelter honest people instead. But if every thief is to be brought to life with good wine and wheaten bread, we Ciompi had better go and fill ourselves in Arno while the water's plenty."

Romola had seated herself on the steps by Baldassarre, and was saying, "Can you eat a little bread now? perhaps by-and-by you will be able, if I leave it with you. I must go on, because I have promised to be at the hospital. But I will come back if you will wait here, and then I will take you to some shelter. Do you understand? Will you wait? I will come back."

He looked dreamily at her, and repeated her words, "come back." It was no wonder that his mind was enfeebled by his bodily exhaustion, but she hoped that he apprehended her meaning. She opened her basket, which was filled with pieces of soft bread, and put one of the pieces into his hand.

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow, in a red night-cap, who had elbowed his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If any body isn't hungry," said another, "I say, let him alone. He's better off than people who've got craving stomachs and no breakfast."

"Yes, indeed; if a man's a mind to die, it's a time to encourage him, instead of making him come back to life against his will. Dead men want no trencher."

"Oh, you don't understand the Frate's charity," said a young man in an excellent cloth tunic, whose face showed no signs of want. "The Frate has been preaching to the birds, like Saint Anthony, and he's been telling the hawks they were made to feed the sparrows, as every good Florentine citizen was made to feed six starving beggar-men from Arezzo or Bologna. Madonna there is a pious *Piagnone*: she's not going to throw away her good bread on honest citizens who've got all the Frate's prophecies to swallow."

"Come, madonna," said he of the red cap, "the old thief doesn't eat the bread, you see: you'd better try *us*. We fast so much we're half saints already."

The circle had narrowed till the coarse men—most of them gaunt from privation—had left hardly any margin round Romola. She had been taking from her basket a small horn cup, into which she put the piece of bread and just moistened it with wine; and hitherto she had not appeared to heed them. But now she rose to her feet, and looked round at them. Instinctively the men who were nearest to her pushed backward a little, as if their rude nearness were the fault of those behind. Romola held out the basket of bread to the man in the night-cap, looking at him without any reproach in her glance, as she said,

"Hunger is hard to bear, I know, and you have the power to take this bread if you will.

It was saved for sick women and children. You are strong men; but if you do not choose to suffer because you are strong, you have the power to take every thing from the weak. You can take the bread from this basket; but I shall watch by this old man; I shall resist your taking the bread from *him*."

For a few moments there was perfect silence, while Romola looked at the faces before her, and held out the basket of bread. Her own pale face had the slightly pinched look and the deepening of the eye-socket which indicate unusual fasting in the habitually temperate, and the large direct gaze of her hazel eyes was all the more impressive. The man in the night-cap looked rather silly, and backed, thrusting his elbow into his neighbor's ribs with an air of moral rebuke. The backing was general, every one wishing to imply that he had been pushed forward against his will; and the young man in the fine cloth tunic had disappeared.

But at this moment the armed servitors of the Signoria, who had begun to patrol the line of streets through which the procession was to pass, came up to disperse the group which was obstructing the narrow street. The man addressed as Cecco retreated from a threatening mace up the church steps, and said to Romola, in a respectful tone,

"Madonna, if you want to go on your errands, I'll take care of the old man."

Cecco was a wild-looking figure: a very ragged tunic, made shaggy and variegated by cloth-dust and clinging fragments of wool, gave relief to a pair of bare bony arms and a long sinewy neck; his square jaw shaded by a bristly black beard, his bridgeless nose and low forehead, made his face look as if it had been crushed down for the purposes of packing, and a narrow piece of red rag tied over his ears seemed to assist in the compression. Romola looked at him with some hesitation.

"Don't distrust me, madonna," said Cecco, who understood her look perfectly; "I'm not so pretty as you, but I've got an old mother who eats my porridge for me. What! there's a heart inside me, and I've bought a candle for the most Holy Virgin before now. Besides, see there, the old fellow is eating his sop. He's hale enough: he'll be on his legs as well as the best of us by-and-by."

"Thank you for offering to take care of him, friend," said Romola, rather penitent for her doubting glance. Then leaning to Baldassarre, she said, "Pray wait for me till I come again."

He assented with a slight movement of the head and hand, and Romola went on her way toward the hospital of San Matteo, in the Piazza di San Marco.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE UNSEEN MADONNA.

IN returning from the hospital, more than an hour later, Romola took a different road, making a wider circuit toward the river, which she

reached at some distance from the Ponte Vecchio. She turned her steps toward that bridge, intending to hasten to San Stefano in search of Baldassarre. She dreaded to know more about him, yet she felt as if, in forsaking him, she would be forsaking some near claim upon her.

But when she approached the meeting of the roads where the Por' Santa Maria would be on her right hand and the Ponte Vecchio on her left, she found herself involved in a crowd who suddenly fell on their knees; and she immediately knelt with them. The Cross was passing—the Great Cross of the Duomo—which headed the procession. Romola was later than she had expected to be, and now she must wait till the procession had passed. As she rose from her knees, when the Cross had disappeared, the return to a standing posture, with nothing to do but gaze, made her more conscious of her fatigue than she had been while she had been walking and occupied. A shop-keeper by her side said:

"Madonna Romola, you will be weary of standing: Gian Fantoni will be glad to give you a seat in his house. Here is his door close at hand. Let me open it for you. What! he loves God and the Frate as we do. His house is yours."

Romola was accustomed now to be addressed in this fraternal way by ordinary citizens, whose faces were familiar to her from her having seen them constantly in the Duomo. The word "home" had come to mean, for her, less the house in the Via de' Bardi, where she sat in frequent loneliness, than the towered circuit of Florence, where there was hardly a turn of the streets at which she was not greeted with looks of appeal or of friendliness. She was glad enough to pass through the opened door on her right hand and be led by the fraternal hose-vendor to an upstairs window, where a stout woman with three children, all in the plain garb of Piagnoni, made a place for her with much reverence above the bright hanging draperies. From this corner station she could see, not only the procession pouring in solemn slowness between the lines of houses on the Ponte Vecchio, but also the river and the Lung' Arno on toward the bridge of the Santa Trinità.

In sadness and in stillness came the slow procession. Not even a wailing chant broke the silent appeal for mercy: there was only the tramp of footsteps, and the faint sweep of woolen garments. They were young footsteps that were passing when Romola first looked from the window—a long train of the Florentine youth, bearing high in the midst of them the white image of the youthful Jesus, with a golden glory above his head, standing by the tall cross where the thorns and the nails lay ready.

After that train of fresh beardless faces came the mysterious-looking Companies of Discipline, bound by secret rules to self-chastisement, and devout praise, and special acts of piety; all wearing a garb which concealed the whole head and face except the eyes. Every one knew that these mysterious forms were Florentine citizens

of various ranks, who might be seen at ordinary times going about the business of the shop, the counting-house, or the State; but no member now was discernible as son, husband, or father. They had dropped their personality, and walked as symbols of a common vow. Each company had its color and its badge, but the garb of all was a complete shroud, and left no expression but that of fellowship.

In comparison with them the multitude of monks seemed to be strongly distinguished individuals, in spite of the common tonsure and the common frock. First came a white stream of reformed Benedictines; and then a much longer stream of the Frati Minori, or Franciscans, in that age all clad in gray, with the knotted cord round their waists, and some of them with the *zoccoli*, or wooden sandals, below their bare feet—perhaps the most numerous order in Florence, owning many zealous members who loved mankind and hated the Dominicans. And after the gray came the black of the Augustinians of San Spirito, with more cultured human faces above it—men who had inherited the library of Boccaccio, and had made the most learned company in Florence when learning was rarer; then the white over dark of the Carmelites; and then again the unmixed black of the Servites, that famous Florentine order founded by seven merchants who forsook their gains to adore the Divine Mother.

And now the hearts of all on-lookers began to beat a little faster, either with hatred or with love, for there was a stream of black and white coming over the bridge—of black mantles over white scapularies; and every one knew that the Dominicans were coming. Those of Fiesole passed first. One black mantle parted by white after another, one tonsured head after another, and still expectation was suspended. They were very coarse mantles, all of them, and many were threadbare, if not ragged; for the Prior of San Marco had reduced the fraternities under his rule to the strictest poverty and discipline. But in the long line of black and white there was at last singled out a mantle only a little more worn than the rest, with a tonsured head above it which might not have appeared supremely remarkable to a stranger who had not seen it on bronze medals, with the sword of God as its obverse; or surrounded by an armed guard on the way to the Duomo; or transfigured by the inward flame of the orator as it looked round on a rapt multitude.

As the approach of Savonarola was discerned, none dared conspicuously to break the stillness by a sound which would rise above the solemn tramp of footsteps and the faint sweep of garments; nevertheless his ear, as well as other ears, caught a mingled sound of low hissing that longed to be curses, and murmurs that longed to be blessings. Perhaps it was the sense that the hissing predominated which made two or three of his disciples in the fore-ground of the crowd, at the meeting of the roads, fall on their knees as if something divine were passing. The move-

ment of silent homage spread: it went along the sides of the streets like a subtle shock, leaving some unmoved, while it made the most bend the knee and bow the head. But the hatred, too, gathered a more intense expression; and as Savonarola passed up the Por' Santa Maria, Romola could see that some one at an upper window spat upon him.

Monks again—Fрати Umiliati, or Humbled Brethren, from Ognissanti, with a glorious tradition of being the earliest workers in the wool-trade; and again more monks—Vallombrosan and other varieties of Benedictines, reminding the instructed eye by niceties of form and color that in ages of abuse, long ago, reformers had arisen who had marked a change of spirit by a change of garb; till at last the shaven crowns were at an end, and there came the train of untoured secular priests.

Then followed the twenty-one incorporated Arts of Florence in long array, with their banners floating above them in proud declaration that the bearers had their distinct functions, from the bakers of bread to the judges and notaries. And then all the secondary officers of State, beginning with the less and going on to the greater, till the line of secularities was broken by the Canons of the Duomo, carrying a sacred relic—the very head, inclosed in silver, of San Zenobio, immortal bishop of Florence, whose virtues were held to have saved the city perhaps a thousand years before.

Here was the nucleus of the procession. Behind the relic came the archbishop in gorgeous cope, with canopy held above him; and after him the mysterious hidden Image—hidden first by rich curtains of brocade inclosing an outer painted tabernacle, but within this, by the more ancient tabernacle which had never been opened in the memory of living men, or the fathers of living men. In that inner shrine was the image of the Pitying Mother, found ages ago in the soil of L'Impruneta, uttering a cry as the spade struck it. Hitherto the unseen Image had hardly ever been carried to the Duomo without having rich gifts borne before it. There was no reciting the list of precious offerings made by emulous men and communities, especially of veils and curtains and mantles. But the richest of all these, it was said, had been given by a poor abbess and her nuns, who, having no money to buy materials, wove a mantle of gold brocade with their prayers, embroidered it and adorned it with their prayers, and, finally, saw their work presented to the Blessed Virgin in the great Piazza by two beautiful youths who spread out white wings and vanished in the blue.

But to-day there were no gifts carried before the tabernacle: no donations were to be given to-day except to the poor. That had been the advice of Fra Girolamo, whose preaching never insisted on gifts to the invisible powers, but only on help to visible need; and altars had been raised at various points in front of the churches, on which the oblations for the poor were deposited. Not even a torch was carried. Surely

the hidden Mother cared less for torches and brocade than for the wail of the hungry people. Florence was in extremity: she had done her utmost, and could only wait for something divine that was not in her own power.

The Frate in the torn mantle had said that help would certainly come, and many of the faint-hearted were clinging more to their faith in the Frate's word than to their faith in the virtues of the unseen Image. But there were not a few of the fierce-hearted who thought with secret rejoicing that the Frate's word might be proved false.

Slowly the tabernacle moved forward, and knees were bent. There was profound stillness; for the train of priests and chaplains from L'Impruneta stirred no passion in the on-lookers. The procession was about to close with the Priors and the Gonfaloniere; the long train of companies and symbols, which have their silent music and stir the mind as a chorus stirs it, was passing out of sight, and now a faint yearning hope was all that struggled with the accustomed despondency.

Romola, whose heart had been swelling, half with foreboding, half with that enthusiasm of fellowship which the life of the last two years had made as habitual to her as the consciousness of costume to a vain and idle woman, gave a deep sigh, as at the end of some long mental tension, and remained on her knees for very languor; when suddenly there flashed from between the houses on to the distant bridge something bright-colored. In the instant Romola started up and stretched out her arms, leaning from the window, while the black drapery fell from her head, and the golden gleam of her hair and the flush in her face seemed the effect of one illumination. A shout arose in the same instant; the last troops of the procession paused, and all faces were turned toward the distant bridge.

But the bridge was passed now; the horseman was pressing at full gallop along by the Arno; the sides of his bay horse, just streaked with foam, looked all white from swiftness; his cap was flying loose by his red *becchetto*, and he waved an olive branch in his hand. It was a messenger—a messenger of good tidings! The blessed olive branch spoke afar off. But the impatient people could not wait. They rushed to meet the on-comer, and seized his horse's rein, pushing and trampling.

And now Romola could see that the horseman was her husband, who had been sent to Pisa a few days before on a private embassy. The recognition brought no new flash of joy into her eyes. She had checked her first impulsive attitude of expectation; but her governing anxiety was still to know what news of relief had come for Florence.

"Good news!" "Best news!" "News to be paid with hose (*novelle da calze*)!" were the vague answers with which Tito met the importunities of the crowd, until he had succeeded in pushing on his horse to the spot at the meeting

of the ways where the Gonfaloniere and the Priors were awaiting him. There he paused, and, bowing low, said:

"Magnificent Signori! I have to deliver to you the joyful news that the galleys from France, laden with corn and men, have arrived safely in the port of Leghorn, by favor of a strong wind, which kept the enemy's fleet at a distance."

The words had no sooner left Tito's lips than they seemed to vibrate up the streets. A great shout rang through the air, and rushed along the river; and then another, and another; and the shouts were heard spreading along the line of the procession toward the Duomo; and then there were fainter answering shouts, like the intermediate splash of distant waves in a great lake whose waters obey one impulse.

For some minutes there was no attempt to speak further: the Signoria themselves lifted up their caps, and stood bareheaded in the presence of a rescue which had come from outside the limit of their own power—from that region of trust and resignation which has been in all ages called divine.

At last, as the signal was given to move forward, Tito said, with a smile:

"I ought to say that any horse to be bestowed by the Magnificent Signoria, in reward of these tidings, are due, not to me, but to another man, who had ridden hard to bring them, and would have been here in my place if his horse had not broken down just before he reached Signa. Meo di Sasso will doubtless be here in an hour or two, and may all the more justly claim the glory of the messenger, because he has had the chief labor and has lost the chief delight."

It was a graceful way of putting a necessary statement, and after a word of reply from the *Proposto*, or spokesman of the Signoria, this dignified extremity of the procession passed on, and Tito turned his horse's head to follow in its train, while the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was already beginning to swing, and give a louder voice to the people's joy.

In that moment, when Tito's attention had ceased to be imperatively directed, it might have been expected that he would look round and recognize Romola; but he was apparently engaged with his cap, which, now the eager people were leading his horse, he was able to seize and place on his head, while his right hand was still encumbered with the olive-branch. He had a becoming air of lassitude after his exertions; and Romola, instead of making any effort to be recognized by him, threw her black drapery over her head again, and remained perfectly quiet. Yet she felt almost sure that Tito had seen her; he had the power of seeing every thing without seeming to see it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE VISIBLE MADONNA.

THE crowd had no sooner passed onward than Romola descended to the street, and hastened to the steps of San Stefano. Cecco had been

attracted with the rest toward the Piazza, and she found Baldassarre standing alone against the church-door, with the horn cup in his hand, waiting for her. There was a striking change in him; the blank, dreamy glance of a half-turned consciousness had given place to a fierceness which, as she advanced and spoke to him, flashed upon her as if she had been its object. It was the glance of caged fury that sees its prey passing safe beyond the bars.

Romola started as the glance was turned on her, but her immediate thought was that he had seen Tito. And as she felt the look of hatred grating on her, something like a hope arose that this man might be the criminal, and that her husband might not have been guilty toward him. If she could learn that now, by bringing Tito face to face with him, and have her mind set at rest!

"If you will come with me," she said, "I can give you shelter and food until you are quite rested and strong. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Baldassarre; "I shall be glad to get my strength. I want to get my strength," he repeated, as if he were muttering to himself rather than speaking to her.

"Come," she said, inviting him to walk by her side, and taking the way by the Arno toward the Ponte Rubaconte as the more private road.

"I think you are not a Florentine," she said, presently, as they turned on to the bridge.

He looked round at her without speaking. His suspicious caution was more strongly upon him than usual, just now that the fog of confusion and oblivion was made denser by bodily feebleness. But she was looking at him too, and there was something in her gentle eyes which at last compelled him to answer her. But he answered cautiously,

"No, I am no Florentine; I am a lonely man."

She observed his reluctance to speak to her, and dared not question him further, lest he should desire to quit her. As she glanced at him from time to time, her mind was busy with thoughts which quenched the faint hope that there was nothing painful to be revealed about her husband. If this old man had been in the wrong, where was the cause for dread and secrecy? They walked on in silence till they reached the entrance into the Via de' Bardi, and Romola noticed that he turned and looked at her with a sudden movement as if some shock had passed through him. A few moments after she paused at the half-open door of the court, and turned toward him.

"Ah!" he said, not waiting for her to speak, "you are his wife."

"Whose wife?" said Romola, flushing and trembling.

It would have been impossible for Baldassarre to recall any name at that moment. The very force with which the image of Tito pressed upon him seemed to expel any verbal sign. He made no answer, but looked at her with strange fixedness.

She opened the door wide and showed the court covered with straw, on which lay four or five sick people, while some little children crawled or sat on it at their ease—tiny pale creatures, biting straws and gurgling.

"If you will come in," said Romola, tremulously, "I will find you a comfortable place, and bring you some more food."

"No, I will not come in," said Baldassarre. But he stood still, arrested by the burden of impressions under which his mind was too confused to choose a course.

"Can I do nothing for you?" said Romola. "Let me give you some money that you may buy food. It will be more plentiful soon."

She had put her hand into her *scarsella* as she spoke, and held out her palm with several *grossi* in it. She purposely offered him more than she would have given to any other man in the same circumstances. He looked at the coins a little while, and then said,

"Yes, I will take them."

She poured the coins into his palm, and he grasped them tightly.

"Tell me," said Romola, almost beseechingly. "What shall you—"

But Baldassarre had turned away from her, and was walking again toward the bridge. Passing from it, straight on up the Via del Fosso, he came upon the shop of Niccolò Caparra, and turned toward it without a pause, as if it had been the very object of his search. Niccolò was at that moment in procession with the armorers of Florence, and there was only one apprentice in the shop. But there were all sorts of weapons in abundance hanging there, and Baldassarre's eyes discerned what he was more hungry for than for bread. Niccolò himself would probably have refused to sell any thing that might serve as a weapon to this man with signs of the prison on him; but the apprentice, less observant and scrupulous, took three *grossi* for a sharp hunting-knife without any hesitation. It was a conveniently small weapon, which Baldassarre could easily thrust within the breast of his tunic; and he walked on, feeling stronger. That sharp edge might give deadliness to the thrust of an aged arm: at least it was a companion, it was a power in league with him, even if it failed. It would break against armor; but was the armor sure to be always there? In those long months while vengeance had lain in prison, baseness had perhaps become forgetful and secure. The knife had been bought with the traitor's own money. That was just. Before he took the money he had felt what he should do with it—buy a weapon. Yes, and if possible, food too: food to nourish the arm that would grasp the weapon, food to nourish the body which was the temple of vengeance. When he had had enough bread he should be able to think and act—to think first how he could hide himself, lest the traitor should have him dragged away again. With that idea of hiding in his mind Baldassarre turned up the narrowest streets, bought himself some meat and bread, and sat down under the first loggia to eat.

The bells that swung out louder and louder peals of joy, laying hold of him and making him vibrate along with all the air, seemed to him simply part of that strong world which was against him.

Romola had watched Baldassarre until he had disappeared round the turning into the Piazza de' Mozzi, half feeling that his departure was a relief, half reproaching herself for not seeking with more decision to know the truth about him, for not assuring herself whether there were any guiltless misery in his lot which she was not helpless to relieve. Yet what could she have done if the truth had proved to be the burden of some painful secret about her husband, in addition to the anxieties that already weighed upon her? Surely a wife was permitted to desire ignorance of a husband's wrong-doing, since she alone must not protest and warn men against him. But that thought stirred too many intricate fibres of feeling to be pursued now in her weariness. It was a time to rejoice, since help had come to Florence; and she turned into the court to tell the good news to her patients on their straw beds. She closed the door after her, lest the bells should drown her voice, and then throwing the black drapery from her head, that the women might see her better, she stood in the midst and told them that corn was coming, and that the bells were ringing for gladness at the news. They all sat up to listen, while the children trotted or crawled toward her, and pulled her black skirts, as if they were impatient at being all that long way off her face. She yielded to them, weary as she was, and sat down on the straw, while the little pale things peeped into her basket and pulled her hair down, and the feeble voices around her said, "The Holy Virgin be praised!" "It was the procession!" "The Mother of God has had pity on us!"

At last Romola rose from the heap of straw, too tired to try and smile any longer, saying, as she turned up the stone steps,

"I will come by-and-by to bring you your dinner."

"Bless you, madonna! bless you!" said the faint chorus, in much the same tone as that in which they had a few minutes before praised and thanked the unseen Madonna.

Romola cared a great deal for that music. She had no innate taste for tending the sick and clothing the ragged, like some women to whom the details of such work are welcome in themselves, simply as an occupation. Her early training had kept her aloof from such womanly labors; and if she had not brought to them the inspiration of her deepest feelings, they would have been irksome to her. But they had come to be the one unshaken resting-place of her mind, the one narrow pathway on which the light fell clear. If the gulf between herself and Tito, which only gathered a more perceptible wideness from her attempts to bridge it by submission, brought a doubt whether, after all, the bond to which she had labored to be true might not itself be false—if she came away from her



THE VISIBLE MADONNA.

confessor, Fra Salvestro, or from some contact with the disciples of Savonarola among whom she worshiped, with a sickening sense that these people were miserably narrow, and with an almost impetuous reaction toward her old contempt for their superstition—she found herself recovering a firm footing in her works of womanly sympathy. Whatever else made her doubt, the help she gave to her fellow-citizens made her sure that Fra Girolamo had been right to call her back. According to his unforgetten words,

her place had not been empty: it had been filled with her love and her labor. Florence had had need of her, and the more her own sorrow pressed upon her the more gladness she felt in the memories, stretching through the two long years, of hours and moments in which she had lightened the burden of life to others. All that ardor of her nature which could no longer spend itself in the woman's tenderness for father and husband had transformed itself into an enthusiasm of sympathy with the general life. She had

ceased to think that her own lot could be happy—had ceased to think of happiness at all: the one end of her life seemed to her to be the diminishing of sorrow.

Her enthusiasm was continually stirred to fresh vigor by the influence of Savonarola. In spite of the wearisome visions and allegories from which she recoiled in disgust when they came as stale repetitions from other lips than his, her strong affinity for his passionate sympathy and the splendor of his aims had lost none of its power. His burning indignation against the abuses and oppression that made the daily story of the Church and of States had kindled the ready fire in her too. His special care for liberty and purity of government in Florence, with his constant reference of this immediate object to the wider end of a universal regeneration, had created in her a new consciousness of the great drama of human existence in which her life was a part; and through her daily helpful contact with the less fortunate of her fellow-citizens this new consciousness became something stronger than a vague sentiment; it grew into a more and more definite motive of self-denying practice. She thought little about dogmas, and shrank from reflecting closely on the Frate's prophecies of the immediate scourge and closely following regeneration. She had submitted her mind to his and had entered into communion with the Church, because in this way she had found an immediate satisfaction for moral needs which all the previous culture and experience of her life had left hungering. Fra Girolamo's voice had waked in her mind a reason for living, apart from personal enjoyment and personal affection; but it was a reason that seemed to need feeding with greater forces than she possessed within herself, and her submissive use of all offices of the Church was simply a watching and waiting if by any means fresh strength might come. The pressing problem for Romola just then was not to settle questions of controversy, but to keep alive that flame of unselfish emotion by which a life of sadness might still be a life of active love.

Her trust in Savonarola's nature as greater than her own made a large part of the strength she had found. And the trust was not to be lightly shaken. It is not force of intellect which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations and eccentricities of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts on a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negation of high sensibilities. Romola was so deeply moved by the grand energies of Savonarola's nature that she found herself listening patiently to all dogmas and prophecies, when they came in the vehicle of his ardent faith and believing utterance.*

* He himself had had occasion enough to note the efficacy of that vehicle. "If," he says in the *Compendium Revelationum*, "you speak of such as have not heard these things from me, I admit that they who disbelieve are more than they who believe, because it is one thing to hear him who inwardly feels these things, and another to

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. Romola's trust in Savonarola was something like a rope suspended securely by her path, making her step elastic while she grasped it; if it were suddenly removed, no firmness of the ground she trod could save her from staggering, or perhaps from falling.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

AFTER that welcome appearance as the messenger with the olive-branch, which was an unpromised favor of fortune, Tito had other commissions to fulfill of a more premeditated character. He paused at the Palazzo Vecchio, and awaited there the return of the Ten, who managed external and war affairs, that he might duly deliver to them the results of his private mission to Pisa, intended as a preliminary to an avowed embassy of which Bernardo Rucellai was to be the head, with the object of coming, if possible, to a pacific understanding with the Emperor Maximilian and the League.

Tito's talents for diplomatic work had been well ascertained, and as he gave with fullness and precision the results of his inquiries and interviews, Bernardo del Nero, who was at that time one of the Ten, could not withhold his admiration. He would have withheld it if he could; for his original dislike of Tito had returned, and become stronger, since the sale of the library. Romola had never uttered a word to her godfather on the circumstances of the sale, and Bernardo had understood her silence as a prohibition to him to enter on the subject, but he felt sure that the breach of her father's wish had been a blighting grief to her, and the old man's keen eyes discerned other indications that her married life was not happy.

"Ah," he said, inwardly, "that doubtless is the reason she has taken to listening to Fra Girolamo, and going among the Piagnoni, which I never expected from her. These women, if they are not happy, and have no children, must either take to folly or to some overstrained religion that makes them think that they've got all heaven's work on their shoulders. And as for my poor child Romola, it is as I always said—the cramming with Latin and Greek has left her as much a woman as if she had done nothing all day but prick her fingers with the needle. And this husband of hers, who gets employed every where, because he's a tool with a smooth handle, I wish Tornabuoni and the rest may not find their fingers cut. Well, well, *solco torto, sacco dritto*—many a full sack comes from a crooked furrow; and he who will be captain of none but honest men will have small hire to pay."

hear him who feels them not; . . . and therefore it is well said by St. Jerome, 'Habet nescio quid latentis energiae vivæ vocis actus, et in aures discipuli de auctoris ore transfusa fortis sonat.'

With this long-established conviction that there could be no moral sifting of political agents, the old Florentine abstained from all interference in Tito's disfavor. Apart from what must be kept sacred and private for Romola's sake, Bernardo had nothing distinct to allege against the useful Greek, except that he was a Greek, and that he, Bernardo, did not like him; for the doubleness of feigning attachment to the popular government while at heart a Medicean was common to Tito with more than half the Medicean party. He only feigned with more skill than the rest: that was all. So Bernardo was simply cold to Tito, who returned the coldness with a scrupulous, distant respect. And it was still the notion in Florence that the old tie between Bernardo and Bardo made any service done to Romola's husband an acceptable homage to her godfather.

After delivering himself of his charge at the Old Palace, Tito felt that the avowed official work of the day was done. He was tired and adust with long riding; but he did not go home. There were certain things in his scarsella and on his mind from which he wished to free himself as soon as possible, but the opportunities must be found so skillfully that they must not seem to be sought. He walked from the Palazzo in a sauntering fashion toward the Piazza del Duomo. The procession was at an end now, but the bells were still ringing, and the people were moving about the streets restlessly, longing for some more definite vent to their joy. If the Frate could have stood up in the great Piazza and preached to them they might have been satisfied, but now, in spite of the new discipline which declared Christ to be the special King of the Florentines and required all pleasures to be of a Christian sort, there was a secret longing in many of the youngsters who shouted "Viva Gesù!" for a little vigorous stone-throwing in sign of thankfulness.

Tito as he passed along could not escape being recognized by some as the welcome bearer of the olive-branch, and could only rid himself of an inconvenient ovation, chiefly in the form of eager questions, by telling those who pressed on him that Meo di Sasso, the true messenger from Leghorn, must now be entering, and might certainly be met toward the Porta San Frediano. He could tell much more than Tito knew.

Freeing himself from importunities in this adroit manner, he made his way to the Piazza del Duomo, casting his long eyes round the space with an air of the utmost carelessness, but really seeking to detect some presence which might furnish him with one of his desired opportunities. The fact of the procession having terminated at the Duomo made it probable that there would be more than the usual concentration of loungers and talkers in the Piazza and round Nello's shop. It was as he expected. There was a group leaning against the rails near the north gates of the Baptistery so exactly what he sought that he looked more indifferent than ever, and seemed to recognize the tallest

member of the group entirely by chance as he had half passed him, just turning his head to give him a slight greeting, while he tossed the end of his *becchetto* over his left shoulder.

Yet the tall, broad-shouldered personage greeted in that slight way looked like one who had considerable claims. He wore a richly embroidered tunic, with a great show of linen, after the newest French mode, and at his belt there hung a sword and poniard of fine workmanship. His hat, with a red plume in it, seemed a scornful protest against the gravity of Florentine costume, which had been exaggerated to the utmost under the influence of the Piagnoni. Certain undefinable indications of youth made the breadth of his face and the large diameter of his waist appear the more emphatically a stamp of coarseness, and his eyes had that rude desecrating stare at all men and things which to a refined mind is as intolerable as a bad odor or a flaring light.

He and his companions, also young men dressed expensively and wearing arms, were exchanging jokes with that sort of ostentatious laughter which implies a desire to prove that the laughter is not mortified though some people might suspect it. There were good reasons for such a suspicion; for this broad-shouldered man with the red feather was Dolfo Spini, leader of the *Compagnacci*, or Evil Companions—that is to say, of all the dissolute young men belonging to the old aristocratic party, enemies of the Mediceans, enemies of the popular government, but still more bitter enemies of Savonarola. Dolfo Spini, heir of the great house with the loggia, over the bridge of the Santa Trinità, had organized these young men into an armed band, as sworn champions of extravagant suppers and all the pleasant sins of the flesh, against reforming pietists who threatened to make the world chaste and temperate to so intolerable a degree that there would soon be no reason for living, except the extreme unpleasantness of the alternative. Up to this very morning he had been loudly declaring that Florence was given up to famine and ruin entirely through its blind adherence to the advice of the Frate, and that there could be no salvation for Florence but in joining the League and driving the Frate out of the city—sending him to Rome, in fact, whither he ought to have gone long ago in obedience to the summons of the Pope. It was suspected, therefore, that Messer Dolfo Spini's heart was not aglow with pure joy at the unexpected succors which had come in apparent fulfillment of the Frate's prediction, and the laughter, which was ringing out afresh as Tito joined the group at Nello's door, did not serve to dissipate the suspicion. For leaning against the door-post in the centre of the group was a close-shaven, keen-eyed personage, named Niccolò Macchiavelli, who, young as he was, had penetrated all the small secrets of egoism.

"Messer Dolfo's head," he was saying, "is more of a pumpkin than I thought. I measure men's dullness by the devices they trust in for

deceiving others. Your dullest animal of all is he who grins and says he doesn't mind just after he has had his shins kicked. If I were a trifle duller now," he went on, smiling as the circle opened to admit Tito, "I should pretend to be fond of this Melema, who has got a secretaryship that would exactly suit me—as if Latin ill-paid could love better Latin that's better paid! Melema, you are a pestiferously clever fellow, very much in my way, and I'm sorry to hear you've had another piece of good luck to-day."

"Questionable luck, Niccolò," said Tito, touching him on the shoulder in a friendly way; "I have got nothing by it yet but being laid hold of and breathed upon by wool-beaters, when I am as soiled and battered with riding as a *tabelario* (letter-carrier) from Bologna."

"Ah! you want a touch of my art, Messer Oratore," said Nello, who had come forward at the sound of Tito's voice; "your chin, I perceive, has yesterday's crop upon it. Come, come—consign yourself to the priest of all the Muses. Sandro, quick with the lather!"

"In truth, Nello, that is just what I most desire at this moment," said Tito, seating himself; "and that was why I turned my steps toward thy shop, instead of going home at once, when I had done my business at the Palazza."

"Yes, indeed, it is not fitting that you should present yourself to Madonna Romola with a rusty chin and a tangled *zazzera*. Nothing that is not dainty ought to approach the Florentine lily; though I see her constantly going about like a sunbeam among the rags that line our corners—if indeed she is not more like a moonbeam now, for I thought yesterday, when I met her, that she looked as pale and worn as that fainting Madonna of Fra Giovanni's. You must see to it, my *bel erudito*: she keeps too many fasts and vigils in your absence."

Tito gave a melancholy shrug. "It is too true, Nello. She has been depriving herself of half her proper food every day during this famine. But what can I do? Her mind has been set all aflame. A husband's influence is powerless against the Frate's."

"As every other influence is likely to be, that of the Holy Father included," said Domenico Cennini, one of the group at the door, who had turned in with Tito. "I don't know whether you have gathered any thing at Pisa about the way the wind sets at Rome, Melema?"

"Secrets of the council chamber, Messer Domenico!" said Tito, smiling, and opening his palms in a deprecatory manner. "An envoy must be as dumb as a father confessor."

"Certainly, certainly," said Cennini. "I ask for no breach of that rule. Well, my belief is, that if his Holiness were to drive Fra Girolamo to extremity, the Frate would move heaven and earth to get a General Council of the Church—ay, and would get it too; and I, for one, should not be sorry, though I'm no Piagnone."

"With leave of your greater experience, Messer Domenico," said Macchiavelli, "I must dif-

fer from you—not in your wish to see a General Council which might reform the Church, but in your belief that the Frate will checkmate his Holiness. The Frate's game is an impossible one. If he had contented himself with preaching against the vices of Rome, and with prophesying that in some way, not mentioned, Italy would be scourged, depend upon it Pope Alexander would have allowed him to spend his breath in that way as long as he could find hearers. Such spiritual blasts as those knock no walls down. But the Frate wants to be something more than a spiritual trumpet: he wants to be a lever, and what is more, he *is* a lever. He wants to spread the doctrine of Christ by maintaining a popular government in Florence, and the Pope, as I know, on the best authority, has private views to the contrary."

"Then Florence will stand by the Frate," Cennini broke in, with some fervor. "I myself should prefer that he would let his prophesying alone, but if our freedom to choose our own government is to be attacked—I am an obedient son of the Church, but I would vote for resisting Pope Alexander the Sixth, as our forefathers resisted Pope Gregory the Eleventh."

"But pardon me, Messer Domenico," said Macchiavelli, sticking his thumbs into his belt, and speaking with that cool enjoyment of exposition which surmounts every other force in discussion. "Have you correctly seized the Frate's position? How is it that he has become a lever, and made himself worth attacking by an acute man like his Holiness? Because he has got the ear of the people: because he gives them threats and promises, which they believe come straight from God, not only about hell, purgatory, and paradise, but about Pisa and our Great Council. But let events go against him, so as to shake the people's faith, and the cause of his power will be the cause of his fall. He is accumulating three sorts of hatred on his head—the hatred of average mankind against every one who wants to lay on them a strict yoke of virtue; the hatred of the stronger powers in Italy, who want to farm Florence for their own purposes; and the hatred of the people to whom he has ventured to promise good in this world, instead of confining his promises to the next. If a prophet is to keep his power he must be a prophet like Mohammed, with an army at his back, that when the people's faith is fainting it may be frightened into life again."

"Rather sum up the three sorts of hatred in one," said Francesco Ceï, impetuously, "and say he has won the hatred of all men who have sense and honesty, by inventing hypocritical lies. His proper place is among the false prophets in the Inferno, who walk with their heads turned hind foremost."

"You are too angry, my Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling; you poets are apt to cut the clouds in your wrath. I am no votary of the Frate's, and would not lay down my little finger for his veracity. But veracity is a plant of paradise, and the seeds have never flourished

beyond the walls. You yourself, my Francesco, tell poetical lies only; partly compelled by the poet's fervor, partly to please your audience; but you object to lies in prose. Well, the Frate differs from you as to the boundary of poetry, that's all. When he gets into the pulpit of the Duomo he has the fervor within him, and without him he has the audience to please. Ecco!"

"You are somewhat lax there, Niccolò," said Cennini, gravely. "I myself believe in the Frate's integrity, though I don't believe in his prophecies; and as long as his integrity is not disproved we have a popular party strong enough to protect him and resist foreign interference."

"A party that seems strong enough," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, and an almost imperceptible glance toward Tito, who was abandoning himself with much enjoyment to Nello's combing and scenting. "But how many Mediceans are there among you? How many who will not be turned round by a private grudge?"

"As to the Mediceans," said Cennini, "I believe there is very little genuine feeling left on behalf of the Medici. Who would risk much for Piero de' Medici? A few old stanch friends, perhaps, like Bernardo del Nero; but even some of those most connected with the family are hearty friends of the popular government, and would exert themselves for the Frate. I was talking to Giannozzo Pucci only a little while ago, and I'm convinced there's nothing he would set his face against more than against any attempt to alter the new order of things."

"You are right there, Messer Domenico," said Tito, with a laughing meaning in his eyes, as he rose from the shaving-chair; "and I fancy the tender passion came in aid of hard theory there. I am persuaded there was some jealousy at the bottom of Giannozzo's alienation from Piero de' Medici, else so amiable a creature as he would never feel the bitterness he sometimes allows to escape him in that quarter. He was in the procession with you, I suppose?"

"No," said Cennini; "he is at his villa—went there three days ago."

Tito was settling his cap and glancing down at his splashed hose as if he hardly heeded the answer. In reality he had obtained a much-desired piece of information. He had at that moment in his scarsella a crushed gold ring which he had engaged to deliver to Giannozzo Pucci. He had received it from an envoy of Piero de' Medici, whom he had ridden out of his way to meet at Certaldo on the Siena road. Since Pucci was not in the town, he would send the ring by Fra Michele, a Carthusian lay brother in the service of the Mediceans, and the receipt of that sign would bring Pucci back to hear the verbal part of Tito's mission.

"Behold him!" said Nello, flourishing his comb and pointing it at Tito, "the handsomest scholar in the world or in Maremma, now he has passed through my hands! A trifle thinner in the face, though, than when he came in his

first bloom to Florence—eh? and, I vow, there are some lines just faintly hinting themselves about your mouth, Messer Oratore! Ah, mind is an enemy to beauty! I myself was thought beautiful by the women at one time—when I was in my swaddling-bands. But now—oimè! I carry my unwritten poems in cipher on my face!"

Tito, laughing with the rest as Nello looked at himself tragically in the hand-mirror, made a sign of farewell to the company generally, and took his departure.

"I'm of our old Piero di Cosimo's mind," said Francesco Cei. "I don't half like Melema. That trick of smiling gets stronger than ever. No wonder he has lines about the mouth."

"He's too successful," said Macchiavelli, playfully. "I'm sure there's something wrong about him, else he wouldn't have that secretaryship."

"He's an able man," said Cennini, in a tone of judicial fairness. "I and my brother have always found him useful with our Greek sheets, and he gives great satisfaction to the Ten. I like to see a young man work his way upward by merit. And the secretary Scala, who befriended him from the first, thinks highly of him still, I know."

"Doubtless," said a notary in the back-ground. "He writes Scala's official letters for him, or corrects them, and gets well paid for it too."

"I wish Messer Bartolommeo would pay *me* to doctor his gouty Latin," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug. "Did he tell you about the pay, Ser Ceccone, or was it Melema himself?" he added, looking at the notary with a face ironically innocent.

"Melema? no indeed," answered Ser Ceccone. "He is as close as a nut. He never brags. That's why he's employed every where. They say he's getting rich with doing all sorts of underhand work."

"It is a little too bad," said Macchiavelli, "and so many able notaries out of employment!"

"Well, I must say I thought that was a nasty story a year or two ago about the man who said he had stolen jewels," said Cei. "It got hushed up somehow; but I remember Piero di Cosimo said at the time he believed there was something in it, for he saw Melema's face when the man laid hold of him, and he never saw a visage so 'painted with fear,' as our sour old Dante says."

"Come, spit no more of that venom, Francesco," said Nello, getting indignant, "else I shall consider it a public duty to cut your hair awry the next time I get you under my scissors. That story of the stolen jewels was a lie. Bernardo Rucellai and the Magnificent Eight knew all about it. The man was a dangerous madman, and he was very properly kept out of mischief in prison. As for our Piero di Cosimo, his wits are running after the wind of Mongibello: he has such an extravagant fancy that he would take a lizard for a crocodile. No: that

story has been dead and buried too long—our noses object to it.”

“It is true,” said Macchiavelli. “You forget the danger of the precedent, Francesco. The next mad begger-man may accuse you of stealing his verses, or me, God help me! of stealing his coppers. Ah!” he went on, turning toward the door, “Dolfo Spini has carried his red feather out of the Piazza. That captain of swaggerers would like the republic to lose Pisa just for the chance of seeing the people tear the frock off the Frate’s back. There are few things I should like better than to see him play the part of Capo d’ Oca, who went out to the tournament blowing his trumpets and returned with them in a bag.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

BY A STREET LAMP.

THAT evening, when it was dark and threatening rain, Romola, returning with Maso and the lantern by her side, from the hospital of San Matteo, which she had visited after vespers, encountered her husband just issuing from the monastery of San Marco. Tito, who had gone out again shortly after his arrival in the Via de’ Bardi, and had seen little of Romola during the day, immediately proposed to accompany her home, dismissing Maso, whose short steps annoyed him. It was only usual for him to pay her such an official attention when it was obviously demanded from him. Tito and Romola never jarred, never remonstrated with each other. They were too hopelessly alienated in their inner life ever to have that contest which is an effort toward agreement. They talked of all affairs, public and private, with careful adherence to an adopted course. If Tito wanted a supper prepared in the old library, now pleasantly furnished as a banqueting-room, Romola assented, and saw that every thing needful was done; and Tito, on his side, left her entirely uncontrolled in her daily habits, accepting the help she offered him in transcribing or making digests, and in return meeting her conjectured want of supplies for her charities. Yet he constantly, as on this very morning, avoided exchanging glances with her; affected to believe that she was out of the house, in order to avoid seeking her in her own room; and playfully attributed to her a perpetual preference of solitude to his society.

In the first ardor of her self-conquest, after she had renounced her resolution of flight, Romola had made many timid efforts toward the return of a frank relation between them. But to her such a relation could only come by open speech about their differences, and the attempt to arrive at a moral understanding; while Tito could only be saved from alienation from her by such a recovery of her effusive tenderness as would have supposed oblivion of their differences. He cared for no explanation between them; he felt any thorough explanation impossible: he would have cared to have Romola fond again, and to her,

fondness was impossible. She could be submissive and gentle, she could repress any sign of repulsion; but tenderness was not to be feigned. She was helplessly conscious of the result: her husband was alienated from her.

It was an additional reason why she should be carefully kept outside of secrets which he would in no case have chosen to communicate to her. With regard to his political action he sought to convince her that he considered the cause of the Medici hopeless; and that on that practical ground, as well as in theory, he heartily served the popular government, in which she had now a warm interest. But impressions subtle as odors made her uneasy about his relations with San Marco. She was painfully divided between the dread of seeing any evidence to arouse her suspicions, and the impulse to watch lest any harm should come that she might have arrested.

As they walked together this evening, Tito said: “The business of the day is not yet quite ended for me. I shall conduct you to our door, my Romola, and then I must fulfill another commission, which will take me an hour, perhaps, before I can return and rest, as I very much need to do.”

And then he talked amusingly of what he had seen at Pisa, until they were close upon a loggia, near which there hung a lamp before a picture of the Virgin. The street was a quiet one, and hitherto they had passed few people; but now there was a sound of many approaching footsteps and confused voices.

“We shall not get home without a wetting, unless we take shelter under this convenient loggia,” Tito said, hastily, hurrying Romola, with a slightly startled movement, up the step of the loggia.

“Surely it is useless to wait for this small drizzling rain,” said Romola, in surprise.

“No; I felt it becoming heavier. Let us wait a little.” With that wakefulness to the faintest indication which belongs to a mind habitually in a state of caution, Tito had detected by the glimmer of the lamp that the leader of the advancing group wore a red feather and a glittering sword-hilt—in fact, was almost the last person in the world he would have chosen to meet at this hour with Romola by his side. He had already during the day had one momentous interview with Dolfo Spini, and the business he had spoken of to Romola as yet to be done was a second interview with that personage, a sequence of the visit he had paid at San Marco. Tito, by a long preconcerted plan, had been the bearer of letters to Savonarola—carefully forged letters, one of them, by a stragem, bearing the very signature and seal of the Cardinal of Naples, the Cardinal who had most exerted his influence at Rome in favor of the Frate. The purport of the letters was to state that the Cardinal was on his progress from Pisa, and, unwilling for strong reasons to enter Florence, yet desirous of taking counsel with Savonarola at this difficult juncture, intended to

pause this very day at San Casciano, about ten miles from the city, whence he would ride out the next morning in the plain garb of a priest, and meet Savonarola, as if casually, five miles on the Florence road, two hours after sunrise. The plot, of which these forged letters were the initial step, was that Dolfo Spini with a band of his *Compagnacci* was to be posted in ambush on the road, at a lonely spot about five miles from the gates; that he was to seize Savonarola with the Dominican brother who would accompany him according to rule, and deliver him over to a small detachment of Milanese horse in readiness near San Casciano, by whom he was to be carried into the Roman territory.

There was a strong chance that the penetrating Frate would suspect a trap, and decline to incur the risk, which he had for some time avoided, of going beyond the city walls. Even when he preached, his friends held it necessary that he should be attended by an armed guard; and here he was called on to commit himself to a solitary road, with no other attendant than a fellow-monk. On this ground the minimum of time had been given him for decision, and the chance in favor of his acting on the letters was, that the eagerness with which his mind was set on the combining of interests within and without the Church toward the procuring of a General Council, and also the expectation of immediate service from the Cardinal in the actual juncture of his contest with the Pope, would triumph over his shrewdness and caution in the brief space allowed for deliberation.

Tito had had an audience of Savonarola, having declined to put the letters into any hands but his, and with consummate art had admitted that, incidentally and by inference, he was able so far to conjecture their purport as to believe they referred to a rendezvous outside the gates, in which case he urged that the Frate should seek an armed guard from the Signoria, and offered his services in carrying the request with the utmost privacy. Savonarola had replied briefly that this was impossible: an armed guard was incompatible with privacy. He spoke with a flashing eye, and Tito felt convinced that he meant to incur the risk.

Tito himself did not much care for the result. He managed his affairs so cleverly that all results, he considered, must turn to his advantage. Whichever party came uppermost, he was secure of favor and money. That is an indecorously naked statement; the fact, clothed as Tito habitually clothed it, was that his acute mind, discerning the equal hollowness of all parties, took the only rational course in making them subservient to his own interest.

If Savonarola fell into the snare, there were diamonds in question and papal patronage; if not, Tito's adroit agency had strengthened his position with Savonarola and with Spini, while any confidences he obtained from them made him the more valuable as an agent of the Mediceans.

But Spini was an inconvenient colleague.

He had cunning enough to delight in plots, but not the ability or self-command necessary to so complex an effect as secrecy. He frequently got excited with drinking; for even sober Florence had its "Beoni," or toppers, both lay and clerical, who became loud at taverns and private banquets; and in spite of the agreement between him and Tito, that their public recognition of each other should invariably be of the coolest sort, there was always the possibility that on an evening encounter he would be suddenly blurring and affectionate. The delicate sign of casting the *becchetto* over the left shoulder was understood in the morning, but the strongest hint short of a threat might not suffice to keep off a fraternal grasp of the shoulder in the evening.

Tito's chief hope now was that Dolfo Spini had not caught sight of him, and the hope would have been well-founded if Spini had had no clearer view of him than he had caught of Spini. But himself in shadow, he had seen Tito illuminated for an instant by the direct rays of the lamp, and Tito in his way was as strongly marked a personage as the captain of the *Compagnacci*. Romola's black shrouded figure had escaped notice, and she now stood behind her husband's shoulder in the corner of the loggia. Tito was not left to hope long.

"Ha! my carrier-pigeon!" grated Spini's harsh voice, in what he meant to be an undertone, while his hand grasped Tito's shoulder; "what did you run into hiding for? You didn't know it was comrades who were coming. It's well I caught sight of you; it saves time. What of the chase to-morrow morning? Will the bald-headed game rise? Are the falcons to be got ready?"

If it had been in Tito's nature to feel an access of rage he would have felt it against this bull-faced accomplice, unfit either for a leader or a tool. His lips turned white; but his excitement came from the pressing difficulty of choosing a safe device. If he attempted to hush Spini, that would only deepen Romola's suspicion, and he knew her well enough to know that if some strong alarm were roused in her she was neither to be silenced nor hoodwinked; on the other hand, if he repelled Spini angrily, the wine-breathing *compagnaccio* might become savage, being more ready at resentment than at the divination of motives. He adopted a third course, which proved that Romola retained one sort of power over him—the power of dread.

He pressed her hand, as if intending a hint to her, and said, in a good-humored tone of comradeship,

"Yes, my Dolfo, you may prepare in all security. But take no trumpets with you."

"Don't be afraid," said Spini, a little piqued. "No need to play Ser Saccante with me. I know where the devil keeps his tail as well as you do. What! he swallowed the bait whole? The prophetic nose didn't scent the hook at all?" he went on, lowering his tone a little, with a blundering sense of secrecy.

"The brute will not be satisfied till he has



A DANGEROUS COLLEAGUE.

emptied the bag," thought Tito; but aloud he said, "Swallowed all as easily as you swallow a cup of Trebbiano. Ha! I see torches: there must be a dead body coming. The pestilence has been spreading, I hear."

"Suffocation! I hate the sight of those biers. Good-night," said Spini, hastily moving off.

The torches were really coming, but they preceded a church dignitary, who was returning homeward; the suggestion of the dead body and the pestilence was Tito's device for getting rid of

Spini without telling him to go. The moment he had moved away Tito turned to Romola, and said, quietly,

"Do not be alarmed by any thing that *bestia* has said, my Romola. We will go on now: I think the rain has not increased."

She was quivering with indignant resolution: it was of no use for Tito to speak in that unconcerned way. She distrusted every word he could utter.

"I will not go on," she said. "I will not

move nearer home until I have some security against this treachery being perpetrated."

"Wait, at least, until these torches have passed," said Tito, with perfect self-command, but with a new rising of dislike to a wife who this time, he foresaw, might have the power of thwarting him in spite of the husband's predominance.

The torches passed, with the Vicario dell' Arcivescovo, and due reverence was done by Tito, but Romola saw nothing outward. If for the defeat of this treachery, in which she believed with all the force of long presentiment, it had been necessary at that moment for her to spring on her husband and hurl herself with him down a precipice, she felt as if she could have done it. Union with this man! At that moment the self-quelling discipline of two years seemed to be nullified: she felt nothing but that they were divided.

They were nearly in darkness again, and could only see each other's faces dimly.

"Tell me the truth, Tito—this time tell me the truth," said Romola, in a low, quivering voice. "It will be safer for you."

"Why should I desire to tell you any thing else, my angry saint?" said Tito, with a slight touch of contempt, which was the vent of his annoyance, "since the truth is precisely that over which you have most reason to rejoice—namely, that my knowing a plot of Spini's enables me to secure the Frate from falling a victim to it."

"What is the plot?"

"That I decline to tell," said Tito. "It is enough that the Frate's safety will be secured."

"It is a plot for drawing him outside the gates that Spini may murder him."

"There has been no intention of murder. It is simply a plot for compelling him to obey the Pope's summons to Rome. But as I serve the popular government, and think the Frate's presence here is a necessary means of maintaining it at present, I choose to prevent his departure. You may go to sleep with entire ease of mind to-night."

For a moment Romola was silent. Then she said, in a voice of anguish, "Tito, it is of no use: I have no belief in you."

She could just discern his action, as he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his palms in silence. That cold dislike which is the anger of unimpassioned beings was hardening within him.

"If the Frate leaves the city—if any harm happens to him," said Romola, after a slight pause, in a new tone of indignant resolution, "I will declare what I have heard to the Signoria, and you will be disgraced. What if I am your wife?" she went on, impetuously; "I will be disgraced with you. If we are united, I am that part of you that will save you from crime. Others shall not be betrayed."

"I am quite aware of what you would be likely to do, *anima mia*," said Tito, in the coolest of his liquid tones; "therefore, if you have a

small amount of reasoning at your disposal just now, consider that if you believe me in nothing else, you may believe me when I say I will take care of myself, and not put it in your power to ruin me."

"Then you assure me that the Frate is warned—he will not go beyond the gates?"

"He shall not go beyond the gates."

There was a moment's pause; but distrust was not to be expelled.

"I will go back to San Marco now and find out," Romola said, making a movement forward.

"You shall not!" said Tito, in a bitter whisper, seizing her wrists with all his masculine force. "I am master of you. You shall not set yourself in opposition to me."

There were passers-by approaching. Tito had heard them, and that was why he spoke in a whisper. Romola was too conscious of being mastered to have struggled, even if she had remained unconscious that witnesses were at hand. But she was aware now of footsteps and voices, and her habitual sense of personal dignity made her at once yield to Tito's movement toward leading her from the loggia.

They walked on in silence for some time under the small drizzling rain. The first rush of indignation and alarm in Romola had begun to give way to more complicated feelings, which rendered speech and action difficult. In that simpler state of vehemence, open opposition to the husband from whom she felt her soul revolting, had had the aspect of a temptation for her; it seemed the easiest of all courses. But now habits of self-questioning, memories of impulse subdued, and that proud reserve which all discipline had left unmodified, began to emerge from the flood of passion. The grasp of her wrists, which asserted her husband's physical predominance, instead of arousing a new fierceness in her, as it might have done if her impetuosity had been of a more vulgar kind, had given her a momentary shuddering horror at this form of contest with him. It was the first time they had been in declared hostility to each other since her flight and return, and the check given to her ardent resolution then retained the power to arrest her now. In this altered condition her mind began to dwell on the probabilities that would save her from any desperate course: Tito would not risk betrayal by her; whatever had been his original intention, he must be determined now by the fact that she knew of the plot. She was not bound now to do any thing else than to hang over him that certainty that if he deceived her, her lips would not be closed. And then, it was possible—yes, she must cling to that possibility till it was disproved—that Tito had never meant to aid in the betrayal of the Frate.

Tito, on his side, was busy with thoughts, and did not speak again till they were near home. Then he said—

"Well, Romola, have you now had time to recover calmness? If so, you can supply your want of belief in me by a little rational infer-

ence: you can see, I presume, that if I had had any intention of furthering Spini's plot I should now be aware that the possession of a fair Piagnone for my wife, who knows the secret of the plot, would be a serious obstacle in my way."

Tito assumed the tone which was just then the easiest to him, conjecturing that in Romola's present mood persuasive deprecation would be lost upon her.

"Yes, Tito," she said, in a low voice, "I think you believe that I would guard the Republic from further treachery. You are right to

believe it; if the Frate is betrayed, I will denounce you." She paused a moment, and then said with an effort, "But it was not so. I have perhaps spoken too hastily—you never meant it. Only, why will you seem to be that man's comrade?"

"Such relations are inevitable to practical men, my Romola," said Tito, gratified by discerning the struggle within her. "You fair creatures live in the clouds. Pray go to rest with an easy heart," he added, opening the door for her.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE SQUIRE MAKES A VISIT TO THE SMALL HOUSE.

MRS. DALE acknowledged to herself that she had not much ground for hoping that she should ever find in Crosbie's house much personal happiness for her future life. She did not dislike Mr. Crosbie, nor in any great degree mistrust him; but she had seen enough of him to make her certain that Lily's future home in London could not be a home for her. He was worldly, or, at least, a man of the world. He would be anxious to make the most of his income, and his life would be one long struggle, not perhaps for money, but for those things which money only can give. There are men to whom eight hundred a year is great wealth, and houses to which it brings all the comforts that life re-

quires. But Crosbie was not such a man, nor would his house be such a house. Mrs. Dale hoped that Lily would be happy with him, and satisfied with his modes of life, and she strove to believe that such would be the case; but as regarded herself she was forced to confess that in such a marriage her child would be much divided from her. That pleasant abode to which she had long looked forward that she might have a welcome there in coming years should be among fields and trees, not in some narrow London street. Lily must now become a city lady; but Bell would still be left to her, and it might still be hoped that Bell would find for herself some country home.

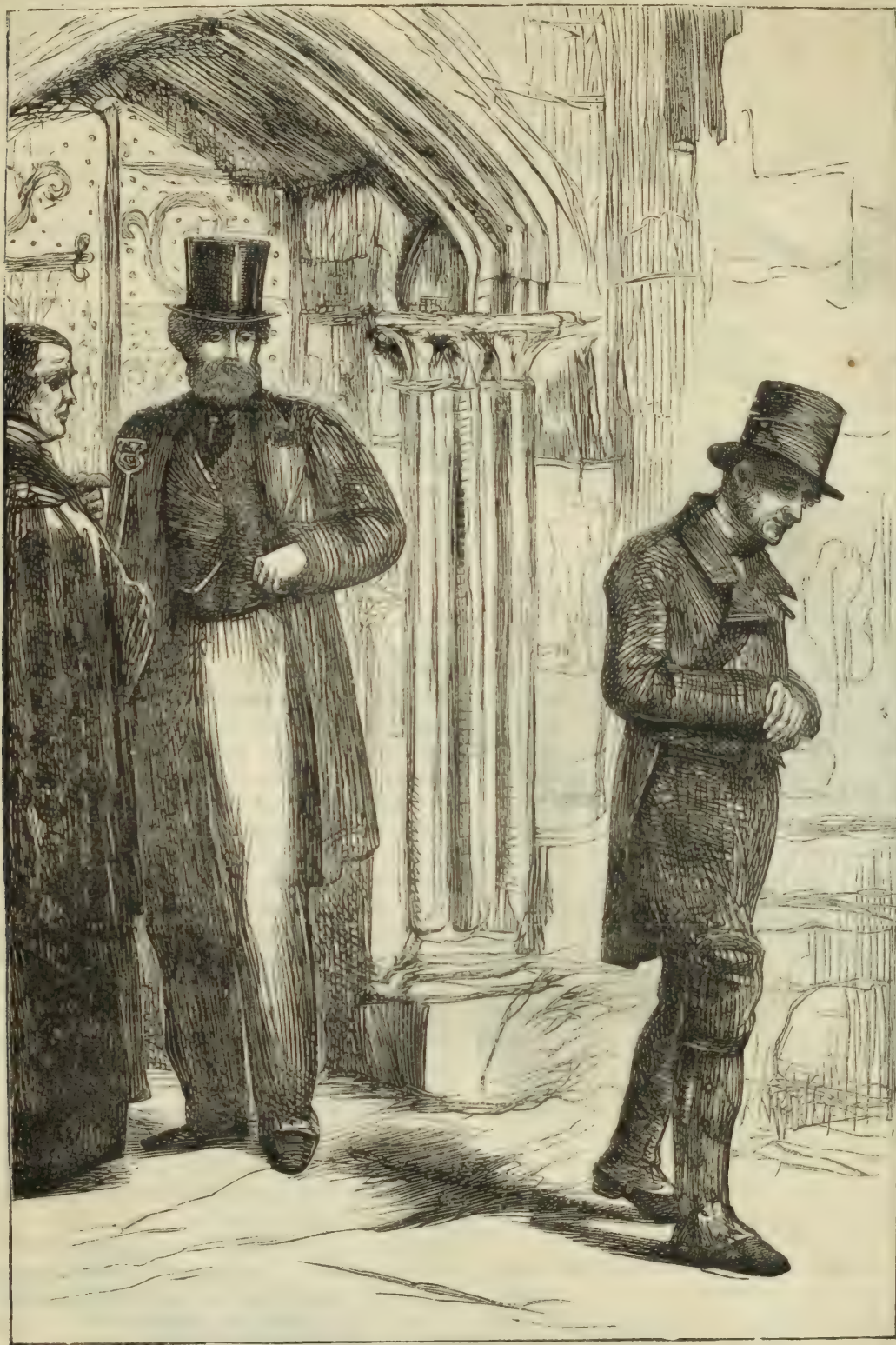
Since the day on which Lily had first told her mother of her engagement Mrs. Dale had found herself talking much more fully and more frequently with Bell than with her younger daughter. As long as Crosbie was at Allington this was natural enough. He and Lily were of course together, while Bell remained with her mother. But the same state of things continued even after Crosbie was gone. It was not that there was any coolness or want of affection between the mother and daughter, but that Lily's heart was full of her lover, and that Mrs. Dale, though she had given her cordial consent to the marriage, felt that she had but few points of sympathy with her future son-in-law. She had never said, even to herself, that she disliked him; nay, she had sometimes declared to herself that she was fond of him. But, in truth, he was not a man after her own heart. He was not one who could ever be to her as her own son and her own child.

But she and Bell would pass hours together talking of Lily's prospects. "It seems so strange to me," said Mrs. Dale, "that she of all girls should have been fancied by such a man as Mr. Crosbie, or that she should have liked him. I can not imagine Lily living in London."

"If he is good and affectionate to her she will be happy wherever he is," said Bell.

"I hope so—I'm sure I hope so. But it seems as though she will be so far separated from us. It is not the distance, but the manner of life which makes the separation. I hope you'll never be taken so far from me."

"I don't think I shall allow myself to be taken up to London," said Bell, laughing. "But one



"THERE IS MR. HARDING, COMING OUT OF THE DEANERY." Page 545.

can never tell. If I do you must follow us, mamma."

"I do not want another Mr. Crosbie for you, dear."

"But perhaps I may want one for myself. You need not tremble quite yet, however. Apollos do not come this road every day."

"Poor Lily! Do you remember when she first called him Apollo? I do, well. I remember his coming here the day after Bernard brought him down, and how you were playing on the

lawn, while I was in the other garden. I little thought then what it would come to."

"But, mamma, you don't regret it?"

"Not if it's to make her happy. If she can be happy with him, of course I shall not regret it; not though he were to take her to the world's end away from us. What else have I to look for but that she and you should both be happy?"

"Men in London are happy with their wives as well as men in the country."

"Oh yes; of all women I should be the first to acknowledge that."

"And as to Adolphus himself, I do not know why we should distrust him."

"No, my dear; there is no reason. If I did distrust him, I should not have given so ready an assent to the marriage. But, nevertheless—"

"The truth is, you don't like him, mamma."

"Not so cordially as I hope I may like any man whom you may choose for your husband."

And Lily, though she said nothing on the subject to Mrs. Dale, felt that her mother was in some degree estranged from her. Crosbie's name was frequently mentioned between them, but in the tone of Mrs. Dale's voice, and in her manner when she spoke of him, there was lacking that enthusiasm and heartiness which real sympathy would have produced. Lily did not analyze her own feelings, or closely make inquiry as to those of her mother, but she perceived that it was not all as she would have wished it to have been. "I know mamma does not love him," she said to Bell on the evening of the day on which she received Crosbie's first letter.

"Not as you do, Lily; but she does love him."

"Not as I do! To say that is nonsense, Bell; of course she does not love him as I do. But the truth is, she does not love him at all. Do you think I can not see it?"

"I'm afraid that you see too much."

"She never says a word against him; but if she really liked him she would sometimes say a word in his favor. I do not think she would ever mention his name unless you or I spoke of him before her. If she did not approve of him, why did she not say so sooner?"

"That's hardly fair upon mamma," said Bell, with some earnestness. "She does not disapprove of him, and she never did. You know mamma well enough to be sure that she would not interfere with us in such a matter without very strong reason. As regards Mr. Crosbie, she gave her consent without a moment's hesitation."

"Yes, she did."

"How can you say, then, that she disapproves of him?"

"I didn't mean to find fault with mamma. Perhaps it will come all right."

"It will come all right." But Bell, though she made this very satisfactory promise, was as well aware as either of the others that the family would be divided when Crosbie should have married Lily and taken her off to London.

On the following morning Mrs. Dale and Bell were sitting together. Lily was above in her own room, either writing to her lover, or reading his letter, or thinking of him, or working for him. In some way she was employed on his behalf, and with this object she was alone. It was now the middle of October, and the fire was lit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room. The window which opened upon the lawn was closed, the heavy curtains had been put back in their places, and it had been acknowledged as an unwelcome

fact that the last of the summer was over. This was always a sorrow to Mrs. Dale; but it is one of those sorrows which hardly admit of open expression.

"Bell," she said, looking up suddenly, "there's your uncle at the window; let him in." For now, since the putting up of the curtains, the window had been bolted as well as closed. So Bell got up, and opened a passage for the squire's entrance. It was not often that he came down in this way, and when he did do so it was generally for some purpose which had been expressed before.

"What! fires already?" said he. "I never have fires at the other house in the morning till the first of November. I like to see a spark in the grate after dinner."

"I like a fire when I'm cold," said Mrs. Dale. But this was a subject on which the squire and his sister-in-law had differed before, and as Mr. Dale had some business in hand he did not now choose to waste his energy in supporting his own views on the question of fires.

"Bell, my dear," said he, "I want to speak to your mother for a minute or two on a matter of business. You wouldn't mind leaving us for a little while, would you?" Whereupon Bell collected up her work and went up stairs to her sister. "Uncle Christopher is below with mamma," said she, "talking about business. I suppose it is something to do with your marriage." But Bell was wrong. The squire's visit had no reference to Lily's marriage.

Mrs. Dale did not move or speak a word when Bell was gone, though it was evident that the squire paused in order that she might ask some question of him. "Mary," said he, at last, "I'll tell you what it is that I have come to say to you." Whereupon she put the piece of needlework which was in her hands down upon the work-basket before her, and settled herself to listen to him.

"I wish to speak to you about Bell."

"About Bell?" said Mrs. Dale, as though much surprised that he should have any thing to say to her respecting her eldest daughter.

"Yes, about Bell. Here's Lily going to be married, and it will be well that Bell should be married too."

"I don't see that at all," said Mrs. Dale. "I am by no means in a hurry to be rid of her."

"No, I dare say not. But of course you only regard her welfare, and I can truly say that I do the same. There would be no necessity for hurry as to a marriage for her under ordinary circumstances; but there may be circumstances to make such a thing desirable, and I think that there are." It was evident from the squire's tone and manner that he was very much in earnest; but it was also evident that he found some difficulty in opening out the budget with which he had prepared himself. He hesitated a little in his voice, and seemed to be almost nervous. Mrs. Dale, with some little spice of ill-nature, altogether abstained from assisting him. She was jealous of interference from him about her

girls, and though she was of course bound to listen to him, she did so with a prejudice against and almost with a resolve to oppose any thing that he might say. When he had finished his little speech about circumstances the squire paused again; but Mrs. Dale still sat silent, with her eyes fixed upon his face.

"I love your children very dearly," said he, "though I believe you hardly give me credit for doing so."

"I am sure you do," said Mrs. Dale, "and they are both well aware of it."

"And I am very anxious that they should be comfortably established in life. I have no children of my own, and those of my two brothers are every thing to me."

Mrs. Dale had always considered it as a matter of course that Bernard should be the squire's heir, and had never felt that her daughters had any claim on that score. It was a well understood thing in the family that the senior male Dale should have all the Dale property and all the Dale money. She fully recognized even the propriety of such an arrangement. But it seemed to her that the squire was almost guilty of hypocrisy in naming his nephew and his two nieces together, as though they were the joint heirs of his love. Bernard was his adopted son, and no one had begrudged to the uncle the right of making such adoption. Bernard was every thing to him, and as being his heir was bound to obey him in many things. But her daughters were no more to him than any nieces might be to any uncle. He had nothing to do with their disposal in marriage; and the mother's spirit was already up in arms and prepared to do battle for her own independence, and for that of her children. "If Bernard would marry well," said she, "I have no doubt it would be a comfort to you"—meaning to imply thereby that the squire had no right to trouble himself about any other marriage.

"That's just it," said the squire. "It would be a great comfort to me. And if he and Bell could make up their minds together, it would, I should think, be a great comfort to you also."

"Bernard and Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale. No idea of such a union had ever yet come upon her, and now in her surprise she sat silent. She had always liked Bernard Dale, having felt for him more family affection than for any other of the Dale family beyond her own hearth. He had been very intimate in her house, having made himself almost as a brother to her girls. But she had never thought of him as a husband for either of them.

"Then Bell has not spoken to you about it?" said the squire.

"Never a word."

"And you have never thought about it?"

"Certainly not."

"I have thought about it a great deal. For some years I have always been thinking of it. I have set my heart upon it, and shall be very unhappy if it can not be brought about. They are both very dear to me—dearer than any body

else. If I could see them man and wife, I should not much care then how soon I left the old place to them."

There was a purer touch of feeling in this than the squire had ever before shown in his sister-in-law's presence, and more heartiness than she had given him the credit of possessing. And she could not but acknowledge to herself that her own child was included in this unexpected warmth of love, and that she was bound at any rate to entertain some gratitude for such kindness.

"It is good of you to think of her," said the mother; "very good."

"I think a great deal about her," said the squire. "But that does not much matter now. The fact is, that she has declined Bernard's offer."

"Has Bernard offered to her?"

"So he tells me; and she has refused him. It may perhaps be natural that she should do so, never having taught herself to look at him in the light of a lover. I don't blame her at all. I am not angry with her."

"Angry with her! No. You can hardly be angry with her for not being in love with her cousin."

"I say that I am not angry with her. But I think she might undertake to consider the question. You would like such a match, would you not?"

Mrs. Dale did not at first make any answer, but began to revolve the thing in her mind, and to look at it in various points of view. There was a great deal in such an arrangement which at the first sight recommended it to her very strongly. All the local circumstances were in its favor. As regarded herself it would promise to her all that she had ever desired. It would give her a prospect of seeing very much of Lily; for if Bell were settled at the old family house, Crosbie would naturally be much with his friend. She liked Bernard also; and for a moment or two fancied, as she turned it all over in her mind, that even yet, if such a marriage were to take place, there might grow up something like true regard between her and the old squire. How happy would be her old age in that small house, if Bell with her children were living so close to her!

"Well?" said the squire, who was looking very intently into her face.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Dale. "Do you say that she has already refused him?"

"I am afraid she has; but then you know—"

"It must of course be left for her to judge."

"If you mean that she can not be made to marry her cousin, of course we all know she can't."

"I mean rather more than that."

"What do you mean, then?"

"That the matter must be left altogether to her own decision; that no persuasion must be used by you or me. If he can persuade her, indeed—"

"Yes, exactly. He must persuade her. I

quite agree with you that he should have liberty to plead his own cause. But look you here, Mary, she has always been a very good child to you—"

"Indeed she has."

"And a word from you would go a long way with her, as it ought. If she knows that you would like her to marry her cousin, it will make her think it her duty—"

"Ah! but that is just what I can not try to make her think."

"Will you let me speak, Mary? You take me up and scold me before the words are half out of my mouth. Of course I know that, in these days, a young lady is not to be compelled into marrying any body—not but that, as far as I can see, they did better than they do now when they had not quite so much of their own way."

"I never would take upon myself to ask a child to marry any man."

"But you may explain to her that it is her duty to give such a proposal much thought before it is absolutely refused. A girl either is in love or she is not. If she is, she is ready to jump down a man's throat; and that was the case with Lily."

"She never thought of the man till he had proposed to her fully."

"Well, never mind now. But if a girl is not in love, she thinks she is bound to swear and declare that she never will be so."

"I don't think Bell ever declared any thing of the kind."

"Yes, she did. She told Bernard that she didn't love him, and couldn't love him, and, in fact, that she wouldn't think any thing more about it. Now, Mary, that's what I call being headstrong and positive. I don't want to drive her, and I don't want you to drive her. But here is an arrangement which for her will be a very good one; you must admit that. We all know that she is on excellent terms with Bernard. It isn't as though they had been falling out and hating each other all their lives. She told him that she was very fond of him, and talked nonsense about being his sister, and all that."

"I don't see that it was nonsense at all."

"Yes, it was nonsense—on such an occasion. If a man asks a girl to marry him, he doesn't want her to talk to him about being his sister. I think it is nonsense. If she would only consider about it properly, she would soon learn to love him."

"That lesson, if it be learned at all, must be learned without any tutor."

"You won't do any thing to help me, then?"

"I will, at any rate, do nothing to mar you. And, to tell the truth, I must think over the matter fully before I can decide what I had better say to Bell about it. From her not speaking to me—"

"I think she ought to have told you."

"No, Mr. Dale. Had she accepted him, of course she would have told me. Had she thought

of doing so, she might probably have consulted me. But if she made up her mind that she must reject him—"

"She oughtn't to have made up her mind."

"But if she did, it seems natural to me that she should speak of it to no one. She might probably think that Bernard would be as well pleased that it should not be known."

"Pshaw—known! of course it will be known. As you want time to consider of it, I will say nothing more now. If she were my daughter, I should have no hesitation in telling her what I thought best for her welfare."

"I have none; though I may have some in making up my mind as to what is best for her welfare. But, Mr. Dale, you may be sure of this—I will speak to her very earnestly of your kindness and love for her. And I wish you would believe that I feel your regard for her very strongly."

In answer to this he merely shook his head, and hummed and hawed. "You would be glad to see them married, as regards yourself?" he asked.

"Certainly I would," said Mrs. Dale. "I have always liked Bernard, and I believe my girl would be safe with him. But then, you see, it's a question on which my own likings or dislikings should not have any bearing."

And so they parted, the squire making his way back again through the drawing-room window. He was not above half pleased with his interview; but then he was a man for whom half pleasure almost sufficed. He rarely indulged any expectation that people would make themselves agreeable to him. Mrs. Dale, since she had come to the Small House, had never been a source of satisfaction to him, but he did not on that account regret that he had brought her there. He was a constant man; urgent in carrying out his own plans, but not sanguine in doing so, and by no means apt to expect that all things would go smooth with him. He had made up his mind that his nephew and his niece should be married, and, should he ultimately fail in this, such failure would probably embitter his future life; but it was not in the nature of the man to be angry in the mean time, or to fume and scold because he met with opposition. He had told Mrs. Dale that he loved Bell dearly. So he did, though he seldom spoke to her with much show of special regard, and never was soft and tender with her. But, on the other hand, he did not now love her the less because she opposed his wishes. He was a constant, undemonstrative man, given rather to brooding than to thinking; harder in his words than in his thoughts, with more of heart than others believed, or that he himself knew; but, above all, he was a man who, having once desired a thing, would desire it always.

Mrs. Dale, when she was left alone, began to turn over the question in her mind in a much fuller manner than the squire's presence had as yet made possible for her. Would not such a marriage as this be for them all the happiest do-



"AND HAVE I NOT REALLY LOVED YOU?"

mestic arrangement which circumstances could afford? Her daughter would have no fortune, but here would be prepared for her all the comforts which fortune can give. She would be received into her uncle's house, not as some penniless, portionless bride whom Bernard might have married and brought home, but as the wife whom of all others Bernard's friends had thought desirable for him. And then, as regarded Mrs. Dale herself, there would be nothing in such a

marriage which would not be delightful to her. It would give a realization to all her dreams of future happiness.

But, as she said to herself over and over again, all that must go for nothing. It must be for Bell, and for her only, to answer Bernard's question. In her mind there was something sacred in that idea of love. She would regard her daughter almost as a castaway if she were to marry any man without absolutely lov-

ing him—loving him as Lily loved her lover, with all her heart and all her strength.

With such a conviction as this strong upon her she felt that she could not say much to Bell that would be of any service.

CHAPTER XX.

DR. CROFTS.

IF there was any thing in the world as to which Isabella Dale was quite certain, it was this—that she was not in love with Dr. Crofts. As to being in love with her cousin Bernard, she had never had occasion to ask herself any question on that head. She liked him very well, but she had never thought of marrying him; and now, when he made his proposal, she could not bring herself to think of it. But as regards Dr. Crofts, she had thought of it, and had made up her mind—in the manner above described.

It may be said that she could not have been justified in discussing the matter even within her own bosom, unless authorized to do so by Dr. Crofts himself. Let it then be considered that Dr. Crofts had given her some such authority. This may be done in more ways than one; and Miss Dale could not have found herself asking herself questions about him unless there had been fitting occasion for her to do so.

The profession of a medical man in a small provincial town is not often one which gives to its owner in early life a large income. Perhaps in no career has a man to work harder for what he earns, or to do more work without earning any thing. It has sometimes seemed to me as though the young doctors and the old doctors had agreed to divide between them the different results of their profession—the young doctors doing all the work and the old doctors taking all the money. If this be so, it may account for that appearance of premature gravity which is borne by so many of the medical profession. Under such an arrangement a man may be excused for a desire to put away childish things very early in life.

Dr. Crofts had now been practicing in Guestwick nearly seven years, having settled himself in that town when he was twenty-three years old, and being at this period about thirty. During those seven years his skill and industry had been so fully admitted that he had succeeded in obtaining the medical care of all the paupers in the union, for which work he was paid at the rate of one hundred pounds a year. He was also assistant-surgeon at a small hospital which was maintained in that town, and held two or three other similar public positions, all of which attested his respectability and general proficiency. They, moreover, thoroughly saved him from any of the dangers of idleness; but, unfortunately, they did not enable him to regard himself as a successful professional man. Whereas old Dr. Gruffen, of whom but few people spoke

well, had made a fortune in Guestwick, and even still drew from the ailments of the town a considerable and hardly yet decreasing income. Now this was hard upon Dr. Crofts—unless there was existing some such well-understood arrangement as that above named.

He had been known to the family of the Dales long previous to his settlement at Guestwick, and had been very intimate with them from that time to the present day. Of all the men, young or old, whom Mrs. Dale counted among her intimate friends, he was the one whom she most trusted and admired. And he was a man to be trusted by those who knew him well. He was not bright and always ready, as was Crosbie, nor had he all the practical worldly good sense of Bernard Dale. In mental power I doubt whether he was superior to John Eames; to John Eames, such as he might become when the period of his hobbledehoyhood should have altogether passed away. But Crofts, compared with the other three, as they all were at present, was a man more to be trusted than any of them. And there was, moreover, about him an occasional dash of humor, without which Mrs. Dale would hardly have regarded him with that thorough liking which she had for him. But it was a quiet humor, apt to show itself when he had but one friend with him, rather than in general society. Crosbie, on the other hand, would be much more bright among a dozen than he could with a single companion. Bernard Dale was never bright; and as for Johnny Eames—; but in this matter of brightness, Johnny Eames had not yet shown to the world what his character might be.

It was now two years since Crofts had been called upon for medical advice on behalf of his friend Mrs. Dale. She had then been ill for a long period—some two or three months, and Dr. Crofts had been frequent in his visits at Allington. At that time he became very intimate with Mrs. Dale's daughters, and especially so with the eldest. Young unmarried doctors ought perhaps to be excluded from houses in which there are young ladies. I know, at any rate, that many sage matrons hold very strongly to that opinion, thinking, no doubt, that doctors ought to get themselves married before they venture to begin working for a living. Mrs. Dale, perhaps, regarded her own girls as still merely children, for Bell, the elder, was then hardly eighteen; or perhaps she held imprudent and heterodox opinions on this subject; or it may be that she selfishly preferred Dr. Crofts, with all the danger to her children, to Dr. Gruffen, with all the danger to herself. But the result was that the young doctor one day informed himself, as he was riding back to Guestwick, that much of his happiness in this world would depend on his being able to marry Mrs. Dale's eldest daughter. At that time his total income amounted to little more than two hundred a year, and he had resolved within his own mind that Dr. Gruffen was esteemed as much the better doctor by the general public opinion of Guest-

wick, and that Dr. Gruffen's sandy-haired assistant would even have a better chance of success in the town than himself should it ever come to pass that the doctor was esteemed too old for personal practice. Crofts had no fortune of his own, and he was aware that Miss Dale had none. Then, under those circumstances, what was he to do?

It is not necessary that we should inquire at any great length into those love passages of the doctor's life which took place three years before the commencement of this narrative. He made no declaration to Bell; but Bell, young as she was, understood well that he would fain have done so had not his courage failed him, or rather, had not his prudence prevented him. To Mrs. Dale he did speak, not openly avowing his love even to her, but hinting at it, and then talking to her of his unsatisfied hopes and professional disappointments. "It is not that I complain of being poor as I am," said he; "or, at any rate, not so poor that my poverty must be any source of discomfort to me; but I could hardly marry with such an income as I have at present."

"But it will increase, will it not?" said Mrs. Dale.

"It may some day, when I am becoming an old man," he said. "But of what use will it be to me then?"

Mrs. Dale could not tell him that, as far as her voice in the matter went, he was welcome to woo her daughter and marry her, poor as he was, and doubly poor as they would both be together on such a pittance. He had not even mentioned Bell's name, and had he done so she could only have bade him wait and hope. After that he said nothing further to her upon the subject. To Bell he spoke no word of overt love; but on an autumn day, when Mrs. Dale was already convalescent, and the repetition of his professional visits had become unnecessary, he got her to walk with him through the half-hidden shrubbery paths, and then told her things which he should never have told her if he really wished to bind her heart to his. He repeated that story of his income, and explained to her that his poverty was only grievous to him in that it prevented him from thinking of marriage. "I suppose it must," said Bell. "I should think it wrong to ask any lady to share such an income as mine," said he. Whereupon Bell had suggested to him that some ladies had incomes of their own, and that he might in that way get over the difficulty. "I should be afraid of myself in marrying a girl with money," said he; "besides, that is altogether out of the question now." Of course Bell did not ask him why it was out of the question, and for a time they went on walking in silence. "It is a hard thing to do," he then said—not looking at her, but looking at the gravel on which he stood. "It is a hard thing to do, but I will determine to think of it no further. I believe a man may be as happy single as he may married—almost." "Perhaps more so," said Bell. Then the doc-

tor left her; and Bell, as I have said before, made up her mind with great firmness that she was not in love with him. I may certainly say that there was nothing in the world as to which she was so certain as she was of this.

And now, in these days, Dr. Crofts did not come over to Allington very often. Had any of the family in the Small House been ill, he would have been there of course. The squire himself employed the apothecary in the village, or if higher aid was needed would send for Dr. Gruffen. On the occasion of Mrs. Dale's party Crofts was there, having been specially invited; but Mrs. Dale's special invitations to her friends were very few, and the doctor was well aware that he must himself make occasion for going there if he desired to see the inmates of the house. But he very rarely made such occasion, perhaps feeling that he was more in his element at the work-house and the hospital.

Just at this time, however, he made one very great and unexpected step toward success in his profession. He was greatly surprised one morning by being summoned to the Manor House to attend upon Lord De Guest. The family at the Manor had employed Dr. Gruffen for the last thirty years, and Crofts, when he received the earl's message, could hardly believe the words. "The earl ain't very bad," said the servant, "but he would be glad to see you, if possible, a little before dinner."

"You're sure he wants to see me?" said Crofts.

"Oh yes; I'm sure enough of that, Sir."

"It wasn't Dr. Gruffen?"

"No, Sir; it wasn't Dr. Gruffen. I believe his lordship's had about enough of Dr. Gruffen. The doctor took to chaffing his lordship one day."

"Chaffed his lordship—his hands and feet, and that sort of thing?" suggested the doctor.

"Hands and feet!" said the man. "Lord bless you, Sir, he poked his fun at him, just as though he was nobody! I didn't hear, but Mrs. Connor says that my lord's back was up terribly high." And so Dr. Crofts got on his horse and rode up to Guestwick Manor.

The earl was alone, Lady Julia having already gone to Courcy Castle. "How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" said the earl. "I'm not very ill, but I want to get a little advice from you. It's quite a trifle, but I thought it well to see somebody." Whereupon Dr. Crofts of course declared that he was happy to wait upon his lordship.

"I know all about you, you know," said the earl. "Your grandmother Stoddard was a very old friend of my aunt's. You don't remember Lady Jemima?"

"No," said Crofts. "I never had that honor."

"An excellent old woman, and knew your grandmother Stoddard well. You see, Gruffen has been attending us for I don't know how many years; but upon my word—" And then the earl stopped himself.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Crofts, with a slight laugh.

"Perhaps it'll blow me some good, for Gruffen never did me any. The fact is this: I'm very well, you know—as strong as a horse."

"You look pretty well."

"No man could be better—not of my age. I'm sixty, you know."

"You don't look as though you were ailing."

"I'm always out in the open air, and that, I take it, is the best thing for a man."

"There's nothing like plenty of exercise, certainly."

"And I'm always taking exercise," said the earl. "There isn't a man about the place works much harder than I do. And, let me tell you, Sir, when you undertake to keep six or seven hundred acres of land in your own hand, you must look after it unless you mean to lose money by it."

"I've always heard that your lordship is a good farmer."

"Well, yes; wherever the grass may grow about my place, it doesn't grow under my feet. You won't often find me in bed at six o'clock, I can tell you."

After this Dr. Crofts ventured to ask his lordship as to what special physical deficiency his own aid was invoked at the present time.

"Ah, I was just coming to that," said the earl. "They tell me it's a very dangerous practice to go to sleep after dinner."

"It's not very uncommon at any rate," said the doctor.

"I suppose not; but Lady Julia is always at me about it. And, to tell the truth, I think I sleep almost too sound when I get to my arm-chair in the drawing-room. Sometimes my sister really can't wake me—so, at least, she says."

"And how's your appetite at dinner?"

"Oh, I'm quite right there. I never eat any luncheon, you know, and enjoy my dinner thoroughly. Then I drink three or four glasses of port wine—"

"And feel sleepy afterward?"

"That's just it," said the earl.

It is not perhaps necessary that we should inquire what was the exact nature of the doctor's advice; but it was, at any rate, given in such a way that the earl said he would be glad to see him again.

"And look here, Doctor Crofts, I'm all alone just at present. Suppose you come over and dine with me to-morrow; then, if I should go to sleep, you know, you'll be able to let me know whether Lady Julia doesn't exaggerate. Just between ourselves, I don't quite believe all she says about my—my snoring, you know."

Whether it was that the earl restrained his appetite when at dinner under the doctor's eyes, or whether the mid-day mutton chop which had been ordered for him had the desired effect, or whether the doctor's conversation was more lively than that of the Lady Julia, we will not say; but the earl, on the evening in question, was triumphant. As he sat in his easy-chair after

dinner he hardly winked above once or twice; and when he had taken the large bowl of tea, which he usually swallowed in a semi-somnolent condition, he was quite lively.

"Ah yes," he said, jumping up and rubbing his eyes; "I think I do feel lighter. I enjoy a snooze after dinner; I do indeed; I like it; but then, when one comes to go to bed, one does it in such a sneaking sort of way, as though one were in disgrace! And my sister, she thinks it a crime—literally a sin, to go to sleep in a chair. Nobody ever caught her napping! By-the-by, Dr. Crofts, did you know that Mr Crosbie whom Bernard Dale brought down to Allington? Lady Julia and he are staying at the same house now."

"I met him once at Mrs. Dale's."

"Going to marry one of the girls, isn't he?"

Whereupon Dr. Crofts explained that Mr. Crosbie was engaged to Lilian Dale.

"Ah yes; a nice girl, I'm told. You know all those Dales are connections of ours. My sister Fanny married their uncle Orlando. My brother-in-law doesn't like traveling, and so I don't see very much of him; but of course I'm interested about the family."

"They're very old friends of mine," said Crofts.

"Yes, I dare say. There are two girls, are there not?"

"Yes, two."

"And Miss Lily is the youngest. There's nothing about the elder one getting married, is there?"

"I've not heard any thing of it."

"A very pretty girl she is, too. I remember seeing her at her uncle's last year. I shouldn't wonder if she were to marry her cousin Bernard. He is to have the property, you know; and he's my nephew."

"I'm not quite sure that it's a good thing for cousins to marry," said Crofts.

"They do, you know, very often; and it suits some family arrangements. I suppose Dale must provide for them, and that would take one off his hands without any trouble."

Dr. Crofts didn't exactly see the matter in this light, but he was not anxious to argue it very closely with the earl. "The younger one," he said, "has provided for herself."

"What, by getting a husband? But I suppose Dale must give her something. They're not married yet, you know, and, from what I hear, that fellow may prove a slippery customer. He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something. You'll see if he does. I'm told that he has got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle."

Soon after this Crofts took his horse and rode home, having promised the earl that he would dine with him again before long.

"It'll be a great convenience to me if you'd come about that time," said the earl, "and as you're a bachelor perhaps you won't mind it. You'll come on Thursday at seven, will you? Take care of yourself. It's as dark as pitch.

John, go and open the first gates for Dr. Crofts." And then the earl took himself off to bed.

Crofts, as he rode home, could not keep his mind from thinking of the two girls at Allington. "He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something." Had it come to that with the world, that a man must be bribed into keeping his engagement with a lady? Was there no romance left among mankind, no feeling of chivalry? "He's got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle," said the earl; and his lordship seemed to be in no degree shocked as he said it. It was in this tone that men spoke of women nowadays, and yet he himself had felt such awe of the girl he loved, and such a fear lest he might injure her in her worldly position, that he had not dared to tell her that he loved her.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN EAMES ENCOUNTERS TWO ADVENTURES,
AND DISPLAYS GREAT COURAGE IN BOTH.

LILY thought that her lover's letter was all that it should be. She was not quite aware what might be the course of post between Courcy and Allington, and had not, therefore, felt very grievously disappointed when the letter did not come on the very first day. She had, however, in the course of the morning walked down to the post-office, in order that she might be sure that it was not remaining there.

"Why, miss, they be all delivered; you know that," said Mrs. Crump, the post-mistress.

"But one might be left behind, I thought."

"John Postman went up to the house this very day, with a newspaper for your mamma. I can't make letters for people if folks don't write them."

"But they are left behind sometimes, Mrs. Crump. He wouldn't come up with one letter if he'd got nothing else for any body in the street."

"Indeed but he would then. I wouldn't let him leave a letter here no how, nor yet a paper. It's no good your coming down here for letters, Miss Lily. If he don't write to you, I can't make him do it." And so poor Lily went home discomfited.

But the letter came on the next morning, and all was right. According to her judgment it lacked nothing, either in fullness or in affection. When he told her how he had planned his early departure in order that he might avoid the pain of parting with her on the last moment, she smiled and pressed the paper, and rejoiced inwardly that she had got the better of him as to that manœuvre. And then she kissed the words which told her that he had been glad to have her with him at the last moment. When he declared that he had been happier at Allington than he was at Courcy, she believed him thoroughly, and rejoiced that it should be so. And when he accused himself of being worldly, she excused him, persuading herself that he was

nearly perfect in this respect as in others. Of course a man living in London, and having to earn his bread out in the world, must be more worldly than a country girl; but the fact of his being able to love such a girl, to choose such a one for his wife—was not that alone sufficient proof that the world had not enslaved him? "My heart is on the Allington lawns," he said; and then, as she read the words, she kissed the paper again.

In her eyes, and to her ears, and to her heart, the letter was a beautiful letter. I believe there is no bliss greater than that which a thorough love-letter gives to a girl who knows that in receiving it she commits no fault, who can open it before her father and mother with nothing more than the slight blush which the consciousness of her position gives her. And of all love-letters the first must be the sweetest! What a value there is in every word! How each expression is scanned and turned to the best account! With what importance are all those little phrases invested, which too soon become mere phrases, used as a matter of course. Crosbie had finished his letter by bidding God bless her; "and you too," said Lily, pressing the letter to her bosom.

"Does he say any thing particular?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, mamma; it's all very particular."

"But there's nothing for the public ear."

"He sends his love to you and Bell."

"We are very much obliged to him."

"So you ought to be. And he says that he went to church going through Barchester, and that the clergyman was the grandfather of that Lady Dumbello. When he got to Courcy Castle Lady Dumbello was there."

"What a singular coincidence!" said Mrs. Dale.

"I won't tell you a word more about his letter," said Lily. So she folded it up, and put it in her pocket. But as soon as she found herself alone in her own room she had it out again, and read it over some half a dozen times.

That was the occupation of her morning; that, and the manufacture of some very intricate piece of work which was intended for the adornment of Mr. Crosbie's person. Her hands, however, were very full of work; or, rather, she intended that they should be full. She would take with her to her new home, when she was married, all manner of household gear, the produce of her own industry and economy. She had declared that she wanted to do something for her future husband, and she would begin that something at once. And in this matter she did not belie her promises to herself, or allow her good intentions to evaporate unaccomplished. She soon surrounded herself with harder tasks than those embroidered slippers with which she indulged herself immediately after his departure. And Mrs. Dale and Bell—though in their gentle way they laughed at her—nevertheless they worked with her, sitting sternly to their long tasks, in order that Crosbie's house might not

be empty when their darling should go to take her place there as his wife.

But it was absolutely necessary that the letter should be answered. It would in her eyes have been a great sin to have let that day's post go without carrying a letter from her to Courcy Castle—a sin of which she felt no temptation to be guilty. It was an exquisite pleasure to her to seat herself at her little table, with her neat desk and small appurtenances for epistle-craft, and to feel that she had a letter to write in which she had truly much to say. Hitherto her correspondence had been uninteresting and almost weak in its nature. From her mother and sister she had hardly yet been parted; and though she had other friends, she had seldom found herself with very much to tell them by post. What could she communicate to Mary Eames at Guestwick which should be in itself exciting as she wrote it? When she wrote to John Eames, and told "Dear John" that mamma hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him to tea at such an hour, the work of writing was of little moment to her, though the note when written became one of the choicest treasures of him to whom it was addressed.

But now the matter was very different. When she saw the words "Dearest Adolphus" on the paper before her she was startled with their significance. "And four months ago I had never even heard of him," she said to herself, almost with awe. And now he was more to her, and nearer to her, than even was her sister or her mother! She recollected how she had laughed at him behind his back, and called him a swell on the first day of his coming to the Small House, and how, also, she had striven, in her innocent way, to look her best when called upon to go out and walk with the stranger from London. He was no longer a stranger now, but her own dearest friend.

She had put down her pen that she might think of all this—by no means for the first time—and then resumed it with a sudden start as though fearing that the postman might be in the village before her letter was finished. "Dearest Adolphus—I need not tell you how delighted I was when your letter was brought to me this morning." But I will not repeat the whole of her letter here. She had no incident to relate, none even so interesting as that of Mr. Crosbie's encounter with Mr. Harding at Barchester. She had met no Lady Dumbello, and had no counterpart to Lady Alexandrina, of whom, as a friend, she could say a word in praise. John Eames's name she did not mention, knowing that John Eames was not a favorite with Mr. Crosbie, nor had she any thing to say of John Eames that had not been already said. He had, indeed, promised to come over to Allington; but this visit had not been made when Lily wrote her first letter to Crosbie. It was a sweet, good, honest love-letter, full of assurances of unalterable affection and unlimited confidence, indulging in a little quiet fun as to the grandees of Courcy Castle, and ending with a

promise that she would be happy and contented if she might receive his letters constantly, and live with the hope of seeing him at Christmas.

"I am in time, Mrs. Crump, am I not?" she said, as she walked into the post-office.

"Of course you be—for the next half hour. T' postman—he bain't stirred from t' ale'us yet. Just put it into t' box, wull ye?"

"But you won't leave it there?"

"Leave it there! Did you ever hear the like of that? If you're afeared to put it in, you can take it away; that's all about it, Miss Lily." And then Mrs. Crump turned away to her avocations at the washing-tub. Mrs. Crump had a bad temper, but perhaps she had some excuse. A separate call was made upon her time with reference to almost every letter brought to her office, and for all this, as she often told her friends in profound disgust, she received as salary no more than "tuppence farden a day. It don't find me in shoe-leather; no more it don't." As Mrs. Crump was never seen out of her own house, unless it was in church once a month, this latter assertion about her shoe-leather could hardly have been true.

Lily had received another letter, and had answered it before Eames made his promised visit to Allington. He, as will be remembered, had also had a correspondence. He had answered Miss Roper's letter, and had since that been living in fear of two things; in a lesser fear of some terrible rejoinder from Amelia, and in a greater fear of a more terrible visit from his lady-love. Were she to swoop down in very truth upon his Guestwick home, and declare herself to his mother and sister as his affianced bride, what mode of escape would then be left for him? But this she had not yet done, nor had she even answered his cruel missive.

"What an ass I am to be afraid of her?" he said to himself, as he walked along under the elms of Guestwick manor, which overspread the road to Allington. When he first went over to Allington after his return home, he had mounted himself on horseback, and had gone forth brilliant with spurs, and trusting somewhat to the glories of his dress and gloves. But he had then known nothing of Lily's engagement. Now he was contented to walk; and as he had taken up his slouched hat and stick in the passage of his mother's house he had been very indifferent as to his appearance. He walked quickly along the road, taking for the first three miles the shade of the Guestwick elms, and keeping his feet on the broad green-sward which skirts the outside of the earl's palings. "What an ass I am to be afraid of her!" And as he swung his big stick in his hand, striking a tree here and there, and knocking the stones from his path, he began to question himself in earnest, and to be ashamed of his position in the world. "Nothing on earth shall make me marry her," he said; "not if they bring a dozen actions against me. She knows as well as I do that I have never intended to marry her. It's a cheat from beginning to end. If she comes down here I'll

tell her so before my mother." But as the vision of her sudden arrival came before his eyes he acknowledged to himself that he still held her in great fear. He had told her that he loved her. He had written as much as that. If taxed with so much he must confess his sin.

Then, by degrees, his mind turned away from Amelia Roper to Lily Dale, not giving him a prospect much more replete with enjoyment than that other one. He had said that he would call at Allington before he returned to town, and he was now redeeming his promise. But he did not know why he should go there. He felt that he should sit silent and abashed in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, confessing by his demeanor that secret which it behooved him now to hide from every one. He could not talk easily before Lily, nor could he speak to her of the only subject which would occupy his thoughts when in her presence. If indeed he might find her alone—But perhaps that might be worse for him than any other condition.

When he was shown into the drawing-room there was nobody there. "They were here a minute ago, all three," said the servant girl. "If you'll walk down the garden, Mr. John, you'll be sure to find some of 'em." So John Eames, with a little hesitation, walked down the garden.

First of all he went the whole way round the walks, meeting nobody. Then he crossed the lawn, returning again to the farther end; and there, emerging from the little path which led from the Great House, he encountered Lily alone. "Oh John," she said, "how d'ye do? I'm afraid you did not find any body in the house. Mamma and Bell are with Hopkins, away in the large kitchen-garden."

"I've just come over," said Eames, "because I promised. I said I'd come before I went back to London."

"And they'll be very glad to see you, and so am I. Shall we go after them into the other grounds? But perhaps you walked over and are tired."

"I did walk," said Eames; "not that I am very tired." But in truth he did not wish to go after Mrs. Dale, though he was altogether at a loss as to what he would say to Lily while remaining with her. He had fancied that he would like to have some opportunity of speaking to her alone before he went away—of making some special use of the last interview which he should have with her before she became a married woman. But now the opportunity was there, and he hardly dared to avail himself of it.

"You'll stay and dine with us," said Lily.

"No, I'll not do that, for I especially told my mother that I would be back."

"I'm sure it was very good of you to walk so far to see us. If you really are not tired, I think we will go to mamma, as she would be very sorry to miss you."

This she said remembering at the moment what had been Crosbie's injunctions to her about John Eames. But John had resolved that he

would say those words which he had come to speak, and that, as Lily was there with him, he would avail himself of the chance which fortune had given him.

"I don't think I'll go into the squire's garden," he said.

"Uncle Christopher is not there. He is about the farm somewhere."

"If you don't mind, Lily, I think I'll stay here. I suppose they'll be back soon. Of course I should like to see them before I go away to London. But, Lily, I came over now chiefly to see you. It was you who asked me to promise."

Had Crosbie been right in those remarks of his? Had she been imprudent in her little endeavor to be cordially kind to her old friend? "Shall we go into the drawing-room?" she said, feeling that she would be in some degree safer there than out among the shrubs and paths of the garden. And I think she was right in this. A man will talk of love out among the lilacs and roses, who would be stricken dumb by the demure propriety of the four walls of a drawing-room. John Eames also had some feeling of this kind, for he determined to remain out in the garden, if he could so manage it.

"I don't want to go in unless you wish it," he said. "Indeed, I'd rather stay here. So, Lily, you're going to be married?" And thus he rushed at once into the middle of his discourse.

"Yes," said she, "I believe I am."

"I have not told you yet that I congratulated you."

"I have known very well that you did so in your heart. I have always been sure that you wished me well."

"Indeed I have. And if congratulating a person is hoping that she may always be happy, I do congratulate you. But, Lily—" And then he paused, abashed by the beauty, purity, and woman's grace which had forced him to love her.

"I think I understand all that you would say. I do not want ordinary words to tell me that I am to count you among my best friends."

"No, Lily; you don't understand all that I would say. You have never known how often and how much I have thought of you; how dearly I have loved you."

"John, you must not talk of that now."

"I can not go without telling you. When I came over here, and Mrs. Dale told me that you were to be married to that man—"

"You must not speak of Mr. Crosbie in that way," she said, turning upon him almost fiercely.

"I did not mean to say any thing disrespectful of him to you. I should hate myself if I were to do so. Of course you like him better than any body else."

"I love him better than all the world besides."

"And so do I love you better than all the world besides." And as he spoke he got up from his seat and stood before her. "I know how poor I am, and unworthy of you; and only that you are engaged to him I don't suppose that

I should now tell you. Of course you couldn't accept such a one as me. But I have loved you ever since you remember; and now that you are going to be his wife I can not but tell you that it is so. You will go and live in London; but as to my seeing you there, it will be impossible. I could not go into that man's house."

"Oh, John!"

"No, never; not if you became his wife. I have loved you as well as he does. When Mrs. Dale told me of it I thought I should have fallen. I went away without seeing you because I was unable to speak to you. I made a fool of myself, and have been a fool all along. I am foolish now to tell you this, but I can not help it."

"You will forget it all when you meet some girl that you can really love."

"And have I not really loved you? Well, never mind. I have said what I came to say, and I will now go. If it ever happens that we are down in the country together perhaps I may see you again; but never in London. Good-by, Lily!" And he put out his hand to her.

"And won't you stay for mamma?" she said.

"No. Give her my love, and to Bell. They understand all about it. They will know why I have gone. If ever you should want any body to do any thing for you, remember that I will do it, whatever it is." And as he paced away from her across the lawn, the special deed in her favor to which his mind was turned—that one thing which he most longed to do on her behalf—was an act of corporal chastisement upon Crosbie. If Crosbie would but ill-treat her—ill-treat her with some antinuptial barbarity—and if only he could be called in to avenge her wrongs! And as he made his way back along the road toward Guestwick he built up within his own bosom a castle in the air, for her part in which Lily Dale would by no means have thanked him.

Lily when she was left alone burst into tears. She had certainly said very little to encourage her forlorn suitor, and had so borne herself during the interview that even Crosbie could hardly have been dissatisfied; but now that Eames was gone her heart became very tender toward him. She felt that she did love him also—not at all as she loved Crosbie, but still with a love that was tender, soft, and true. If Crosbie could have known all her thoughts at that moment I doubt whether he would have liked them. She burst into tears, and then hurried away into some nook where she could not be seen by her mother and Bell on their return.

Eames went on his way, walking very quietly, swinging his stick and kicking through the dust, with his heart full of the scene which had just passed. He was angry with himself, thinking that he had played his part badly, accusing himself in that he had been rough to her, and selfish in the expression of his love; and he was angry with her because she had declared to him that she loved Crosbie better than all the world besides. He knew that of course she must do

so; that at any rate it was to be expected that such was the case. Yet, he thought, she might have refrained from saying so to him. "She chooses to scorn me now," he said to himself; "but the time may come when she will wish that she had scorned him." That Crosbie was wicked, bad, and selfish, he believed most fully. He felt sure that the man would ill-use her and make her wretched. He had some slight doubt whether he would marry her, and from this doubt he endeavored to draw a scrap of comfort. If Crosbie would desert her, and if to him might be accorded the privilege of beating the man to death with his fists because of this desertion, then the world would not be quite blank for him. In all this he was no doubt very cruel to Lily; but then had not Lily been very cruel to him?

He was still thinking of these things when he came to the first of the Guestwick pastures. The boundary of the earl's property was very plainly marked, for with it commenced also the shady elms along the road-side, and the broad green margin of turf, grateful equally to those who walked and to those who rode. Eames had got himself on to the grass, but in the fullness of his thoughts was unconscious of the change in his path, when he was startled by a voice in the next field and the loud bellowing of a bull. Lord De Guest's choice cattle he knew were there; and there was one special bull which was esteemed by his lordship as of great value, and regarded as a high favorite. The people about the place declared that the beast was vicious; but Lord De Guest had often been heard to boast that it was never vicious with him. "The boys tease him, and the men are almost worse than the boys," said the earl; "but he'll never hurt any one that has not hurt him." Guided by faith in his own teaching, the earl had taught himself to look upon his bull as a large, horned, innocent lamb of the flock.

As Eames paused on the road he fancied that he recognized the earl's voice, and it was the voice of one in distress. Then the bull's roar sounded very plain in his ear, and almost close, upon hearing which he rushed on to the gate, and, without much thinking what he was doing, vaulted over it, and advanced a few steps into the field.

"Halloo!" shouted the earl. "There's a man. Come on!" And then his continued shoutings hardly formed themselves into intelligible words; but Eames plainly understood that he was invoking assistance under great pressure and stress of circumstances. The bull was making short runs at his owner, as though determined in each run to have a toss at his lordship; and at each run the earl would retreat quickly for a few paces; but he retreated always facing his enemy, and as the animal got near to him would make digs at his face with the long spud which he carried in his hand. But in thus making good his retreat he had been unable to keep in a direct line to the gate, and there seemed to be great danger lest the bull should succeed in pressing him up against the hedge. "Come

on!" shouted the earl, who was fighting his battle manfully, but was by no means anxious to carry off all the laurels of the victory himself. "Come on, I say!" Then he stopped in his path, shouted into the bull's face, brandished his spud, and threw about his arms, thinking that he might best dismay the beast by the display of these warlike gestures.

Johnny Eames ran on gallantly to the peer's assistance, as he would have run to that of any peasant in the land. He was one to whom I should be perhaps wrong to attribute at this period of his life the gift of very high courage. He feared many things which no man should fear; but he did not fear personal mishap or injury to his own skin and bones. When Cradell escaped out of the house in Burton Crescent, making his way through the passage into the outer air, he did so because he feared that Lupex would beat him, or kick him, or otherwise ill-use him. John Eames would also have desired to escape under similar circumstances; but he would have so desired because he could not endure to be looked upon in his difficulties by the people of the house, and because his imagination would have painted the horrors of a policeman dragging him off with a black eye and a torn coat. There was no one to see him now, and no policeman to take offense. Therefore he rushed to the earl's assistance, brandishing his stick, and roaring in emulation of the bull.

When the animal saw with what unfairness he was treated, and that the number of his foes was doubled, while no assistance had lent itself on his side, he stood for a while, disgusted by the injustice of humanity. He stopped, and, throwing his head up to the heavens, bellowed out his complaint. "Don't come close!" said the earl, who was almost out of breath. "Keep a little apart. Ugh! ugh! whoop, whoop!" And he threw up his arms manfully, jobbing about with his spud, ever and anon rubbing the perspiration from off his eyebrows with the back of his hand.

As the bull stood pausing, meditating whether, under such circumstances, flight would not be preferable to gratified passion, Eames made a rush in at him, attempting to hit him on the head. The earl, seeing this, advanced a step also, and got his spud almost up to the animal's eye. But these indignities the beast could not stand. He made a charge, bending his head first toward John Eames, and then, with that weak vacillation which is as disgraceful in a bull as in a general, he changed his purpose, and turned his horns upon his other enemy. The consequence was that his steps carried him in between the two, and that the earl and Eames found themselves for a while behind his tail.

"Now for the gate," said the earl.

"Slowly does it; slowly does it; don't run!" said Johnny, assuming, in the heat of the moment, a tone of counsel which would have been very foreign to him under other circumstances. The earl was not a whit offended. "All right," said he, taking with a backward motion

the direction of the gate. Then, as the bull again faced toward him, he jumped from the ground, laboring painfully with arms and legs, and ever keeping his spud well advanced against the foe. Eames, holding his position a little apart from his friend, stooped low and beat the ground with his stick, and as though defying the creature. The bull felt himself defied, stood still and roared, and then made another vacillating attack.

"Hold on till we reach the gate," said Eames.

"Ugh! ugh! whoop! whoop!" shouted the earl. And so gradually they made good their ground.

"Now get over," said Eames, when they had both reached the corner of the field in which the gate stood.

"And what'll you do?" said the earl.

"I'll go at the hedge to the right." And Johnny, as he spoke, dashed his stick about, so as to monopolize for a moment the attention of the brute. The earl made a spring at the gate, and got well on to the upper rung. The bull, seeing that his prey was going, made a final rush upon the earl, and struck the timber furiously with his head, knocking his lordship down on the other side. Lord De Guest was already over, but not off the rail; and thus, though he fell, he fell in safety on the sward beyond the gate. He fell in safety, but utterly exhausted. Eames, as he had purposed, made a leap almost sideways at a thick hedge, which divided the field from one of the Guestwick copses. There was a fairly broad ditch, and on the other side a quickset hedge, which had, however, been weakened and injured by trespassers at this corner, close to the gate. Eames was young and active, and jumped well. He jumped so well that he carried his body full into the middle of the quickset, and then scrambled through to the other side, not without much injury to his clothes, and some damage also to his hands and face.

The beast, recovering from his shock against the wooden bars, looked wistfully at his last retreating enemy, as he still struggled amidst the bushes. He looked at the ditch and at the broken hedge, but he did not understand how weak were the impediments in his way. He had knocked his head against the stout timber, which was strong enough to oppose him, but was dismayed by the brambles which he might have trodden under foot without an effort. How many of us are like the bull, turning away conquered by opposition which should be as nothing to us, and breaking our feet, and worse still, our hearts, against rocks of adamant! The bull at last made up his mind that he did not dare to face the hedge; so he gave one final roar, and then, turning himself round, walked placidly back amidst the herd.

Johnny made his way on to the road by a stile that led out of the copse, and was soon standing over the earl, while the blood ran down his cheeks from the scratches. One of the legs of his trowsers had been caught by a stake, and

was torn from the hip downward, and his hat was left in the field, the only trophy for the bull. "I hope you're not hurt, my lord," he said.

"Oh dear, no; but I'm terribly out of breath. Why, you're bleeding all over. He didn't get at you, did he?"

"It's only the thorns in the hedge," said Johnny, passing his hand over his face. "But I've lost my hat."

"There are plenty more hats," said the earl.

"I think I'll have a try for it," said Johnny, with whom the means of getting hats had not been so plentiful as with the earl. "He looks quiet now." And he moved toward the gate.

But Lord De Guest jumped upon his feet and seized the young man by the collar of his coat. "Go after your hat!" said he. "You must be a fool to think of it! If you're afraid of catching cold you shall have mine."

"I'm not the least afraid of catching cold," said Johnny. "Is he often like that, my lord?" And he made a motion with his head toward the bull.

"The gentlest creature alive; he's like a lamb generally—just like a lamb. Perhaps he saw my red pocket-handkerchief." And Lord De Guest showed his friend that he carried such an article. "But where should I have been if you hadn't come up?"

"You'd have got to the gate, my lord."

"Yes, with my feet foremost, and four men carrying me. I'm very thirsty. You don't happen to carry a flask, do you?"

"No, my lord, I don't."

"Then we'll make the best of our way home, and have a glass of wine there." And on this occasion his lordship intended that his offer should be accepted.

HOUSELESS.

IT is not without sore apprehension and misgiving that I see the annual day of tribulation and trial approaching—I refer to "Moving Day." So much of my time has been spent in hunting after a suitable domicile, wherein to shelter my lares and penates, that I am conscious of a diminution in my income by reason of jolting to and fro in stages, or rumbling in cars, or crossing over ferries to visit dwellings that prove uninhabitable when critically examined.

My income is limited. We will assume that it is \$1000 per annum; and that out of this sum there are three little Gummidges (my name is Gummidge) who expect me to provide bread, and a great deal of butter to put on it, for their subsistence, and furnish them besides with shelter and changes of apparel. Of the bread and butter I do not here propose to speak, nor of the apparel, but merely of the shelter. How am I to provide it?

It is the misfortune of Mrs. Gummidge and myself to have moved in societies that had a wholesome regard for the externals of life: as, for instance, cleanliness, good behavior, and gen-

eral rectitude of demeanor. Departures from these cardinal virtues pain us; exposure to the contrary practices weakens our own observance of them; and yet—I say it with pain—there is no help for us; and we must, for all I see, associate with those who are not only untidy as to their persons, but who permit filth of all kinds to collect on the stairs, balusters, on the doors, and in the halls of the houses wherein they abide.

If I were asked why this is necessarily the case, I should answer, Because there are no dwellings convenient to the business part of the city, known to me, where a person of small means can live quietly. I know that this assertion will be contradicted by many; but I can substantiate it, if I may be allowed to construe those qualifications as I understand them—what significance I attach to them will presently appear.

Let us consider the amount of our incomes; I say *our*, because there are many persons in situations similar to my own. Upon an average they may be stated as ranging from \$750 to \$1250 a year—my own income I have already put down confidentially at the medium of \$1000, all told. Now how much, or how great a proportion of this can one afford to pay for his rooms? Whole houses are out of the question. Clearly not more than one-sixth of the whole amount; and this portion will be a sore tax if we have any considerable number of little mouths at home to be filled. Let us take \$166 $\frac{66}{100}$ in our hand and set out to visit the apartments which are to be had for that sum. If one is inexperienced in such journeys as these the first cover that he will seek is likely to be those streets on the eastern side of the city, about Grand Street, such as Columbia, Willet, Pitt, etc. The aspect of these streets is not by any means inviting; but that is not to be hoped for. Garbage is there, and piles of ashes, and odorous swill-boxes; gangs of boys swear and curse, and play hide-and-seek about your person as you pass along. But these features are not repulsive; one becomes indifferent to them after years of association. Here is a house with a bill up—"Rooms to rent." Let us see how they look. Directly opposite the house is a long row of slaughter-houses; and on one side is a graveyard, thickly tenanted. Still, the dwelling is outwardly respectable, and we enter, hoping that we shall be lucky enough to obtain a good bargain.

First Act.—A ring at the door. If we wait patiently, and ring twice more, we shall hear footsteps slowly and deliberately approaching. The door opens about six inches, and a woman's dirty face and unkempt head appears in the crevice. She says, "*Whod'yer want?*" We reply, mildly, that we desire to know what rooms are to rent, and are gruffly answered, "Third floor." "Can we see them?" The door handle is relinquished, and the landlady marches off toward the uncarpeted front stairs. This is a sufficient answer, and we are expected to avail

ourselves of the invitation and follow. We pass on the several landings the staring inmates of the various apartments, who have come out to view our garments and make remarks upon our appearance; and we finally reach the third floor, and wherein all the foul and stale odors of the regions below have ascended and become condensed. There are strips of paper here and there left on the wall; the remainder of the pattern has been playfully removed by the former occupants.

We ask, "How many rooms are there, and what is the rent?"

"Five rooms, and \$14 a month."

By the calendar month just \$168 per year: a little beyond the sum to which we have mentally limited ourselves; but we won't stand upon that if the rooms will answer at all to our wants.

"Is the water up?"

"The water's in the yard."

"Where can we put our coal?"

"There ain't no place for coal; folks here buy it by the bushel, and don't want no place to keep it. You'll have to do as the rest do."

"Will you repair the rooms and re-paper the walls?"

"No. You must take the rooms as they are."

Clearly these apartments will not answer, and we leave the place, glad if we escape insult on the way. One hundred and sixty-eight dollars a year for the rent of such a place, not fit for the habitation of human beings. This is a sample of what a man of moderate means in search of a home will find. Ransack the city from side to side, and this is about the net result; some will be a little better and some much worse. But you will be fortunate if you find any thing that comes within the limits of your means, if, like mine, they are "moderate."

Now what is the remedy for all these evils and troubles? Obviously the erection of such dwellings as shall accommodate the vast and continually increasing population of the city who have "moderate" incomes: we will say, for example, book-keepers, artists, editors, clerks, lawyers, copyists, mechanics, and members of other professions and trades who desire privacy and retirement?

Let no person sneer, "This writer doesn't know what he's talking about," and straightway bore the Editor of this Magazine with a long letter telling all about the houses in 999th Street and 40th Avenue, or about one or two others of socialistic tendencies and principles; the writer of this article is familiar with all of these structures, and does not consider that they at all answer the demand. In the various suburbs of the city there are cheap dwellings, in clean streets, with healthy surroundings generally, so it is not of them that I would speak, but of homes in the parts of city easily reached in half an hour from the great centres of business and trade. Why are there no dwellings of the kind under discussion? Because capitalists do not know, or are averse to considering, how easily and profitably such dwellings may be erected.

Let us examine briefly the practical bearings of the subject. There was a plan of a building which would answer all the requirements one could reasonably expect; and although the utmost limits of the scheme may not be realized, it is safe to assume that such a dwelling would be a much more desirable residence than those now to let at immoderate prices. This plan was one projected by some parties whose names are not made public: it was never carried out, because the scheme was not planned upon a proper basis. Depending, as it did, upon the co-operation of the people generally it naturally fell through. "The New York Palace Home," as it was magniloquently called, was intended to be a large structure inwardly and outwardly—a huge hotel having every convenience on its several stories for a quiet and luxurious home. Strict privacy was insured to every dweller within its walls, and every possible convenience was provided. The locality was to be near the Central Park, and the whole affair was to cost in the neighborhood of a million of dollars. The idea was good, but the fatal defect was the method by which it was to be built and operated. This practically defeated the whole thing. The association purported to be one designed to afford a home for those persons having moderate incomes, and the projectors of the scheme immediately requested the class in question to come forward and take from one to five thousand dollars' worth of stock—a very probable piece of enterprise on the part of the lean-pursed.

Such projects as the above will always fail for the reasons stated. I have before me a plan far more modest, yet quite as comfortable and original in its conception, for dwellings affording quiet retreats after the labors of the day. It is by an architect formerly of this city, but now doing his country service at the seat of war. Here is the author's verbal description of this plan:

"The great and fundamental difference between this plan and that of any houses hitherto erected in New York for accommodating more than one family is the *complete separation* which is obtained, and which—with the exception of using one grand general staircase for egress and ingress—enables the families to be as private and distinct from each other as if each possessed a separate street entrance on the same block. In this respect the design bears no resemblance whatever to what is usually understood here as 'tenement houses.'

"On arriving at either landing the visitor comes to the front door of a first-class residence, where he has to ring a bell for admission, precisely as he would in the street; and on passing the door to enter the vestibule he finds himself in a house completely detached from all the others, and possessing, on a *single floor*, every convenience of a well-built modern house. Each house has a fine front parlor, 16 feet square, four bedrooms, bath-room, water-closet, china-closet, and other closets in abundance; dining-room, kitchen and all appurtenances; facilities for raising coal (from a separate cellar in the basement) and getting rid of refuse, without the necessity of ascending and descending any stairs; a piazza in the rear, and a brick-inclosed fire-proof staircase, to prevent the possibility of any danger from fire. Arrangements are also made for washing and the use of a drying yard for each house, without any admixture whatever of the families.

"Upon two lots of 25 feet by 100 feet, and in the centre of any block, I can, in a four-story structure, afford to

eight separate families the accommodations above mentioned, and with all modern improvements. I have made this design expressly to meet the requirements of that large and respectable portion of the community whose means are not sufficient for occupying separate houses in the central and convenient portions of the city. Such families are to be counted by thousands; and it is an astonishing fact that while there are abundant accommodations for the *wealthiest* and the *poorest* classes in the community, so little attention should have been paid to providing decent and comfortable homesteads in town for the families of *gentlemen with moderate incomes*.

"I believe that my scheme is fully able to meet the necessities of the case, and I am confident that if only *one* such edifice were erected in New York, capitalists would have enough to do to keep pace with the demand upon them for more."

Here are suggestions worthy of attention. The price of such a house, or houses, depends wholly upon the finish of them; and it is not an illogical conclusion to assume that people would prefer the comforts which are here attainable to stifling among the unwholesome and crowded

quarters of the town. In the upper part of the city—near the Central Park, for instance—land is comparatively cheap, and if it be necessary to go as high up as that line, a row of houses could be erected at a price that will pay from 10 to 15 per cent. on the investment if properly managed. The writer has consulted with builders and architects in reference to this matter; and they, while acknowledging the want of such buildings, think the scheme a feasible one.

It is not the intention to burden this article with plans and specifications for tenements which can be furnished by the proper persons. The writer leaves the subject here with those whose interests lie in this direction, confident that, with due attention to the business details, the scheme can be made a profitable one, and that a large proportion of the people of this city will be no longer houseless.

Who will take this matter in hand?

IN LOUISIANA.

WITHOUT a hillock stretched the plain;
For months we had not seen a hill;
The endless, flat savannas still
Wearied our eyes with waving cane.

One tangled cane-field lay before
The ambush of the cautious foe;
Behind, a black bayou with low,
Reed-hidden, miry, treacherous shore;

A sullen swamp along the right,
Where alligators slept and crawled,
And moss-robed cypress giants sprawled
Athwart the noontide's blistering light.

Quick, angry spits of musketry
Proclaimed our skirmishers at work;
We saw their crouching figures lurk
Through thickets, firing from the knee.

Our Parrotts felt the distant wood
With humming, shrieking, growling shell;
When suddenly the mouth of hell
Gaped fiercely for its human food.

A long and low blue roll of smoke
Curled up a hundred yards ahead,
And deadly storms of driving lead
From rifle-pits and cane-fields broke.

Then while the bullets whistled thick,
And hidden batteries boomed and shelled,
"Charge bayonets!" the colonel yelled;
"Battalion forward—double-quick!"

With even slopes of bayonets
Advanced—a dazzling, threatening crest—
Right toward the rebels' hidden nest,
The dark-blue, living billow sets.

THIBODEAUX, LA., *March*, 1863.

The color-guard was at my side;
I heard the color-sergeant groan;
I heard the bullet crush the bone;
I might have touched him as he died.

The life-blood spouted from his mouth
And sanctified the wicked land:
Of martyred saviours what a band
Has suffered to redeem the South!

I had no malice in my mind;
I only cried, "Close up! Guide right!"
My single purpose in the fight
Was steady march with ranks aligned.

I glanced along the martial rows,
And marked the soldiers' eyeballs burn;
Their eager faces, hot and stern—
The wrathful triumph on their brows.

The traitors saw; they reeled, they fled:
Fear-stricken, gray-clad multitudes
Streamed wildly toward the covering woods,
And left us victory and their dead.

Once more the march, the tiresome plain,
The Father River fringed with dykes,
Gray cypresses, palmetto spikes,
Bayous and swamps and yellowing cane;

With here and there plantations rolled
In flowers, bananas, orange groves,
Where laugh the sauntering negro droves,
Reposing from the task of old;

And, rarer, half-deserted towns,
Devoid of men, where women scowl,
Avoiding us as lepers foul
With sidling gait and flouting gowns.

J. W. DE FOREST, U. S. A.

A TRIP TO THE CAUCASUS.

"WELL, Sir, you will never get there. The Russian Government is excessively jealous of foreigners, especially of Americans."

My interlocutor was the British consul at Odessa. He had been in the country many years, and was supposed to know something about it. As, however, I had received every encouragement from the Russian embassy at Constantinople, my friend's words did not trouble me. But the next day I met a more serious difficulty. Inquiring of the captain of the steamer about my proposed tour, he asked me if I had a "padarozhna;" and told me that without one I would not be able to travel at all.

A *padarozhna*! It was the first time I had ever heard the word, which any one who has ever been off the main lines of travel in Russia can never forget. A *padarozhna* is a Government order for post-horses. With one you can travel, at fixed and very low rates, from one end of the empire to the other—from St. Petersburg to Kamtchatka, from Archangel to Tiflis. This invaluable document will procure you your three horses at every post; and if you browbeat and swear a great deal at the postmaster, you may procure them without much delay.

"But, Monsieur le Capitaine, can I not procure one at Poti? I have letters there."

The Captain shook his head.

"At Poti you take the boat; you will hardly be able to get the *padarozhna* before you reach Maran; and I doubt if there is a single man there who can speak any language that you can. But perhaps something will turn up."

Well, something did turn up. There was a tall, gentlemanly young officer promenading the deck, and now and then looking our way while I was talking with the Captain. Half an hour afterward he approached me.

"Ah, Monsieur"—[I may as well state, once for all, that all through this journey I was everywhere taken for a Frenchman]—"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "I am delighted to hear that you are going to Tiflis. I am on my way there myself, and it will be very agreeable to have your company."

"I should be delighted also, Monsieur, to go with you; but unfortunately I am in a difficulty. I have no *padarozhna*, and the Captain doubts my being able to procure one at Poti."

"Well, Sir, that makes no difference. I have one, and it is for two persons. You can go with me. I shall have the pleasure of your society, and you will pay one half the expense."

So I was at once handsomely clear of my troubles. The young Captain produced the document, which read—according to his translation—as an Imperial command to all postmasters in the empire to furnish for Captain Dragatte and his friend three post-horses and a britchka on presentation of this order.

We at once formed a friendship. "Travelers' friendships" are proverbially facile, but they are not the less lasting. The Captain told me

his history. He was born in Volhynia, and, of course, was a Pole, though a subject of Russia. The old generation of Russian haters have gradually disappeared from the scene, and the young men have no sphere of advancement whatever open to them except in the Russian service. He had been educated at a military academy near St. Petersburg, and had graduated with honor. He had received an appointment on the General Staff, and the honor of a presentation to the Emperor; and was now bound to report himself for duty to the Prince commanding at Tiflis.

"And how long, Captain, do you expect to remain in Circassia?"

"God knows; perhaps my whole life. I shall probably be stationed at some little post in the mountains—perhaps in Daghestan; and if I escape being murdered by the *Chirkess* (Circassians), I may grow old before I again see civilization."

"And do you like the prospect?"

"*Mon Dieu!* what shall I do? I am twenty-five years old. Something may happen some of these days. Who knows?"

We steamed along the sides of the beautiful green hill which was once Fort Alexander, and into the magnificent harbor of Sebastopol, halting our boat at the site of the celebrated bridge that saved the honor of Russia in the great war. Then we sailed along the iron-bound coast of Kertch, where we had to await the arrival of the Circassian steamer.

It arrived during our second day, and in the evening we stood out to sea, and the next morning we reached the little port of Nova Rossisk, in Circassia. This is a beautiful bay, closely locked in by high mountains, except on one side, where it is open to the sea. Here, as every where on this coast in Circassia, the Russian authority scarcely extends more than a gun-shot from the forts. There was some excitement about military matters, and we were not allowed to land. We stood down the coast, which now became of singular beauty. The hills come down to the water's edge, ending in a steep bluff, so smooth and sheer that not even mosses of any kind are seen on its bare, clean surface. For miles it seems as if some mighty power, with trenchant arm, had thus laid bare their masses. Behind these, other ranges, sometimes as many as four in view at once; and behind them all, lifting aloft their snowy masses in the glow of the afternoon light, were the giant Caucasus, now gazed on for the first time with wondering eyes by every one of our party.

But I forgot—you have not been introduced. Here comes Herr Consul L——, consul of His Bavarian Majesty at the port of Odessa. He sings a capital song, tells a world of good stories, speaks *well* in English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, etc., etc., and is on a visit to Tiflis on some Government business. Also Mr. S——, a telegraph engineer of high repute, who helped to lay the cable across the Atlantic, having been on board the *Agamemnon*.

He has a salary, although a German, from an English company, of £1000, and has been *lent* to the Russian Government to assist in engineering the line about to be laid from Poti to Tiflis, and perhaps to Baku. He is an enthusiast, and insists that he is coming some of these days to visit me in America, with the end of the new Atlantic cable in his hand!

Our captain, in true Russian style, had been a colonel in the army during the Crimean war, and was now a captain in the navy. The boat was very comfortable, with handsome cabin and good state-rooms. Herr Lieb, a German consul, and the captain of the ship, played and sung the whole afternoon. Oh, Signor Verdi, think of "Traviata" and "Trovatore" echoing over these lonely waters! Truly this was fame!

Toward evening a high promontory became visible, which caused much consternation among the officers, as they feared they had lost their reckoning. Finally they pronounced it a mirage; but the passengers were incredulous, and bets were made upon the subject. The ship kept on her course, and in about an hour the cape had dissolved into thin air. Both captain and officers affirmed that the cape, as we saw it, did exist, but was thirty miles away from its apparent position.

But dinner is announced. It is Russia, and you must take the *zakoosca*. This consists of a glass of vodka—the whisky of Russia—which is served to every one at table in very small glasses. Then come sardines, perhaps pickles of some kind, and almost always caviar. This is the green-colored salted roe of the sturgeon, and is excellent when one is a little accustomed to it. The *zakoosca* is served as a separate course, as an appetizer, before the soup. The sturgeon here is white-fleshed.

The Russians are guilty of that barbarism, "phonetic spelling," and one is amused at finding one's old acquaintances figuring on the wine cards as "Ho SOTURN," "SHATO MARGO," etc. I picked up a Russian volume in the book-case, and found it was a life of Marshal TUREN. 'I, however, follow their example, and in all the Russian words introduced write them as we would spell them to produce the same sound.

We arrived at Sookoom Kalé—Castle of Sookoom—at seven the next morning. This is a small village of one-story houses or huts, with a few better buildings for the officers, as it is an important military post. The country around is very lovely—the scenery almost unequaled, and the vegetation most luxuriant. Wild roses, as full and double as our garden ones, rhododendrons, hawthorn, and wild honey-suckle made the woods fragrant. The whole country was a forest, and in all the glow and beauty of spring. Going along a most beautiful glade, two ladies rode suddenly out of the wood, followed by a Circassian in his round sheep-skin hat, with his carbine slung across his back, his *kindshall*—a knife eighteen inches long, silver mounted—in his girdle, and half a dozen little cylindrical boxes for cartridges sewn on each breast. The

ladies were singularly beautiful—brunettes, with rather oval faces and transparent color. Circassian and half barbarous as they were, they knew they were beautiful, and that we thought so. The youngest struck her horse as we passed, and showed her little hand gloved and jeweled, just as any other belle in the world would have done.

We climbed up a hill and visited a "Prince" living in a long, rambling, one-story house. Our object was to see his sisters, who had the reputation of being very lovely; but our laudable purpose failed. We then walked toward a beautiful valley, an opening in the mountains, showing several ranges beyond, and closed in by the towering forms of one of the higher Caucasus. But our host stopped us.

"Don't go there!"

"Why not?"

"You'll be shot!"

This was unpleasant. Nevertheless, the valley was really very tempting, perfectly Alpine in its character, with a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in Switzerland. Between us and its entrance was a quarter of a mile of upland level, fringed round with flower-bearing bushes. There was not a particle of danger visible, at least, if there were any at all. So the Consul and myself stole away from the party, and were soon enveloped in the shady thickets. Presently we heard a great noise behind us, and there were the "Prince" and a dozen followers of all degrees and conditions, calling on us to stop, and apparently frantic lest we should be killed. Mein Herr Consul turned round to me:

"The 'Prince' says if we go any further the Circassians will kill us for our boots! Mein Gott! if they would kill *him* for his boots they would hang and quarter us for ours!"

So, as we really knew nothing of the condition of the country, we turned back.

That afternoon, with a party of Russian officers, we mounted Tartar horses; and now, confident in our numbers and arms, rode away in search again of our happy valley. It was our second experience in Tartar saddles. These are merely a square cushion of leather strapped firmly on the horse's back on a little frame, from the front of which sticks up a sharp-pointed piece of wood about four inches high and one thick. What this is for, except to give one a lively idea of impalement, does not appear.

We scampered over the hills—the Tartar horse knows no gait save a run and a walk—and were soon lost in the deep shades of the valley. We followed it for a long time, but there was no break to the woods, and were about to return when we heard a noise ahead. Our party rushed rapidly forward, and there was one of our officers in confab with a good-natured looking Circassian, who was holding up his arms in admiration of the Russian's revolver.

"Mein Freund," cried the engineer, riding up and drawing his, "sehen Sie hier!"

"Regardez moi, donc," said the Consul, drawing his.

"Look here, old fellow," shouted I, "look at mine."

What the Pole said I have no idea, but we surrounded the Circassian, who appeared lost in amazement at the number and beauty of our weapons.

It was all very well, but most probably if any one of us had been in that lonely glade, armed with a rusty old carabine, and had met a party of Circassians mounted and armed as we were, he would hardly have taken the affair so coolly.

The people in the town are Mingrelians; a very fair race—almost as fair as the Irish; they are peaceful and timid, but called us *Giaours*. There are about 2000 people living here besides the soldiers. The Circassians, spite of our sympathy for their struggles, are perfect savages; bound by no oaths, respecting no obligations, and robbing and murdering all Franks who fall in their power. Those from this point to Anapa are under the dominion of Mehmet Ameen, who it is said has 150,000 men under arms. At the time of my visit to Sookoom, he had lately made a treaty with the Russians; yet the very day of my departure from Tiflis he fell upon a *corps d'armée* and killed and wounded 2000 men. Schamyl said he was betrayed by his brother-in-law. His chiefs retired, each one to his own fastness, in Daghestan, and declined to acknowledge the treaty made by him.

We passed some hours the next day at Redout Kalé, amidst an amphitheatre of distant mountains such as is rarely seen. One hundred miles distant, Elbrous was conspicuous, rising 18,000 feet high—the snowy monarch of the Caucasus—with many a grand compeer. All along on the left these snowy giants extend; and all along on the right, for many and many a league, stretches another chain, the mountains of Armenia, alike in grandeur. It is the most wondrous point of view on the sea level that can be conceived of, and it is worth the voyage to lie here one hour. The shores are low, but the hills rise very soon, one range after another; the high mountains forming the greater part of the back-ground, looming up grandly in the distance, till the eye meets the line of the snow, sparkling and gleaming in the morning sun.

From Redout Kalé to Poti one hour. Here we bade good-by to the captain, surgeon, and engineer, who are always educated, and almost always gentlemanly fellows. On all the Russian steamers on which I sailed the engineer was an Englishman. There is always a young doctor, generally with a young wife; the latter, when able to speak French, a very desirable addition to the party. The service is excellent on these boats, and the *cheloveks*, or waiters, generally speak French and German. We wandered for some hours around Poti, which, though an ancient place, presents the appearance of an American clearing; the deep forests all round giving way to the rapidly increasing village. Huge trunks of trees encumbered the streets, and the sound of the axe and the saw was heard all round. The older part of the town is a miserable col-

lection of one-story frame huts. This whole coast is villainously fever-smitten: perhaps the case all over the world where the vegetation is excessively luxuriant and climate warm. Poti is the worst spot on the Black Sea, and the people generally looked yellow and sickly. No "European" can live here, except at his peril, during the warm season; and the few who are compelled to remain look miserable enough. In regard to travel inland this fever is the great drawback. For a stranger to remain at this spot two weeks to await a steamer it is almost as dangerous as to do the same at Chagres. This fever ceases after you enter the hills.

Fortunately we were not compelled to test the hospitalities of this place: the little English-built steamer *Akerman* was lying here, ready to transport us up the river Rion, in whose estuary we were now lying; so taking our luggage with us, we went on board and succeeded in getting something to eat, as well as a place, on the benches that surrounded the cabin, to sleep on.

The next day we started up the river. We were in Colchis; and wondering whether Jason had ever done the same, and how it was possible, in so very early an age, for accounts of this remote country ever to have reached Greece, we proceeded up the magnificent stream. The scenery, as far as the stream and forest were concerned, was not unlike certain portions of the Mississippi. A very full, flowing, turbid stream, dashing through a thick forest, bearing trees upon its surface, and planting "snags" and "sawyers" in its muddy bed, passed through a perfectly level and low-lying country. Houses along its banks stood upon poles to avoid inundation. Soon we approached a more peopled region: village after village appeared of low, wooden houses, all built within the wondrous magnificence of these eternal woods. The Mingrelians thronged the shores as we passed—it was a fête day—clad in brilliant contrast of red, blue, green, and yellow—the latter apparently the favorite color, whose hues contrasted pleasingly with the dark foliage. These people in religion are Armenians. Taking a branch of the Rion we arrived at Maran, a large village of wooden houses, where we were told there was a gentleman living who "could speak French," but he—accomplished man—was not to be found. But as the Captain and the Consul spoke Russian perfectly, it made no difference to us; so we proceeded to the post-house and demanded a britchka.

As it was a "regular steamer's day" there was no delay. The Captain's padarozhna was examined, and the horses were promptly forthcoming. Our friends, the Consul and the engineer, were alike fortunate. Besides ourselves, there were three young Germans, traveling together, who managed to crowd into another britchka.

Just as we were about setting out another young German came up and addressed us:

"I am a poor man in search of employment as a watchmaker at Tiflis. I can not afford to

take a britchka to myself. Will you allow me to go with you? I will pay my share, and will be of service in attending to your luggage."

Not knowing any thing of the country I stood mute, but my amiable Captain at once proposed granting the desired permission. As the britchka, as well as the horses, must be changed at every *stanca*, or post-station, he proved so useful to us in transferring the trunks that we did not allow him to pay any thing. In fact, except that he was ignorant of Russian, he proved as good a servant as could have been desired. The britchka is built much like a small country skeleton hay-wagon, the body semi-cylindrical, without seats, except your luggage, which in our case it was too small to hold. A rope is passed frequently from one side to the other, which will make a seat; it is not so bad if you own a cushion, but at first setting out you are not apt to know enough to buy one. You are always in danger of being spilled if the road is hilly, but we met no accident except that once we lost our German overboard. The shafts, fastened as usual, have also in the Russian style "outriggers," running from the ends of the fore axles. The horse, generally a good trotter, is geared to a high bow in front, while two other horses are geared loosely, one on each side, and generally manage to keep in a full run. The *Izvoshchick* sits in front in a Bob Logic hat, with a bright sash round his waist, a long coat coming nearly to his ankles, and boots outside of what would be his nether garment in any other part of the world. He flourishes his whip and reasons with his horses: "Ah now, my good friends, go forward; go on quickly! Hurry along, and the good gentlemen will give us some drink-money!" The body of the britchka is supported on two long poles resting on each axle—a dim approach of the Russian mind to the idea of a spring. In this way you can travel throughout the Russian dominions. Each *stanca* or post-station—they are 15 to 18 miles apart—is furnished with two or more rooms, in which are found two or three wooden boxes, sometimes bare, often spread with a kind of coverlet, never thick and always dirty, on which you may sleep if you are not over-nice, and so prefer the floor.

But *Izvoshchick* cracks his whip, our friends have already started, the trunks are strapped on, and we mount upon them. *No-no-no-o-o!* cries *Izvoshchick* to encourage his horses, and away we go.

Dashing out of Maran we met numbers of people in beautiful costumes and found it was a holiday. To the fête we went, and found thousands assembled on the green, and in the groves outside the town. The costumes were really very striking—a wondrous profusion of yellow, unquestionably the favorite color.

We were, as distinguished strangers, taken up to see the Princess, who "could speak French"—a very great accomplishment *here*; but it proved a false alarm, her yellow robed Highness speaking naught but her native tongue. Tall, slender, but well made; with handsome chest and

bosom; a long face; nose straight, and a thought too long for strict beauty; fine color, not exactly fair but a clear brunette, where the light seems to linger about the outline, as if it thought to enter and be a part of the beauty it exhibited; with her long yellow robe closely fitted to throat and wrists, a broad ribbon, of gold embroidered velvet, worn like a crown around her head, and long veils falling on each side; mounted, with short stirrups, astride, the only way ladies ride in the East, a graceful iron-gray Tartar, with a pretty foot peeping out coquettishly from her voluminous drapery, she was a fair type of the Mingrelian.

Nobody ever *learned* to ride on horseback—it comes by nature, like reading and writing. Gentlemen were dashing around, sitting on any part of their steeds, grasping and poisoning their lances, charging and racing each other, an exceedingly animated scene. On foot men and women were singing abominable ballads to intolerable tunes, and dancing in rude measures, altogether a strange exhibition of semi-barbarous life.

Off we went, leaving the river and crossing a pleasant hilly country. At the first *stanca* we found our first trouble with the postmaster. Horses there were in abundance, but none for us. Our Captain and Consul swore, jumped, and stamped about, but the postmaster is a "born thrall," and used to it. Every body swears at him, threatens him, and perhaps beats him; it is what he expects, and woe betide you if you undertake a journey into the heart of Russia alone, and without enough of the language to swear by!

While awaiting the pleasure of his highness, the master of the *stanca*, some one called for wine: about a gallon was served us in an earthen jug, and drank from the same glass; the price was 30 kopecks—a kopeck is $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of a cent—and the quality surprisingly good. Some of these days, now that the steamer has fairly made its way here, there will be a great trade in this article all through this country.

Off we were at last, and pushed on through a very pleasant country, striking the Rion again, and keeping on its banks till at 1 A.M., absolutely worn out with the unaccustomed fatigue of the britchka, hungry and supperless, we arrived at Kutais, the capital of Imeritia.

In traveling one thousand versts (a verst is two-thirds of our statute mile, 105 to a degree) in the britchka one becomes used to it, but at first the fatigue is almost overpowering. It is much better, if you meditate a prolonged journey, to purchase a kind of carriage they have here, with an unpronounceable name, which is mounted on decent springs, protects you from the weather, and in which you can sleep.

We hammered and thundered at the door of the "hotel," and at length obtained entrance; but there was "nothing to eat." Finally we procured some bread and cheese, and that was all. But the great institution of Russia was there to comfort us—the "samovar," or tea-urn.

Every traveler in Russia, no matter what he blames, praises the tea. I forbear to add any word of commendation beyond this: "I say ditto to Mr. Ross Browne."

We slept reasonably well upon sofas that probably had once been new, and the next day examined the town. Kutais is on the Rion, which has here diminished to a sturdy and roaring mountain torrent. A bridge, destroyed many years ago, forms a picturesque ruin, with its three piers remaining. The views are very fine, all round, of the mountains. The costumes are Georgian; gentlemen wear close cloaks with open sleeves, pendent from the shoulders, and silk tight ones. The universal *kindshall*, or poniard of Circassia, often two feet long, and double edged, is carried in a belt richly studded with silver. The bazar was the dirtiest and most filthy I had ever seen, which was saying a good deal. There is a very handsome public garden here. Next to Tiflis it is the largest city in the land. A universal peculiarity of the costume of the married women all through this country now began to show itself. The bosom is carried in two—not little—sacks, which are invariably in striking contrast of color, such as red on yellow, or yellow on blue, with the dress itself. At first the effect is exceedingly ludicrous, but one soon gets used to it.

Leaving Kutais at noon, we took an affluent of the Rion, the Quirita, and followed it up and up among the mountains amidst a scenery really charming. The hills, mostly conical, were not large in themselves, but were piled one upon the other, with numberless lateral valleys, giving to every turn of the road a lovely prospect. Every few miles an old castle was perched high up on the rocks, which grew more savage as we advanced. The road narrowed; huge cliffs bent over our heads; all that can be imagined of grandeur encompassed us as night closed in. Soon the moon arose, the same wondrous variety of scene lit up by another and softer light—the blackened shadows lending additional depth and sublimity to the narrow valleys.

At last, fatigued enough—for the second day of a britchka journey is like the same period in one on horseback, the most wearying of all—we arrived at a stanca, and found there was nothing at all to eat, a party of Russian officers having engaged every thing there was in the house. With travelers' philosophy we were half satisfied with our bread and tea; but the Captain went into the house, and came running out, his face aglow with pleasure.

"Ah, mon ami, the officers offer us their hospitality!"

I had been looking through the window, and was working myself into a bad humor at the prospect of eight or ten officers sitting round a table enjoying themselves, while I stood supperless outside.

"Ach, mein Herr! come in, come in," said a gray-headed colonel; and the others all thronged round us and received us with the warmest greeting. It was partly on my own account, as

the Captain had told them I was an American traveler, and it was a long time since they had met a traveler in that land of war.

We sat down to table, and Prince Vsevolodjisky helped us to soup from a wooden keg with copper hoops. Being strangers, we had plates, while the officers had platters. Wine was most plentifully served from a skin they carried with them. Of course the quality was good. The officers, nearly all of whom could speak French or German, were on an expedition against the "Cherkesse," and pressed me earnestly to join. The colonel offered to guarantee me a lieutenant's commission, and the Prince a medal; but I was afraid of being detained in the mountains till the fever had set in on the coast. Finally our symposium, as all symposiums will even in the Souram Mountains, came to an end. Mein Herr Consul and the engineer, who had arrived late, but had made up for lost time, took one room, the Captain and I another. The Prince made his adieu in true Russian style, embracing me as I never was embraced before, and the old colonel wished me happiness and prosperity. I wrapped myself up in my shawl; but before falling asleep heard *somebody* fall very heavily in the eating-room. This is a wonderful country for drinking, and has been so for all ages. A gentleman native will often take ten or twelve bottles at a sitting.

I believe I went on dreaming of our *soirée à la militaire*, but at three roused myself and hunted up the Consul. "Ach Gott! let me sleep; it is too soon;" but, all pretty well drilled to travel, we were soon off. The moon was still bright, the scenery not quite so stern, and day dawned as we were still ascending the Pass of Souram.

Soon the scenery underwent a change: our little friend we had so long followed seemed to lose his character and become dissipated in the plashy meadows. The nightingales, whose day or night unceasing song had accompanied us every step of our journey, were heard no longer; the hawthorn-trees were scarcely in bud. Still we tracked his way by the greener grass, and heard, not his voice, but the bellowing frogs from his tranquil pools. At last he was lost altogether; and at half past eight a perceptible round of the road told us that we had left the far-reaching basin of the Atlantic, whose buttresses here are the giant Caucasus, and had fairly entered the Valley of the Caspian.

Souram we found a thriving town with a picturesque old castle; and shortly after we struck the Koor, a turbid river rolling from the mountains of Armenia through valley and steppe, to fall into the Caspian near Baku. This river has not changed its name within the memory of man—its ancient name, Cyrus, having been pronounced the same as its modern one.

Crossing the rapid stream by a splendid rope ferry, we went on by an admirable road to Gori, where we ordered—and really obtained it—a capital dinner. Gori is a fine town, with a very large bazar, which is regularly roofed in

with board-roofing—in fact, a civilized bazar. We here found, what in Georgia is never lost sight of, the regular Georgian house. A one-story square or oblong of stone, with little windows, and a roof of heavy timbers. On these are placed three or four feet of earth, on which grasses and plants grow, and frequently the sheep and goats are seen browsing. There are here a fine castle and ruined bridge, said to have been built by Queen Tamar, one of the greatest Georgian sovereigns, who has been styled “the Elizabeth, the Catharine II., and the Semiramis of her country.” The tradition that this lady was in the habit of inviting handsome strangers to her palace, treating them with excessive hospitality all night, and then killing them and throwing their bodies into the Koor, still survives; but, as we have the same story of another lady and another river, some two or three thousand miles farther west, I can not vouch for its authenticity. Both traditions are more improbable than they are impossible. What is really interesting is that the person who told me the Georgian tradition had never heard of the French one.

Promenading after dinner about the streets, the Georgian ladies, in picturesque costumes, gathered together on the house-tops, would often address us; but as no human being not a Georgian can speak the Georgian or *Grusian* language, we could not reply to them.

The next day the valley had widened into an immense steppe, the high mountains were at a distance. Peasants were at work driving the plow, to which thirteen, fourteen, and, in one instance, sixteen oxen were attached. The soil is hard and tough, and the plow a miserable affair. In Illinois one sees thirteen or fourteen oxen at work “breaking prairie,” but it is a different plow.

At last the hills reapproached the Koor, and the scenery again became interesting. Immense bodies of soldiers met us, on the march against the Circassians; line troops in their long coats, and Cossacks numberless. Great trains of wagons, drawn by oxen and buffaloes; the latter, the stronger animal, being invariably geared to the wagon and the oxen in front. At length, winding down the side of a mountain, with church, theatre, and castles surmounting an immense throng of low, grass-roofed houses, Tiflis was in sight, and we soon were at the “Hôtel du Caucase.”

But gentlemen who have once become accustomed to the luxury of sleeping on a bare board in a stanza are little likely to be satisfied, at least in summer time, with the sleeping accommodations of the “Kavkass,” or, in fact, any other hotel in the dominions of his Imperial Majesty; so we all went the next day to private lodgings. Dragatte and I took the first floor of a new brick house, which received its first, and unquestionably its last washing, before we took possession. Our landlord and landlady were “noble.”

“C’est tres drôle,” said mon Capitaine, “that
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you, a plain Republican without any title, should have your boots blacked by a Russian nobleman, and your clothing washed by his lady!”

But so it was; all Russia is noble or *mujik*. Had this man, who cleaned our room and brushed our clothes, struck another of ten times his wealth but not noble, he would simply have been fined a few rubles; on the other hand, had the other one struck him, nothing could have saved the offender from imprisonment. There are intermediate grades, as the “first” or “second guild,” of the merchants, who also have the privilege of purchasing, at a round price, “nobility” either for themselves alone or all their families. Our “Herr Consul” was a merchant of the first guild, “Mon Capitaine” was noble.

But it rained every day, and there was no chance for mountain excursions. The streets of Tiflis—called by the native Georgians* “Tif-il-is”—were a sea of mud. Mounted in droskies we drove all about the town and its neighborhood. Buffaloes are continually in use and always have the post of honor, although the cattle are fine and powerful animals. It is a wonder that this hardy worker, the buffalo, has never crossed the Atlantic. He is more hardy, much stronger, and less liable to disease in any way than the ox, and is of immense use all over this region.

Tiflis is a pleasant little city of 60,000 people, lying on both sides of the Koor, in a narrow valley, closely invested by ranges of hills, that are overlooked by high mountains, springing up at once from their bases. At the lower part of the town is a large castle on the river, and opposite is a botanical garden, which stretches to the top of a huge bluff, the last spring of the mountains, whose face toward the city is a precipice. This garden is beautifully arranged, with a pretty cascade and walks most tastefully laid out on its various levels.

Stepping out from the topmost wall of the garden the sheer bluff under you springs right from the streets of the city. As in all Georgian towns you see so many verdure-covered roofs, with here and there a kid or goat browsing upon them, you half forget you are looking at a city. But the life in the streets, the great progress of improvement, and the many really fine buildings in the Russian style soon correct this.

On your right, around the bluff, the Koor enters the scene from a large suburb below; the current of the river, however, flowing toward your point of departure. Then, winding round to your front, it is spanned by two bridges right under the walls of another castle, crowning a little eminence, and extends almost in a straight line before you till lost in the distant hills. All around, below you, and on both sides, stretches the city, connected again by a massive bridge of brick and iron, some distance up, and lying in patches, as it were, on both sides of the river. The country around is very sparsely wooded.

With our party, reinforced with a Count B—,

* Those whom we call “Georgians” style themselves “Grusians.” I use the words interchangeably.

who was a colonel in the army, we made an excursion, riding some fifteen miles over the mountains to a little *Douchan*. This word—pronounced with a guttural, like the word *Khan*—in all this region and in Greece, represents a country inn, where bad vodka, or sometimes real New England rum, with Boston names on one end of the barrel, and the great Pera house of “Azarian” on the other, is sold, and people sleep on the ground, or at best a platform a few inches above it. “Beds” are not to be looked for—and it is a great mercy. We had a glorious view of the steep and snow-crowned fronts of the Caucasus, and had a capital lunch on the banks of a lovely cascade. A village was near by, of little huts in Georgian style, half buried in the sides of a hill; the inhabitants, poor wretches! scarcely above the condition of savages. We scampered along toward the village, having a fancy for some eggs to help out our lunch.

“*Halte là! halte là!*” cried all the party; and I found I was actually riding on the roof of a gentleman’s mansion, and within an ace of galloping down his chimney. But how on earth were we to get the eggs, as not a soul could speak Grusian? The Colonel crowed, the Captain spurred with his elbows, I clucked, the engineer drew an egg on paper, and Mein Herr Consul flapped his arms! We obtained the eggs.

“*Ventre à terre!*” shouted the Colonel; “*Ventre à terre!*” shouted the Consul; and off we flew over the green steppe. Our horses were very good—and “ought to be,” said the Colonel, “for they cost from 80 to 100 rubles a-piece”—60 to 75 dollars.

Another ride was over the first and second ranges of the hills, on Ascension-day of the Greek and Armenian churches, to visit a little church in a narrow valley. It was a great shrine, dedicated to St. George, who was represented all round the house as killing snakes in every possible way. It was a very great holiday, and at least three or four thousand people had thronged to this pilgrimage. They were mostly married women, with their breasts hung in their droll sacks in front; and the particular object of this pilgrimage was the same for which Lucina was worshiped of old, St. George nowadays apparently having the same attributes. They—the women—went round the church, kissing the jutting angles of the walls, as Catholics do. Two large three-storied buildings near answered for hotels, where the Grusians were lodged on the floors. The *coup d’œil* of this large gathering was brilliant. Every girl, or woman not old, was pretty, and the costumes were very striking indeed and becoming, and the immense variety of color in a crowd very effective. A band of dark velvet—say 2½ inches wide—stands up from the brow and incloses the hair. It is embroidered in bright colors—gold, green, or blue. On top of the head lies a rich folded satin handkerchief, with the corner in front. From each side falls pendent a long veil reaching to the hips. A corsage of pink satin, fitting to the throat, lies easily, as it were, on

the most charming chest and bosom in the world, and unites, in a point above the waist, with a rich jacket or bodice of blue. A long robe of white satin falls to the feet; no crinoline—it is not needed; a bright ribbon round the waist; narrow sleeves, lace-trimmed at the wrist; bright buttons along the edge of the corsage, running up to the shoulders; and itself studded with silver stars or small points, and you have the costume of a young Georgian lady.

So much for Art. Perfectly round, but rather small eyes, jet black; black, round, well-defined eyebrows; a good forehead; nose perhaps a thought too short, for the Georgians are very amiable, and have hardly the character of the Circassian or Mingrelian; a small mouth and chin, beautifully rounded; with a clear, translucent color; and you have an idea of Nature. Nevertheless, when you look into the eyes of these beauteous barbarians, you feel at once that something is wanting. Like a bright boy in conversation with men, they open wide their eyes and you see the mind lies dormant; the vital spark that should kindle and illumine the whole is inactive; the intellect lies unawakened; and you feel that, handsome and pretty though they be, they are not strictly beautiful. But then there are so few beautiful women in the world!—I have seen one or two. The hair is frequently brought down in plats in front, and you sometimes see three or four tails—real “Kenwigs”—pendent behind, possibly a far-off re-echo of the fashion immortalized by Dickens.

The men wear the high conical sheep-skin cap of the kind we call *Astracan*; a jacket, generally with pendent sleeves; a leathern belt, richly studded with silver—often an heir-loom—supporting the *kindshall*, or long poniard.

Riding back over the steep hills, the road was literally alive with the Georgians. From the top of one of the ridges we had a view of a long range of steppe, in which lay two lakes, each of some miles extent, whose borders were for some distance round thickly incrustated with salt, gleaming like snow in the sunshine. Tiflis we found in a whirl of excitement; stores all closed, and every one gone to the fête in the outskirts of the town, where gentle and simple, Russian officers resplendent in gold lace and uniform—“all Russia is in uniform”—and Georgians and Circassians of all ranks and conditions were riding round and chasing each other, with thousands of fair spectators. Being well mounted, we of course joined the throng. Our Captain was perfectly resplendent in his new uniform. He had presented himself to Prince Baratinsky, and received an appointment on his staff, and was delighted with his prospects.

While riding round, a Georgian gentleman, an acquaintance of our Count-Colonel, saw him, and invited us all to his house. Entering by a side gateway, we passed through a garden set out with fruit trees. The Grusian spoke Russian. “The Grusians are always hospitable. Whenever they plant a tree for themselves they plant one for the stranger: it is the law of the

country that you may always, when you are hungry, go into the orchard and eat of the fruit."

Passing round by the back of the house—which was of stone, of one story, and with a grass roof, as usual—we were received by an old gentleman with a magnificent beard: he was the father of our friend. His mother and two fair sisters, dressed as before described, but "all in white," comprised the family. Two divans, one on each side, extended the length of the room. The floor was of earth, partially covered with mats. Beyond this room was another, apparently similarly furnished. The old man produced a skin of good wine of the country; but as conversation through an interpreter is rarely interesting, our visit was short.

The great glory of Tiflis is a Botanical Garden, or rather Park, kept by one Herr Fertsing—a broken-down basso, who, after figuring on the various European boards, was finally offered this position rent-free by his friends in St. Petersburg. It contains a very good *café*, besides pavilions, etc. Here we met all the rank and fashion of Tiflis, who came out every fair day, and to whom we had many introductions. We had numerous suppers here—in fact, every day. Game of various kinds, truffles, mushrooms, and other delicacies were very abundant, and the cuisine excellent. In consequence of the weather I had made no arrangements for a visit to the Caucasus, except to search ineffectually for a valet. One evening the Captain came in in great excitement. He had been ordered to Temir-han-shoora, a military post in Daghestan. As our friend the Consul at once offered to lend me his servant, I agreed to go along as far as Vladi Kavkass, relying on finding a *papooshick* there. A *papooshick* is a traveling companion, going the same way, who gives you a seat in his britchka and divides the expense. In case of emergency I also put in my pocket the *padarozhna* of our engineer friend, as he expected to remain at Tiflis.

At six the next morning the *izvoshechick* promptly drove round, "Michiel" packed in the Captain's trunks, and off we started, seated on top of them, and holding on to a rope for dear life to avoid being thrown overboard. Over our white linen Tiflis caps—much affected by the gentlemen of the city—we wore the *bashowick* or Circassian turban, a conical hood of heavy white cloth, with sides some four inches wide reaching to the hips. We wore them simply to keep off the rain; but the native winds the ends round his head, and it becomes a heavy and efficient defense against the heat of the sun. Our arms, which had been laid aside during our stay in the city, were now resumed.

Reascending the Koor some twenty miles we crossed an affluent, the Aragua, and ascended its valley through a beautiful country. We soon passed the confines and entered Circassia—a fact at once evident to us, as the old round ruined Georgian watch-towers we had so often seen on the hill-tops now gave place to equally old and ruined Circassian ones which were

square. At night we arrived at the town of Dushet, having traveled 80 versts. Dushet is a large village, with an old Circassian fort, now laid out by the Russians as a pleasure-garden. Of course there is no inn here; but a nice little woman at the stanca, who spoke worse German than I did, though more of it, asked me if I were French or German? "I come from America." "America!" responded she, "what is that?" She had never even heard the name before. In return I asked what countrywoman she was. She replied, "I am a Jewess." She was from Wilna. Michiel also, when I asked him the same question, replied, "I am a Jew." Do the Jews, then, own no country? Michiel was an Esthonian, and spoke "*plat deutsch*."

The next morning we were off at dawn and commenced a rapid ascent. The views were most charming—Dushet soon lay below us, it and its pretty lake embosomed in green hills; while before us stretched a long line of the snowy peaks of Caucasus, many and many a giant lifting up his head, his sides clothed with eternal whiteness. Descending again into the valley we soon struck another river, still pouring from the north, and commenced another ascent. The road was one mass of mud, through which the horses were unable to draw us, and we were compelled to pick our way on foot. A lovely little village, a thousand feet below us, in a parterre of the most living verdure, reminded me of Tyrol. Soon we left the region of trees altogether; and excepting mosses, and here and there, where the ground had a southern slope, a little grass, all verdure. Up and up, hour after hour, ever and anon a square tower, half in ruins from the cannon-balls of Roosky, as the Russ calls himself, marking the way. Then a dreary ascent, the snows coming down to our feet and extending in unbroken fields to the heights around, and at last we arrived at "Holy Cross," a little church with a cross marking the summit of the pass. This was about 8000 feet above the sea—7474 French feet—about the same height as the Gemmi in the Swiss Oberland, but about four degrees further south, and there were still a few traces of vegetation clinging to the sunny side of the rocks. The view of the snowy wastes and sharp peaks around was appalling. I thought of "Prometheus in chains"—supposed to have lived hereabout; but there was no "sounding sea" to waft him words of comfort and sympathy from the daughters of ocean.

Descending we soon struck the Terek—a wild and roaring torrent, cradled thus among the snowy Caucasus, and tearing its way between them till, after many a winding maze among mountain and steppe, it pours its flood of disintegrated rock into the northern part of the Caspian. Our road now led us through immense masses of hard snow, through which it was cut, and which formed a solid wall some fifteen feet high on each side, into a narrow defile, in which for some miles the Terek was wholly lost, flowing under the snow which filled up the bottom of the pass. Here a squadron of Russian horse,

31 men, were buried by an avalanche of snow in 1858, and the road was now obstructed by an avalanche of stones that had fallen three days before.

It came on to rain heavily, all but the near mountains disappearing from view; the road descended very rapidly, and at four we arrived at the little town of Kasbek, right under the mountain of that name. But of all capricious beauties in the world none are more so than these mountain ones, and Kasbek obstinately refused to be seen, though we had traveled such a weary way to pay our call. We strained our eyes against the dull sky, where we were told the peak ought to be visible, and finally decided to pass the night here. A very pretty little church, perched on a terrace a little below the road, from which the mountain rapidly sloped down to the Terek, was here, and service was going on though it was Saturday. A crowd of hardy Circassians, in their round sheep-skin caps with the woollen crowns projecting above, and more portentous *kindshalls* hanging by their sides, gathered round, and the boys—rapidly learning to be Swiss—offered us almost unequaled specimens of crystallized sulphuret of copper.

Procuring a vile mixture of what was called "cotelet" and onions, which we managed to consume by the aid of good tea and a portion of the contents of our skin of wine, we buttoned our coats to our chins, put on gloves, laid down on a leather cushion, an inch thick and really not harder than the boards, and slept till morning; the Captain and myself on benches, and Michiel on the floor alongside. "First come first served" is the law of the stanca. A Russian lady, who came in after us, had to take a worse room than we had.

The next morning Michiel, who had gone out to rouse the *izvoshchick*, came running in in the wildest excitement.

"*Ach mein Herr, Sie kennen Kasbek gut sehen!*" And there it stood superb, rising a thousand feet above Mont Blanc, and the highest mountain in the Old World after the Himalaya, Elbrous, and Ararat. A splendid cone, with a circlet near its top of the flimsiest frozen vapor, rose white and dazzling in the first rays of the morning sun, over two miles above us. Between us, a high mountain crowned with a ruined Greek chapel and green with mosses. Beyond Kasbek stretched his fellows, only less high, but with little snow, their steep and sheer precipices not allowing it to rest. It is said that the Caspian can be seen from the summit of Kasbek—the distance is 150 miles. But the sky was by no means "settled fair," and the ground very wet, so we determined to go on.

"*No-no-no-o-o!*" said *Izvoshchick*, and away we went through the wildest of all gorges; huge snowy summits on each side, and the track of the frequent avalanche ever recurring. At length the pass narrowed, huge beetling cliffs encompassed us; a stone from a rock 500 feet high might have been dropped into the britchka. Soon

we entered and passed through, a succession of small basins with cliffs rising 1000 feet all round us; stern, bare, and jagged, their sharp and broken outlines rested against the blue sky, with no exit visible from their close approach, and the similarity of each savage wall of rock. The Terek, already a river, roared and dashed with deafening noise at our feet. Here were the "Gates of the Caucasus," the object of awe and dread to the ancient world, who believed they were closed with bars of iron. Through this wild pass the Sarmatians of old poured down on and overwhelmed the softer civilization of the world below.

The Captain, with the national pride of a Slavonian, had been ever and anon, as we passed a scene of grandeur, asking me whether it was not superior to any thing I had ever seen. At last I gratified him, and acknowledged that this "Pass of Dariel" was superior to any thing in Switzerland or Tyrol.

After a while the pass widened, more of the sky was visible, a few firs appeared. Presently a pretty fortress, garrisoned, in a gorge that seemed beautiful after the savage scenes we had passed. A soldier stopped us and examined our *padarozhna*; then came two or three little villages, and the pass softened down into what might be called a valley of the Terek. Then suddenly it shut in close again, and passing through lofty mountain buttresses, leaving scarcely room for road and river, we emerged at once upon the plain. The Caucasus was entirely behind us, and, save one or two outlying ridges of the Caucasus, of no great elevation, and a few rolls of the land in the heart of Russia, the steppe we now looked on may be said to extend, in one unbroken level, over two thousand miles to the Polar Sea. Taking all things into consideration—its great length, its variety, the awful and savage character of some of its scenes, and the height of its mountains—this Pass of Dariel is certainly one of the grandest in the world.

It was Sunday morning; before us lay the plain rich in vegetation, and the pretty Russian village of Vladi Kavkass, with its green painted roofs and houses of one and even two stories. The bells were ringing as we drove up to the best inn and secured its best room.

We called on some officers who were slowly passing away the heavy-footed years, waiting for promotion in this little village. In the evening there was to have been a charity concert, but a torrent of rain postponed it. There were some twenty or thirty gentlemen and six ladies present. Excepting myself, the gentlemen were all in uniform. Our Captain was particularly fine, all ablaze with gold. Two of the ladies were of high degree, but the whole six were precisely the same six young ladies you meet all over the world in a remote village at a charity ball.

At Vladi Kavkass—"Beset-by-the-Caucasus"—*Dragatte* and I parted. His route now took him through the savage defiles of Daghestan to within forty miles of the Caspian. I should gladly have accompanied him, and worked my

way down the Caspian to Baku, but the difficulty of travel with only a servant speaking the language, and the dread of detention in the desert steppe between Tiflis and Baku, as well as the fear of sickness in the lower country, deterred me.

At Baku the "Eternal Fires"—the object of the oldest of existing faiths—are still burning from the four towers of a temple, and for some two miles round the country is represented as forever illuminated by them. I had not then heard of the oil springs, now so celebrated in Pennsylvania; perhaps the time will come when their surplus will be burned, causing eternal fires at home.

At the Captain's suggestion I took off my coat and boots on retiring. In all our journeying it had been our custom to make the necessary change of clothing before going out in the morning, but we had always slept in full dress. Making a bed on eight chairs, although there was a good-looking bed in this good-looking room, I fondly hoped to sleep. Miserable delusion! I thought the fleas would lift me up bodily and carry me off! It is impossible to conceive the filth of these Russians. Allowing sixty-one millions as the population of Russia, and allowing only one thousand fleas apiece for every Russian from the Emperor down, there is a population of exactly sixty-one thousand millions of fleas who are to get their living from the dirt, carelessness, indolence, and nastiness of Roosky, and then possibly you may form an opinion as to how great the dirt, carelessness, indolence, and nastiness of Roosky are.

I was gravely advised by an officer *not* to wash my face in the morning, as the sun would burn me still more if I did. Water from a jug is poured by a servant upon your hands, and this is the extent of Roosky's ablution. Basins are used to catch the falling water, but you put your hands into them at your peril. At Kasbek, asking for a drink of water, they gave me that which had fallen in rain the night before, while there were a dozen mountain rills in sight. Tiflis has no fountains except its remarkable warm spring, and water is hauled round in buffalo-skins, while the Koor pours its volumes at your feet, and a cascade, with a hundred feet of "head," leaps away in the Botanical Garden.

"But, my dear Sir, you are talking of 'Circassia, Georgia, and the Caucasus;' it is not thus in Russia proper?"

"Isn't it? Go to the Hôtel Abadie, handsome as it is, in Moscow. Go to the best hotel in St. Petersburg—visit any hamlet near—and say then that I am wrong."

For my part, I was so dreadfully impressed by the *Tartarism** into which my little attrition against Roosky had scratched him, that, a year after, on forming an acquaintance with the family of one of the most princely and renowned of the nation, at a German watering-place, I now

and then found myself wondering whether they ever did, really and truly, wash themselves when they were not at the Baths!

Here I procured a burka—a felt cloak made without a seam, which the Circassian wears constantly; as from its stiffness it will not fold close, he keeps the open side to leeward, and shifts it as the wind or his direction changes—it is impervious to water. Also a kindshall, or poniard, 15 to 18 inches long, double-edged, made by the Circassians, and though of soft metal, very sharp. It is carried in a scabbard mounted in silver, so treated by some process of the Armenians that, when held in the sun, it refracts the colors and gleams like burnished jewels. Arms are necessary, as the Government holds little except the highways, which are ever guarded by the forts. On the one side the wild Circassians of the Black Sea, and on the other those in Daghestan, are ever apt to make incursions. All those I had met were Christian and civil enough.

Thus equipped, with cap and bashowick also, able to defy all enemies, I bade adieu, with Russian embraces, to my good friend. There was no "papooshick" to be had, and I did not care to wait for one. I sent Michiel to the stanca to order horses for the "Telegraph Engineer," as my borrowed padarozhna declared my quality—and the horses came; Michiel in great glee saluting me as "Mein Herr Siemens."

Off at noon; rapidly driving over the plain, we soon approached the entrance of the pass. The clouds hung so low, concealing the tops of the rocks, it gave one the idea of entering a cave. On and on, the cliffs of Dariel had the same appearance as though the world were covered by a cloak. At Kasbek no mountain was visible; so we pushed on to Korbek, 58 versts.

All through this country there is a very fine breed of dogs, somewhat smaller than the Newfoundland, but with shaggy, cream-colored hair, and very powerful and graceful animals. These are doubtless the same mentioned over five centuries ago by Sir John Mandeville, most credulous of travelers, but who, somehow, on this occasion must have obtained tolerably correct information: "And after is Albania, a full great realm—so called because the people are whiter there than in other countries thereabout. And in that country are so great and strong dogs that they assail lions and slay them."

Off early in the pouring rain—britchka, burka, and bashowick all spattered with the mud.

"No-no-no-o-o!" says Izvoshchick. "Patter, patter, patter, patter," says the rain. Up, and up, and up the long ascent. Soon the rain gathered in big drops—in flaky masses—in heavy snow falling in right lines—up and up, in curved lines, in a whirl. The mud was whitened—disappeared; a waste of snow, all but the sharp volcanic escarpments, whirling and whirling, beating the face, blinding the eyes, piling itself up on the britchka. So on the rocks disappeared altogether—nothing but a waste of snow below us, nothing but a whirl of snow

* "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar beneath."—NAPOLEON.

around. Michiel, untraveled wight, was frightened. "*Est ist lauter Winter, mein Herr!*" But I had seen such things before, and knew where it must end. It was an Alpine *tourmente* in the Caucasus. After a while we passed the summit, our fingers aching with the cold. We then rapidly descended, and the snow ceased to whirl so fiercely, then began to come down in right lines again, in flakes, in heavy drops, and at last patter, patter, patter, patter came the rain. At the stanca we met a party of Circassian gentlemen, one of whom could say "*Bonjour,*" and "*Votre santé, Monsieur;*" which last we pledged from a skin of wondrous wine they carried with them. They were extremely interested in the Telegraph, and asked many questions, which Michiel translated and I answered. Passing Dushet, the lovely valley of the Aragua opened to us, and we slept at Souhan, 93 versts for the day.

The next morning we passed an officer and his lady who had been compelled to pass the night in their carriage, in a pouring rain, because Michiel and I had the only room in the stanca. Poor lady! she tried to look angry, but only looked sleepy. At the stanca at the mouth of the Aragua we met the only difficulty in regard to horses we had encountered. Michiel stormed and implored by turns. An officer was then waiting who had arrived before us. He had been five days making the journey from Vladi Kavkass, which we had just made in two and a half. So much is it a matter of luck in getting your horses. After a long delay, three horses were procured which properly belonged to the officer. With incomparable politeness to a foreigner, he turned round and offered to take me and my servant to Tiflis with him, and leave his own to follow on foot, 17 versts, and in this way we arrived.

Remaining a few days longer, we passed our time admiring the crowds at the bazar. Tartars with red-dyed beards; Circassians with round cap, and cartridge-cases on each breast; the conical-capped Georgian, with his pendent sleeves; and hosts of women who had only to be young to be beautiful, forming animated pictures. Out to Fertsing's we went every day. The old fellow's voice was a magnificent ruin, but a great attraction undoubtedly. Sometimes he would grow melancholy and want to go to America. Then he would sing

"Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht!"

until tears rolled down his cheeks. But this was generally late in the evening, when the Gardens had been very full, and a great many gentlemen had asked him to take a tumbler of wine with them.

Through the assistance of my friend the Consul I made a contract with a Tartar, for fifty rubles, to convey me in his covered *fourgon* to Maran in four days—no pay in case of non-arrival in time. This was to secure passage by the steamer, as I feared detention on the road from the postmasters. The distance was 290

versts, and we had three good horses, making an average of more than 48 miles per day.

The Tartar, from some inscrutable reason, kept in by-roads and stopped at little Douchans. He was very obedient—but then my stock of Russian was so small—and so attentive that he would not let me sleep on a pile of boards one night without tucking them in. On Sunday we stopped at Souram. The young ladies were all out in full feather, and beautiful to see. The men—a surly-looking throng—were gathered apart; the girls dancing by themselves very prettily. A beautiful creature, after a long dance, picked up a cloak that was hanging on a fence and put it on. It was of the finest green velvet, trimmed with what I took to be ermine, six inches deep; and yet this pretty creature had probably never slept, except on the bare ground, or within a couple of inches of it, in her life, and lived in a one-story hut with two feet of clay on the roof.

A Georgian gentleman came up to me and did the honors of the town. We went round the ruins of the old castle, of which, however, little remains but fragments of the walls. As our only medium for exchange of thought was the Russian language, our conversation was not the most animated. Pointing to a group of the young women, he told me that one hundred to one hundred and fifty rubles would buy any one of them. As this was the precise sum that had been named to me by two previous and different parties, I have no reason to doubt its truth. At the next stanca I had the pleasure of meeting our engineer friend on his return to Tiflis, in company with General Melikoff. The General scolded me for going away so soon: "When I come to your country I shall give you at least a year. Ah," added he, "you see us now after fifty years of war; come back again and see us after ten years of peace."

It is true, there is an immense deal of movement in this country; already the telegraph poles had been set up half way to Tiflis. Some day there will be a railway to Baku: there is but one difficulty—the pass of Souram, which is but little over 3000 feet high—and then the trade of Persia and "Farthest Ind" will pass here. And notwithstanding the sympathy it is the fashion to feel for the Circassians as a nation struggling for "independence," it is impossible for one who visits the country not to wish success to the Russians. Wherever they go they carry law, regular government, absolute security to life and property; the arts of civilization, and the Christian religion. The wild Circassians are simply bigoted savages: the same who were almost at that moment deluging the streets of Damascus with Christian blood.

With various comical adventures, arising from an inquiring turn of mind and ignorance of Russian, we reached the lower country and rode all the day long, by a by-road, through that superb forest, with the most glorious trees and the richest undergrowth; the air a mass of sweet odors; the ground carpeted, the thicket studded with flowers; babbling rills tumbling across our way;

nightingales singing from every thicket; doves cooing from every tree; the cuckoo's deep note heard ever from afar. The gay Mingrelians and Imeritians in their brilliant colors, true human birds of the green-wood, going along their way. Even my "princess" I thought to recognize from the dim depths of the old fourgon. Tramp, tramp; splash, splash; ting-a-ling, till at eve we struck the branch of the Rion, and arrived safely at Maran in the time named.

But there was no steamer; so the next morning, in company with the Germans I found at Maran, we procured an open boat 30 feet long, and were rowed down the Rion. It was clear and intensely hot, and at ten A.M. the air shimmered over the green pastures as you have seen it at home over a burning lime-kiln. At last we arrived at Poti, and I found refuge at the comfortable Hotel of Madame Jacot, a nice little French woman, whose face, from fever, was the color of a guinea. Here procuring the unwonted luxury of plenty of water and towels, I laid aside revolver and kindshall, burka and bashowiek, and resumed the ordinary habiliments of civilization; and the day after, in company with a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen, made my way, by the gallant steamer *Constantine*, under the command of Prince Maxsoutoff, toward Batoom and many-fountained Trebizond.

ROSEMARY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

PROPHETIC OF THE ROSE.

"Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade."

A GARDEN green with June, and into it, descending from the second floor of the old house, a flight of wooden stairs without balusters, and already nearly buried by branches of scented starry honey-suckles. Half-way down a young girl overlooking the maze below, and suffering the mystery of morning to permeate all her spirit.

Roses, roses, roses—every where roses. Roses in thorny thickets that lined the wall, and climbed with sprays of bud and blossom to toss them across, and give the wayfarer a clew to Eden; roses that towered in masses of creamy cloud, and aspired to lay the topmost point upon the mossy roof; roses that slept, crimson-hearted and drunk with sweetness, tangled in great plots upon the grass; roses over which the atmosphere forever dissolved in fresh fragrance: around, above, below, every where roses. They were warm in the sunshine, that fell through them stained to ruddy richness; they were drenched with the dew, that absorbed their ravishing odor, and lingered languishingly, loth to seek the sky; they were hundred-leaved, and spotless white as sweet snow-flakes are; they were deep-dyed in all sovereign suffusion; royal-red with flushes, heavy with perfect bloom. Roses, June morning, youth. What more could the maiden desire?

Plainly nothing. She was at that sole point of experience when life replies to itself. Happiness rippled serenely in her heart from brim to brim—an idle lake, where no diver had ever plunged for the pearl of price. As she ran down the stairs her gown broke off the persistent bunches of honey-suckle that had begged her glance; as she brushed along the old walks the rose-boughs put out their blushing tips, and caught her and delayed her; as she reached the end great wreaths of buds were clinging all about her, and so lending her their nectareous breath that it seemed to distill from her presence as from the lovely ancient deities.

She stood on tip-toe and stretched her hands across the wall, then inserted a daring foot on a scaffolding of cobweb and brier, and mounted to the grassy top.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ambrose," said she. "Are you coming in to see grandpa?"

"Yes, Miss Melicent, and to bid him good-by."

"Good-by! Where are you going?"

"Not into a garden of roses," said he, looking over this wilderness of petaled perfume, that took the morning as easily as if there were an eternity of June before it.

"Won't you come into one? There's the little gate round there, you know. It's much the shortest way, and the pleasantest, to the house—though, to be sure, the wet will take the shine off your boots."

The young man laughed, and, placing a hand beside her, had cleared the hedge and was within.

"Capital!" said she, touching a pair of noiseless palms. "You would be just the one, Mr. Ambrose, to cross the ice-fields, scale the bergs, and leap the gaps."

"What made you think of that?"

"Grandpa was reading Parry yesterday—Grandpa Aubichon."

"Ah, indeed! And you haven't any little secret lien on my thoughts, then?"

"Any little what?"

"Because that is exactly where I am going."

"Going? Where? Oh, I forgot. Mr. Ambrose, you're not quite in earnest? Don't tease."

"My little friend, is it to the moon?"

"It might be just as well."

"As to the North Pole!"

"Nobody that wasn't moon-struck would think of it."

"You just said I was the very person to go."

"Well, Sir, the two don't contradict each other."

"Thank you. So— Shall we proceed?"

"Yes—but—Mr. Ambrose, I'm thinking—"

"Indeed! I should never forgive myself if I disturbed such a process—delicate, dangerous, and unusual."

"Unusual? Do you suppose I don't think?"

"Women never think."

"Never think? Why, how do they get along?"

"With fine senses, instincts, and intuitions."

"But, Mr. Ambrose, aren't they any thing but creatures?"

"They may thank Heaven they are that on such a morning as this."

"I shouldn't. But then I'm not a woman yet; so I suppose you'll allow that I can think?"

"As well as the best—as much as the rest."

"Mr. Ambrose, if that is the way you regard women you may as well *stay* at the North Pole, where you won't be troubled. I don't want ever to see you again!" And, rising on her perch, she went, daintily balancing herself, out of reach—the arms curving and swaying, as she tripped along, in all quaint gesture and pretty attitude.

"Come down! come down!" said the young man, laughing at the indignation of her adieu.

"Come down and show me the way in." But he obtained no answer. She was approaching the corner, and her path was beset with thorns.

"Miss Melicent, are you going to make this morning a type of my travels? Am I to be a castaway in unknown and inhospitable regions?"

Here the corner was rounded, and, satisfied with the achievement, a slender trill of triumphant tune broke from her throat. Mr. Ambrose, turning after her much as the girasole is supposed to turn after the sun, walked below yet beside her.

"So I am to go without a word?" he said.

"I haven't any words for one who esteems me so slightly."

"I didn't say I esteemed *you* so."

"I don't wish to be singled from my sex. I think all women are splendid. You'd think so too if you knew Flora. But you don't deserve to know her, Mr. Ambrose. And now you won't!" In making this affirmation Miss Melicent forgot her precarious footing. A little brier that had long been doing its best to catch one of the branches that trailed from her garments suddenly twisted about her foot; the dainty balance was lost, and rather than make effort for its recovery, and feeling intuitively that there was somebody whose duty it was to save her, whether he fulfilled the duty or not, Miss Melicent suffered herself to fall. Mr. Ambrose had but a step to take and set the little damsel on her feet again, walking along demurely on the ground this time, and clinging to his arm with some slight trembling.

"Now perhaps you will inform me what weighty subject it was you revolved a moment since."

"I was thinking, Mr. Ambrose, that you won't be here at Grandpa Aubichon's birthday. You know it is his name-day too—St. John's Day—and I have a party: such a party!"

"Of course."

"But Flora will be—"

"Will she, indeed? And shall an Arctic Expedition therefore be delayed? My little friend, this unknown goddess has scarcely the charm for me that—"

"That's because you don't know her."

"As you will. Only the loss of Miss Melicent herself is all I should have to regret on mid-summer eve."

"I wish," said she, "that you had told me you were going. I should like to have done something for you—made you sweetmeats, knit something, caps or socks. Oh, I know! That's just the thing!" And seizing his hand with an imperious motion, and as suddenly dropping it, she caused her companion to move toward the house with a swiftness corresponding to her own. Opening a door beneath the flight of stairs, and beckoning Mr. Ambrose to follow, she conducted him through a labyrinth of passages, finally to deposit him in a little cabinet, where an old gentleman sat reading the newspaper of the preceding day.

"Here's an early bird come to catch you, Grandpa Aubichon," she cried, putting her head in the doorway.

"He hasn't caught me napping," responded that individual.

"Now you must be very good to each other till I come back. And don't let me find you, Grandpa Aubichon, obeying your savage instincts and beating poor old Mr. Ambrose to pumice with your big clubs there, because he's going away. Maybe to return to Lochaber na mair," she sang, dancing off just in time to escape a pair of boxing-gloves that flew past her ears.

"So you're sorry that Mr. Ambrose is to be 'out in the cold?'" cried Grandpa Aubichon, in a great hearty voice that always filled the house, as she returned.

"And I've brought my mite to keep him warm."

"There never was an instance where you didn't add fuel to the fire!"

"There, Mr. Ambrose. It's real lucky it's just this color. Now if it were crimson or scarlet it would worry you blind up there, and if it were blue or gray it would be of no manner of service; but just this warm, soft flush over white, you see, will always wrap me in your remembrance with *couleur de rose*!"

"As if this were necessary for that, Miss Melicent!" he interpolated, while lifting both of her little hands she threw the scarf about his neck, and wound it again and again with foldings and doublings and great tender knots.

"But my dear little maid—if you will just remember your latitudes," sighed the stifling victim.

"Why—to be sure. So it is! June here and January there."

"A little too much latitude for my taste!" exclaimed Grandpa Aubichon. "An old man is privileged to feel those arms round his neck; but Mr. Ambrose—Fie, Honey!" And he drew the owner of the arms to his own knee, where she sat in varying shades of color and confusion pulling the scarf into fantastic shapes.

"And whose eyes are you going to pull the wool over next?" asked Grandpa Aubichon. But suddenly, without a word's announcement,

capricious tears flooded all the face, and turning a moment to hide them on his shoulder, she as instantly rose and darted from the room.

"Surprised?" said Grandpa Aubichon to the other gentleman. "June is the time for thunder-showers."

"But not April."

"Oh well. It is just a little flaw that has blown down to ruffle her heart."

"And flaws do no damage?"

The other did not reply at once, but sat drumming on the arm of his chair some perplexed tune.

"To quit metaphors," he said, abruptly, "I don't know what to do with the child."

"Do with her? Let her alone."

"Little summery soul—I thought in such seclusion to secure her happiness; but I have only made an exotic of her. A breeze that the frailest rue would only quiver in exactly uproots her. I wonder into what kind of a columbine or clover I could transform her."

"You must wait till trouble shapes her."

"Trouble! I've never let her know when the wind was east! But what's the use? There's no folly like tampering with identities. You prevent symmetry and create distortions. I'll turn her wild!"

"You can't do better."

"Oh, Grandpa Aubichon! are you talking treason? And the little blushing face, with just a trace of its gust of tears, flashed round the half-open door again.

"Oh silly April-Fool's Day!" cried he. "Are you ready for another rainbow?"

"Give me bread, and give me wine,
So my wishes you divine.
Do not ask me, ask me why—
If you vex me I shall cry!"

sang Melicent.

"Bread I have, but wine, you gipsy,
Runs the reddest on your lips—eh?
Get along, the roses miss you,
If you vex me I shall kiss you!"

replied Grandpa Aubichon. Upon which they both at once burst into uproarious chorus:

"Kiss me? Kiss you! There's the issue!
Always snatch a juicy cherry!
Brush the bloom off, the perfume off—
Take and make a dull heart merry!"

After which osculatory bacchanal she rushed at him with open arms and shouts of laughter.

"There, there, there!" cried Grandpa Aubichon, in a smothering condition. "First to be maddened with *kirsch-wasser*, and then soothed with kissing-comfits and lip-salve—how long do you suppose a man can exist on such diet and doctrine? I want my breakfast. Run, Honey, and see that all's ready, with a fork for Mr. Ambrose."

When Melicent returned a half hour later the last-named gentleman had vanished.

"Where's Mr. Ambrose?" she said, looking about her, and throwing open the blind for a great freshet of morning wind.

"Gone, Honey."

"Gone where?"

"Gone to Greenland."

"Gone? And without—" But here an instinct from the advance-guard of years snatched up her words, and Melicent buried the bursting sob in her soul.

For a day or two there lingered the least suspicion of sadness about the child, sufficient to insure her quiet, to set her dreaming over a volume whose leaves never turned, to keep her needle long drawn upon a stitch. But then there dropped upon her from Flora's mail a book of German cuts, drawings whose strange beauty of outline and intention stirred up all her soul, excited her gladness, hushed her phantom of pain, and with a certain spark of emulation kindled again the animal spirits. Certainly this emulatory emotion manifested itself in a singular manner, keeping her perpetually dancing, bounding, springing, as if she wished to soar, and allowing her to be found only in a nest under the scuttle or among the stacked chimneys, or yet climbing the garden trees and swinging herself from bough to bough as lithely and blithely as some creature of a forest. Meanwhile Grandpa Aubichon fluttered distractedly on the ground, his soul torn by doubts of the conventional, his heart warm with the child's glee, not wishing to disturb her antics, but anxiously fearful of the neighbors' remarks and of a second deputation of solicitous Goodies worse than the first. Moreover, a terrible phantom loomed forever in the back-ground of Grandpa Aubichon's affections, one magnificent Grandpa Grey, for whose vague apparition he taught the child a certain sublime worship, and who might at any moment fall on her and rend her from his grasp. This, however, was a very unnecessary terror; for although Melicent was undoubtedly Grandpa Grey's property, he had never shown the slightest recognition of her existence.

The results of Miss Melicent's gymnastics appeared to Grandpa Aubichon one morning when she approached his bedside and rung him up by the tassel of his night-cap as if it had been a bell-rope. They consisted merely of the birthday decorations; but yet were none the less the offspring of inventive genius because, instead of stones or pigments, they were to be fashioned of sugar crystals. The idea seemed to Grandpa Aubichon, as he turned it over in his mind, a stroke of astonishing brilliance, and he straightway set about its accomplishment.

Profound silence fell upon the house. Their ancient haunts knew them no more. Old Sorrel rested in his stall; for his master abandoned patients, sought no post-office, and mingled with the gossip of no reading-rooms. The garden ran wild; and, buried in a subterranean laboratory, mysterious whispers and great chuckling, stirring of glass sticks, gentle fizzings, and now and then unmistakable saccharine odors in a state of scorch, alone gave evidence in their behalf. Various opinions prevailed in the little household meanwhile. The parlor-maid wondered that master would so spoil that girl; while

the cook informed her that a great many girls would like to be spoiled that same way, and bread could be too sour as well as cake too sweet. Thomas peeked, and peered, and haunted the cellar, chiefly, it must be confessed, in the region of the cider casks, and gave it as his decision that master was brewing mischief; at which the cook retorted, with sarcasm that scathed his single failing, that the brew wouldn't last so long as Thomas's pewter mug would, and then proceeded to throw every obstacle in the way of these godless rites till herself called into conference; after which she was ten times more grandiose and darkly bodeful than if the Holy Office had been established in the cellar, and she were an attaché of the Grand Inquisitor. Finally, whatever were the effects of all this labor, the little tomb-like ice-house at the foot of the garden swallowed them, and it was the eve of the summer solstice.

Melicent had taken care to christen her entertainment a festival of flowers, and to expect her guests all in some floral guise. So it was a pleasant sight for Grandpa Aubichon, as he wandered through the merry groups of the warm evening, each looking as if a bunch of blossoms had taken wings and new life for the hour. The air was heavy with the rare fragrances delicately dispensed from the tissues of these false flowers, all fanning forth the very breath of the bloom they wore; and among them their black-robed chevaliers moved like their shadows. Here were flaxen-haired damsels, ruffled into the snowiest chrysanthemums that ever danced, thrown into relief by magnificently got-up dowager dahlias; here cunning draperies seemed to hang in tulips and campanulas; here white and golden beauties turned themselves into lilies and magnolias, and among them blazed a gladiolus or a carnation; here fluttered sweet-peas and larkspurs; here the begonia—that leaf of most intricate and wonderful beauty that, if the world should perish, would well deserve some fossil immortality as the crown of all foliage dead and gone; here the begonia leaves swept their long curves over a lightly-flushed cloud crowned atop with a little pink face; here superbly-clustered geraniums looked like the spirits of sunsets burst to blossom; and here busts, like statues, rose from spotless callas and lotus flowers; here, in the flare of the chandeliers and the glare of the mirrors, stood a camellia—that piece of floral sculpture—to receive her haughty homage; here, as the draught between the long and open casements fluttered her gauzes, the wild convolvulus seemed to shake in the wind; here, on the grass-plot, a wreath of sweet-brier and an apple-blossom confided their secrets; here, in the moonlight, Arethusa flirted and Azalia sighed; and there, in the gloom of the garden walks, wandered another figure.

At first sight one could hardly discern in what inflorescence this solitary shade had chosen to mask herself. As she reached a vine, among which tiny crimson lights were bunched like clusters of berries, and your eye caught the vio-

let velvet trail of the cloak, some gleam of noxious night-shade in its luxuriant September appeared; but then she raised a white arm to bend away a bough, and one saw dripping thence heavy coils of beryl beads, and remembered a wild woodside growth, be it dogwood or some deadlier thing, that hangs its berries like drops of incrustated virus, half unripe and leprous white, half cold, pale, poison green, with a metallic lustre, vanquelinite, and venomously virid as serpents' heads—berries that Mithridates would have worn threaded for an amulet. Still was one puzzled to penetrate the array: it might have been the *fleur de lis* haughtily hooding such sweetness, with all its suggestion of poetry, and romance, and heroic chivalry; or yet it could have been the violet, double and midnight dark, in whose fresh, cool, dewy scent one feels forever the wide high heaven passionately purple and quivering with stars. Yet, after all, was it any thing but wolf's-bane? If it had been a ragged ribbon only that made the disguise, in it the sensitive appreciation would yet have found all these fancies.

Up to this creature of mystery and shadow danced a little, frank, free figure; for Melicent had taken no character, unless in the triple folds of roseate tissue one pictured the opening flower.

"All alone?" she cried. "And because you like the night air and the darkness? Let me see you. It's lovely! It's the best to-night! They're all too evident; they look like a painted scene-curtain from here. But you are perfect—mysterious, pensive, and capable of murder."

"Very perfect then," replied a low, thrilling tone, to which the leaves seemed to shiver responsively.

"It's the greatest luck that we found the old cloak. Any body'd take it for a court domino. Dear, sweet Flor, you are divine!" And she threw her arms round the other's throat, gave her a quick little hug of overflowing affection, and was off again.

Then approached another figure, stood leaning against the opposite tree in the gloom and watched a moonbeam touch all her outline, silver the lights, and embay the shadows. With no genial warmth it filled him; he did not feel that he looked on a human being; but when he had sufficiently seen the moon flood the violet velvet, strike up the jewel-points, and illumine the shapely hand, moved away as he would have done from any other picture. And she to all appearance stood there as placidly as if she were some adjunct of the garden's stately night-beauty, yet sending a penetrating glance from under the hooding helmet, a wild, keen glance, like that of some bewildered waking soul, a glance that received the imprint of his whole nature as a single star-beam bathes disk and ray of a blossom. But he saw it not; and if he had, it would have reached him as coldly and sharply as the gleam from an iceberg.

Meanwhile, as Melicent flitted among her guests, the clusters buzzed more gayly, the mu-

sic breathed more sweetly, Grandpa Aubichon's jests resounded more lightly, the flowers themselves seemed to bloom with fresh tints; and so at length she passed to an inner room, where every thing was yet in darkness save for the faint moonlight that, as she waited, seemed to rise from a mock slumber and once more resume its floating play, finding the intruder was only Melicent. She struck a tiny taper, and then wandered about to see that every thing was according to her will. The tables were laid, laid in a dazzling profusion of the rarest, strangest exotics, freaks of efflorescence, in fruits that were bloom-bathed with tropical weather.

"Well," said a voice, coming from the long windows, as if the great moonbeam that poured through had there taken other shape. "And is this all? Do you think us Barmecides?"

Melicent set the taper down where it flung strange glints through a heap of grapes that seemed full of Spanish sunshine, took a step in the direction of the fountain that, playing in the place, cooled all the heated air, took another toward the window, then paused, listening and waiting, with head erect and flashing eye.

"So you look for me at first as if I were a water-wizard, and then you fancy me a lunar delusion. Make another guess, merry maid!"

Melicent started back in dismay; she did not dare to turn, but something impelled her toward the door. A cold terror struck her, for she fancied she had heard a voice from beyond this life.

"Melicent! Little Honey! Don't you know me?" And here he stepped into the fuller light.

"Mr. Ambrose!" She bounded forward, then paused half way, lifted her candle and approached him, offering her hand. He took it, and for a moment retained it, gently stroking it with the tips of his fingers as in an allowable caress.

"And you are glad to see me?"

"I thought you were in Labrador."

"Really! I am not in the habit of giving my friends the cut direct. Besides, why should I be in Labrador?"

"I mean, have reached the coast."

"A mistake. Our expedition is overland."

"Overland!" said Melicent, brightening. "And that must be quicker and less dangerous?"

"Neither."

"Then why don't you go by water?"

"If I accomplish nothing so, it is possible that I may see what can be done with ships, provided I can join any undertaking. How? By going up from South seas through Behring Straits."

"Oh, don't! Don't talk geography and science to me!"

"Very well, I won't."

Melicent stooped to arrange the rose-buds. "Mr. Ambrose," she said, rising, "what can induce you to go?"

"Oh, I'm not going to talk science to you."

"Please, Mr. Ambrose. You won't be unkind to your little *Melinet*—your honey-flower?"

she said, looking up under half a pout yet with smiling eyes.

"You little witch! you'd melt a stone. How long since you became my honey-flower?"

"Oh, just while you tell me what makes you go."

"Various reasons."

"One, I suppose, is a humane reason?"

"One."

"Then you wish to determine scientific questions?"

"Another."

"And you are tempted by dreams of the demoniac ice-beauty, you said?"

"A third."

"Desire of adventure; curiosity; what else?"

"Miss Melicent, I am tired and sick of the report of the world. There, unless the equator change place with the ecliptic, I shall know nothing of it!"

"Poor Mr. Ambrose!"

Melicent went and dipped her fingers in the great basin that caught the falling spray.

"Come and lave your hands, Mr. Ambrose," she said, after a little. "See, I made this basin. It is all pebbles; some from the Black Sea and some from the White. Some are the little Mediterranean mosaics that wash up the shore from sunken temples; and those belong to the feathery palm-islands of Australasian seas. Grandpa Aubichon brought them home before mamma was born, 'As he sailed, as he sailed!'" she sang. "And down among the jaspers I've spelled his name—*John Aubichon*—with smooth white stones, because he has marked every day of my life with a white stone, you know."

"And many of mine, Miss Melicent."

"Isn't it queer that my birthday's the same as his? And the girl born on St. John's Day, whenever it comes round, must keep more clear of the water than I'm doing, or the spirits of the vasty deep will rise and sweep her in and keep her forever, or only send her back transformed."

"But your pebbles?"

"Oh, that's all. There are some from all the famous rivers, some that have come slipping down volcano sides, some that have bubbled up in the Geysers. And Grandpa Aubichon has set a great tank in the attic, and here's my fountain. So you don't think much of my banquet? That's because you didn't see us melting June in the laboratory and freezing it in the ice-house."

"A process like my own."

"Why? How?"

"A year ago grilling in Africa, a year hence walled in behind the ramparts of winter."

"Mr. Ambrose, must you go? There! Don't let's think about it! Wait till I light up and change your mind as to the refection. I can't trust the servants with this, of course. See!" she cried from her nook before half the work was done—"there's nothing but flowers and fruit—flowers to eat, and flowers to drink. Grandpa Aubichon's got a corner of his own beyond, with the heavy viands; but here—will you

have a salad or a mayonnaise?—take this spray of crisp celery, or of young rose-tree leaves, faintly red and faintly green, and you are well content."

"Spiced with imagination, I presume?"

"No, indeed. They are nothing less than the identical object you demand."

"Oh! Sealed into such shape. Happy Nebuchadnezzar!"

"If you make fun I shall turn you out."

"Go on, then, little expositor."

"But if you wish so vulgar a thing as ham and bread sliced thin as petals, behold this red japonica, and turn your teeth to leaf-cutter bees."

"That is absurd, Miss Melicent. And a little disgusting, too—to profane a flower so!"

"I'd be sorry to disgust you. But if you should try one now? They're only the outskirts, though; and, to tell the truth, that was Grandpa Aubichon's affair, and he would turn the mustard into pistil and stamens."

"They're not so bad."

"You see this great white flower de luce, Mr. Ambrose? It's a delicious piece of pastry; and here's the cream-tart of pomegranates."

"You haven't forgotten the pepper?"

"That you must find out for yourself. Now look at these jellies. All beautiful shapes—all deep, rich tints. Nobody ever saw such blossoms, to be sure; but they might grow in Abyssinian kings' gardens, in Xanadu—"

"We can imagine then Dryden's fairies, who

'Fall from above
In a jelly of love.'

"Horrid! Like a mildew! I'll leave the jellies. But there's a spire of foxgloves, white and amaranth; they ought to be inspissated with poison by the look."

"If you pass them, I shall expect you to put on the grace of an old régime and the air of a certain marchioness."

"I like things so frail as a flower, and yet so full of such power over life and death as a poison-plant must be. Don't you, Mr. Ambrose?"

"You're not the first female addicted to the pleasurable emotions of toxicology."

"For shame, Mr. Ambrose! It's plain I'm not the person to teach you to respect women. Yet these foxgloves—they are the rarest little ices! You prefer creams? There they are in those strawberries; in those grenadillas on the stem; the vanilla's in the nepenthes bunched there among the sugar heliotropes—purple and tan-colored smells. Here's a dish of the bloom of plums—just curdled air and perfume. Here's a tear, which is delicious; and a kiss—"

"Yes, I should like that, Miss Melicent."

"A cloud—see if you don't taste crimson and gold; and starbeams—was ever any thing so frosty and sweet? Here's a tickle."

"A what?"

"A tickle. In reality there's a little drop of vitriol, or something, there. You mustn't touch it. I shall see it set some false teeth on edge.

It will seem as if a torpedo were touched off by a flash of lightning inside the mouth."

"Naughty mischief! You'd better throw it away."

"No. I'll tell you. It's for that old Miss Jones. I had fun making it. She's always putting grandpa up to things; and she told him the day I climbed the chimneys to get the swallow's eggs; and she really boxed my ears once in church; and she made me take a pinch of snuff when my head ached, and it shook me all to pieces sneezing—and I hate her! She's a prim precisian, and never laughs; but she'll think she's laughing herself to death to-night!"

"You're all alike, Miss Melicent. Catch a woman losing her revenge!"

"Well, Mr. Ambrose, I won't, if you don't want me to. I can get something else that will do just as well."

"Two reasons why you'd better keep this."

"There! It's safe in the bottom of the side-board. I'll forget about her. Here's a smile—you need it; it's like manna. I like to have you scold me, Sir; it puts me in mind of lemonade. And here's a sigh—that loses itself in your lips like a bitter-flavored snow-flake. And if by this time you are thirsty you shall have a bunch of grapes, each one a cup of the most exquisite liqueur; or, better yet, a handful of white-heart cherries—they are brimmed with maraschino. Barmecide?" And Melicent threw him a triumphant asance and went, before returning to her perch, to massing the antique silver and scattering the delicate china.

"A feast fit for Titania!" exclaimed Mr. Ambrose.

"And it's to be eaten by fairy light, too—glow-worms, phosphorescences, flashes from dew-drops. Just you wait. Look at the cornice, Mr. Ambrose; you see that wreath running all round the room and dropping its wandering vines? Presently the least glimmer of a rush shall steal out from the heart of all the gold-colored and deep blue blossoms, and shed the tenderest twilight, a little lambent, lustre-like fragrance. Oh, Mr. Ambrose, have you seen Flora?"

"I have seen Astarte disguised as a nun under the shadow of the garden walks.

'O nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?'"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Ambrose!" murmured the low and thrilling tone of the garden an hour before. "Here she is."

"Oh, Mr. Ambrose, this is Flora!"

"Mr. Ambrose turned; the exquisite cool hand touched his own as he extended it; an answering laugh slipped from the wolf's-bane helmet, but the face remained shrouded in shadow. It seemed to him perhaps an affectation, for he immediately commenced doing what he had not dreamed of doing before—assisting Melicent with her artifice of light—so that it was then impossible to exchange further syllables with the sweet-voiced masker, and if he threw her a glance

at all, it was merely the haughty flash from a forgetful nature.

And while Melicent had exercised magic within, Grandpa Aubichon had used no less without, for the guests seemed now to take shape in the place like spirits, as if the wind bore them in at the casement, or they rose with Banquo through the floor. And no one seemed to be himself, but each found in the strange light and the novel scene a new identity, or rather was startled from his veils by the fancies of this child, so that no witch-revel could have been fuller of keenest surprises. The flower-draped beauties wore also the sweet nature of flowers, their knights bent with the devotion of romance. The music still breathed, low pulsing tunes far withdrawn; broken scents floated all about the room; the gay murmurs fell to a soft voluptuous enjoyment of the hour. Melicent, now among the nymphs of the pasque-flowers, and now among the crape-myrtles, danced here and there like a little rosy flash of swamp fire. She had been waiting on Flora, who yet sat in the gloom near a window where the air murmured silverly on low *Æolian* wires, and had just carried to her a bunch of those sweet things in which the sunbeams long buried in earth bud forth again, and that now inclosed a luscious draught of such wine as blossoms ought to hive, humming the while she bent,

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors."

Just now she stood at the head of the table, somewhat isolated, and bathed in the azure lustre that fell from a great blue African lily, and in her wreath of rose-buds she had jauntily set her tiny blazing taper. Brown eyes translucent for the soul, brown lashed above a cheek of peach—as she stood crowned with the fairy flame she was an impersonation of piquant willful beauty. There came a low, smothered cry from beneath Flora's hood, as suddenly she fell headlong and fainting, and then all saw—turning by instinct to the other and not to Flora—saw the little taper reeling and slipping down among the gauzes and leaving a coil of fire behind it. A dozen vaporously-clothed creatures sprung forward for a flaming holocaust, but they were caught back as two other figures leaped through the confusion and outcry; and when Melicent's eyes closed in fiery forgetfulness behind the towering sheet of red and searing agony, the vision of Mr. Ambrose's face was sealed upon her brain. But it was not Mr. Ambrose that snatched her, that rushed with her, that plunged into the deep fountain-basin, drawing her under and under till the dashing coldness seemed to swathe her soul—till torture, and terror, and flame went out together in the icy pool; not Mr. Ambrose, but Grandpa Aubichon's strong arms and leaping heart. And as hurriedly the guests dispersed and wrung the hand of the departing traveler, it was the same stout breast that hid from every glance the dreadful guise of his so lately beautiful darling.

THE DRIFT OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THE greatest changes we are little apt to note, because they carry us and all things along together, and therefore do not leave to us the fixed landmarks that allow us to measure our rate of movement by their stability. Thus most of the human race have not yet found out that we are moving on in space, because the whole globe with its people moves on together; and even those of us who have studied our astronomy, and have a tolerably clear idea of the Copernican system, and honestly laugh at the old superstition that the whole heavens are pirouetting eternally about this dear little earth of ours, like Oriental dervishes about their idol or court dancers about their queen, have a very poor notion of the actual rate at which we are driving on. It would startle our greatest astronomers, even an Airey or a Peirce, to be brought for an instant within hailing distance of some other planet, and have a single glimpse of the celestial voyager as it bears down upon us, and then flashes away upon its receding path with a speed compared with which a cannon-ball or chain lightning is slow. If we would take an humbler illustration of the same idea, watch two railway trains, first when running the same way on parallel tracks, and then when running in opposite directions. In the first case they who are riding do not seem to each other to be moving at all; and in the second case the two sets of travelers dash by each other too swiftly for recognition, looking more like a streak of light and shade than distinct objects. Perhaps as good an illustration of the effect of general movement in concealing itself is given by what the Arctic sailors call "drift." Writes Dr. Kane, in his journal of September 20, 1850, thus: "We are now, poor devils! drifting northward again. Creatures of habit, those who were anxious have forgotten anxiety; glued just here in a moving mass, we eat and drink and sleep unmindful of the morrow." Again, the day after Christmas, he writes: "Of our drift, save by analogy, we know nothing."

So, too, of our social and civil drift on the great sea of time we know little or nothing save by comparison, or as we look at some distant age or nation, as the Arctic navigator looks at some distant headland, and so by analogy infers that he is not fixed but in motion, and at a certain rate. The ice drift moves generally some five or six miles a day; but we have no such definite measure for the tide of public opinion, or the movings of the great waters of history. We need the help of the historian to show us whither we are tending, by showing us our distance and bearings from the harbor whence we started, and from the grounds where we have anchored. Sometimes a single glance at a bygone age, as presented by some master of history, throws a flood of light upon our position, and shows us what we have become in showing us what the people of that age were. In no re-

spect is our drift more imperceptible, and more in need of such illustrations by analogy than in our domestic and social life; and any man who will sit down at home, after a day spent in visits of pleasure or of business, and read a chapter out of the Hebrew Pentateuch or the Roman Pandects, in illustration of family life in the age of Abraham or Moses, or during the rule of the Tribunes or the Emperors, will be startled at the vast difference between the old and the new order of things. What should surprise us most in the comparison is not so much the *theory*, or what is systematically taught as essential to be *believed*, but the *practice*, or what is taken for granted as *believed* by every body. We propose to compare ancient and modern society from two or three commanding points of view, with the aid of such studies as most readily present themselves, yet with an eye rather to obvious usefulness than to recondite learning.

Suppose we take our stand with the Oriental patriarch, the father of all the faithful, and listen to old Abraham as he sat at his tent door receiving guests with the largeness of that primitive hospitality, and giving orders to his family as to what was to be done to entertain them fitly, we find that the whole habit of speech and action differs from our current style. The great father himself is set before us, not as is our way now in speaking of marked men, as an extraordinary individual born with peculiar gifts, and sent out to seek his fortune for himself, and gain wealth by trade or honors by office. He is presented to us as born of a certain stock, and called to be the head of a certain family, and his family life is held up as having important bearings upon the destiny of mankind by being the source of the life of a Providential people. The whole narrative starts with the idea of the family, and with the natural relation or status of the parents and children and kindred within the family, and looks toward the inheritance to be expected from that source, so as even to found the hope of future conquest, or the claim to the land of promise upon an old family title—a way of thinking in which Rome agrees essentially with Israel, and according to which even now the Pope claims dominion over the world as heir of Abraham and of the Cæsars, as father of the faithful and master of the world. These three ideas express the ruling characteristics of the old civilization as best embodied in Judea and Rome: first, the *family*; secondly, the *status*, or situation, or starting-point; thirdly, the *inheritance*. We have very nearly changed all this, and substituted a wholly different class of ideas. Instead of the *family*, we speak principally of the *individual*; instead of the *status*, we think most of the *contract*, or choice; and instead of *inheritance*, we put our trust most in *acquisition*, and rely upon making fortune for ourselves instead of taking it from our ancestors.

In these respects we Americans are somewhat peculiar in our ways; yet the Old World has been gradually easing the way for us in our path of innovation, and, in fact, so far as theory is con-

cerned, far distancing us in radicalism. America, so far as theories of society are concerned, is comparatively conservative, and has not originated a single one of the socialist theories that assail the established ideas of the rights of property and the sacredness of the family. A thorough-going American Democrat would be scouted at as a sad old foggy in the radical circles of England, France, and Germany; and Jefferson himself never carried his enthusiasm for popular liberty to the extreme of his French masters, and, social aristocrat as he was, he put a wide margin between his abstractions and his practical policy. We allow that we as a nation are less bound by ancient conventionalism than the old monarchies of Europe; yet even the laws of conservative Europe have made slashing work with the Levitical, the civil, and the canonical codes; and are giving more and more proof that a judge's gown or a chancellor's wig can not frighten away the saucy spirit of progress, or make the new generation walk in the leading-strings of the old.

The time was when in France and England positive law of church, or state, or priestly, or royal prerogative had matters pretty much their own way, and personal will was in one form or another set aside by the authority that called itself patriarchal. But now even the old rule of the household has yielded to individual liberty, even when it seems most to affirm its right to be; and when, as in France, the heads of families virtually choose husbands and wives for their children with something of the ancient majesty, the parties thus disposed of become independent as never before by marriage, and a specific contract, not merely family status, is relied upon to decide their future relation to each other; so that the most devout little French wife would be apt to make faces at the jurist, and perhaps at the confessor, who would remind her of the *patria potestas* of old Rome, or the supreme authority of the ancient patriarchs. John Bull, we have reason to believe, has not kept all of his ancestral hold over his children; and young England, both masculine and feminine, has been giving the old gentleman a good deal of trouble, and not seldom calling him "Governor," because he thinks himself such and they do not. We must allow, however, that we Americans have well-nigh broken with the patriarchal system, have given a free rein to our young people, and sometimes made light of the very idea of family government, and have debated the question whether there can be any just authority that does not originate with or please the party governed. It is thought by some persons who would pass for good patriots and conservative citizens, that national life is but a compact that originated in mere choice, and in mere choice may be brought to an end, so as to give us back to our original condition as separate States or individuals—a condition, by-the-by, which we never held nor our fathers before us.

Until the recent awakening of public spirit and national loyalty, we were tending more and

more to entire individualism; and it has been common to regard a man as lightly bound by few if any obligations that are not defined by a regular agreement if not a written contract. It has been thought the smart thing for a youth to quit his father's house in his teens, and set up not only his own business but his opinions and manners for himself; and gay Paris is a rigid Puritan school-house to the young in comparison with the free-and-easy generation that so does what is pleasing in its own eyes in this most democratic of all cities; this indulgent, and worldly, and self-willed, yet very charming and neighborly New York, which all strait-laced people condemn, and yet seem to love dearly—probably on the ground that we are bound to love our enemies. We have not, indeed, forgot our commandments, however much we may sometimes forget to keep them; and we are altogether too sound in the faith to agree for a moment with certain ultraists, who hold forth to us from time to time in defense of the doctrine of juvenile sovereignty, not *squatter* but *creeper* sovereignty, as if babies in the cradle were a sufficient law unto themselves, and all little folks should rule their own plays and studies, morals and religion, as if they came into the world without a parent's agency, and were self-existent facts, independent monads by themselves.

We are quite as little in danger of being led captive by those sticklers for ancient rule, who would have us go back to the ways of the Jewish patriarchs or the Roman fathers; and the best answer to such reactionists would be simply to take them at their own word, and ask them to conform to their boasted pattern. Thus some good friends of ours are great admirers of the patriarchal system, and think it a great mercy for an intelligent master to own, and feed, and direct his slaves, instead of leaving them to their own darkness, liberty, and imbecility. How would these friends like to have the whole system carried out? and what would a young sprig of Carolina chivalry say if his father, according to the Abrahamic method, should claim him as his own personal property, with authority to marry him, or hire him out, or to punish him at pleasure, even to the taking of his life for crime, or to the sacrifice of him as a victim to religion? The patriarchs owned their children very much as they owned their slaves, and while the system lasted, the son was little favored above the serf, except in his prospect, as a child of the blood, of one day becoming the head of the family himself. The father owned all the flocks and herds of his children, and the Mosaic code, which so far modified the rigor of his prerogative, proves by the necessity of such modification the severity of the original rule. The Roman father had, if possible, a sterner rule, and one in which rigid law was less softened by domestic love. The code of the Twelve Tables implies that he could chastise his children at will, even to the penalty of death; he could shape their personal condition as he chose, give a wife to a son, or a husband to his daughter, divorce either son or

daughter, transfer them to another family by adoption, or sell them outright. Even the public service which suspended the exercise of this law of the *patria potestas* did not annul it, and the son, who as a general or judge might command his own father in the field or sentence him in court, was obliged to submit meekly to the old gentleman as soon as the bands of office were laid aside and the yoke of domestic rule was restored. Even as late as the age of Justinian, whose Pandects bear the date of 533 A.D., the reforms in Roman law left to the father authority over all the goods of his children during his lifetime, and allowed them to own, in their own right, only such acquisitions as did not come from the parent's property.

It would be somewhat amusing to see an attempt made to carry out any of these laws in our day, even in the most conservative quarters. Imagine one of our judges or generals visiting the old homestead and ordered to hand over his salary or pay to his imperious papa; or one of our willful young gentlemen or spirited young ladies called into the parlor and told positively that a marriage had been decided upon, and instant submission or a severe flogging, or imprisonment, or worse, must be the alternative. What consternation would possess any of our clubs of young men, if it were announced at one of their charming réunions that a relentless father Abraham were at the door in search for young Isaac to sacrifice him on the altar! He might find it hard to get him to go to church at all, even to immolate his independence upon the altar of matrimony under circumstances of tolerable favor; but the idea of anything like giving up his well-fed, well-clothed, and good-looking person to the sacrificial knife, even in the most ideal or symbolic sense of the term, would be too preposterous to conceive of: far more so than the opposite idea that the father's business it is to offer himself for his son, and to plan, and toil, and sweat, and groan, and spare, and spend that the precious youth may have every thing his own way, and be thoroughly spoiled instead of consecrated by the old man's sacrifice. Our daughters are more gentle and devoted, but our modern life does not presume to ask of them to submit to any Jephthah's rash vow, or take the part of Iphigenia to propitiate Diana's wrath. Our fair Iphigenias look for the sacrifice sometimes in the other quarter, and the plodding father or long-suffering mother is the victim to be sacrificed to the maiden's dainty ease or perverse will.

While we criticise the stern old rule of the family, and note its wide opposition to our modern life, we must not forget that it had many redeeming traits, and that stringent authority was in the main based upon the idea of exacting homage that it might give protection. The family was the governing power, and obedience was the price of its protection. Now that the governing power has changed its centre, and acts through social, civil, and religious laws, ideas, and institutions, we must not forget that it still exists, and that men are, on the whole, governed

as much as they ever were, and obliged to hold property, and even life itself, subject to human will and jurisdiction. We freemen are taxed and drafted, whether we individually like it or not; and we are liable, and justly so, to be called to give our lives to the defense of our country. There surely can be no greater fallacy than to believe that authority is to die out because its form changes; and it is probably true of civil society, as it is true of the material universe, that throughout all transformations the same essential forces survive and act. As when the water in the lake evaporates and seems to be lost, it reappears in the clouds, the dew, and the rain, so the forces of society that seem to die are sure to reappear; and even the passions and self-will that so strongly mark barbaric tribes and yield to civilization are not wholly lost, but survive in a better temper and more healthful rule under the rightful enthusiasm and just order of lawful society. We must remember alike when we find ourselves ridiculing the arbitrary restraints of primitive ages, or chafing at existing restrictions upon our personal liberty, and believe that social force is as much a fact of mankind as physical force is a fact of nature, and we can not possibly get rid of it, except by duly acknowledging and regulating it. When patriarchal power was so softened as to lose its iron yoke, it reappeared in the law of the nation, and then in the authority of the king; and when the thrones of the world were shaken, and the reign of absolute love was proclaimed, the new empire did not destroy the old authority, and the new father of the faithful called on all nations to obey the throne of Heaven. Shall we expect our new liberalism to destroy the old loyalties, and in our passion for ever-varying liberty can we desire or hope to do away the constant elements of the true order? What is clearer than the fact that every revolt against rightful power instead of securing perfect liberty is sure to set up some new and objectionable force, and all license tends more or less swiftly to utter despotism? If we quit our old anchoring ground and drift out to sea, vainly thinking that we are wholly free, we soon find our mistake, and learn that the winds and tides will master us if we do not master them; and while seeming to drive on in sweet and undisputed liberty, we may drive into a quicksand or be dashed against a rock.

Precisely whither we have been drifting since the great break-up some three centuries and a half ago we can not say with entire certainty, yet we may be sure that the disintegrating process is not yet completed either in the Old World or the New, and there is no fixed substitute for the old priesthood and crown. When we outwardly conform, there is an inward questioning, or protest; and there is no unchallenged authority either in the household, the state, or the church. What is *constant* is not yet clearly distinguished from what is *variable* in our civilization; and individuals and communities are adrift as to the first principles of social stability. Some of the

attempts to free us from the old fastenings have but riveted our chains, by sending men from the excesses of democratic license into the hands of the new despotism; and in France and America, the countries most impassioned for liberty, military despotism is the first and most pressing danger. Yet we can not be other than ourselves, nor deny that we are seekers for some relief from the ancient yoke, nor that we yearn for an individual liberty of thought and action such as the world has never seen. We can no more go back to the old thralldom than an eaglet can go back into the egg after having pierced its shell and spread wings to the air. We honestly confess to a deep sympathy with the liberal party all the world over, and invariably side with them rather than with the dynasties and alliances, however holy in name, that are trying to tread them under foot. From our respect for the liberals we are all the more earnest to see them judiciously led, and shall be glad to hear or speak any word that may tend to show that the true progress must start from true loyalty, and the movement that is *variable* must rest upon a ground that is *constant*.

Thus, take the first point of difference between the old and the new civilization—the distinction between the *family*, which was the old unit of history or society, and the *individual*, which is the modern unit. We confess to having taken our full part in the current protest in behalf of individual liberty against the cast-iron conventionalism that has so long striven to run the whole community in the clay moulds of hereditary prejudice and bigotry. We like unity, indeed; but it must be of the free and living kind, like that of the water that flows forth in one full tide, and not like the ice that is held together by deadly cold. Even when we condemn excessive individualism, and make merry at the virtual radicalism that so turns the tables against the Hebrew and Roman patriarchal rule as to set boys and girls to lording it over their fathers and mothers, we must check the mischief by understanding, not by hiding its source. For we shall make poor headway against the folly unless we appreciate the redeeming traits in its composition; and instead of restoring a grinding parental tyranny that ignores or despises all differences of gifts or dispositions, and is determined to put the same stamp upon all, we are to appreciate every trait of individual character, and rule each in such way as to do justice to all. We certainly see much to rejoice at in the free culture of our age, and never found too strong a champion of the faith that each soul is itself, and not another; and that rational creatures of God are not to be herded and driven together, like cattle, at the word and with the brand of a common owner. We ascribe that rich and dauntless modern literature, of which perhaps Shakspeare is the best representative, to the hearty emancipation of personal and social life from the old trammels; and so far as protesting against the essence of papal absolutism, we give the bard of Avon a place

above the monk of Wittenberg. Nor do we wholly condemn the excessive freedom of modern thought and speech and manners, that have brought such rich varieties of character and genius from the same families, communities, and churches. We are glad that there are many men of many minds, and many women too; and our hope for the true unity rests not in suppressing but recognizing the just rights of the individual. The many can be really one only when freely, rationally, and healthfully so, as the flock is one, not by being chained together, but by following the one shepherd to the pleasant pastures or the secure fold.

Here the great question presents itself, how this is to be accomplished; and, without entering into particulars, we may affirm entire conviction that it will be accomplished, and that the dawn of the better day of the reconciliation of domestic and civil and religious authority with wholesome individualism already appears. We are learning that if we as branches would grow fully and freely, we must grow from the root, instead of expecting the root to grow from us. The families that develop the sweetest graces and fairest faculties in the members are generally such as are brought up under reverential discipline; and a dozen girls and boys are all the more able to think and feel heartily their own way from belonging to a hearty and united household, that cherishes all their gifts in one spirit of love and duty. We rejoice very much to note so many signs of the alliance between youthful enthusiasm and parental and pastoral discipline; and while not inclined to scoff at any thing that serious people regard as a revival of religion, to us the most hopeful of all revivals is the recent awakening of reverence in children and youth by deepening their faith without deadening their affections, and by making parents and pastors their friends and companions without ceasing to make them their guides. Arnold and his Broad Church school on both sides of the water have done wonders by this union of genial young life with devout faith and obedience; and we are delighted that Arnold's pupil and biographer, Arthur Stanley, is chief chaplain and adviser of the Prince of Wales, and has just published a volume of sermons that were delivered upon his late tour with the son of Victoria and the heir of England. The spirit that mingles such freedom and reverence cheers us every where, and is no stranger to our sometimes wayward Young America. Much of our fresh young life is accepting with enthusiasm all the great loyalties. It is not common to find any generous and thoughtful man who makes the miserable mistake of confounding reverence with fear, or discipline with servility. Our freest and heartiest type of religion is loyal and self-controlled, and the ally of all good order in the family and the nation; while it is very clear that the great uprising of our people for the Country and the Constitution can not end without legitimating all forms of just authority, and making us all feel that liberty is the handmaid

of obedience. The many are free and strong by the union that makes them one, and true subjection is perfect freedom. We can not say that all is yet well in our domestic manners, and that the unit of individualism is always willing to defer to the higher unity of the household or the nation. But that the principle of reconciliation has been set forth is beyond all doubt, and we ask no fairer form of social liberty and subordination than what our American life in its best examples is now exhibiting. Nowhere on earth have there been families that have been more free to develop their individual gifts, and combine the true variety with the essentials of unity than with us. Some of them are part of the history of our literature, art, and enterprise, morals and religion; while the greater host of them move in more quiet, yet not less important and useful spheres. May their shadows never be less! and may we learn from them anew how to read our national motto, and in every good way be one from many, without sacrifice of the unity of the spirit or the diversity of the gifts.

We trust that the national life itself is working from both directions toward the true order, and while individual liberty is bringing our people to the necessity of public authority, the public authority is also bravely coming to the support of individual liberty; and under the sacred guidance of the great father of our country, who still lives in the hearts of the people, we are rising up in our unity as a family, and our variety as a multitude, and calling the name of Washington blessed.

The same comprehensive thinking that reconciles family unity with individual liberty will show itself in a second act of reconciliation quite as important, and will teach us to harmonize our *status* with our *contract*, or the fixed facts of our lot with freedom of personal choice. It is useless to deny that many persons seem to ignore the very idea of a status, and to speak and act as if we were all afloat upon the sea of opinion, and every thing in the world depended upon our choice. In rejecting this folly we are, of course, to shun the equal absurdity of denying that men have any rights of opinion, and affirming that all they have to do is to settle down heavily upon their antecedents, and live as if the past were all and the present and future were nothing. We must give fair play to the new age, even if we would deal justly by the old time, just as we must give a boy fair chance to grow and show what is in him, if we would do justice to his old father, and prove that he is born of a living man, and means to be alive and kicking. We rejoice that opinion is so watchful, and that modern thought is so determined to examine into ancient usages, ideas, and institutions, and so many monstrous abuses have been set aside, and so many noble movements have been started. We are not alarmed at the spirit of free inquiry upon the most sacred subjects, and are glad to have young people ask, not only why they ought to believe, but also

why they ought to obey. Yet thinking will not be free, but fettered, if it is not allowed to start from its own rightful antecedents, and to grow from its own root. True choice begins with the fixed facts of our own position and being, and contract, unless it is afloat in the air, must found itself upon the solid ground of reality.

Take the simplest bargain as an illustration of what we mean. You wish to buy a piece of land of your neighbor, and in approaching him you use your full liberty of choice, and act upon the supposition that this is a free country, and land, instead of being settled upon the few by primogeniture and entail, is open to the many by free contract and consequent occupation. You make your contract, but you can do so only by recognizing the status of the facts and the parties. You investigate the title to the land, and procure a deed based upon the prior owner's right and the laws of the country, so that you commit yourself wholly by that transaction to the stability of the public order, and in your choice you move upon a solid ground of conservatism. Moreover, in meeting the other party, you carry your character to the interview, and he carries his, and in all that passes between you you are obliged to recognize your mutual status or antecedents. When you give your word, it is your word, not another man's; and the first principle of all honorable trade is that men mean what they say, and their language is to be interpreted according to its equitable meaning, and not twisted from it by verbal chicanery. All fair business is done on the supposition that the parties are honest men, and mean what they say; and thus all fair contract proceeds upon a certain status of character, so that immense transactions are made every day in a great city like ours upon the simple word of the parties, to be taken in its equitable sense, without the need of the interminable distinctions of technical law to guard against mistake or fraud, and a man would be at once read out or kicked out of the market-place who should go on the principle of lying and cheating except when he gave a written obligation or a public promise to speak the truth and be honest.

Nothing can be clearer than this instance, and it is sufficient to establish the principle that all choice implies an antecedent, and liberty of contract is based upon some fixed fact or status. Thus in family relations, we can not deny that children have a certain liberty of choice, and that from the very dawn of intelligence they should be left to decide some things for themselves, if it be only to say when they are hungry, or cold, or weary. But this choice is the choice of children, and such is the status upon which they obtain and enjoy their liberty. Even when at play and indulging to the full the freedom of their animal spirits, they are enjoying themselves as children under their parents' protection, and owe their very liberty to this protection. When the age of pupilage ceases, and the child goes forth to seek his fortune for himself, he carries the family name with him, and is his father's

son still, although he may go into a far country, like the Prodigal, and waste his substance in riotous living. God's providence and his own heart have committed him to his own blood and kindred, and however wretched he may be, however negligent of the lessons of his early days, he will never renounce his birth-right, and deny his parentage and his home, unless he becomes a heartless wretch, an inhuman monster. If he comes back in rags, and asks to be a hired servant, he may say that he is not worthy to be called a son, but he will never say that he is not his own father's son, nor will his father ever disown him so long as there is a single drop of the old blood beating between the two. Still more memorable is the fact of the status, if the son is true to a worthy father's name, and follows his antecedents throughout an honorable life. He keeps firm foothold upon the ground upon which he started, and builds his fortune and name upon the estate, character, and reputation of his father. However modest may be his claims and moderate his successes, he feels that he is carrying out his antecedents loyally, and that his good repute is as much his birth-right as his acquisition.

When he has children of his own, he is bound to give them the same status that he enjoys, and encourage them to enlarge it by their wisdom and energy. He brings them up to regard themselves as committed to the great loyalties of good civilization, and expects them to be good children, and in time good parents, patriots, and Christians. The household, the nation, the church, are not strange regions that they are to discover for themselves, but facts fixed, and as such to be used and loved, essential goods of their birth-right, and as such never to be lost. To deny the fact of such status on the ground that a man is not bound by any thing but by his own free act or contract, is as absurd as to deny that he had a nature when he came into the world, or to affirm that he made himself by choice or contract, instead of being made by the Creator, and born into the world through his parents with a certain body and soul.

The application of this principle to education is most important and interesting, and an enlarged view will show us the need of insisting more upon certain fixed facts or starting principles in the training of our children. We ought to give them very decided notions of what they ought to be and obey, as a matter of course, and without trying to revive any exploded notions of family pride or aristocratic prerogative, we may bring them up to regard themselves as well-born and well-bred, as having a certain birth-right of genuine republican respectability, which they can not renounce without disgracing their blood, and, in fact, without denying their own good name. They surely start with a happy status who begin life with the conviction that they are to grow up loyally from the good old stock of our common American intelligence, energy, sobriety, and reverence, and bear as much fruit as they can of that divinely planted tree.

The application of the principle to national matters at present is most important, and may help us much in this time of agitation and perplexity. As a people we are everlastingly bargaining and voting, and so incessantly are we called to say what or whom we choose to have over us, that the feeling is not an uncommon one that nothing is fixed among us, or that all depends upon contract and nothing upon status. We are at least once a year voting in the village and city, and as often as once in four years we choose our chief magistrate in the nation, and there is something in this constant choice that keeps the public mind awake, and in spite of its dangers may be turned to great good. But what does our choice imply? Does it imply that our vote does every thing and implies nothing antecedent to itself, so that we may make or unmake the government or the nation at pleasure? Surely not. When we vote, we vote not as an inorganic mob, but as an organized nation; and in our freest act we most loyally acknowledge our national status. We find ourselves one nation as we find ourselves a family; and we can no more unmake our civil than our domestic antecedents—no more repudiate our country than repudiate our father and mother.

It may be said, indeed, that our fathers made our country, and we have as good a right to undo the work as they had to do it. How would the same principle look if carried into household matters, and we were to say that our parents made us a family, and we have a right to break up or destroy the family and undo their work? Let our ready execration upon all disturbers of household peace and fosterers of family quarrels be the sufficient answer. But without urging this point, we deny that our fathers did, by their own mere choice or contract, make this nation into which we are born. They acted according to the antecedent status. They found thirteen colonies already united by a certain historical bond, first, by the mother country, then by mutual alliance against the Indians and the French, and, lastly, by the War of Revolution, and the common life growing out of this war. The articles of Confederation acknowledged the status of union, but very inadequately, and the Constitution of the United States acknowledged it effectively, and confirmed the vital principle of the old Union that had been growing from the first colonial times, so as to fix and deepen the old status by the new contract. Call the Constitution if you please a compact, was it not a compact between the people of States that had a previous existence, rights, duties, and union? The Constitutional Republic was the legitimate child of the Confederacy, and we are legitimate children of the Constitutional Republic; and by the grace of God and our own stout right arm we mean to keep our birth-right. We are not *made*, but *born* a nation; not *ficti* but *nati*, not a *faction* but a *nation*—and a nation we will be. It is as a nation that we have done our great work, and won our honors,

and entered into our prosperity and joy. As a nation we have our status, and not as sections, or what are usually called States. The nation is *the* State, while the sections are, in an inferior sense, States. No State, not even this Empire State, is *the* State, but the nation is *the* State, and this imperial New York has its honorable history and prestige, not in itself but as constituent part of the nation, and loses status in losing nationality. In fact the sections never were severally the States, nor of themselves were they independent States. They owe their standing even as States to their position in the Union, and apart from this they never could have had being as commonwealths, nor held out against foreign invaders or civil dissensions. Secession is not only death to the nation but suicide to the separate States, and they lose caste the moment they break away from the system to which they belong, alike by the providence of God and the free act of the whole people.

This doctrine is sound in every part of the country—sound South and West, as well as North and East. It gives status and strength to Kentucky as well as to Massachusetts, and may yet save mad little South Carolina from the isolation and infamy that rebellion is bringing upon her. The Constitution secures the States in securing the status of the nation; and every returning Prodigal shall find a home, and a law, and a defense in the father's house. The word may not be "Wayward Sisters, go in peace," but it should be "Wayward Sisters, no peace for you but husks and swine until you *come* in peace." Such is our standard of loyalty; and we ought to glory in it as combining the strength of a fixed status with such freedom of personal contract.

We can barely allude to the last distinction that we named at the outset, and must leave it to our readers to expatiate for themselves upon the importance of our remembering what we *inherit* in our greediness for what we hope to *earn*. We will not quarrel with the enterprise and fortune-making of our people, and we like any sort of decent activity better than stagnation. But what folly it is for us to forget the affluence of which we are made heirs by the providence of God and the sacrifices and labors of our fathers? Are we not sometimes virtually outcasts from our own rightful heritage in our passion for new domain and new gains? We slight our best lands and our best prospects and associations in the rage for speedy riches; and many persons act as if fortune were to be wholly made by personal force instead of being accepted by personal docility and obedience. How sadly we slight the magnificent scenery, the noble institutions, and excellent society of our old settlements, and sacrifice culture and health, either in our false methods of living or our vain and feverish wanderings! We shall not be wise until we calm our pulse, and open our minds and hearts, and *take* the riches ready for us, and check our haste to *make* the riches that are so very uncertain. We are heirs of the whole country, nay, of the

whole earth and of all ages; and we do not begin to know what education is until we know our wealth and enjoy it, and train our children to enjoy it.

We are to accept as a sacred inheritance all that comes to us in the line of our antecedents, whether outward or inward, or having the worth of circumstance or of character. It is well for each family to make the most of its own heritage—to use well its patrimony, whether large or small, and treasure up all the lessons and examples of its ancestry. All the more are we to keep faithfully the great heritage of our magnificent civilization, and use our new earnings so as best to bring out, interpret, and diffuse the old wealth of the race. We are all rich by this standard, while apart from it gold and silver are but dust, and property is but a pompous name for poverty. Out of the line of culture and civilization millions of money are of no high account; but in the true line of humanity and God a modest competence is priceless riches, and unlocks and inherits the treasures of all time. We as a people are sadly negligent of this truth, and our wealth is crude and coarse, and has hardly begun to know the true wisdom and to master the true art. If the next ten years every man of means would spend his money with an eye to this truth, and would ask not how he may follow the reigning mode, but how he may best take the highest wisdom and art of mankind, and leave the most precious heritage to those that come after him, a great revolution would be inaugurated, and a new day dawn upon our manners and entertainments, our houses, schools, museums, galleries, and churches. Heirs of the ages, we might also be their benefactors, and make the whole nation as well as our children rich with the treasures that do not perish but increase with years.

But we must not, in our somewhat sombre moralizing, fail to see the bright side of our American society, nor forget what immense temptations we have had to struggle against in this new country, with its restless temper and ever-fevered career. If we have drifted away from some of the old landmarks, it has not been because we were idle, but too much engrossed; and now that we are in pressing danger, seriously reckoning our course, and observing our bearings, we find much to encourage the hope that we are to respect the good old loyalties with all the freshness of our young life, and to affirm the *family*, the *status*, and the *heritage* in the home, the nation, and the church all the more freely and heartily because we have floated a little too far on the tide of *individualism*, *choice*, and *acquisition*. Shakspeare was in many things a prophet for both hemispheres; and his picture of Prince Harry, when sobered by his accession to the throne, does well as a portrait of our Young America as we wish to see him, now that his majority has come, and he is to rise to the empire of his father or to come to naught, cumber the ground, and be unfit to fill a decent grave. We know young

Americans who are worthy of the picture among the living and the dead:

"I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we forth our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us.
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

THROUGH SUFFERING.

THEY were sitting about the library fire, Margaret, Dr. Moorefield, and Philip Dupleix, in silence, and with only the light of a single jet burning low in its globe. The stir in the halls without had died away; flowers were trailing from cornice and casement, crowded in tall vases, and drooping from baskets; drawing-rooms and staircases glowed like the Pavilion of Haroun, flaming out on the night, through the dank intervening shrubbery to the sodden roads beyond, and staid old Rocky Crest, all day in delirium over its young mistress's whim of a winter reception at her country seat rather than in town, had settled at last into that current stillness and expectancy peculiar to houses in time of fête.

It was getting late. Mrs. Raynor, whom Margaret had constituted hostess for the evening, was dressed already and waiting in stiff splendor, and yet Margaret sat playing with Fauna's silky ears, and frowning over the thought of the just-ended discussion, or rather dialogue; for Dr. Moorefield sat apart putting the subject coldly by, till urged by Dupleix's sneers, she had herself dragged the evil spirit over her threshold like Christabel, and insisted upon an answer. It came then, curt, decisive, unanswerable:

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

And Dupleix had turned to her with a meaning smile, saying, "*Senza maccola!*" and she flushing redly, dropped the subject into a silence stormier than words; for this was no jest but conviction. The man's whole earnest nature was in his eyes as he spoke. Fair looks and true obedience would he exact rigorously of the woman that he loved. He would cherish her indeed tenderly, generously. He would be very patient with her, doubtless. He had been so with her, but he would not bate an iota of his prerogative. She must be always in his thought inferior, at best the pale reflection of himself, treated tenderly out of very scorn of hurting any thing so weak, but yielding to him in return will and thought, as "too little payment of so great a debt." Perhaps this was what he wished of

her! Why, this was what she had already done, and back rushed stinging memories of how—not once, but over and again—she had been turned from her most steadfast purpose by a touch, a low-spoken word, a look. At the very thought she burst out, angrily:

“Sooner than that—” then stopped short.

“Sooner than what?” asked Dr. Moorefield, softly.

Margaret rose as if she had not heard him.

“It is nine o’clock. Why did not some one send me up stairs an hour ago?”

“You have time enough,” answered Philip, at whom she looked. “Do you mean to wear that colorless, filmy, floating thing, that I saw as I passed your door? Why, you will be a veritable snow maiden—a thing of the mist or sea-foam. Have a dash of color somewhere, to assure us that you are of earth; something purple or scarlet—fuschias, for instance.”

“No, wear lilies. I have a horror of fuschias.”

Margaret looked from one to the other, but the time for discussion was gone; wheels were at the door. The bell rang out sharply. At the sound she vanished.

In her dressing-room stood Victorine, her maid, blank before the “colorless, filmy, floating thing,” and two baskets on the table, asking with meek reproach,

“Which flowers did Mademoiselle prefer?”

Flowers! Margaret stood amazed and undecided before broad, grandly curved lilies lying cool among their leaves, and fuschias burning in purple and scarlet. She had not ordered them, but she hesitated not between white whorls and trailing splendors, but Dr. Moorefield and his displeasure. She had never yet braved him. She was hardly sure of herself. By way of suggestion Victorine held up a lily against her hair. The law of contraries decided her.

“Take the fuschias,” she said, sharply.

The music went on below. The drawing-rooms were crowded, the gayety at fever-heat, the whirl at its maddest, but Philip Dupleix looked vainly for Margaret. He had seen her once—a floating airy vision, without sparkle or gleam of color except the flush of fuschias, half hidden in folds of tulle, and drooping low on her white shoulders from the golden knot into which her lovely hair was gathered at the back—and lost her again in the fluttering perfumed maelstrom. Meanwhile the languid air was pulsing and thrilling with wailing chords, warning, hurrying notes of the weird Lava Strome, the waltz that Margaret had once promised James Moorefield always to hold sacred for him. She was sitting now in a recessed window looking up at him with a hateful smile, a thing of the lips, in which her angry eyes had no part. He had but just found her out—with a woman’s quickness saw on the instant the flare of the fuschias, guessed their meaning, and why his lilies lay cool and untouched on her table; guessed, but kept silence of word and look, and, as a consequence, Margaret blundered, as most girls do in such matters—fancied, because he bled beneath

his armor, that her blow had failed; lost presence of mind, and did what she had not intended—offered him a seat beside her.

Meanwhile the restless music was throbbing and groaning about them like something living and in pain. Golden memories of the past golden time came back with every wailing chord. The sense of his power was strong upon her—the old subtle thrill of his look tingling in every vein. I think then and there she must have repented, only now it was his turn to blunder.

“You would not wear my flowers?” he said, touching the fuschias.

On the instant she was triumphant. He was not strong after all. She had hurt him.

“The stems are so thick!” she answered, carelessly; “and though lilies do vastly well in romance, in real life they have such a painful tendency to break short in one’s hair!”

“That was your reason—your real reason?”

“How you look!—as if you were grand inquisitor at least. I shall take advantage of the law, however. I am not required to convict myself.”

“This is trifling.”

“On a grave subject—Lilies *vs.* Fuschias.”

“Will you be serious for a moment?”

“To-morrow. Lent commences then, and I shall lay aside all my follies together.”

“Oh, this is intolerable!”

“It is indeed. The air is positively stifling; but they are so obstinate about the fires! and Mr. Dupleix has my fan. Won’t you ask him for it?”

He rose as if to obey; went toward the curtains; came back, resolutely:

“I will not go. There is some meaning in all this folly. What is it?”

“Really you exact too much,” she returned, scornfully. “Authors seldom furnish commentaries on their own works.”

“I will not receive that as an answer.”

“You *will* not.”

“I *will* not. A fair hearing and the truth are only my right, and I claim them, and will have them, even from Margaret Brederode. Is there no sense of honor among you women that you will pledge look, manner, action—all but words—and then call it a jest? That I love you honestly and dearly you know; and you—let it sound as it will, if you are worth thought or mention, if you are any thing but a fair deceit—you love me. You can not deny it. Your very face convicts you.”

He caught her hands as he spoke, thinking her involuntary shrinking a movement to escape, and holding her fast, looked steadily into the face bending lower and lower before him, hot with blushes of shame and indignation. Remonstrance, or fierce anger—something warmer or cooler—she had expected, but not this. She was positively tingling with self-contempt; all the blood of the outspoken Brederodes roused and burning to punish the lie, even though it were her own.

Her silence and trembling deceived him. He

thought her grieved (whereas she was obstinate), and drew her toward him, murmuring, passionately,

"Oh! why will you make me speak like this when I love you so well? Why not give me the right to love you always?"

"Polite parlance, meaning 'Make yourself my serf; my bond-slave for life.'"

"I see I was mistaken. You do not love me."

"I do" (head erect and eyes flashing); "but I love freedom more!"

"You have no trust in me."

"Oh yes! I know that the despotism would be sweet, and you are so dear" (crimsoning violently, but bringing out the word resolutely) "that I should doubtless prove a contented slave. But I will not sell my birth-right even for you!"

"Your birth-right! Should it not be a meek and quiet spirit?"

"I am no divine."

"You are a woman, however, the dearest one in the world to me, and should be amenable to reason. Listen, Margaret! I am no tyrant. I should have no wish to exercise this authority of which you are so jealous, except where you yourself would approve. Can you not believe that? You say you love me. What kind of love is that that will put no faith in its object?"

Margaret rose with a wearied air.

"Spare me the discussion. It is quite useless. Besides, here is Mr. Dupleix. Where have you been? I have wanted my fan."

"It has done duty, I assure you; but won't you dance? You promised me a waltz, and this is your favorite, the Lava Strome."

A touch on her arm, felt principally by intuition, and "Remember your promise to me!" sounded close in her ear.

Without turning, she took a spray of heliotrope from the Indian vase.

"Will you fasten that, Mr. Dupleix, in my hair—to the right?—thank you."

"Now, will you come?"

"If you go with that man I shall know how to understand it," pursued the low, steady voice.

Margaret pulled off her gloves.

"They are soiled with these flowers. Keep them for me, James. Now, Mr. Dupleix, I am ready."

And with the waltz-beat beginning now to sound out of the wailing chaos, they whirled away.

Dr. Moorefield stood quietly looking after them, pale and sad, but with no wavering about the compressed lips, no relenting in his burning eyes. Margaret saw and read aright; felt that henceforth a great gulf was fixed between them, and she must have done with him forever. It was only what she had wished, and she was glad, of course, only a little startled and solitary in feeling, habit is so strong, and this foolish habit of trust and dependence on him was the growth of two years. Heart and brain were in a whirl. She could neither dance nor talk; she must think, but refuge there was none, unless it should be

the room of Mrs. Wilson the housekeeper. Up the stairs she fled like a spirit, found it empty, locked and bolted the door, sat down, and drew a long breath.

As it chanced she had taken Mrs. Wilson's easy-chair, evidently but just vacated, and standing before a little table, on which lay an open book and the good woman's spectacles. Mechanically she glanced down at the middle of the page, and read: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

Had the hand that terrified the Babylonish king traced the words on the wall before her, she could have scarcely felt a thrill of stronger terror. In her disturbed and heated state the menace and the reproach seemed specially addressed to her, and with something like a shudder she took up a package of letters, the mail that Mrs. Wilson had not found opportunity to give her in the stir of the evening, and opened the topmost one.

It was from Fairchild and Littlejohn, her lawyers. She read a paragraph, stopped short, went on again with a sort of dull incredulity, skimming the dry legal details and reserving their examination for a cooler time. Their sum a child might understand. The great lawsuit that she had inherited with her estate had been decided against her. Lands, moneys, all were gone. There was left her the Brederode name and pride, frail reeds, apt to pierce those who lean on them. Putting the letter in her bosom she went down stairs with a somewhat enigmatical but certainly calm enough face. Philip Dupleix looked at her earnestly, but she only smiled and remained impenetrable. As for Dr. Moorefield he was gone, and without bidding her good-night. He must have been bitterly angered so to have forgotten his usual calm courtesy, and I verily believe that she thought more of that as she lay awake that night than of the crash of her fortunes.

Her arrangements were simple and easily made. Every one was dismissed, every thing sold. She had no relatives, and no friendships. Dr. Moorefield came to see her, but she would not receive him. The gulf between them was wider now than ever. Philip Dupleix came also, and was denied like the rest, though she was not a little astonished at his coming. She had not expected it. Over Rocky Crest, so dear to Brederode pride, she shed some tears, but she had not found so much pleasure in her life of eating, drinking, and dancing that she must needs lament it with a very bitter outcry; indeed there was little time for demonstrations of that sort; she was down now; on foot among everyday strugglers for life, and people who go wiping their eyes are sadly apt to be trampled on. There was a niche for her somewhere in the world, and she set herself to find it; discovered it of all places on the globe in a Connecticut village, where an aristocracy compelled so far to follow vulgar usages as to send their children to school, were determined to concede

no more to an encroaching common humanity. Parnassus should have a picket-fence, and Helicon a special drinking-cup, or ignorance forever! In short, there was required as teacher a lady by birth and education, who would receive no other pupils than those assigned her. The terms were fair, Margaret easily satisfied, so behold her installed as teacher of the S— Select School, doing well with it—thanks to her old habit of authority—and leading a life outwardly monotonous, yet not altogether displeasing.

She liked her abiding-place—an old stone cottage standing on a low rise of ground, and showing her from its windows a rocky beach on which the sea lapped and crunched hungrily all day, as though still mindful of the time when it held those very barriers in its ravenous abyss; then she approved, though she still kept at some small distance, Mrs. Ransom, its owner and a widow, a good creature like Mademoiselle Baptistine, possessing a body principally as an excuse for a soul. Moreover, she had on hand a first friendship, only with a little, clear-eyed, cooing year-old baby, Ida Ransom; yet it kept her heart warm, and with it nestling on her lap, its soft hands tangled in the long golden hair that it delighted to pull from her comb down about her shoulders, talking to it in that curious language that a true woman has by instinct; making a wonder of its solemn looks and low murmurings, kissing its fragrant mouth, its dimpled shoulders, its white eyelids, even its little pink feet. I question if the mistress of Rocky Crest were ever so happy; and time went on at least quietly till on one of these golden times Philip Dupleix surprised her, as with hair down and blowing freshly back from her sparkling face she whirled with baby through the hall almost into his arms as he was coming in at the open door. As usual he was self-possessed.

"You have improved, Miss Brederode. I see they treat you well here;" and then he put out his arms for the baby quite as a matter of course, giving Margaret time to fasten up her hair; and taking in the little parlor, its peace, purity, and refinement, Mrs. Ransom, all at one glance, was as much at home there as if he had been the scarlet cactus in full glory on the table behind him.

It was late when he arrived, and soon the day closed stormily in burning flame close along the horizon, with here and there an upward golden gleam or flare of angry light into the pall of threatening clouds, dropping heavily down to the sea. With the twilight began to pelt a bitter storm, growing in fury with the darkness. Long dashes of rain and sleet beat against the windows, rattling and shaking crazily in the gale, and the vibration of the room, the high shrieking of the wind, and the surge of the waves on the beach, gave the old house a curious effect of having drifted off to sea like a cozy Noah's ark, though if it had in reality, Philip would scarcely have stirred. The din without only heightened the comfort of the little sitting-room. The bright hearth, the shaded lamp on

the table, Margaret herself sitting by it with her work-basket and sewing, were marvelously home-like, and Philip liked it all, specially the quiet seamstress so near him. She had gained flesh and color, and a better expression, not altogether peaceful but quiet. Besides, the mistress of Rocky Crest had been a mutinous, untamed thing, to be approached with doubt and caution; but the figure near him had lost something of its air of proud self-reliance, and had sometimes a little tired droop of head and eyelids that pleased him best of all, perhaps because he thought the handsome, willful head might be ready now to rest on his shoulder from very weariness.

He took up her work-basket—a sort of pinecone nest with blue silk pockets; a dainty thing, as were all her belongings.

"You have a curious way of setting your mark on all that you touch. I should know this even if it were dangling from the North Pole; and, by-the-by, I think that your power extends also to individuals. Do you remember the look that Dr. Moorefield christened my Brederode expression?"

Margaret answered by an upward glance, only one of attention that told him nothing, and went on with her sewing.

"Poor James!" continued Philip. "He was truly desolate at first. I used to pity him. They say now, however, that he is consoling himself with a certain Chicago belle. He has been spending the winter there."

Here Margaret took a short, sharp lesson on moral somnambulism. She had kept her soul on the dry bread of reality, forced it to a Lenten fast from expectation, and here had it outwitted her after all; positively gone sleep-walking into Spain, and built a castle of whose existence she first learned from the crash with which Philip's words sent it to the ground. Oh, fool and blind! she had refused herself the very thought of his name, and built after all on his faith. Philip drew his chair closer.

"How could you refuse to see me?" he said, reproachfully. "You owed me friendship, at least a good-by."

"I was not in the humor."

"But you left no trace behind you. You can hardly guess what trouble I had to find you."

"I am sorry."

"Is that all you can say after six months of separation? I have never fully lived since then till now, and you tell me you are sorry—have you no—bah!" checking himself, "I am a fool! what do you care for my regrets or torment? It is enough that, cold as you are, I can not do without you. Can not! *Will* not!"

Margaret laid down her work and looked up with a quiet more formidable than any flutterings of indignation.

"There is one objection, Mr. Dupleix; I do not love you."

"Have I asked you if you did? I did not expect it. I am no believer in romance. You can learn that after."

"Impossible!"

"You have not tried."

"Tried! You know nothing of loving."

"You do."

"That is my affair."

Philip took off the velvet glove.

"Oh, I understand you. I know that you loved James Moorefield even when you drove him from you. Shall I tell you how far I helped you on in that sensible and noble resolve, by an occasional taunt or sneer, at the very time that you most vaunted to yourself your strength of will? If I moulded you then like wax, what chance have you now?"

"It is possible that you may have influenced me then: it is certain you will not now."

"Ah! then you— But why discuss the matter? Surely there is nothing so attractive about this serfdom that you should refuse such a position as I can offer?"

"There are serfdoms worse than that of poverty," retorted Margaret.

"You are still dreaming of Moorefield; but he will not forgive you: do not think it."

"I do not."

"Why are you so obstinate, then?"

"Simply because I am quite unable to imagine the possibility of saying yes."

"But you *must*."

"Must!"

"Your destiny, your very means of livelihood, are in my hands."

"You mistake: that is not the Bosphorus yonder, and we are in the nineteenth century."

"True—in a village as suspicious, scandalous, and ignorant as ever graced any century, where it needs only a few well-directed hints to open wide the eyes of your lady-patronesses to your exceeding impropriety in being young, beautiful, poor, haughty, and alone. Believe me, I forgot nothing, but considered the game well before I moved."

"Still I have a protector—'noblesse oblige'; and I will appeal to the honor of Philip Dupleix against himself."

"I do not wish to injure you: only to do you good spite of yourself; to take you from a life of care and toil, even perforce. As for honor—what is that but a toy of civilization? We are all savages at heart."

And savage indeed he looked; but Margaret still confronted him with cool disdain—even smiled slightly at the close, saying,

"So be it, then; and God help the right!" and till his departure she kept up a stately and impenetrable serenity not a little galling.

She was sorely shaken, however; wounded almost beyond endurance. The loneliness and friendlessness on which he had presumed were on her in full force; and she knew him too well to doubt either his purpose or his power to harm her. Instinctively her thoughts turned to Dr. Moorefield, only to be met by the bitter remembrance that he neither knew nor cared to know any thing of her. Utterly desolate on earth, she looked up to heaven, and found that dark

also. For some months she had called herself Christian, and walked straitly, and somewhat sternly and sourly, in the way of her new faith. She had it in theory that God was merciful and full of compassion, and now in her need she looked up to him as to one a great way off, and found only space. In her distress she went to Mrs. Ransom:

"I am forsaken both of heaven and earth," she cried; "God will not answer me."

"Because you are looking too far off," said the widow, simply. "God is not far from every one of us; not shut out from us by clouds and everlasting burnings. Neither is it, as you have said, an angry Lord scourging you for your sins; but Christ, who died for you, gently putting away the excuses one by one with which you try to bar him out. He is not punishing, but teaching. He took from you your fortune, and then you came to him, because you must lean on something, but coldly, unlovingly, only when you could not rely on yourself. Now he is trying to win you from your self-reliance. He has darkened your eyes, and made your way hard, and now he says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' Put your hand in his, and he will guide you from your foolish ways into his blessed peace. Oh, believe that he is close by you, and that he is very pitiful. You know he does not willingly afflict or grieve. With every temptation comes the way to escape from it; and he will not suffer that bad man to hurt you. Even if, in his blindness, he closes one way against you, it is only that another and a better way may be opened. Mark—a *better way*!"

"If I only had faith!" sighs poor Margaret. And indeed there was need. Those who had disliked her beauty, or held themselves affronted by her hauteur, took up eagerly enough Philip's dark hints, mysterious silences, and outspoken calumnies. It is easy to find causes of discontent, and they sprang up now like the dragon's teeth. Finally, after the proper amount of buzzing, whispering, and debating, Miss Brederode was requested to resign; and the world was before her again—a magnificent prospect, but indefinite. Niche No. 2 was hard to find, and she expended money in advertisements and profitless journeys in vain. The winter proved a hard one. Mrs. Ransom and Margaret, now regarded as one of the little family, sewed night and day; yet, with all their toil and care, hardly kept the wolf from the door. Misfortunes are sociable. Mrs. Ransom fell ill. For weeks the daily struggle for bread and all the household toil devolved on Margaret. Her strength was not of that pitiful kind that faints in the day of adversity, but the little house was now like a besieged garrison with the enemy already in the citadel: cold and hunger were within, all manner of unfavorable circumstances pressing from without; and though the garrison would have had the option of surrender, it was not so easy to stop living.

At this juncture came two letters: one from Philip, which Margaret passed over unread; the other from Mrs. Sefton, a former patroness of the select school. Some one of taste was required at Sefton Hall to trim ball-dresses, arrange tableaux, and devise costumes. Mrs. Ransom was known to be still in bed, and Mrs. Sefton had exhibited special spite toward Margaret; but unfortunately Taste is not in market, like Spaulding's glue, and no other way offering itself out of the dilemma, an indefinite order was sent to Mrs. Ransom, to be filled by the person whom it most concerned. Margaret would infinitely have preferred scrubbing far-off and unknown floors at three shillings per day; but in their desperate need she had gone to God, pleading his promises, and he had sent her, not floors in answer, but Mrs. Sefton's order; and, pangs of pride excepted, the ordeal proved not so trying as she had thought. There was singing, chattering, and bustling not a little, and steps sounding continually near her door, but only once in a week's stay was her sanctum invaded. A notable exception, as it chanced, however, surprising Margaret, as Destiny seems fond of doing; silent when invoked, eluding expectation, to stand before us, face to face, when most forgotten. Hours had Margaret spent in burning thought of what yet might be; and on this dull, sad-colored morning, when busy with nothing but a headache and tulle flounces—But we are ahead of events.

There came a rapid silken rush and rustle along the hall, a dropping fire of giggles and exclamations, and a vision of eyes, Oriental in depth and blackness, roused into fire and sparkle, cheeks flushed into the scarlet of pomegranates, teeth showing dazzlingly through pouting lips, abundant hair loose from sparkling side-combs, and white arms, trim waist, and rounded bust, brought into loveliest outline, as Nannie Sefton, closely followed by a gentleman, took breathless refuge in a corner, holding something crushed in rosy fingers high above her head, and crying, "You shall not have it! I will not give it up!"

"But I must have it," returned a voice that made Margaret start.

"No, a thousand times, unless you promise to tell me why you can so—ah! oh! for shame! you are a wretch! you have hurt my fingers!" as, catching her suddenly, her persecutor wrested the prize from her grasp, and safely bestowed it in his pocket. Miss Sefton looked at her fingers, pouted, and, for the first time, chose to see Margaret, who had risen, and was looking very pale.

"Oh, Miss Brederode!"

At that name the gentleman turned with the quickness of thought, looked, exclaimed, and, with one stride across the room, had her hands and was holding them fast. And Margaret, flushing and paling by turns, stood, absolutely unable to bring out a word; for this was James Moorefield, radiant, triumphant; and he had found her thin, hollow-eyed, shabby, the blonde

loveliness gone that he had admired, the very fingers that he held hardened with toil, a servant in the house of his friends. She had neither strength nor courage to speak. She was only anxious to get away.

Miss Sefton stepped back a pace or two, raised her eye-glass, and carefully surveyed the tableau.

"Why do you not speak?" asked James, very low. "Are you still unrelenting? Have you been here all the time?"

Margaret bent her head in answer to this last.

"Dr. Moorefield, the horses are ready," here observed Miss Sefton, in a remarkably clear voice.

And looking up, there was the groom enframed in the doorway, eyes and mouth in extremity for an adequate expression of astonishment. The Doctor colored to the very temples, and dropped the thin, passive hands, red with the pressure of his. Gathering up her flowing skirts, Miss Sefton brushed past Margaret with looks of angry scorn; and after a moment's silent hesitation he followed. Five minutes' work, all this that has taken so long to tell, and then Margaret was alone with her dizzy thoughts. She took up her sewing—threw it down again. Work that day she neither could nor would; and putting on her bonnet, she went home to indulge in her pleasant meditations in the security of her own room. Her subjects for contemplation were many and cheering. He had not forgiven her. Triumph had shone clearly in his eyes, not pity or tenderness. He had left her without even a good-by, lest he should offend Miss Sefton. Clearly he was fond of her. She had seen his fingers linger on Miss Sefton's, his hair brush her cheek; and, having seen it, had met him with paleness and blushes, downcast looks, and a ridiculous sentimentality—had lacked even the self-respect to keep her own secret. It was not sufficiently intolerable that she should love this man, to whom her love was valueless, but she must needs advertise it in her looks; lest he should not be sufficiently sure of his triumph, she must point it out to him. This was worse than all the rest. Poverty, injustice, desolation dwindled beside this burning, unbearable shame, that made her cheeks glow and tingle even there in the twilight of her room. She grew so restless under the torture that she could no longer abide the shelter she had sought, and went down to the parlor. There the blinds were already closed, but lights were not yet in, and the fire-light made but little headway against the shadows. Groping her way to the piano she began to sing, but stopped, with a cry of terror, as a deep voice near her joined in the refrain.

"I have been waiting here an hour," said the voice. "I would not let them call you. I wished to surprise you."

James Moorefield again—his voice, at least. She put out a cold and trembling hand.

"Come to the fire-light. I believe that you are a ghost." But her eyes sunk before his even as she spoke; for she read there triumph indeed, but loving triumph, not the mean ex-

ultation of which she had so ungenerously accused him.

"I have seen you several times before," he said, softly. "I have met you twice on the road, and last Sunday, at church, I stood close beside you; but one would think you had made a covenant with your eyes never to look to the right or the left."

"I can hardly think how you knew me, I am so changed."

"No, only you are thinner, and wear a care-taking, anxious look that cuts me to the heart. I fancy, too, you are not quite so mutinous, at least in look, though you have not gained in civility. You have not said once that you were glad to see me."

"How do you know that I am?"

"I do not. You are past finding out. I am, though," suddenly drawing her close to him, "happy, more than happy. All winter I have been searching for you in Chicago. Duplex told me you were there."

Margaret started, but checked the words on her lips.

"To think," he went on, "that I should find you here—"

"And Miss Sefton?" she interrupted, somewhat irrelevantly.

He smiled, and drew a crumpled ball from his pocket.

"These were what I rescued this morning." The gloves that she had given him on the night of her last fête. She knew them on the instant.

"You kept those?"

"I had no other souvenir of you."

The golden head dropped lightly on his shoulder.

"I was wrong then," she said, softly. "I have longed often to ask your forgiveness. I don't care about equality and making conditions now. I am very glad to rest."

"Poor little thing!" quoth the Doctor, caressing the soft cheek and sunny hair. "I need to ask your pardon too. I should have seen that you were combating a wind-mill, not a principle, and had more patience."

So they sat contentedly in the shadow, the silence unbroken except by the crackling of the fire, and once by an arch voice.

"You have not asked me yet if I will obey."

"There is no need."

A THEORY WORKED OUT.

I.

MY refusal of Asher Alleyne was the legitimate result of much romance reading and considerable nursing of ideals—two exercises whose ultimate issue had been the establishment of my theory of love, as applying to my own destined experience in the matter. Out from the nebulae of men I felt that one must come whose face and figure should wear an instant pleasingness in my eyes beyond those of any hitherto seen or to be seen forever hereafter.

er. Behind them would lie surely a soul to the extremest limit of fallible mortal capacity, strong and earnest—a soul so high that through all the years I should feel its hand stretched out above me, perpetually leading me on to altitudes I should never else have reached. What a scope for fancy lay in delineation of the externals of this coming man! I never saw a handsome feature, an air graceful or noble, but I appropriated it to him minus the drawbacks accompanying its actual possessor.

But I was not an empty-headed nonentity by any means. The very fact of Asher Alleyne's having been satisfied at my side in so many leisure hours of the past two years was proof enough of this. I could keep pace with him, if not in the man's deep stride, yet with the woman's nervous multiplied step, in all themes of which men and women talk. I had gone with him abreast in threading the subtleties of Locke and Bacon's explanation of the how, and why, and wherefore of the soul for the body, and the body for the soul. And there were lighter hours for crowning with flowers of poesy, whose nooks, in their best and most eternal freshness, none knew better where to seek than he. I, sitting at his side free of heart, would listen as he rhymed the passionate cadences of the love and longing the strongest hearts had so felt and told of.

If in his heart there sprung up the assertion, "And thus I feel for thee," the response, "And I for thee," never echoed in the faintest out of mine. Asher Alleyne was not a man to catch and hold the fancy of fair women by their will as much as his; he was in every outward particular a plain man. One whom none are surprised to find single at any age, and he was getting past his first youth a little. He was not a fascinating homely man, or a surfacely brilliant one in conversation; though whatever seemed visibly to want saying he said always and well.

He was in nowise demonstrative, not even in that oftenmost effective particular the eyes. He never "made eyes" on any occasion; indeed I scarcely knew the color of those organs, though I remember once seeing his eyes—not turned on me, however—with an expression I had never beheld or thought of in them before, as I made an end of the story of some man alone who "saw the light in happy homes," and felt such radiance not for him. I had always lived in the fullest of that kind of radiance, and thought there must be a great difference in his life and mine to make such a lonesome, empty look in his eyes possible; thinking also that he must find his year after year of boarding-house life even less heartsome than most men. Yet, further than friendship and its degree of sympathy went, it was not my affair. And so I sat in his presence, unthinking of him, my heart mail-clad in far-off dreams of a man to come and blessed things to be.

And I too thrilled and glowed as he read words that stir up women's hearts, and wished, with a yearning that was almost a prayer, for the time when the full realization of these dainty dreams

should come to me in the voice that read of them—should glow upon me out of the eyes which held the answering soul of my beloved.

And like unto what similitude was this chosen one to be?

So far different from the plain, grave man, who one day, after his voice had rung for me the last exquisite chime of "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," turned to me with the quiet of a cool nature, or the still molten glow of an exceeding great desire (I never thought which), asked me to make *his* life crowned and radiant, as the generous woman of the rhyme had done that other man's. So far different was he from the man in my dreams-elect to make *me* at heart queen and regnant, that I, with no thought for him but nature's selfish cry, "Thyself first of all!" strong and instant in me, replied, surprised, but unhesitating and calmly,

"Oh no, Mr. Alleyne, that *never* can be."

He saw with evident unpreparedness and pain how new and unthought-of his proposition was. We had tallied so well in so many thoughts and pursuits, that he forgot to take account of how much of a girl's heart might be left given over to dreams of which he could have no knowledge. He rose up from his chair, and laid the book down quietly, and stood for a minute before me, and said,

"I suppose pride ought to prompt me to go out from before you at once and forever, even though I can not tell you, if I would, how great a gift God has denied me through your words. Some better man may win you; but be sure of this—there never will be a man who through every circumstance of his life could need you more sorely; to whom your life would have been a richer endowment; to whom your love would have been a more sufficient possession; whose heart would have folded you in more closely, or have been more entirely satisfied in you."

And so he went, and as concerned being worthily touched by them, or feeling a true estimate of their value, I heard his words as if I had not heard them; though they woke in me a sympathy which made me regret that he had felt a necessity through me which I could never fill, and brought the best gift of his humanity to one by whom it was unneeded and unasked.

II.

A man's position in society—what people say of him, his appearance and doings—has a nearer connection with most young-lady likings than they are aware or would confess. True, there are women who have grown into loving men whom the world know not, or knowing, fail to favor; but they are somewhat the exception. For a young lady to hear of a man possessing, in full degree allotted to separate mortals, the gifts of intellect and feature desirable in man, does not inspire in her commonly the desire to avoid him strictly. We all have an impression, and doubtless in the main correct, that the verdict general society passes upon a member is usually just.

I had found no occasion to gainsay it, and Ralph Hasseltine came to me bringing in his face and figure, not only those fair outlines which one need but see to read and approve, but general society's verdict of what I prized infinitely more—a true and genial soul. Others had appeared thus furnished forth—but Ralph Hasseltine! I suppose few girls who have nursed ideals have ever met any thing specially like them; but I do not think any man alive could have come nearer mine externally than Ralph Hasseltine.

As I had fore-dreamed, the great Aurora of passion flushed up into the waiting sky of my life simultaneous with his first appearing. So speedily that I think I began to love him before he consciously knew me at all. His voice had attracted me first. A little wearied by a rather slow evening out I had left the played-out faces, and going into the book-room began a search for somewhat with a fresher flavor, albeit it had lain a hundred years or more.

Somebody played at the piano, and he carelessly caught up the tag-end of the tune and added words. It was a voice a young girl likes to hear, telling her, however little she may analyze the fact, of great store of life and freshness and readiness for passion. I turned from the books and took position where I could see him in the parlor. The figure, carried with the subtle ease of gentlemanhood, seemed perfect. The soft light from the chandelier fell on his graceful head and gave his locks the true hero's purple black. I knew him, having heard his name and social fame before. I did not find the latter belied when I met him in parlor-talk and presence that night and thereafter.

I began to wonder if it was at all thus Asher Alleyne had felt in our first acquaintance; for long before Ralph Hasseltine gave me vow for vow I loved him. I loved him—the fact declared itself in me with still persistence when away from him. It sprang up to my face in glowing assertion when I met him, even in the street. Around him centred the gathered halo of all the truth and tenderness, the depth and loftiness of soul which I had ever seen or read as man's possession. I loved him as only they love who have read wise books, have planned high labors and great joys for their lives, and feel some innate breadth of soul which only needs right kinship to gain full expansion. I felt the fulfillment of my utmost dream the night I felt his arm around me, and his lips seal the "I love you" they had just uttered upon mine.

III.

It was a most fair fabric I began straightway to weave. New thoughts and wishes revealed themselves full-grown in the light of this new Aurora. A wife—ah, word most subtly sweet! The light of one more happy home to shine forth in the land. That happy home—there was one special picture of it I had at heart which I was continually stealing in to contemplate. It was a scene of long evenings after daylights and

their duties overpast and well fulfilled. One only beside me, who should be to me as I to him, my sufficient possession; having whom my heart should acknowledge no other want in the world outside, however active my work there might be, and however pleasant a welcome I might there have. For this one should walk with me into all realms of thought and feeling—should join me in all study and research common to man—should penetrate with me the utmost limits of those spiritual glories whereon a man can look and live. Together we would enter upon life—together smile in its serene joys—and together meet and comfort one another under its inevitable and thick-coming woes. Ever minding to help each other, keep in view that it is not to live care-free and at ease, but to show all souls within our utmost reach that life is worthy the noblest and holiest living—since Christ died for it—that shall gain for us at last the ineffable sentence, “Servants of God, well done!”

Such union were indeed of love. We could not be married at once, and the tender flowers of courtship had a whole year to blossom in. What a blessed, prosperous season I felt this would be! We had taken one another, each instinctively conscious of the other's merits; doubtless, yet for all, as it were, upon trust.

Well, Ralph came to me almost daily. The warmest maid could not have desired a more impassioned and demonstrative lover; but I had an instinct that we could not wisely spend a year in caresses, even if their zest and freshness did not fail us. So for the most part I kept him seated reasonably distant. And for me it was joy enough to watch, and catch in mine now and then, the various expression of a pair of the most matchless eyes which ever opened on the world; getting by heart the while every turn of his face and figure. But we can look our fill upon the fairest picture, and this was Ralph Hasseltine's pictorial phase simply; and the beholding it was not the deepest human enjoyment, pleasant as it was.

Two months of constant intercourse wore off the dazzling novelty of our new relation; and I began to feel the old everyday spiritual and literary wants coming back. Wants not to be filled by the most sparkling talk about the weather, acquaintances, society in general, and one's self in particular; and most curiously it seemed to me, it was difficult to lead Ralph off these topics, though I had not at first noticed his habitual adherence to them.

I put into the hands of my handsome lover—through college long ago—one of the essays Mr. Alleyne and I used to read together, begging him to adorn the learned sentences with the beauty of his voice. Flattered, he read a page or two, when I, fallen into full enjoyment of the ample thoughts it held, was startled by his throwing the book carelessly down, with the simple explanation of “Bosh!”

It was from this evening, I think, that I began to feel the shade of the hand-breadth cloud

rising over the serene atmosphere in the sky of my love. It was not the occasional, and so pardonably freakish, disinclination to consider weighty topics, and take sober views of life and its objects, the most efficient feel now and then. The little gayeties, courtesies, and successes of surface-life, street and drawing-room butterfly-life, seemed sufficient for him. He reigned a prince in these, and it was for such supremacy society had given him his diploma. Under an exterior which, in its winning grace and perfection, seemed the fitting outward type of noble actualities, behind there lay a mind which, though not bad, was light and shallow.

But I had built my castle, “en Espagne” though it were, quite too firmly to admit of its toppling about my ears at once. Did I not *love* as I had so long planned to love? Had not the divine afflatus entered in and possessed my soul as thoroughly as that soul was capable of being filled? Then let that be sufficient for me. But it was not. I felt it plainer and plainer every day. For the physical and earthly kind of love Ralph Hasseltine answered abundantly, and was capable of inspiring no higher save to the mind of fancy solely. It had seemed to me that it would be so blessed to draw nearer and nearer to him mentally and spiritually in those quiet hours when common talk was done. But common talk done, with Ralph, all was done.

He little thought how he startled my heart by a quiet, careless speech of his about “how deucedly humdrum some folks made their married lives;” laughingly declaring, “we would show society that people need not necessarily mope in duet for the rest of their lives in the back-parlor because they had answered affirmatively, in the presence of witnesses, some polite inquiries in the Prayer-Book. His little wife need not think he was going to make her bury her beauty just because she had given him its guardianship. No; it would be his first ambition to display his treasure—and himself besides, I know you are thinking,” he added, gayly. “Well, it will be but an old trick of an old dog, who enjoys it too well to wish to be taught anew.”

His first ambition! What sort of realization, then, was *my* heart-picture and life-programme like to meet? I would not believe—I absolutely would not believe—that there was no more in Ralph Hasseltine than he showed out in those hours. Silently, anxiously, as if the one hope of my life depended on the happy issue, I tried him test by test.

He was a pretty good Christian, he thought: neither lied nor stole, and liked church-going first-rate. It was delightfully soothing and comfortable there at first; and when the dominion began to make a fellow quake on the crimson velvet cushion, it carried out the rule of contrasts capitally. It was not difficult to imagine the angelic element of religion in the ladies' faces there, unless the sun threw the shade of a green or yellow window across them. It was a self-evident fact, he thought, that if a fellow

minded his own business and did the best he could he would be saved; and it was only dyspeptic fools who bothered their heads with controversy and theological metaphysics.

And, according to my lover's standard, he was doing "the best he could." Perhaps it was scarcely the province of his lady-love to ask him what worthy share *he* was taking in the world's great, hard, necessary Christian work, which lay out for his doing plain before him—in what particular his life differed from that of those of old Greece and Rome, whose bitter condemnation was in being "lovers of ease more than lovers of God."

If she did not ask him, she asked herself, with reluctant half question, willing to admit but one answer. That answer did not at all come. Putting aside, as I was enabled to do in this strait of life, mere physical passion, I saw that there was not that in Ralph Hasseltine which would warrant me, as a Christian and true to God, nor even as a woman and true to him, in carrying out the promise I had made him to join my life to his and make it even as his.

My life like his! Why, he was the contented epitome of the trifling, unresulting, to-day-living existence I was trying to prune away in myself to give room for a worthier growth.

And yet how could I give him up, this handsome, winsome, sunshine-loving mortal? I let many weeks glide by, not seeing or willing to see just *how*.

IV.

We had a long winter evening before us, and having begun it by a lengthened tilt of light talk and gossip, I began to feel as they who, desiring wine, have tasted froth.

"We have rattled long enough, have we not? Ralph, suppose you give me and yourself a deep glimpse into a loving woman's heart through these 'Sonnets from the Portuguese?'"

He took up the book I offered him. "Oh, Mrs. Browning!" said he, yawning. "Bother take her and all the nonsensical crew who affect her and her kin—reservation of present company always understood."

And, replacing the book on the stand, he selected instead the finest apple in the dish, and, leaning indolently back in his chair, began parsing it. A silence fell between us; he looked into the fire, and I into his eyes. They were the ideal eyes of the man I had so looked and longed for. Did the soul of the man I had awaited lie behind them?

I thought of a passage I had culled for remembrance out of "Adam Bede," of eyes whose expression have no warrant or explanation in the soul beneath them. Eyes that seem to express the joys and sorrows of foregone generations—great thoughts and tendernesses—paired perhaps with pale eyes which can say nothing: eyes full of meanings not their own, just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it. Were these Ralph Hasseltine's eyes? What else were they? I

could not perhaps find the substance, the *reality* of their expression in the world, and should I take the semblance of it, and teach myself content?

No! not if I walked emptily to my last day on earth.

As I thought these things my lover finished the apple and threw the core upon the grate. We both watched it crisp and char away in the blaze. So my dream had burned into blackness—all the soul and freshness gone out of it.

I took off my thimble and rolled up my sewing, putting all in the work-box and shutting down the lid; then rising from my chair and going around the table I stood before my lover. He reached out his arm with a caressing motion wishing to draw me close, and I refusing, the thought struck me sorely, that it was the arm which had clasped the sweetest hopes of my life into my heart, and must fail now forever from its office.

"Ralph," I began at once, "I told you I loved you, and as far as flesh and sense is concerned I love you still. But the true Ralph Hasseltine—he who after this visible one has fallen into dust—after the fair earth itself has waxed old like a garment, and been folded away as a vesture, I do not love. And so you will absolve me from my promise as freely as I feel I can ask it of you, since the seeing with which I made it was as if I had not seen."

He sprang to his feet amazed, remonstrating, protesting, and soon, with hurt pride and disappointment working high in him, angry.

Was this, then, the legitimate work of such great souledness as I had always professed? If I had been a thoughtless highfrown, and more like common folks, perhaps I might have kept my faith a little better.

He could not understand me, even in this; and loth as I was to let him go forth in anger, I felt it impossible to prevent it by any thing short of retraction. And so the graceful figure which had brought such great joys in to me, which I had loved with almost "inordinate affection," went out over my threshold to return no more forever.

If I had known him less well my heart would have been sorer for him than for myself. But though he loved me as such men may love, I felt he did not *need* me. His soul was not enough in capacity to feel a lack of which a true woman alone could be the complement. I was to him but one of the many pleasant things of life, and losing me enough remained for his full desert.

V.

What thousands of women have sat before slowly dying fires far into nights, as I sat on the one where I, by my own will but not wish, had laid the dear dream of my theory upon the altar of holocaust, and watched its fair proportions drop into annihilation. And it was gone with no whit less bitter a sense of loss and failure than if it had been true, and of substantial and logical base. As it was, I had staked my happiness

and satisfaction so thoroughly upon my experience of its success, that when, after beginning to be wrought out so nobly, it had failed and fallen, I felt as if all the rest went with it.

At least I felt so in the lonesome hours before the waning fire. But other days dawned, and the great strong march of life went on—neither had beauty and joy failed out of it for such as were willing to take it without too fastidious selection. It was not in my nature, as in many women's, to fail or suffer, and by smothering and ignoring the matter get over it. My relief was to argue it out before I could forget it. So I took my old theory of love in hand, and held it up to my tests of religion and logic.

I found that, though applying the former gauge to all things else, I had hitherto neglected to do it here. I believe I had unconsciously considered love—being “in love”—the romantic passion I had sought, as the one thing out of Scripture province. Now looking in the Bible for warrant for my theory of love, I found none whatsoever: this choosing one fallible mortal from among the rest, and investing him—nay, the very trifles his hand touched—with a sort of sacredness above all else.

This willingness to bring all the heart's passion, and kindness, and effort, and lavish them on one man to the exclusion of others. What else can be that “inordinate affection” against which we are warned? And yet in this province of marriage we find there a degree of affection allowed, nay, demanded, second only in its degree to that we give to God. And yet parallel with this is the requisite and problem of the Christian life on earth, how to impart the largest share of happiness and progress to the greatest number without thought for self, assured that when one puts the question of private happiness out of their hands, God takes it into his and gives most blessed answer.

In the matter of love and marriage I had considered my own pleasure solely, without thought of furthering the cause to which I had pledged *all* my life's issues and efforts. And now I came to see that the selection and marrying of a husband, while not to be undertaken without great personal preference and pleasure, involves a greater privilege and duty, and is guided by a higher and surer rule than that of being blindly “in love.”

This certainly was a great help to recovery, and together with my thoroughly healthy nature, soon restored me to a very enjoyable atmosphere of being, though the rainbow colors had faded or lay very far back in it now.

Yet I was all woman, and being such had heart and hope. I do not care what women say. I know there never has been one yet, not dwarfed away from the likeness of that wonderful first one, whose “nature in her so wrought” in her days of pureness, that she, and they after her, have recognized a life shared with a good man not only their own wish but his right and desert. And so, even putting the question of personal happiness in the matter (which I did

not do) aside, I felt it would be perfectly safe upon the basis of thorough liking to join my life to that one which of all others I could most bless.

And now for the first time, in their true interpretation, I understood Asher Alleyne's parting words. He had spoken from a stand-point and with a knowledge I had not gained. Able now, in the light of my new experience, to see men with a truer vision, I began to bring Asher Alleyne to the test, as I had done Ralph Hasseltine.

I analyzed the hours we had spent in the old time. Was not here a man whose purpose in life—more firmly held and truly wrought—was identical with my own? For sharing and furthering every worthy aspiration—for all quiet hours, no less than bitter straits of life—could not a woman put her hand in his and say “Sufficient?”

Yet could it be possible that in this plain man lay the true world of realization, which, overlooking him wholly, “I had located so far beyond him.” Did the best proof I could give to God of my devotion to him, in giving joy to his creatures, come to me through Asher Alleyne?

I sat alone in my room with these thoughts in mind and the Bible in my hand. As I looked down upon its open page I remembered, curiously enough, the good man who all his life refrained from marriage because declaring the book should guide him in the matter through the text he, closing the book and placing his finger upon, should open at, found it tell of him who fell at the threshold of his bridal chamber dead. I did not believe in that sort of thing at all; yet the impulse came upon me strongly all at once, to decide this question of Christian service in the selection of a husband if possible in the same way, and to take the text I opened upon, if it had any bearing at all upon the subject, as conclusive. And it was in no spirit of trifling or irreverence that I placed my finger between the leaves of the New Testament, and holding it firmly opened upon the words:

“Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me.”

I was most astonished! “One of the *lost* of these.” As mortal could judge of mortal, Asher Alleyne stood in God's sight as one of his first and best approved, and as such must not recompense for joy bestowed on him be doubly great? But I could not believe it, this emphatic, uncompulsionary, sharply to the point text. Such things, of course, must commonly be mere coincidence; and if such, are not like to happen twice: so I will try again, and if I find another passage which tallies with this text I shall deem it sufficient.

I made the trial farther back in the book this time, and opened upon the words of God's holy apostle, Paul, commending to another the brother of his affliction.

“Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him. But without thy mind would I do nothing; that

thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever. Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord?"

I had my answer. I took it as from the Lord. "Not of necessity, but willingly." Oh, most willingly! I felt at my very soul the strong true spirit that, through no desert of mine, and in spite of my blindness, had been given to me of God. Over my life I felt the soft clasping of a great content. For though this man had gone from me finally, I never doubted for a moment now that he had been my appointed and chosen from the first, withheld from me till I had learned to hold him at his worth, as I could not do under those fantastic lights of fancy; but the silver day had come, and in it I wrote to him simply:

"Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day."

And he came back to me and took his old place at my side, and a new one in my heart, not given till reason—religion even—dictated, but once given passing beyond the province of reason and will, into that of love.

By my former theory, and that of many people, I am not "in love;" yet it will be the sweetest, no less than the proudest day of my life, when I come to stand beside this plain man, and call him "my husband."

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO FRUIT.

"There are two principal avenues to knowledge—the study of *words*, and the study of *things*."

WHAT a vast difference it would make in our lives if we could be persuaded that the study of *things* would really reduce one half the evils and annoyances we complain of so unremittingly! Allowing this, we must feel that, next to His holy words, should stand in our comprehensions the works of His hands—the *things* He has made—has endowed with life, decked in gorgeous hues, and sown broadcast over the earth, to glorify and magnify his name through the Beautiful. Says Paley: "The production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind in painting a butterfly or in studding a beetle, as in giving symmetry to the human frame or graceful curves to its muscular covering." No matter where we cast our eyes—over the hills, down in the valleys, beside the rivers, on the loud-sounding sea-shore, in the forests, the garden, the orchard, around us, above us, below us, every where, in the very space through which your eyes are now peering and yet can not see, are His works—the things He has made. To analyze these, to watch the agents, to endeavor to trace the laws by which Nature performs her duties; to consider the productions around us—the *things* that are living and working beside us—is to study His word practically.

Among all the delightful things of earth are

there any which can compare with its fruits? How many senses are gratified through their medium!—Taste, smell, sight, touch, magnify their beauty and value. The first reflection on a *thing* the child has, is of the fruit of which he reads that grew so wondrously in the Garden of Eden; and the last grasp the aged hold of earth is the fruit which cooled and refreshed the exhausted frame. These luxuries of Nature are dear to all—those of the hot-house to the rich man, and those of the fields and woods to the poor. Any deterioration or evil befalling them must be most seriously felt by both. Yet if we look abroad over various lands, we must see great apprehensions looming on all sides—the disappearance of one kind here, and the total destruction of another in an opposite quarter; owing, we may presume, to the changes of climate and the clearing away of other food upon which many injurious insects previously existed. Here now before us may be brought the question, "What has become of those once renowned and luscious peaches of Long Island which many of us can remember—huge trees which youngsters had to climb to procure the finest fruit?" Did they belong to the Indians, and have they followed them to the Spirit-land? Long Island has a few ghosts of peach-trees left, as many parts of the Italian shore have remembrances of the famous but long-departed olive. What sorrowful murmurs reach us from sunny France about their fast-declining grapes! Tropical fruits too, are,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Some seasons scarcely any; at others, brighter hopes for the lovers of fruit arise. Here, in the midst of once an apple country—the far-famed Eastern States—apples are becoming scarce, and good apples resemble those for which the fleet-footed Atlanta lost the race.

As for the delicious drink with which every jolly farmer could, once on a time, toast his own hospitality with the stranger, "New England cider," we are too temperate even to think of it; and what puzzles a thinker the more is, what has been gained? O spirits of the once glorious cider-mill! speak out; tell us are your beams mouldering away, and your presses dry and decayed, and morality not a whit more advanced than when your life-blood foamed in tankards on the festive board? What has been gained? High prices for those of moderate views, and who cultivate that which is left of their orchards. Indifference, carelessness, neglect have all lent their aid to destroy this beautiful gift of the "Bounteous Mother."

Let us turn to some other causes which have assisted to increase this sad reduction of fruit; and if by placing a few things before your eyes I can induce you to study them, I feel assured the host of evils may in time be reduced. Close beside the evil is always found the good; and in many instances the shadow of the last entirely overcomes the former.

The first I shall present to you is an evil which every man who possesses an apple-tree,

from one extremity of the country to another, can examine at this time of writing under full operation. A friend drops in with a parcel carefully rolled up, opens it, and displays a huge nest crawling alive with a frightful caterpillar, devouring and destroying the apple-trees. Messages come from others to ask, "What shall be done?" Letters by every mail repeat the story, and yet this insect has been described, written about, by a score or more of authors for the last century; and the remedy is so very simple—the free use of a penknife or a pruning-hook.

The *Clisiocampa Americana* — "American Lackey Moth." This insect has been supposed by some authors to be the same as the *C. neustriæ* of Europe; but this is not so. The various moths belonging to this genus in this country are very distinct. First, the manner in which the mother insect places the eggs on the branch. The *neustriæ* has not a third as many; the larvæ have red stripes, ours have none; the head of the same is pointed, ours square; and other minute points which prove to a practical eye a distinction. Again, the mother moth has the white lines to bend in the middle, nearly touching; ours has them almost straight. The *neustriæ*, on her lined wings, has the white lines once continued, which I have never met with in any specimen of ours. The name "Lackey Moth" has been supposed to have arisen from the stripes on the caterpillar resembling the motley dress of a serving man or lackey; but it is presumed from the act of being led—to follow in a line—like a procession of waiters.

On leaving the nest early in the morning to feed, the largest and strongest worm moves out first; the rest follow very carefully in its trail wherever it leads, and return when sufficiently supplied with food in the same manner. The mother insect glues her eggs on twigs near the young wood, soliciting your pruning-hook; they are sloping in position at both ends, bulging out sometimes in the centre, then again quite straight. The mass contains an immense number of eggs. I never counted them; but I have tried to count the caterpillars, and got weary when I reached two hundred, and found the mass very slightly diminished. As the eggs are being deposited a thin glue exudes with them, keeping them in position; and over the whole is passed and repassed a varnish quite transparent with small air pits, which are punctures for the young worms to press open when ready to emerge. It is quite soft when wet, and tastes precisely like the gum which exudes from old apple-trees, and no doubt is imbibed by the mother moth from the buds, and digested for this purpose. She can be seen feeding three or four weeks before she deposits her eggs, and has the longest life of any moth I know. The eggs are hatched only during rains or very dewy mornings, when the varnish is soft; this likewise serves as food for them for several days, until they are stronger. They then follow a leader to a fork of a branch, where the nest is begun, all huddling together, at first close in

the notch. Every day finds the nest increasing; sheet over sheet is spread, leaving a round opening for egress. Into and between these layers of fine web they bestow themselves during the night and wet weather. This process continues until they eat sufficiently, when they separate, each to seek a place for transformation—some in the bark on the tree, others in old palings. Often they wander a great distance from the tree on which they were hatched, dozens of cocoons having been found on an old shutter of a cellar. The worms must have traveled across two fields, in the last of which stood the only apple-tree for miles around. Every one exclaims about "the hideousness of the worm;" but here people err.

"I have been crushing them all day," said a friend; "they are too ugly to live."

"Look at this one crawling on the glass of the magnifier, and tell me what you see," I replied.

"Bless me, is it so? Why those spots must be real pearls laid on patches of black velvet. The line down its back is a pearly blue. And what rich, waving, golden lines on every side, all wrought into black velvet! The collar round the neck is likewise of gold; and those long hairs coming in tufts from a little yellow spot on the golden line which surrounds the pearls and velvet. There are tufts of pearly white hairs on both sides of the mouth; the dainty little black legs tipped with yellow. Why it is positively beautiful, and I see more to admire the longer I look. If beauty was catching, I have crushed out enough to-day to have rendered me an Adonis."

"This is nothing new. The eye is ever misleading the judgment, if it is not educated for its mission. Those pearly spots will be blue after the next moulting—they moult four times. The lines of gold will be deeper, the black velvety spots richer, and the hairs fewer. In a word, it is a very handsome caterpillar."

They are said to eat any of the natural order of *Rosaceæ* trees and plants. This they may do if starved, but you can not bring one to perfection or obtain a fine specimen of the moth from caterpillars thus fed. Some before me now demonstrate it fully. Those fed on the apple have nearly attained their growth. Those fed on the cherry are sickly and meagre; and those fed on plum are dying, half a dozen a day. The cocoon is woven of a pale yellow or nearly white silk, covered with a thin paste. It is placed anywhere, if secure: it is so transparent you can see the chrysalis through it. I am sure it does not require much stretch of fancy for you to discover much humility in its attitudes; exhibiting the habit of obedience, the conforming to the leadership of a superior, you might suppose it a representation of an Oriental making his salaam, or that of a well-bred "lackey." The lower part is covered with short bristles standing erect. The moth, if a fine specimen, will be of a red-fox color, with the white bands clear and distinct; the hind wings the same color, with dashes of a

darker shade over them. The fringe is alternated in blocks of white and red. The thorax and abdomen are grayish, mixed with red. The males are always darker than the females. The antennæ and feet are white with reddish hairs. The moths are generally seen the first week in July. The time varies when the belt of eggs is deposited. These remain over all winter, and are hatched early in the spring. They have eat their supply, and gone into cocoon about the second week in June. The time of feeding and transformation depends on the weather. In dry and warm seasons there are scarcely any of these worms to be seen.

How easy it is to have none at any season, simply by examining your apple-trees, clipping the twigs off on which you discover the ring of eggs and burning them. A small amount of observation and care are all the remedies you require in this instance.

The *Carpocapsa*, or, *Carpocampa pomonella*—"Apple-fruit Moth," commonly called the "Codling Moth." This insect belongs to the division of Tineites genus *Pyralis* of Fabricius. Some authors have placed it in the *Tortrix* order; which I consider an error: first, on account of the manner in which it folds its wings; and, secondly, from its way of transforming. The Tortrices are strictly leaf rollers. The mother moth deposits her eggs in the eye or blossom end of the fruit, where it is most tender, dropping one at a time, going from branch to branch. It hatches in a few days, and begins to burrow its way directly to the core, where it commences to eat. At this period it is white with small black dots over it. It moults four times. After the last it becomes flesh-colored. The head, first and last segments, are brown now; the dots have all disappeared. By the time it is full-grown the apple in the interim is entirely destroyed, showing no mark exteriorly except an opening which it has gnawed to allow the air to enter to hasten its decay.

It now falls to the ground, when, if you are looking after your orchard, you will hasten to gather all such apples, throwing them immediately into scalding water as food for your stock. Many content themselves with throwing the apples as they are picked up to their stock; but if they will take the trouble to examine the wood around old palings, etc., they will discover hidden away many cocoons, the caterpillars having escaped before the apples were consumed. By making this small exertion I have known an orchard deprived of this visitor in two seasons; at the third there was not a "worm-eaten" apple on a tree. When the caterpillar makes its cocoon on the bark, which it often does, you may discover it by the flossy silk spun over it. It resembles a small piece of tissue paper pasted on the tree. The chrysalis is of a dark brown color, covered with hairs or prickles.

The moth, though small, is exceedingly pretty. The wings appear as if made of watered silk, crossed, like the plumage of some birds, with minute gray and brown lines. On the front

wings are two oval spots of very dark brown, edged by a bright copper-color. The hind wings and body are of a bright yellow-brown; the head and thorax gray, mingled with brown. The oval spot is the distinguishing mark of this moth. Both this and the first-mentioned moth are seen in numbers flying around lights in the summer evenings.

The *Molobrus tremulus*—"Vibrating Apple Midge"—belongs to the *Diptera* order, *Tipulidæ* family, Latreille's genus *Molobrus*. This insect is very small, resembling a gnat. Often you may see it vibrating and quivering over spotted fruit, where other insects have been rendering them sufficiently soft for her short ovipositor to puncture and deposit her eggs. These small round punctures, sometimes brown, red, or yellow, may often be seen on otherwise sound apples, as this midge does not penetrate deep in the larva state. The worm is slim and footless; very translucent, tapering at one end, the other blunt. It eats generally in a semicircle, which after a while decays, spreading gradually. It transforms into a brown chrysalis on the very edge of the decayed part, a few coarse white hairs wrapped round it. The wings and other joints are very badly protected by this covering. But if, toward the fall, you place an apple on some earth, the worm descends and forms the oblong case usually made by this family of *Tipulidæ*. I conclude from this there are two broods a year, the last descending to the earth for the winter.

This midge is banded with yellow, has dark-hued legs and thorax. The wings are very transparent; in the middle of them is a cell extending from the base to the hind margin. The antennæ have sixteen joints. They are evidently on the increase; scarcely an apple I saw last year but had punctures on it. Many varieties of these midges could be found in the fruit-stores in Broadway. I was astonished at their numbers last season. I was happy to find the remains of an ichneumon in many of the punctures. We may therefore feel assured this small depredator can go so far, and no farther. They assist in disfiguring the fruit, if not in injuring it eventually.

The *Aspidiotus conchiformis*—"Apple Coccus"—is a scale insect, commonly called "Apple-bark Louse." This insect has a number of synonyms, but I assume that of Gmelin, the first describer of it. It is as common in Europe as in this country, and is now becoming to fruit-growers appalling in its depredations. No one, unless he has noticed the evil, can conceive the irredeemable injuries they entail upon every tree in an orchard where they have become located; and it is impossible to convince most persons that so minute and insignificant an atom can inflict such fatal injuries.

A variety of this insect, contemptible as it appears, has ruined the prospects and the commerce of a whole people. They have changed the importations of the Azore Islands, and blasted the lives of whole families, perhaps for generations

to come. The Island of Fayal alone used to export 12,000 chests of oranges yearly, and now none at all. On St. Michaels the inhabitants have given up their orange groves in despair, and turned their attention to other resources. These results show us how insignificant some of Nature's agents are, but how potent in their operations.

It belongs to a family highly necessary and useful to man. It is a congener of the *Coccus cacti*, the Cochineal insect, the *C. polonicus*, the "Scarlet grain" of Poland, the *C. ilicis*, still used in medicine, and another small species in the East Indies which produces gum-lac. From analogy and experiment I am convinced that this coccus of the apple-tree can be used in some way, or they would not be allowed to increase to such an unusual extent. I will here state that I made a partial trial by scraping the shells carefully from an apple-tree and placing them under a steaming process in a laboratory. A fine dead green dye gave a very promising result, but a severe accident prevented a prosecution of the matter. I could not tell what changes alkaline or alcoholic mixtures would have given. I mention this to call the attention of those who have it in their power to make these experiments.

Let us take a nearer view of this probable scourge. It appears on the bark of the apple-tree like a minute muscle shell, which gives it its name—*conchiformis*. They are brown, dotted with black. Unless you are a close observer you will think them simply enlarged grains of the wood or bark.

The mother insect inserts her beak, which is at the small end, and becomes stationary, never moving again. Her only occupation is to imbibe the sap of the doomed tree, and wait patiently the arrival of her future mate. He has wings, and a strong stylus between the two bristles at the end of the abdomen. With this he punctures the shell of the female, often perishing in the attempt, if not dying immediately after. In twelve or fifteen days, according to the weather, she has deposited her eggs—sometimes few, often hundreds, if the tree is young and healthy. A fine cottony substance exudes from her body, which protects the eggs. The shell, closely glued to the bark, shelters them entirely from heat or cold. The eggs are oval, smooth, and opaque—some white, which are females; others yellow, which are males. If you turn up a shell sideways you can see the whole process. When ready to emerge they burst the hind portion of the shell and come forth—small white dots, with six legs, two pair near the head, the last pair near the end of the body. They move very actively over the bark, puncturing as they go, until they become stationary—the female to have her eggs impregnated, the male to undergo his transformation in the pupa-case, which is his shell, and receive his wings. When ready to emerge he performs the operation in a strange way, coming from his shell *backward*—wings, legs, and bristles all turned over the head. But

he accomplishes it; and when arrived at maturity, although a mere point, scarcely perceptible to the eye, he is perfect—a gay, pretty fellow, very bright red at first, becoming brown with age, but always clear, with bright white wings, which carry him busily about during his brief career. A pretty little ichneumon fly follows him like a Nemesis, often rendering all his efforts abortive. You can see where the ichneumon pierces near the neck of the shell. The male coccus penetrates the centre.

If these insects can ever be used as a dye, many will find them as profitable as an apple crop; otherwise they are easily destroyed by washing the trees—using a large paint brush—with the refuse brine of mackerel. This is excessively offensive to many insects, and is highly beneficial to the tree, the salt keeping the pores of the bark moist, and the greasy particles rendering it very obnoxious to the cocci.

There is a great variety of these insects throughout the country. Doubtless every tree has its own cocci, if examined closely. I have seen them on the oak, hickory, walnut, pine, poplar, willow, and many others. We may conclude that they are as ubiquitous as the Aphides, belonging to the same order—the *Hemiptera*, the third family of *Hemopterous Hemiptera*.

The *Rhynchænus nenuphar*—"Plum Weevil." This is the renowned "*Curculio*," of which so much has been said, surmised, and written; whose fame is as illy deserved as that of many heroes or heroines embalmed in history. It belongs to the *Coleoptera* order—the large family of weevils—the second division, *Rhynchænus*. This family is divided into three great divisions—*Curculio*, *Rhynchænus*, and *Callandra*, by Linnaeus, with innumerable genera and sub-genera. This insect belongs to the genus *Conotrachelus*. It is a native of this country, and was first described by Herbert, in 1797. It has a number of synonyms. It is a small dark, rough beetle, resembling a withered bud. When you touch it it draws up its legs, presses its long antennæ and snout close against its breast, and feigns death for any length of time.

When the mother beetle is prepared to deposit her eggs she places herself on the plum, and with her strong proboscis cuts across the lower end, which is always softer than toward the stem. It has been for me many years an investigation whether she could do this. I argued thus: It was impossible, for the brittle muzzle must inevitably snap off at the head in the effort of cutting the skin of a fruit which I could with difficulty indent with the strong nail of my thumb. I could not relinquish my supposition that it was performed with some sharp instrument at the end of the abdomen. But time and perseverance convinced me of my error, and I was both delighted and amazed when I realized how beautifully her means are adapted to the end she has in view. At the extremity of the proboscis are two small sharp teeth of horn. You perceive how elbowed the antennæ are, the long joints of which reach two small punctures

near the eyes at the very top of the proboscis. When she is preparing to cut the skin the joints of the antennæ are placed in these sockets, which strengthen and guide the proboscis as its teeth force up the skin, giving it the needful purchase. This accomplished, she turns round and widens it with two small plates at the end of the abdomen, and with their aid deposits a single egg, drawing the skin back over it, and the wound in a day or so is healed. A hole is made at the bend of the cut to allow evaporation to take place around the egg, or the young worm would, when so very tender, be drowned or suffocated. This proboscis, when the insect is just dead, placed under a magnifier, shows one of the most marvelous complications of nerves, turning, twisting, and communicating with each other all the way up, until they are lost in three large main arteries which go through the whole body. As soon as the egg is hatched the worm works into the fruit destroying it completely in time. It is a small white, footless grub, with a strong brown horny head. When ready to transform, the plum generally falls to the ground, and the worm issues from the same path it made and enters the earth, where it rolls itself into an oval, making a loose pupa-case, a few grains of sand adhering to the coarse thread or paste it places around the limbs. It is a singular chrysalis, embedded in sand, on one side, resembling grains of mouldy rice on the upper, and can easily be detected reposing as close as possible to the main roots of the plum-tree. If you turn up the soil carefully a few inches, you can relieve the tree of hundreds of this fruit-destroyer.

Often the plum does not fall, and the worm comes from it on the tree. In wandering along it must assuredly meet with some of those black, grainy warts made on this tree by insects belonging to the *Hymenoptera* order, *Gallicolæ* family (gall insects). Here it often remains over the winter, curled up, not transforming to a chrysalis until the spring, if at all. I have often found these worms in these warts—a dozen and more in some; but never had them come to any thing unless I shook them upon the earth, when they would burrow immediately, and in a day or so would be discovered in a chrysalis state. But to conclude, as some authors have done, that the weevil makes these warts is simply absurd. She has no saw, no instrument which can perforate the bark. Then if she accomplished this her larva would starve, as its jaws are feeble, scarcely able to consume the soft pulp of the plum. If it were not for detaching the stone, and allowing the air to enter and penetrate the interior, the worm itself would do very little harm to the plum. It is the air admitted, causing the decay, and not that the worm consumes so much, which destroys the fruit. Many suppose this insect can not fly; but this is an error. Because they can perceive no joining of the wing-cases they conclude there is none. But they fly well; the under wings are full and strong. Like those of other beetles, these are beautifully marked on the edges with

brown, while the wing-covers are a light horny yellow on the lower portions. This is really all that can be said or written about this insect; and you can easily convince yourself that it is all that is needed.

If you will examine the roots of a plum-tree which has been infested, at the end of the season, you will see how utterly useless are washes, nets, etc., etc. Scrape the roots free of soil in the fall, before frost, throwing around them lime or ashes, and this insect will gradually disappear.

The *Buprestis femorata* of Fabricius—"Thick-legged Apple-Boring Beetle." This insect belongs to the *Coleoptera* order, the genus *Chrysobothris*. They are called by the French "Richards," on account of their usually brilliant coloring. Why they have obtained the silly name of "snapping beetles" in this country is beyond solving: not from any exhibition made by the insects themselves. Their jaws are less imposing than those of many other varieties. This beetle is of a blackish-green color, with a brassy polish. The head is hidden in the thorax up to the eyes, and is covered with fine white hairs. The thorax and head are deeply punctured. The *elytra*, or wing-cases, have three lines running down them; they are rough and uneven, with a vast number of lines crossing every way over them. There are generally three deeply-impressed copperish spots on both wing-covers. They are round at their tips, but very irregular in the outline, being jagged and cut up, like small teeth; they are seldom entirely closed over the body. Their legs are thick and short, and the solidity of the thighs of the hindmost pair has determined the name of the beetle. The antenna of this beetle is toothed like a saw.

The mother insect deposits her eggs on the bark during the months of June and July—here and there, only one at a time, very near the roots. It is hatched about the latter part of August, and commences boring directly under the bark, devouring only the sap-wood at first. As it gains strength it works deeper, and at last enters the solid wood. Its journey is now upward; and if the winter is mild it will continue boring its way, having stopped up the orifice behind it with saw-dust—the product of its own industry. Thus it works until the sap begins to ascend, when it gnaws out toward the bark again, and cutting as thin an oval as it dares do between daylight and security, it weaves a loose covering of silk, and transforms into a brown chrysalis, with black lines and dots on it in some specimens; in others they are wanting. The chrysalis is entirely white for some weeks, and always has its head turned to the thin covering of bark. The grub is a most singular-looking creature: very broad across the third segment, which causes it to bore a wider channel and flatter than its confrères. This segment is covered with hard brown warts or elevations, with two deep lines intersecting it. Before the last moult these lines and elevations are red, but turn almost black when the grub is about

transforming; otherwise it is soft and fleshy, and of a dull yellow color. The jaws are strong, and highly polished. The head is almost sunk under the second segment. The teeth and other parts of the mouth are hidden, unless you pinch and tease the grub, and make it protrude them. The antennæ—two yellow, bead-like protuberances—are found on the outside of the outer portion of the head.

These beetles are hard at work all over the country, not confining themselves to the apple-tree, but the peach and the cherry are equally liked. Twenty-two runs of this beetle have been counted in an apple-tree, at different heights, before it was five years old, and the owner was quite at a loss, "what made it so sickly; it cost enough to be good," he said to me.

"Shake it hard," said I. Snap went the tree. "Now I will take out some fine specimens of beetles, and the sooner you use the rest for fire-wood the better."

The owner looked astonished. But there was another and another, all going the same path.

"What can be done?"

"The grub of the beetle," I replied, "acts fairly by you. It leaves a pile of fresh saw-dust just where it has entered; and that saw-dust will continue increasing for five or six days. If you take a piece of wire and run it up the orifice it is killed, and your tree is safe. If you feel that you have not touched it, cut into the bark until you reach it."

A quick, observing eye should be the portion of every one who owns an orchard. It can be rendered very profitable to cultivate an observing faculty.

Saperda candida of Fabricius; *S. bivittata* of Say—the "Capricorn Boring Beetle" of the Quince. This belongs to the family of *Cerambycidae*—"Long-Horned Beetles." When newly emerged it is a very pretty insect, having two white stripes down the thorax and wing-covers, between three of soft, amber-brown color. The body, face, legs, and antennæ are white. It has been doubted by some entomologists whether Fabricius had a right of priority to the naming of this beetle. This may appear of small importance to readers. What is play to you, is hard work to us. To have to identify an insect, with at least half a dozen synonyms, renders the question, "What's in a name?" of vast significance. But the doubt that Fabricius knew the insect well, and has a right to his name being retained, is removed from my mind entirely.

This *saperda* "painted" creature no longer resembles an insect two years old. The amber hue becomes dark-brown, and the white a sickly, dingy yellow; in fact, no one who does not paint these insects when in life can conceive how very much they fade in brilliancy after death.

This beetle comes forth only at night during the month of June. It belongs strictly to the quince; but they are now so abundant that they are found on the peach and cherry trees. If its

depredations continue a few years longer, the quince-tree will disappear from many parts of the country. The mother beetle deposits her eggs in the grooves of the bark, very close to the earth line. The grub comes forth in six days, and commences operations by boring directly into the bark until it reaches the sap-wood, taking particular care to shove all the saw-dust out of the orifice—inviting your attention to that which it proposes doing. It here makes a smooth, flat, round cavity, where it remains the first year, always cleaning its abode, and casting the debris out through the hole it makes for the purpose. The second year its operations are deeper, working upward into the solid wood; but now closing the orifice, and packing the saw-dust close behind it as it proceeds. It has grown now quite a large grub, and casts its skin for the third time. In the centre of its run it forms a nice warm chamber, by packing saw-dust and shreds of wood very compactly, where it passes the second winter, curled up in a circle.

When the sap ascends it wakes up; clears away the top of its burrow, and bores on expeditiously, until it reaches the bark, where it hollows out a cavity, lining it nicely with coarse silk; and there turns into a brown chrysalis, with very minute prickles on the rings and back, and several stout ones at the tip of the last segment. Here it remains until June, when it gnaws the thin covering of bark, and comes out in the night a perfect beetle. The grub is white and fleshy, with a brown horny head, powerful rasping jaws. The wide segment is much narrower than in the larva of the former beetle. It is longer, and marked with white fleshy warts above and below, and covered with very short, minute hairs. It has no feet.

What renders its depredations peculiarly destructive is its long life in the grub state, and the length of its burrow, being in some instances a foot long. When there are several on a tree you may conclude its fertility must soon pass away. The woodpecker family of birds is invaluable in an orchard; and that pretty creature the Downy Woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) is indefatigable. But when the grub gets over the second year there is small help for the doomed tree. But this is your fault for not examining the roots and trunks for the appearing of saw-dust. Often, when the trunk is occupied by other grubs, the beetle selects the joints of the lowest branches, where the saw-dust is easily seen. Observation and care constantly exerted will remove this pest in a few seasons. It is time, if any quince-trees are to be saved, that the owners of orchards make some effort of this kind.

Buprestis acuminata of Fabricius; the *B. divaricata* of Say—"Divaricated Wing-Beetle of the Cherry-Tree." This beetle belongs to the genus *Dicerca*. It is coppery-colored, very brassy in hue, and thickly punctured. The thorax has a slight furrow in the centre. The wing-covers taper very much, and appear as if the tips had been cut off. They are covered

with impressed lines, and small oblong squares of black are raised over them. The antennæ are saw-toothed. The leg of the male is toothed on the shanks. The grub is footless, yellowish, and fleshy, with a small brown head, very much sunken; powerful jaws, with three teeth. The grub resembles other borers very closely, but the mother beetle deposits her eggs higher up on the bark, and the grub cuts straight across from one side of the trunk to the other, entering one side of the trunk and coming out nearly opposite. When it arrives here it hollows out a cavity under the bark and reposes. They live in the grub state three seasons. The first run is shorter and more direct. The second winter the channel becomes crooked, having a centre chamber arranged for winter-quarters. I have never found this beetle but on the cherry-tree. It devours the leaves and flower-buds most voraciously. They are increasing rapidly. The saw-dust is visible at the orifice of the burrow for weeks.

Saperda tripunctata of Fabricius—"Three-Spotted Borer of the Raspberry." It belongs to the *Cerambycian* family; genus *Oberea*. This beetle is deep black, except the thorax, which is a rusty yellow, with three black spots on it. The wing-covers are roughly punctured; the ends are notched, terminating in two points. She makes her appearance in August, and deposits her eggs over the raspberry bushes, near the twigs and leaves. The grubs burrow directly in as soon as hatched, and consume as they go all the pith, so that in a short time the bush withers and the leaves turn yellow before the fall. They remain over winter in a middle chamber; and work down, toward the spring, to the root of the bush, where a small cavity is made in the stem; and turns into a light-brown chrysalis, covered with spines, and comes out a perfect beetle in August. The grub differs from other borers by being narrow and rounded at the last segments. The head is larger, and the first three rings have very imperfect legs, or pointed tubercles; the other segments have none.

You can easily find out where they are by the sickly appearance of the bush. To take it up by the roots and burn it is the surest way of proceeding. But to prevent the harm, examine the roots carefully; covering them with ashes, and cutting away every superfluous twig, will secure your bushes. They are said to be very ruinous in many places throughout the country where this very delightful fruit can be cultivated, and I have found them frequently, of late years, on the wild and cultivated blackberry.

But my space is exhausted, and how few from among the hosts have been placed before you! The theme is as inexhaustible as the supply. The untiring industry, the instinct, the brilliancy, the beauty of these little *things* can not fail to attract the observation of every reflecting mind; and the lesson of truth and wisdom is garnered around them likewise, but many shake their heads and will only allow,

"While this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we can not hear it."

A TALK WITH JEFFERSON.

DURING a sojourn in the Old Dominion in the summer of 1822, wishing to visit the buildings of the University of Virginia, then in the process of erection at Charlottesville, and also to visit their illustrious projector, Mr. Jefferson, at his noted residence on the overlooking elevation of Monticello, I procured a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the works, and, repairing to that village, at once delivered my letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed.

"That is Mr. Jefferson," he said, glancing over the letter, and seeing it included the request of an introduction to that personage—"That is Mr. Jefferson whom you see yonder, taking the chisel from the hand of an Italian sculptor and showing him how to turn a volute of the capital on which he is engaged."

"Why, does Mr. Jefferson go into sculpture in so practical a manner as that?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Yes," was the reply; "yes, often, when he detects faulty work. Indeed we consider him the best workman on the ground. But here he comes. I will introduce you; and when he leaves the place, as he probably is about to do, I will go the rounds of the works with you."

Mr. Jefferson—a tall, straight, sandy-complexioned man, wearing a coat of Virginia cloth, surmounting a buff vest and broadcloth pants—advanced with an elastic step and serene countenance, when I was introduced, and greeted with the sweet, winning smile which so peculiarly distinguished him, and which, doubtless, was one of the secrets of his great personal popularity and magnetic power over all whom he would conciliate.

"You will dine with me at Monticello to-day, I trust," he said. "I must ride down the river a couple of miles, to see to the repairing of the foundation of my mills there, which the rascally workmen slighted when laid in my absence while in office. But I shall return to meet you at the dinner-table."

So saying, he, though then about eighty years of age, mounted the young blooded horse that was now led up for him with the agility of a boy, and galloped away to his destination.

We will pass over our delightful ride along up the spiral road to the top of the broad, dome-shaped Monticello, the unique mansion that surmounted it, the museum, picture-gallery, and library; and, lastly, the plain Virginia dinner, presided over by the distinguished head of the household, and graced by the presence of his interesting grand-children, Master and Misses Randolph. We will pass over all these as foreign to the object of this article, which is to report some of the most remarkable of the utterances with which we were about to be favored.

As we rose from the dinner-table, Mr. Jefferson led me at once to the eastern portico of the house, which was then just beginning to be thrown into the shade, and bade me be seated, with the remark that he had "finished his labors

and studies for the day, and had now nothing to do but talk."

"In examining the plan of our University, with its buildings finished and in progress, you noticed, doubtless, that of the different structures designed for professors' houses, no two are of the same order of architecture; and that these houses are to be at least numerous enough to represent the whole of the five orders. The object of this is to furnish correct models for public buildings and private residences, so that students educated here, or their friends visiting here, may carry away with them, and thus be the means of spreading, a true architectural taste among the people of Virginia."

"You contemplate, I am told, Sir, the establishment of some professorships which are rarely, if ever, to be found in our American colleges."

"Yes, especially one of the Saxon language, a knowledge of which, as the foundation of the English, I deem no less indispensable than that of Greek and Latin. I have put myself in correspondence with several gentlemen in England on the subject, and they have recommended two or three different individuals for this professorship. But so difficult is it, even in England, to find any one a proper judge of the competency of another in this language, and so anxious am I that this post should be well filled, that I resolved I would know something of the language myself before finally engaging any one, that, by a personal examination, I may be enabled to form a pretty safe general judgment of the competency of applicants. And for this purpose I, last spring, procured from England a full set of Saxon elementary books, and have ever since devoted two hours each day to the study of the language; and in a few months more I hope to feel myself prepared to meet such applicants in conference. I design, also, that *all* the professorships should be filled by the most eminent men; and with this object I have invited Mr. Bowdich, of Salem, Massachusetts, to come and occupy the chair of Mathematics, since I consider Mr. Bowditch to be the second mathematician in the world, Laplace being doubtless the first."

"Do you design a Medical Department in the university?"

"I think not. Anatomy, to be sure, is a science; but I have no confidence in *Materia Medica*, which I have long since banished from my family, choosing rather to rely on nursing and nature for a cure. My attention was first called to this subject when I was Minister to France. During my residence in Paris my daughter was seized with a typhus fever, and I sent for a physician, who was called the most eminent and successful one in the city. He came, examined the patient, gave some directions about nursing, and departed, giving no medicine and leaving none to be given. The same course was taken the next day, and the next, when, growing uneasy, I said to him,

"Doctor, you don't appear to be doing any thing for my daughter. What is the reason?"

"The reason is, I wish her to get well. I had supposed you knew what my system of practice was, or you would not have sent for me."

"No; what is it?"

"To have the most careful nursing, leave the disease to wear itself out, and let nature do the rest, but give no medicine."

"Well, Sir, though still uneasy, I acquiesced in the course, and the result was, my daughter recovered with a constitution uninjured by mineral medicine. Since then—a period of nearly thirty years—I have been my own doctor, and scrupulously following the system of this French physician, have practiced not only in my own family, but among the colored people on my plantation, taking them all through the worst of fevers, and never losing a single patient."

"You see," said Mr. Jefferson, after a pause, indicating that he had no more to say on the subject that had been under consideration—"you see that ancient looking building down yonder in front of us, a little removed from the foot of this eminence? That should be an object of interest to strangers. That was the old home of the noted Patrick Henry."

"It is indeed an object of interest to me, Sir. It would be so at *any* time; and it is especially so at this, as I have just been reading Wirt's Life of Henry; and I shall have the opportunity of ascertaining from one, who is so competent to judge, how far my impression that the biography was overcolored is well grounded."

"In some respects it doubtless *is* overcolored, but in others scarcely colored up to what was the reality. Mr. Wirt makes Henry a statesman and a lawyer: neither of these was true. Henry was a bold and sincere patriot, but no statesman. And his opinion on a law point was absolutely not worth one single brass farthing. But as to the effect of his oratory, Mr. Wirt has hardly done him justice. His power over an audience was wonderful, and to myself, I confess, almost incomprehensible. Men were frenzied under his appeals, and seemed to become the mere machines of his will. I have never witnessed any thing like it either in Europe or America. And I doubt whether there ever was in America any such exhibition of the power of a speaker over an audience, with the exception, perhaps, of Whitfield, the greatest pulpit orator, doubtless, of all modern times. And Henry, like Whitfield, should have been a preacher. Had he been one, he would have been a prodigy. But what, you will ask, was the secret of this singular power? That is a question which, among thinking men, has before been often asked, but never to my mind satisfactorily answered. It certainly was not from any peculiar richness of thought or force of his ideas; for his speeches when analyzed by the thinking hearer, as soon as he could divest himself of the peculiar effect of their delivery, were seen to amount to but very little. I have myself sat and listened to one of his speeches with a strange thrill of pleasure, yielded myself involuntarily to the influence, shut up my eyes,

and sat it out to the end like one in a trance, and then, as I aroused myself from the thrall, I have asked myself, *Now what has the man said to produce such an effect, even on myself, guarded as I was?* But I never could tell. No, that effect was not produced by the force of intellect, but the faculty of completely seizing the sympathies of the hearers, or rather perhaps some magnetic power over them, which was the peculiar gift of the man, and which has been rarely or never possessed by any individual, to the same extent, in this country before. Henry was no scholar, and read scarcely any thing. I recollect he, one fall, came up here, and saying he had been thinking he would read some during the approaching winter, asked me to lend him a book. I lent him a volume of Hume's Essays. He brought it back the next spring, when I asked him if he had read it? 'No,' he replied. 'I tried to read it two or three times, but I never could get through more than a page or so before I fell asleep.' And yet for all his indolence, and his aversion to acquiring what he called book knowledge, Henry had a great soul and a comprehensive intellect, which, on all occasions sufficiently important to arouse his highest faculties, he brought into action with the strength of a giant. Indeed I hardly know what Virginia would have done without the powerful impetus he imparted to the great political revolution of 1776."

"Yes," I here remarked, "Patrick Henry's services in our great political revolution are every where acknowledged; and in reading Wirt's glowing account of those services and of his intense love of freedom, I could not forbear asking an opponent in argument the question I would also like to ask you, and that is, where would Henry, if now alive, with his old keen appreciation of human rights, where would Henry be found in the *social* revolution, or rather the revolution in the domestic institutions of his native State, which, with somewhat divided opinions, you are now inaugurating?—I allude to the institution of slavery, in connection with the State Convention called in part to provide for its gradual abolishment."

"Where would Henry be found, if alive, at this crisis, would you ask? It would require no gift of prophecy in me to answer that question. He would be found with those with whom, side by side, he once labored in the matter so strenuously—Mr. Madison, myself, and many others of Virginia's most enlightened statesmen. Henry was, at that time, even more determined in his opposition to slavery than the rest of us. The Legislature of Virginia, the first of all the States to take any definite anti-slavery action, as early as 1778, through the influence of Patrick Henry and the few leading men who felt like him, and like him had the moral courage to take a bold

and decided stand on the subject, abolished the slave traffic in this State by law. And besides the all-important aid Henry contributed to this measure, he caused his opinions and influence to be heeded and felt by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, an influential portion of whom, under the lead of Mr. Madison, thought that they had so guarded that instrument that it should never afford the remotest sanction to slavery, but rather invite the after prohibitory action of Congress. And when Congress, in response to our known sentiments, subsequently prohibited the further introduction of slaves after a certain time, Mr. Madison thought, and we all thought, we had effectually accomplished the great desideratum of giving slavery its death-blow, or the blow at least under which the institution could only linger a few years to perish from the land, which it had already begun to blight with its malific influence. But we soon found ourselves sadly mistaken. When the time arrived on which all had counted for its rapid decline, we saw it taking deeper root than ever. The cupidity of an influential class, taking advantage of the thoughtlessness of other classes, had prevailed. And so it has gone on, till this terrible incubus on the prosperity and true welfare of the South is swelling up to mountain proportions. This, of late years, has constituted the burden of my anxieties; and last spring I had several conversations with Mr. Madison on the subject, when, finding ourselves perfectly agreed in views and sentiments, we both resolved we would make one more effort before we died to rid our State of this unspeakable evil before forever too late. And the result of our movement was the proposition for the gradual emancipation of all the slaves of Virginia, which is soon to be presented for the action of the approaching State Convention for making all expedient alterations in our Constitution, and which, with the strong backing promised us, we have fondly hoped might be adopted. And yet we should not be too sanguine of such an auspicious result. The same causes that have hitherto led to the defeat of every such movement may again conspire to bring this to the same fate, and we shall be compelled to leave the stage of life with our vistas of the earthly future darkened by the presages of the doom, which, if not averted by emancipation, must sooner or later fall, not only on our own beloved State, but the whole South, in the ruin of their people or in the overthrow of their republican liberties, in consequence of the inevitable workings of that most unfortunate institution."

The measure was not destined to prevail, and we are now in a position to estimate the deep foresight embodied in the prophecy of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

REST.

A CRIMSON cloud, all fringed with sunset fire,
Hung like a curtain in the burning west,
And seemed to yearn with languor and desire
Toward the earth's cold breast.

The purple mountain reared his giant head,
Flush'd at the summit with the roseate glow;
The valley at his feet, like something dead,
Lay silent far below.

A bird, whose weary pinions droop'd with flight,
Sailed on, a shadow in illumin'd air;
And over all the solemn, dark-browed Night
Let fall her raven hair.

A wind from out the portals of the sun
Blew cool o'er scented fields and groves of pine;
And in the blue empyrean, one by one,
The stars began to shine.

Weary with toil, oppress'd with grief and care,
I longed for rest: near to her highest noon,
By vapory isles, through purple seas of air,
Floated the harvest moon.

The hours went by: soft strains of music, made
More sweet with distance, o'er the landscape wide
Stole like faint odors on by copse and glade;
Then swooned, and swooning died.

I slept. Next morn, refresh'd and calm, I woke
From pleasant dreams that held me thro' the night,
And saw where in the east the young dawn broke
The dusk with shafts of light.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

IS it my turn to tell a tale? You have all been so kind in telling yours, and what you have said has been so interesting that I do not like to refuse to do my share. But I am afraid that I shall not entertain you very much, because my little history is quiet and sad, not at all like the exciting adventures that some of you have described.

Sitting here by Murray's side, and seeing your kind faces in this pleasant fire-light glow, knowing how you all honor and love him, and how for his sake you even love *me* already, I can hardly realize that I am just the same person whose story I am about to tell you. You do not know—for Murray has left me to tell every thing about myself—that he is not my first husband. I was a wife once before, but not the proud and happy one I am now. My mother was French, and you know how marriages are conducted in France. She herself, at fifteen, was given to a man whom she had seen but once before her wedding-day. Yet her marriage was happy, for my father was a good man, and he left nothing undone to make his young wife contented. She had then no misgivings, you will understand, in disposing of me exactly as her parents had disposed of her, although I was born in America where such things are not so common.

When my father died—which happened six months before my birth—my mother was forced to leave her own country to seek support for her

children. She came to America, and found employment in teaching the French language. But it was a bitter life for one who had been accustomed to elegance and ease always; and to add to her troubles, my two little brothers, for whose sake chiefly she had left France, sickened and died one after the other, before I was three years old. From that time my mother's whole nature was changed. She had been the merriest creature once, Marguerite said, singing like a bird for pure happiness, always with some playful word on her lips and a laugh in her eyes. But all that was gone by the time I can remember. Marguerite has a little picture in a gold frame which is like that, but the only picture of her in my memory is a stern, sad woman, with the dress of a nun and a face that never smiled.

Mine was not a bright childhood, you see, for the shadow of my mother's sorrow darkened all my youth. She loved me, however, with all the love that was not buried in my brothers' grave, and the one object that she lived for was to provide for my future. Year by year she toiled in the schools, and Marguerite saved at home, for my sake; to lay up a dower that should buy me a husband, such a one as she would approve. The right one came at last, or she thought so, poor *maman*! in the shape of a countryman of her own; and at seventeen I was married to Monsieur Lamarque, who was thirty-six. Up to that time I had lived a silent, shadowy life; without gayety or excitement, but equally without sorrow or bitterness; and filled with the sweetness of girlish dreams and romances that I nursed in secret, or whispered sometimes to Marguerite—never to my mother. When Monsieur Lamarque asked for my hand, it seemed like the realization of some of my dreams. I was dazzled by his beautiful eyes and shining hair, bewildered by his courtly manner and graceful words. He professed to adore me, and I imagined that I adored him. So when my mother said, "You consent, then, Pauline; you are satisfied?" I had no thought of objecting to any thing.

The marriage took place, and I found out soon—oh, how soon! what a bitter mistake I had made. My husband was fond of me for a little while: he gave me beautiful dresses and ornaments, and carried me about with him to many delightful places, where every one petted and admired me. My foolish little head was turned with praise and flattery. I fancied myself in heaven already, and forgot to think about any heaven out of this world.

But it did not last long, this sort of wickedness. My mother died when I had been three months married, and that was the beginning of my wretchedness. Her death was very sudden, and a great shock to me. Naturally, I grieved bitterly on account of it, but I lived to be thankful for her sake. She had suffered enough, and God was merciful to spare her all knowledge of the misery that was to come upon me. Her death was peaceful and glad, because she believed that my happiness was secure; and she

never knew, thank God, that my brief happiness came to its close on the day that she died.

Perhaps it was my own fault, partly. My nature was passionate and demonstrative, and I suffered myself to be absorbed in a grief with which my husband had no sympathy. He grew impatient because I no longer entertained him, and refused to be amused with the pleasures he offered me. Then I was indignant at his heartlessness, and showed that I was; too plainly you may say. I do not want to blame him more than he deserves, I do not want to shield myself from blame; but, oh me! it is hard to understand why he became so unkind all at once, why he deserted me so entirely, leaving me for days and nights together, and giving me only cold looks and colder words whenever he came back to me. I *could* not submit patiently to such treatment: I was too young and proud, and the change was too great from his old caressing fondness. I resented it, and demanded to know the reason of his conduct.

"What have I done to be neglected so?" I asked, at last. "Why do you treat me this way?"

"Because it amuses me, Madame," was the careless answer.

"It amuses you to make me miserable!" I cried, in a rage. "You dare to say that to me, after you have pretended to love me?"

"What would you have?" he asked, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am heart-broken to behold you miserable, but as for love—bah! Are we infants then, that we still believe in that fable?"

"We are worse than infants, we are fools!" I said, passionately. "I should have seen that you were only selfish, and cold, and cruel. But why did you marry me, then? Why were you kind to me at first to insult me so now?"

"Do you wish to be answered, Madame, seriously?" he asked, looking at me with his scornful smile. "If you must know, then, if you will compel me to be impolite to a lady, I have to confess that I am sick of you—tired—what you call bored. It was new at first, it was exciting. You were my pretty little Pauline, my romantic little Madame, my very fascinating and delightful spouse. Without doubt you are charming still, but I have discovered that yours are not the style of charms that continue to please. In short, you do not amuse me. What then? I seek my little amusement elsewhere, and you are at liberty to do the same."

"I will do nothing of the kind," I answered. "It is not amusement I shall seek, but separation. I will not submit to your contempt. I will not stay to be your despised wife. You shall see, Monsieur, that I have too much pride to let you trample on my heart with such words as these for more than once."

I was white with rage and pain, but I spoke to him very calmly. His scornful indifference had stung me into self-possession, and I saw the look of surprise that came upon his face when I fronted him with determination instead of pas-

sion. But he only lifted his eyebrows for a moment, and then said, with a haughty carelessness:

"Be pleased to understand, Madame, that I object to your little arrangement. There is no separation possible. Make your mind easy, therefore; forget it; be contented. I am your husband, that is to say, your master. You will stay—to be any thing I please."

So he walked lazily out of the room by one door, and I, resolutely, by another. "We shall see," I said to myself—"we shall see." In my bedroom Marguerite was sewing. I said to her:

"I am going to leave my husband, Marguerite. I shall go away this very night, and I want you to help me and go with me."

"What is it now, Madame?" she asked, without testifying any surprise. To do her justice, she had never believed in Monsieur Lamarque, and though her devotion to my mother would never allow her to oppose any of her plans, yet she had shown in various ways that the marriage was not to her liking. It seemed caprice at first, but it proved to be penetration.

I am reminded here that I have not yet told you who or what Marguerite was. It would take too many hours to tell you *all* she was to my mother and myself, in faithful service and friendship. But briefly, she was a servant who had lived with my mother in her prosperity, and when poverty and exile came upon her, chose to follow her fortunes still. To me she was never a servant, however, but a familiar and dear companion, for whom I felt hardly less love, though a great deal less awe, than for my own mother. In my trouble now she was the one only creature in all the world to whom I could go; and all that she could do for me she did.

I was fully determined to leave my husband, and though she did not approve, seeing more clearly than I the rashness of such a step, she did not refuse to help me. She only endeavored to restrain my impatience until some plan for the future could be arranged, and advised me to wait until Monsieur Lamarque should be absent from home again, instead of escaping that very night as I had determined. But this was impossible, when my heart was on fire with the memory of his insulting words. I could not endure to stay another night under his roof; and so against Marguerite's better judgment she consented to go with me at once.

We were living then in a country house, some miles out of town; but there was a railroad station at a village not very far from us, and it was our plan to steal away after dark, and take the late train down to the city. Once there, we could stop at a hotel, and make arrangements afterward to find a better home. I had some money for the present, and Marguerite had her own little savings in bank. We could manage until I got a situation to teach, like my mother, I said; and my heart beat high with the thought of revenging myself in this way upon the man who had scorned and ill-treated me.

We put up one little bag of clothes to take

with us, and when it was quite dark we slipped out of the house, dressed in long dark mantles, and close bonnets with thick veils. It was not far to the station, and no one met us on the way or hindered us when we got there, so that we found ourselves at last seated in the railway-car, and the train fairly in motion, without any interruption whatever. Nothing happened on the journey either, and no one took notice of us, as we thought, until we reached the city. Then, as we descended from the car, in the midst of the bustle and confusion, and shouting of porters and carriage-drivers, a hand touched me suddenly on the shoulder, and a voice that I knew said,

"Allow me, Madame, to offer you my arm. For a lady like yourself this noise and this crowd must be unpleasant. Is it not so?"

It was Monsieur Lamarque, with his glistening eyes and his white teeth smiling together—a cruel, malicious smile—who stood beside me. Marguerite gave one little scream, as she, too, recognized him; but I answered not a word, made not a motion. I do not know how it was, but I seemed all at once to be fascinated, subdued by some indescribable terror—all the resistance, all the passion chilled out of me. I took his arm like an automaton, and suffered him to put me into a carriage. We were driven to a hotel, and Marguerite and I were left in a long, brilliant parlor, quite empty of people, to wait while Monsieur Lamarque went to engage rooms for the night. She came close to me, with an eager whisper, when we were left alone; but started back suddenly, crying, "Oh, my God!" What she saw in my face I do not know. I only felt stunned.

That night, for the first time in many weeks, I shared the same apartment with my husband. That night, when I had thought myself free from him forever! A curious dread came over me when I found myself locked into that strange room with him. He was certainly my husband, and the time was not so far in the past when to be alone with him was, instead of a dread, a delight; but now I felt at his approach just as one might feel if an assassin drew near, the deathly weapon in his hands and murder in his eyes. I shrank away from him into the farthest corner of the room, but he followed me and fixed me with his glance.

"I have one little question to ask you, Madame," he said: "it will be enough to answer yes or no. This affair of to-night: will you try it again?"

"No," I trembled forth; for I felt, indeed, that I never should.

"For your own sake, Madame, I rejoice to hear you say so," he answered. "Once more might be too often—you understand? We will say no more of this: but remember!"

That was the only threat; in fact, he did not speak to me again all night; but I read something in his eyes that frightened me more than any threats could have done. From that moment I knew that he was my master, body and

soul; that I should never dare to rebel again, whatever he might do.

And I never did, though he gave me cause enough—be sure of that! For what I had done was a thing not to be pardoned; and every day that I lived—every hour almost—he made me feel the cruel force of his revenge. Marguerite was sent away, of course; I was not allowed the most distant communication with her; and from morning till night, from week to week, from month to month, I lived like a prisoner in my dreary home; never seeing a friendly face, never hearing a pitying voice, continually overshadowed by a presence which had come to be the dread and horror of my life. There were times when I thought I should go mad; when every open window, every sharp-edged tool, every glimpse of the river rippling in the sunshine, was a temptation to suicide.

But I will not tell you any more about that. I have tried to forget that awful time: it is over now.

He died, at last, and I was free. One night when I sat alone in the darkness, crying for my mother, and wishing, oh! so dearly, that I had died with her, they brought *him* in, dead. He had been out on the river with some of his companions; an accident upset the boat, and three of the six were drowned. He had left me with hatred in his eyes and bitter words on his tongue—curses that struck like blows, and evil glances that pierced me like poisoned arrows. He came back white and quiet, with shut lips and sealed eyelids, that would never open again for ban or blessing.

I was ill after that for a long time, and knew nothing that happened until I waked one day and found Marguerite sitting beside me, myself in bed in a room that I knew was not any room in my husband's house. I did not ask her many questions, for I remembered what had happened: indeed that terrible white face, with its dripping hair, had haunted my brain through all my fever. She told me how she had been sent for, and how she had brought me away from that place to the house we were now in. We were to live together always now, she said—she and I. She would take care of me, love me, make me happy again: there was no one to separate or disturb us any more.

All the tenderness and pity that the most loving mother could have felt she poured out upon me—poor Marguerite!—but I could not care for it then. I was like some one stunned, and I felt nothing but a dreary apathy, which made me indifferent to every thing in the world—pain or pleasure, love or hatred. I did not care to live or to die, but I recovered slowly under Marguerite's tender, deep-loving care of me, and day after day she devised new plans to arouse me from my dull wretchedness—plans that were all failures, for my weariness of spirit was too utter to let me make a single effort in unison. At last she told me something that the physician had told her about me during my illness—something that sent the first thrill of in-

terest to my heart, the first tingle of new life into my veins. I had not known it myself, or even thought of it, but it was, nevertheless, true: I was to have a child.

Marguerite had hesitated to speak of it, not knowing surely that I was ignorant myself, and looking upon it, for her part, as a great misfortune. That, being so young and so desolate, I should have a child at all was, she thought, an unhappy thing; but to be the mother of *that man's* child was dreadful! It did not seem so to me, for I never thought of the two together. The child that was to come—the delicious mystery, the unimagined delight—was mine, a part of my own soul; a creature that should satisfy all the passionate yearnings of my youth, annihilate the misery of the past, and forever make glad the future. So I felt in the first rush of my new joy—so new to me, who had almost forgotten the meaning of joy! All that day I was in a dream of happiness—happiness to which I yielded myself with the more abandon, because I had so utterly resigned even hope before.

Marguerite was amazed, but that did not matter. Nothing was to be considered a misfortune that had such effect upon me, and she was at once more than reconciled to the prospect. She began immediately to institute preparations for the event, and with a wise tact provided that my own heart and hands should be kept busy in the same. So by degrees, as the sense of having something to live for and something to do deepened within me, I recovered health of mind and body. My miserable married life I tried to put out of my memory as past and dead, and for my baby's sake I strove to be good and happy. I had given up trying or caring about being good at one time. Because I was so wretched and ill-treated I chose to be wicked also, and said and thought horrible things. But now I repented of all this, and prayed humbly that God would accept of my repentance for my little child's sake.

I believe He did, and that the peace and quietness which settled down upon my heart were sent from Him. All through that strange, dream-like summer before the baby's birth, Marguerite and I were contented and happy, and never lonely, though we seldom spoke to a soul but ourselves. We were quite comfortable as to means, for a sufficient provision had been made for me in the settlement of my husband's estate, and Marguerite found out a queer little house, just fitted for our uses, into which we moved as soon as I was quite well.

This little house was a sort of accident in the great city. Some whimsical builder had niched it between two great dwellings that stretched out broadly on either side, and towered high above it, leaving our little nest in the perpetual shadow of their greatness. We did not like it the less for that through those warm summer days: it was pleasant to feel the cool shadow of the high stone-walls, and pleasanter still to look from our lowly windows over the broad gardens, filled with flowers and shrubbery, that extended

on either side of us. We, too, had a garden—a grass-plot with its border of box, and a strip of flower-bed running round; but it was nothing, of course, to those of our neighbors.

The one on the left was my favorite of the two, though it was not so much ornamented as the other. It had no summer-house, and no fountain, and no tall iron vases filled with trailing creepers, as the other had; but it was very lovely nevertheless, and the more so to me for the reason that every thing about it had a quaint, old-fashioned air, even to the flowers. There was a sun-dial of the fashion of fifty years ago, and much of the shrubbery, which was very abundant, was clipped into the fanciful shapes that were so popular in old times. There was a shady bank where violets seemed to bloom all summer; and among the rich geraniums and fuschias, roses and jasmines, there grew in profusion, and as if they were just as highly prized, all manner of simple cottage flowers—hollyhock, and larkspur, and pride of London, four o'clocks, and prince's feathers, and sweet-williams.

I don't know why these homely flowers touched me as they did: I had few enough childish associations with flowers of any kind, and I had certainly never seen my mother wear one. Yet in some strange way these old-fashioned plants—the marigold with its spicy scent, and the long stalks of the larkspur with its blue and pink bells—recalled my childhood, and gave me back my mother's face. I used to cry quietly many a time sitting by my chamber-window, and looking down into my neighbor's garden.

As the summer passed, the flowers changed and brightened into autumn colors, and a border of chrysanthemums became my special attraction. I had always had an odd fancy for this flower: its odor, not at all sweet, as you know, but pungent and refreshing, was pleasanter to me than the breath of violets or the fragrance of heliotrope; and I liked the mass of brilliant color that their full bushes presented, especially in contrast with the snowy clusters of the white ones. Our neighbor liked them too, it would seem, for his garden had every sort of chrysanthemum that was ever grown; every possible shade of color, and every variety of species. But the white ones were most abundant: they grew large and small, single and double—some expanding like sunflowers, and many more as delicate and tiny as an English daisy. There was one large bush of these so near my window that I knew every flower on it by heart; and out of some queer fancy—it was in the last days before my illness, and my brain was full of queer fancies—I associated these pretty white blossoms with my baby that was coming.

One day Marguerite came in with a pile of beautifully-ironed linen, little shirts, and slips, and soft white night-ropes, which she laid away carefully in a drawer. "Every thing is ready now but the mother and the doctor," she said. "Does Madame know that our next-door neighbor—the one on the left—is a doctor?"

"How should I know?" I asked.

"It is true; Madame had no need to consider," she answered. "But I, when I saw the doctor's gig so often in waiting, made inquiries if it were not a doctor who lived in that house. And I was told that it was so. I thought, then, if Madame had no objection, it would be well to engage him, being so near and so very convenient. If Madame has any other choice, however—"

"As if I cared!" I said, laughing, for Marguerite was always so punctiliously afraid of seeming to dictate to me. "What is one doctor to me more than another? You manage it all, Marguerite, as you please."

So that same evening she went into our neighbor's grand house, and informed him that his services would be soon desired in the little dwelling adjoining; and he promised to come promptly at my need, speaking far more gently to her, Marguerite said, than to some proud-looking patients who sat in his waiting-room. A very few days after this came the time when he was needed, and then his promise was fulfilled to the letter. I was very ill, and for days both my life and the baby's seemed a doubtful thing. Marguerite said if it had not been for his wonderful skill, and still more wonderful care, we should certainly have died. However, I knew nothing about it, for I was delirious all the time, and when I recovered my reason the danger was past. The first that I remember is waking up one day, and seeing, as in a dream, a little, exquisite child asleep on a pillow beside me. Its face was quite white, and it had rings of silk-soft hair parted on its forehead, and faint, shadowy eye-lashes lying on the cheek. In its tiny, tiny hand, shut tight, was a white chrysanthemum—gathered, as I knew very well, from the bush that I had watched so often. Marguerite told me afterward that I had raved about those flowers, and that the doctor had brought them to me every day; and that it was his direction that the child should be laid beside me with the white blossom in its hand to await my waking.

It was out of all this that I came to give her—my baby—my little daughter—that odd, unchildlike name, *Chrysanthemum*. Marguerite was amazed and indignant: "As if the child were a heathen," she said, "and there were no Christian names in all the French language, or, for that matter, the English either! Any thing would be better than to give it the name of a miserable weed."

"But it is not a weed," I answered. "It is a beautiful snow-white flower, the very image of the child. And you do not object to Rose, and Violet, and Lily for names? What ails Chrysanthemum, then? She is, and shall be, my little white Chrysanthemum."

So I persisted in my whim, and the little one was christened by her quaint name; but Marguerite stoutly refused ever to call her by it. She vowed she would call her Marie-Jeannette, which was my mother's name; and I, for my part, because the flower-name was really too

long, shortened it to "Chryssie" for daily use—though, after all, it was seldom that she was called by either the one or the other. She was too tiny, too lovely, too inexpressibly dear to us to be named except by the tenderest, most caressing epithets. So we called her "*petite*," "*mignonne*," "*cherie*," "little lamb," "little angel"—whatever we could think of that was tenderest and sweetest; and as with our words, so with all our hearts and lives, we idolized the little creature.

That was not strange when you think of all she was to us; and if you had known her—if you had only seen her—you would have felt that it was impossible to do otherwise. She had such wonderful eyes—it was as if a heavenly angel looked out through them—and such a loving heart, such wise, winsome ways! Before she was six months old she could kiss with her soft little lips, and soon after she began to call "mamma! mamma!" It was like music from Paradise.

By-and-by she crept about the floor, and we shortened her white slips, and put red morocco shoes on her little feet. Then she began to climb up by the chairs, and push them before her; and soon, very soon, she pushed them quite away from her, and balanced herself bravely alone. How proud we were, Marguerite and I—how we screamed with delight when she first came tottering across the carpet to us, her hands outstretched, her eyes dancing with glee! She was not a year old: the chrysanthemums were not yet in blossom. By the time they came she could run alone fearlessly, and Marguerite let her walk in our little garden and pull the flowers in the border.

Watching them one day from the window above, I saw that the doctor was in *his* garden, and that he was listening to the sweet little voice on the other side of the fence. It was a low fence, and he came to it presently and looked over, having his hands filled with bright-colored blossoms, which he dropped down suddenly upon the child's head. Marguerite gave a cry, and the doctor laughed at her; but Chryssie gathered up the flowers eagerly.

"Will you give me a kiss for them, little white Chrysanthemum?" the doctor asked; and she answered, gravely, "Yes." So Marguerite lifted her up, and he took her into his arms, quite over the fence, and kissed her three or four times. She laid her little cheek against his, and was not at all afraid. He carried her all over the garden, and gathered the loveliest flowers, and pulled the largest clusters of ripe grapes for her; and when he gave her back to Marguerite he said:

"I want you to bring the child into my garden every day. There is a gate in the wall which I will have unlocked, and you can come in whenever you will. It will please the little thing, and no one shall disturb you."

Marguerite thanked him, greatly pleased, and I, who had heard it all, was still more pleased. What a treat for the little darling, so fond of

flowers as she was! and how very, very kind in the doctor! For the first time I felt an interest in him, and examined his face with curiosity for the few minutes longer that he remained in the garden. It was a beautiful, noble face, but clouded with an expression of deep sadness, now that it was in repose. I wondered why he was sad, and wished involuntarily that I could do something to comfort him. When Marguerite came in I told her that I had been looking at him, and that I knew he was unhappy.

"I am told that Monsieur the Doctor has seen a great deal of trouble," she answered. "He married a young wife, and she was very beautiful, but not good. Although he did every thing to make her happy, she did not love him, but went away with a bad man, leaving her husband and her little child behind. That was dreadful enough, but something more followed. The baby died, and when the mother heard of it she went mad through remorse and grief. The bad man deserted her when this happened, and then Monsieur the Doctor found her out in her misery, and forgave her, and took care of her. But she never recovered her mind; she was very mad, and he had to shut her up in one of those houses for mad people at last. There she died, only a few days ago, I am told. That is, perhaps, why he looks so melancholy just now; though for my part, I consider that he has more reason to look glad."

"Marguerite, why do people ever marry?" I exclaimed, passionately. "Every body who marries is miserable; all the trouble in the world comes from that."

"Madame has had an unhappy experience," Marguerite answered, gravely.

"And the doctor had an unhappy experience. And so, I think, has every body. If it is not a wicked husband, it is a wicked wife. There is nothing in marriage but misery."

"Madame has forgotten, it appears, that it is to her marriage she owes the little angel here," Marguerite said, quietly.

"And it may die!" I answered. "The doctor's child died, and I do not wonder that the mother went mad. Marguerite, if any thing were to happen to Chryssie, I think I should go mad too."

I hugged and kissed the child, as I said this, with a wild feeling in my heart that I could not, *would* not bear it indeed. She was all I had, and she was so perfect! I would never live without her. I believed all this then; but you see me now. I live, I am here, and my baby is gone; I am even happy—and my darling, my darling! *she* is happier than ever I made her, though I loved her so!

She was ill that winter with some childish fever. Not a dangerous one, but in our anxiety we would have the doctor come in every day to see her. From the first he assured me that she would recover, and so being set at ease, I was not hindered from taking pleasure in his visits,

which were not at all the formal, professional calls of most physicians. We had become better acquainted through Chryssie's walks in his garden. If he was at home and at leisure when he saw her there, he would always come out, and take her up in his arms; and he was so tender with her that her little loving heart was quite won, and she clung to him almost as she did to Marguerite and myself. I was not jealous of *him*, though I could not have borne to see her sweet caresses given to any one else. But I remembered his little dead child and his lonely life; and I was glad from my heart to see the tender love that grew up between those two.

Of course, he never came into our house except when he was needed as a physician; and the beautiful gifts of fruit and flowers that came often, were sent "for the little white Chrysanthemum" always. Still even in those days I think he thought of me kindly, and I felt in my heart that he was my friend, although we so seldom spoke to one another. It was very pleasant, therefore, to see him, and hear him talk, and grow to know him better day after day, during this slight illness of Chryssie's. She was always on the watch for him when the hour for his visit came, and her little languid face would brighten at the first sound of his voice. Often she would put out her hands with a pretty pleading to go to him, and then when he had her upon his knee, her soft cheek nestled against his breast, the minutes would slip away unconsciously; it was hard, you know, to put her away—the little loving angel!—when it made her happy to be there.

So his visits were long, as I said, and we talked. I am afraid I talked too much, and was not so reserved as I should have been, perhaps; but it was his blame if it were so. He had so kind and sympathetic a manner, full of earnestness and gentleness, and one felt so convinced of his truth and goodness, that it was impossible to be reserved with him. By degrees he learned all the sad story of my life; and without ever putting it into words, or implying any thing that the proudest person could have resented, he made me feel that if in my loneliness I ever needed friendship or protection I should find it in him. By degrees also he gave me confidence in return for mine, and let me understand that my silent sympathy was not without value to him.

It gave a new interest to my life, a feeling of strength and repose to my heart, this sense of union, even in so remote a way, with this good, strong man. It made me a better woman, I think; less selfish and absorbed in my own narrow range of feeling. I knew the life he led; its self-denial, its self-sacrifice, its single-minded devotion to his profession in its noblest aspect. Marguerite collected story after story of his goodness to the poor, among whom he was verily "the beloved physician;" and I listened to them all with greedy ears—listened till at last I was smitten with shame in the sudden consciousness of my own useless, self-indulgent life,

and stirred up to some distant emulation of his noble deeds. He has praised me since, far more than I deserved, for some trifling things that I did, which by accident came to his knowledge; but it was praising himself to do so, for I only followed in his footsteps, I only gleaned after his hands.

When the next summer came our darling (I say *ours*, for she seemed to belong to Marguerite almost as much as to me) grew delicate and pale; and Marguerite, from taking her around the doctor's garden, began to take her daily into the doctor's office. She came out sometimes with such a clouded brow that I grew anxious and frightened, imagining that something more than "the late teething" they talked of was the matter. But when I questioned them eagerly both she and the doctor evaded me. It was the child's second summer, they said, and nothing was more natural than that she should be delicate; especially with her sensitive organization, and the long time that she had been in getting teeth. She must have change of air, a month or two at the sea-side.

So we shut up our little house, and took her away to some quiet country lodgings close to the sea-shore. Every day we carried her down upon the beach, and she played with the shells and pebbles, and seemed to grow stronger in the bracing air. At least I thought so for a while, but the old languor came back again before long. She would not play any more; and instead of tumbling about in the clean white gravel, and letting Marguerite bury her in it up to the chin—a frolic she had delighted in at first—she liked now to lie still in our arms hour after hour, and watch the waves breaking against the sand.

About this time I began to notice that when she walked she halted a little, and one foot dragged after the other, rather than kept pace with it. I called Marguerite's attention to it, and showed her how one of her little shoes was all worn and rubbed at the side, while the other was quite fresh. It was because her ankles were weak, Marguerite said; it was nothing to alarm one. And she was almost impatient at the anxiety I expressed; but after that, she carried Chryssie in her arms every where, and would not let her walk at all; and once, when she did not know that I saw her, she picked up the little worn shoe and wrung her hands, saying under her breath, "Oh, my God! oh, my God!"

I never asked why she acted so, for I was sure she would not tell me. But from that time the vague fears that had troubled me about my darling grew into a miserable dread that haunted me night and day. I did not know what I was afraid of, but I was sure that some evil was hanging over her, and that Marguerite and the doctor were trying to keep me in ignorance. I longed to be at home again, to question him, and find out truly—for I knew he would not trifle with me when he saw me in such unhappiness—what cause I had for fear. But it was his order that Chryssie should remain until October

to get all the benefit of the sea-breezes; so I kept my impatience and my wretchedness in my own heart, and did not speak to Marguerite, who was sad enough without me, I could see.

But I had strange, wild dreams about my darling night after night. Sometimes I thought that she was floating out upon the sea, drifting with the waves farther and farther away from me, while I plunged and struggled madly after her, but forever failed to reach her. Sometimes I fancied her lying on the beach with the pebbles heaped up over her, as she had liked to play; only now she was quite buried from my sight, smothered and stifled under the weight of stones, yet crying to me from below. And once I dreamed that she was dead: laid out white and cold as snow in a little coffin, which was circled all around with a wreath of white chrysanthemums.

I woke up from this dream cold to my finger-ends, and feeling as if I were dead myself. I had seen it so plainly—the little clasped hands holding one pale blossom, just as they held it when I first saw her alive—the waxen face with the snowy wreath around it—the rigid limbs still and straight in the narrow coffin. Ah me! I knew it was true; I knew I should see it all again; though my baby was in my arms, and her warm, living breath upon my cheek.

We went home at last, and I was glad to go. It was pleasant to sleep once more in the little quiet room where my darling had been born, where the touch of her sweet lips had first blessed me, and the tender weight of her head upon my breast had made glad so many nights. My rest was calm and deep; no ill dreams disturbed me, and I almost felt hopeful again when I waked in the morning and kissed the little face that was a dream of heaven to me.

The doctor came in early to welcome us home, and see after his little patient. As usual he brought an offering for her, a pretty basket with a few large, bloomy peaches, half hidden in a snow of white chrysanthemums. They were the first of the season, he said, and had hurried out on purpose to greet their little namesake. I felt sick when I saw them, for they brought back my dream. But they gave me courage, also, to ask him the question that had been on my heart so long.

"Tell me what ails her," I said. "You and Marguerite know something about her that you are keeping from me. I must be told, too."

"We know that she is a very fragile little creature," he said, gravely; and every care must be taken of her. She does not look so well as I had hoped to see her by this time. I will tell you that, plainly."

"And is that all?" I asked.

"Is not that enough?" he returned.

"Not if there is more to tell." I was very quiet, but all my heart was in my eyes as I said this, waiting for his answer. He understood me, and looked at me, silently, but oh! so tenderly and pitifully, for a little while before he

spoke. Then he said, with the same pitiful tenderness in his voice,

"I have to go to a patient now, who is expecting me; but I shall see you again to-day. When I come back I will tell you all I know."

He kissed the child and set her on my lap: one moment his hand rested on my hair, as if he would express by a touch what words could not say, and then he left the house. I went up stairs as soon as he was gone, taking Chryssie with me. Marguerite had made my room fresh and tidy, and we sat down together by the open window that overlooked the doctor's garden. It was lovely in the mellow autumn sunshine: purple grapes hung ripening over the trellis, and the morning dew sparkled still upon masses of vivid blossoms. The gate that communicated with our garden stood wide open, as if inviting us to enter; but Chryssie, looking at it, said, suddenly,

"My little white cazansemin isn't going in again, mamma."

"Why not, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, because—I don't know," she answered, wearily, and I could not persuade her to say any more. It was the name she gave herself whenever she spoke of the doctor, because *he* always said, "my little white Chrysanthemum."

Presently she asked for her flowers—"I want my pitty little white cazansemins;" and for half an hour she played with them, tying them into bunches, twisting them into her flossy curls, sticking the short stems into her sash and her sleeve-ribbons. She looked so fair, so spiritual, as her fragile fingers trembled among the flowers, and her serene, unsmiling face bent over them, that I watched her with a sort of awe unfelt before. It seemed as if some unseen angel were beside her,

"Holding a lily in his hand
For Death's annunciation."

By-and-by her head drooped upon my arm. Her little hands let the last blossom fall, wearily, and sleep crept softly over her languid frame. When I laid her down upon the bed, with the white chrysanthemums tangled in her hair, clustered on her bosom, strewn all about her, I thought of my dream again.

Marguerite came up presently, and because I could not bear to speak to any one, with this weight of dread and anticipation on my heart, I left her with the child and went down stairs, to wait alone till the doctor should come and put my formless woe into its true and bitter shape. What I expected I did not know; I did not even try to think. I only waited passively, and held my heart suspended in a sort of dumb patience until the blow should fall. Waiting so, I did not see how the hours crept by, and the day advanced to its noon. *He* had not come, and the one idea so absorbed and surrounded me that I received no outward impressions. I did not even remember that I had left my child asleep, and had not seen her for two hours; my direct apprehension of her was so merged into my dreary anxiety about her.

This consciousness came back sharply as a sudden shriek from Marguerite rang through the silent house. "Madame! Pauline! oh, my God!" And whether it was she who came flying down with the child in her arms, or I who sprang up the stairs and seized her, I never knew. Only I was in the hall of the house, clasping my darling all cold and pale, praying to her frantically, "Speak to me! look at me!" when the doctor came at last.

He led me, almost lifted me into the parlor, made me sit down, and took the child from me. As he raised her her little hands dropped heavily; her face was white, her eyes stared open, expressionless; she saw nothing. He passed his hand softly over those open eyes, and closed them without saying a word. Marguerite screamed aloud; she thought it was death already. But he quieted her with a look of authority.

"Bring warm water at once. Go!" he said to her. And to me: "Be calm; do not fear; she is not dead!" and all the while his strong man's hands were loosening her garments, slipping them away from her little wasted limbs with the touch of a woman.

Soon Marguerite flew back with the warm bath, and it was his hands, strong and tender, that supported her in it, while I bathed her brow and temples with cold water, and Marguerite brought soft blankets to wrap about her. But it was useless effort all, fruitless and vain. No warmth came back to her stiffened limbs, no throb to the lifeless pulse. A faint, tiny fluttering at her heart, a flicker of breath, almost imperceptible, at her lips, that was all to prove that she was not dead. And hours wore by—oh, the gasping, breathless hours! when I held her and dared not stir, while he spent all his skill, all his knowledge, all his longing desire, in one effort after another—all in vain! all in vain!

At last he gave up. His eyes met mine in despairing sympathy. "You know it, Madame, she is dying," he said. "I have done all I can." And then the tears filled his eyes, and his voice was choked: this doctor who had stood by so many death-beds! I had no answer for him: what could I say? In mute agony we watched the lingering death, and the only sound in the room was Marguerite's low, stifled sobbing. As for me, I could not weep.

Suddenly there came a quiver over the little marble face. The eyelashes trembled, and the lids flashed open, showing eyes full of wild and eager light. A whisper that was only a breath reached my ear, and I bent my face close down to hers. "*Mamma! your little darling is going to leave you now. Kiss your little darling goodbye!*" The words were like sighs, but I heard them all. I kissed her with a last, longing kiss; I clasped her once more to my desolate heart: in that last embrace the sighing breath ceased forever.

You know the rest, I think. There is not much more that I can put into words. "The doctor," whose tender hands closed my baby's eyes—whose strong arms supported me when I

fainted over my dead child—was, as you have guessed before this, no other than Murray, your friend and brother—my husband now. I could never have told you all this if his hand clasping mine, and his dear eyes looking the love that turned my night into day, had not given me courage.

He saved my life when my darling was born: he saved my reason when she died, for I know I should have gone mad without him. You see I had not inherited a strong nature, and then I had been brought up strangely; and the trouble of my first marriage had shaken my mind. I lost my balance at a shock that others could have resisted.

For many days after the little coffin, with its wreath of white chrysanthemum, was hidden from my sight, I was in a frenzy, during which no one but Murray could influence me at all—out of which I was brought at last only by his power over me. How he watched and ministered to me—how he soothed, and strengthened, and *saved* me—I am here to prove; but I can not tell you in words. When the devil had been cast out, however—not before—he revealed to me the dark shadow that had been creeping over my child for months past, the dreadful suffering from which God had mercifully delivered her.

You remember that I spoke of her halting step and her little worn shoe. These were the signs (and there were others to his experienced eye) of a malady which would have filled all her childhood with unspeakable pain, and left her crippled for life.

When I knew this my tears rained down from eyes that had never wept since she died. I cried till it seemed as if I could never cease crying. To think of her, my beautiful darling! tortured with this slow pain, wasted and worn through years of anguish, her lovely face faded, her perfect limbs deformed! And I had so rebelled against her being taken from all this! Out of the depths of my sorrow and penitence I thanked God that He had been kinder to me than I deserved, blessed Him that He had

“—halved the lot,
And given her all the sweetness;
To me the empty room and cot—
To her His heaven's completeness.”

And then came “sweetness” for *me* that I had not thought of, that I should never have dared to hope for. How could I dream that Murray would love me, when he knew so well—better than any one in the world—how ignorant and untrained I was, how childish and passionate, how utterly unworthy to be a wife *for him*? The proudest lady in the land might be prouder

for being called *his* wife; and yet he loved me, insignificant as I was.

He told me—when I found it hard to believe that which seemed so improbable, and yet which made me tremble with such new happiness—that he had loved me from the very first. That my sweet, sad face (those are *his* foolish, fond words!) had touched him with such a tender pity that he never could forget it; that he thought of me day after day, though he did not see me for months together; and at night he dreamed what his life might become if I could only share it. All this he told me and more: but the rest is too sacred, too precious to be spoken. It is hidden away in my heart, and must not be exposed, even to such gentle eyes as yours. Only, I believed it all at last, you see; and now I am his wife, loving and loved as few wives are happy enough to be in this world.

A year ago there was a little grave in Greenwood, over which a marble angel stood, with a lily in his hand, and white chrysanthemums broken at his feet. It is not there now. This wintry night the snow drifts over it in a quaint old garden in the city; and from our chamber-window Murray and I look out upon it night after night, loving to talk of the little life that was so lovely and perfect to its close: whose beginning brought us first face to face, whose ending was the link that made our two lives one.

OUTWARD BOUND.

FAR upon the unknown deep,
Where the unheard oceans sound,
Where the unseen islands sleep,
Outward bound.

Following toward the silent west
O'er the horizon's curving rim,
To those Islands of the Blest—
He with me, and I with him—
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem
In the waste of waters round;
Floating, floating like a dream,
Outward bound:

Yet within that tiny speck
Two brave hearts, with one accord,
Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,
Look up calm and praise the Lord—
Outward bound.
DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of April. The most important events of the month have taken place on the Mississippi, in the vicinity of Port Hudson and Vicksburg. On the night of the 14th of March a partially successful attempt to pass the batteries at Port Hudson was made by the fleet under command of Admiral Farragut, while the land forces under General Banks made a diversion in the rear, but without actually coming into action. The enemy's batteries were found to extend for almost four miles in an almost continuous line above and below Port Hudson. The passage was attempted by seven vessels, the *Hartford*, *Albatross*, *Richmond*, *Kineo*, *Monongahela*, *Genesee*, and *Mississippi*; a number of mortar-boats kept up a bombardment in the rear. Two of the vessels, the *Hartford* and *Albatross*, succeeded in passing, with little damage; the *Richmond*, after reaching the last battery, was temporarily disabled, and obliged to put back. The *Mississippi* ran aground in the darkness directly under the guns of the main batteries, where she was exposed for an hour to their full fire. Finding it impossible to get her off, her commander, Captain Smith, gave orders to set her on fire to prevent her from capture. She finally swung off, and floated down the river a number of miles, when her magazine exploded, and she was totally destroyed; about 60 of her crew appear to be missing, many of whom are reported to have been made prisoners; the loss on the other vessels is unofficially reported to amount to about twenty killed. At Grand Gulf, some distance above Port Hudson, the *Hartford* and *Albatross* encountered formidable batteries, which they engaged, and passed, suffering, however, considerable damage, the *Hartford* being struck fourteen times, and had three men killed. There seems to be little room to doubt that the *Indianola*, recently captured below Vicksburg by the enemy, was destroyed by them. Several successful passages of the batteries at Vicksburg have been made; but on the 25th two rams, the *Lancaster* and *Switzerland*, attempted to run the batteries and join Admiral Farragut. The former vessel was struck thirty times, her bow was shot away, and she sunk at once, the crew, with the exception of two, escaping. The *Switzerland* was disabled by a shot passing through her steam-drum; she floated down the river, but was finally taken in tow by the *Albatross*. There is no definite tidings from the Yazoo Pass expedition, beyond the fact that it was stopped by a Confederate battery at the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallahusha rivers. Several other expeditions toward the rear of Vicksburg are reported to have been made, but without any decisive results.

Several sharp actions in various quarters have occurred during the month, but nothing which amounts to a general engagement.—On the 13th and 14th of March the enemy, learning that our forces in North Carolina had been considerably weakened by reinforcements sent to General Hunter near Charleston, made a vigorous attempt to repossess themselves of Newbern. They first drove in our pickets between the Neuse and Trent rivers, but were held in check by our cavalry until reinforcements came up, when they fell back. They then attacked Fort Anderson, an unfinished earth-work, unprovided with guns, and after an ineffectual bombardment advanced to the assault, but our

gun-boats were by this time in position to take part in the action, and after a vigorous contest of three hours the enemy fell back, having suffered severely, while our loss amounted to but one man killed and two wounded.—On the 20th of March a detachment sent out from Murfreesboro was attacked near Milton by a force of 2500 men, commanded by the famous guerrilla leader Morgan; the attack was repulsed, the loss of the guerrillas being given by the prisoners at 28 killed and some 200 wounded.—A dispatch from General Burnside, now in command of the department of the Ohio, dated April 1, gives an account of a brilliant action at Somerset, Kentucky, between our forces under General Gilmore and a body of the enemy under General Pegram, who had attempted a raid into Kentucky. General Gilmore reports that the enemy had 2600 men, outnumbering us two to one. Notwithstanding this disparity of force he attacked them on the 30th of March, in a strong position, defended by cannon, dislodged him, and drove him over the Cumberland River. The pursuit was stopped by the night; but his loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners amounts to 500; our own, in killed, wounded, and missing, not exceeding 30. A considerable amount of plunder, which the enemy had secured, was recaptured.

During the month several destructions or captures of vessels attempting to run the blockade have been made. The most important of these is perhaps that of the steamer *Georgiana*, built in England, which was run ashore near Charleston and destroyed, with all her cargo, consisting of arms, munitions, and medicines. It was intended to fit her out at Charleston as a cruiser. She is represented to have been in every way a more formidable vessel than the *Alabama*, whose depredations upon our commerce have been so extensive. This famous cruiser continues her career of destruction unchecked. On the 20th of March the American ship *Washington*, bound from Callao to Antwerp, put into the port of Southampton, England, having on board the crews of four other vessels, which had been captured by the *Alabama* and burned at sea. The *Washington* was captured on the 20th of February, but was released upon giving a bond for the payment of \$50,000, for the purpose of taking off the crews from the other vessels. The officers of the *Alabama* asserted that this vessel had already destroyed about forty American traders.

Accounts from almost every portion of the South, given in their own papers, show a fearful amount of distress from want of provisions and other supplies. They indicate also a prevailing apprehension of still more severe privations. Thus, Governor Brown of Georgia, on the 25th of March, sent a Message to the Legislature, recommending the restriction of cotton planting to a quarter of an acre to each hand, under a heavy penalty, upon the ground of a probable scarcity of provisions. He also recommends the prohibition of using potatoes, pease, and peaches for distillation; and that the State cars carry corn to the destitute portions of the State. By the latest reports gold in Richmond commanded 400 per cent. premium, and almost every article of use or consumption bore corresponding prices throughout the Confederacy. Thus, at Charleston flour was held at \$60 per barrel, coffee at \$2 75 a pound; ordinary calicoes, which were formerly sold at 15 cents, now bring \$2 per yard.

The Report of the Joint Committee of the Senate and House upon the "Conduct of the War" has at last been published. The whole bearing of the report is adverse to the conduct of the campaign as conducted by General M'Clellan. They say that if the Army of the Potomac had fulfilled the expectations warranted by its numbers and character, the war would have long since been closed. They state that when General M'Clellan assumed the command the Army of the Potomac numbered 185,000 men, well armed, and fully equipped; the force of the enemy was variously estimated from 70,000 to 210,000; but the Committee think the lowest number was too high. When at length an advance upon Richmond was determined upon, General M'Clellan proposed that it should be made by way of Fortress Monroe or the Rappahannock, in opposition to the opinion of the President that it should be by way of Manassas. At a council of war eight generals were in favor of M'Clellan's plan, and four against it. Subsequently the commanding general proposed to abandon the Rappahannock route, and advance by way of the York and James rivers. The whole conduct of the campaign from the siege of Yorktown is criticised and condemned. The Committee give it as the opinion of several generals that if the enemy had been promptly followed up after the battle of Williamsburg, they might, with little or no opposition, have been pursued straight into Richmond. The distance from Williamsburg to the Chickahominy was forty or fifty miles; the army was two weeks in passing over it. The battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks were fought on the 31st of May and the 1st of June. In summing up the results of these the Committee say that "the officers engaged, who have been examined, testify that the army could have pushed right on to the city of Richmond with little resistance; that the enemy were very much broken and demoralized, throwing away arms, clothing, etc., that might impede their flight." At this time, according to the documents referred to by the Committee, General M'Clellan proposed an immediate advance. On the 2d of June he wrote to the Secretary of War, "The enemy attacked in force and with great spirit yesterday, but are every where repulsed with great loss. Our troops charged frequently on both days, and uniformly broke the enemy. The result is that our left is within four miles of Richmond. I only wait for the river to fall to cross with the rest of the force and make a general attack. Should I find them holding firm in a very strong position, I may wait for what troops I can bring up from Fort Monroe; but the morale of my troops is such that I can venture much. I do not fear for odds against me. The victory is complete, and all credit is due to the gallantry of our officers and men." The proposed movement, however, was not made, because of the high state of the water and the bad roads. On the 18th of June the General telegraphed to the President that "after to-morrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit; we shall await only a favorable condition of the earth and sky, and the completion of some necessary preliminaries." Two days after, June 20, the strength of the army is given as follows: "Present for duty, 115,202; special duty, sick, and in arrest, 12,225; absent, 29,511: total, 156,838." On the 25th of June General M'Clellan writes that the rebel force is stated to be 200,000; that he shall have to contend against great odds, and that if any disaster occurs he is not responsible for it; it was too late to ask for more reinforcements. Then follows

an analysis of the seven days' battles and the retreat to James River, of which the Committee say, in summation: "It would appear, from all the information your Committee can obtain, that the battles were fought, the troops handled, new dispositions made, and old ones changed, entirely by the Corps Commanders, without directions from the Commanding General. He would place the troops in the morning, then leave the field, and seek the position for the next day, giving no directions until the close of the day's fighting, when the troops would be ordered to fall back during the night to the new position assigned by him. In that manner the army reached the James River." After the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, the Committee say that many officers who were examined by them "are of the opinion that the enemy were so severely punished that they could have been followed into Richmond had our army followed them up vigorously." On the 3d of July, after the army had reached Harrison's Bar, General M'Clellan writes to the Secretary of War that he hopes that the enemy are as severely worn out as we are. He can not estimate our losses, but doubts whether there are 50,000 men under their colors. To capture Richmond there would require reinforcements of at least 100,000 men. The army remained at Harrison's Bar during July and a part of August. Halleck and Burnside visited the army, whose strength was then estimated at from 85,000 to 90,000. At a council of war, a majority were in favor of withdrawing the army. General M'Clellan was opposed to this, and asked for a reinforcement of 50,000 men to renew the advance upon Richmond. He was told that only 20,000 could be given, and consented to advance with this number; subsequently he demanded 15,000 or 20,000 more; when it was determined to withdraw the army. The Report of the Committee goes on to narrate the events of the campaign following the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, including the battles in Maryland, and the subsequent proceedings of General M'Clellan up to the time when he was "relieved" from the command. The whole tone of the Report is condemnatory of the course of General M'Clellan. It is signed by Messrs. Wade and Chandler of the Senate, and Messrs. Gooch, Covode, Julian, and Odell of the House. We have endeavored to present briefly its most important features, without attempting to pass judgment on the correctness of the views presented in it.—The general conclusions of the Committee may be thus summed up: During the autumn of 1861, and the winter and spring of 1862, we were almost uniformly successful, as at Hatteras, Port Royal, Fort Henry, Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, Roanoke Island, in Missouri and Arkansas, and on the Mississippi, especially at the city of New Orleans. Had the success of the Army of the Potomac during this period corresponded with that of the other branches of our forces, the termination of the campaign of 1862 would have seen the rebellion well-nigh if not entirely overthrown. These chances having been lost, what now remains to be done is clear. In the words of the Report: "We must obtain uninterrupted control of the Mississippi. We must reach those great railroad arteries—the one bordering on the Atlantic sea-board, the other stretching through the Virginia and Tennessee Valleys to the West and South. We must, as soon as possible, take the few fortified sea-ports remaining in possession of the rebels, and then we shall have virtually disarmed the rebellion, cut it off from all external sources of food and arms, and have surrounded it by

forces which can press upon it from any quarter, at the same time severing their means of intercommunication." The Report continues: "It is not our true policy to attempt an actual military occupation of the rebel territory, except at a few and important controlling points. We must destroy their armies, and to do this we must concentrate not scatter our forces. It is better to operate successfully against one stronghold or one army than to attempt three and fail."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

As far as we can now judge, the French invasion of Mexico will require for success a large reinforcement. Our latest reliable accounts leave the French forces this side of Puebla, wasting away under the climate, and wholly unfit for active operations, while the whole spirit of the Mexican people is aroused against the invaders. Still any day may put a wholly different aspect upon the affairs of any Southern American State.

Hostilities have broken out between the States of Salvador and Guatemala. On the 24th of February Carrera, the President of Guatemala, attacked the forces of Salvador, who were strongly intrenched at Cotepeque. He was repulsed, losing in killed, wounded, and missing fully one-fourth of his army of 6000 men. In an address to his army, dated on the 5th of March, Carrera acknowledges his defeat, but promises a renewed invasion of Salvador. In the mean while General Barrios, the President of Salvador, has undertaken to aid the malcontents in Nicaragua, who are dissatisfied with the Government of Martinez, the new President. He gives to Jerez, the unsuccessful competitor of Martinez, a force of 600 men to aid him in the invasion of the territory of Nicaragua. Martinez, in a proclamation dated March 13, calls upon the Nicaraguans to repel this threatened invasion.

EUROPE.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark took place at Windsor on Tuesday, March 10. The Princess left Copenhagen on the 26th of February, and reached Gravesend, England, on the 7th of March, where she was met by the Prince of Wales. The party then proceeded by railway to London. The capital was illuminated on the evening of the wedding, and scenes of great disorder occurred. Ten or a dozen lives were lost in the pressure of the crowd, and more than a hundred persons were more or less severely injured. In Dublin and Cork serious riots occurred during the celebration of the day. The actual marriage, however, was accompanied by all due pomp; and the leading incidents will be found noted in another place in this magazine.—A series of diplomatic correspondence has been submitted to Parliament relating mainly to the American war. Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner in England, asks the British Government to treat the blockade of the Southern ports as inefficient, and therefore to disregard it; to which Earl Russell replies that it does not appear that in any of the numerous cases brought before the prize courts in America the question of the inadequacy of the force has been urged by those who would have been most interested in urging it against the legality of the seizure. The conclusion is, that the British Government must consider the blockade as effectual under the law of nations; and that those who attempt to violate it will do so at their own risk and peril.—In respect to the fitting out in English ports of armed vessels for the Confederate service, Earl

Russell says that some overt act in violation of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality must be shown before the Home Government can interfere.

The insurrection in Poland has assumed an aspect which threatens to disturb the peace of Europe. The immediate occasion was the attempt to enforce the conscription law of March, 1861. By this law the conscripts from the towns, instead of being taken by lot, were specially designated by the Government, and this designation was based upon information furnished by the secret police. Government was thus enabled to get rid of all persons obnoxious to it. But even before the promulgation of this plan there had been indications of discontent. The meeting of the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, held at Warsaw in the autumn of 1860, was seized upon as a pretext to excite disaffection. The first movements took the shape of religious celebrations to the memory of the national poets. On the 25th of February, 1831, was fought the battle of Grochow, when for three days the Poles fought with the Russians; the thirtieth anniversary of that day was celebrated in 1861 at Warsaw. The whole population assembled in the churches to pray for the souls of those who fell in that disastrous conflict. Then a large procession paraded through the streets, singing the National Song. This procession was attacked by Colonel Trepow, the Chief of Police, at the head of two squadrons of soldiers, and about fifty were killed and wounded. A similar commemoration took place two days later, and another conflict occurred in which ten were killed and seventy wounded. The Russian Government disapproved of the conduct of Trepow, dismissed him from office, confided the police of the city to the students, and allowed the solemn interment of the victims. A hundred thousand people were present, and the whole population put on mourning. The Emperor on the 1st of April put forth a ukase granting some reforms; but on the 6th this was followed by another suppressing the Agricultural Society, which seems to have assumed somewhat of a political character. The next day, April 7, a great crowd assembled before the palace of Prince Gortchakoff, the Imperial Lieutenant, demanding the withdrawal of the edict; they were dispersed without special violence. The next evening the throng, men, women, and children, assembled in still greater numbers, and in reply to the Prince, who asked them what they wanted, they answered, "We want a country." The Russian soldiery were drawn up in battle order before the palace. Just then the postillion of a carriage which happened to be passing played the favorite air of Dembrowski's legions, "No, Poland shall not die!" The whole throng fell upon their knees and joined in the song. Whether any overt act was committed is disputed; but the troops opened fire upon the unarmed crowd, and the cavalry charged upon the throng. Fifty were killed and an immense number wounded. Six weeks after Gortchakoff died; but in the mean while the edict of conscription was issued—at the instigation, it is said, of the Marquis of Wielopolskie, who had not long before become Prime Minister under the Grand Duke Constantine. The Prime Minister was a Pole, who had taken an active part in the rising of 1830. He had, however, subsequently embraced the Russian cause, having apparently made up his mind that the annexation of Poland to Russia was an inevitable fact of which the best was to be made, and that all attempts at revolution must be suppressed. From about this time, as far as we are able to decide, dates the serious attempt to ex-

cite a new rising in Poland. The organization of a Central National Committee at Warsaw was carried on so secretly that though a revolutionary sheet was issued by them and widely circulated, the Russian Government were wholly unable to identify the members. Early in the present year it was determined to put the conscription law into thorough execution. On the 22d of January the walls of Warsaw were covered with a proclamation from the Committee, of which the following are the most important paragraphs:

The vile usurping government, maddened by the opposition of the victims of its oppression, has resolved to give them a final blow—to seize many thousands of their bravest and most ardent defenders, to clothe them in the hated Muscovite uniform, and to send them thousands of miles away to lasting misery and destruction. Poland is neither able nor willing to submit unresistingly to this crushing outrage, and an energetic opposition to it is alone consonant with her duty to posterity. Bands of brave and self-sacrificing youths, penetrated with an ardent love for their country, an unbending faith in the justice and aid of Heaven, have sworn to cast off the accursed yoke or die. Let the whole Polish nation follow them.

After the fearful shame of slavery, after the incredible tortures of oppression, the Central National Committee, now your only legal government, summons you, Poles, to the field of the last of your struggles, to the field of glory and victory, which, with God's help, it will give you; for it knows that you, who were but yesterday sufferers and victims, must now become heroes and giants.

On the first day of our openly coming forward, at the moment when the holy struggle begins, the committee declares all the sons of Poland, without any distinction of faith or race, descent or station, to be free and equal citizens of the country. From this moment the land which the agricultural population possessed on condition of paying rent or giving task work to their masters is unconditionally their property and that of their heirs. The landholders who will be injured by this arrangement shall be compensated from the general funds of the State. The families of all laborers who join the ranks of the defenders of the country, or die in glorious death while so serving, shall receive a share of the land protected from the enemy out of the State property.

The proclamation also contains a paragraph addressed to the "Muscovite nation," threatening, in case they uphold the Czar, that they shall be "devoted to the shame of eternal subjection, and the torture of eternal slavery; shall be called to a dreadful war—the last war of European civilization with the savage barbarism of Asia." The Revolutionary Committee have also summoned all the Polish nobles now abroad to return at once under penalty of being declared traitors, and having all their property confiscated. The policy of the insurrectionary leaders appears to be to inaugurate a guerrilla warfare, acting mainly in small bodies, and destroying the great lines of communication. Several engagements of no great magnitude have taken place. From all accounts the present aspect of affairs seems to be that a wide-spread insurrectionary movement has been organized, and that the chief revolutionary leaders in Europe are engaged in it; but that, so far, nothing has occurred which can be supposed to have any decisive influence upon the issue of the contest. The names even of the revolutionary authorities are involved in doubt. The most definite information is that by a resolution of the Central National Committee, bearing date March 10, General Langiewicz was appointed Dictator, with General Wysozki as Military Co-adjutor, while the civil administration was committed to Poentkowski. In a proclamation of the same date the Dictator says: "Notwithstanding the extremely unfavorable circumstances in which the enemy, by a great increase of oppression, hastened the armed conflict, the struggle commenced by an unarmed people has already lasted two months, gains strength, and develops itself with energy..... Poland feels painfully the absence of a visible central

power capable of directing the forces engaged in the struggle and of summoning new assistance to the field.....I have decided, after consultation with the Provisional Government, to assume the supreme power of Dictator, which I shall surrender to the representatives of the nation as soon as the yoke of the Muscovite is shaken off. While retaining the immediate direction of military affairs in my own hands, I recognize the necessity of establishing a civil government, whose functions will be regulated by a special ordinance. Continuing the work of the Provisional Government, I confirm the principles of liberty and equality to all citizens, granting land to the peasants, with indemnity to the proprietors.—Of General Langiewicz, the Dictator, we can learn little beyond the fact that he served with distinction under Garibaldi in his famous Italian campaign. Among the other military leaders we recognize the name of Mieroslawski, who was first placed in chief command of the national forces. He was born in France in 1814, and since 1844 has been prominently identified with nearly all the revolutionary movements in Europe. Dembinski is a veteran of more than seventy years. He served under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and was made Captain on the field of Smolensk. He bore a prominent part in the Polish rising of 1830, and received the name of the "cannon provider" on account of several captures of artillery which he made from the Russians. Toward the close of the rising he was named Dictator. After the suppression of the Polish rising of 1830 he entered the service of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. When the Hungarian revolt of 1848 broke out he joined the insurgents, and at one time was in chief command of the Hungarian army. He accompanied Kossuth in his flight into Turkey. Another prominent leader is Klapka, who served with great distinction during the Hungarian war, and has written largely and well upon that contest. These names and many others show that the entire revolutionary element in Europe has thrown itself into this Polish rising. We can see no prospect of its success unless they somehow manage to embroil the European Powers in the contest. The Convention entered into between Russia and Prussia is thought to give the other Powers a legitimate pretext for interfering. The engagements entered into by the Prussian Government were as follows: "If Russian troops are forced by the insurgents to cross the frontier into Prussia, they shall not be obliged to lay down their arms. Should revolutionary bands be driven across the Prussian frontier, the Russian troops shall be at liberty to pursue them. On the demand of the St. Petersburg Government Prussian troops will act, either separately or in conjunction with the Russian forces, against the insurgents." The Liberal party in Prussia, which has the ascendancy in the Chambers, strongly oppose this Convention, and insist that Government shall take no part in the contest, and that consequently Russians as well as Poles must be disarmed upon crossing the frontiers. Their journals do not hesitate to say that "the Prussian Chamber will not give a crown for this object." Austria is said to have refused to enter into a convention similar to that with Prussia; and Great Britain, acting, it is assumed, in concert with France, has undertaken to remonstrate with the Russian Sovereign in regard to the administration of Poland.—Since writing the above we have intelligence that Langiewicz has been routed, driven across the Austrian frontier, and taken into custody by the authorities; and that the insurrection is virtually crushed.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE other morning the Easy Chair rolled into the Editor's room, for you understand that the Easy Chair is not that autocrat, although it is sometimes assumed that he is. The Editor is a mysterious personage, absolutely anonymous, and doing a work of which the easy reader of the Magazine has no conception whatever. The Easy Chair states the fact remorsefully, for he has been the occasion of a mighty increase of that work by inviting every body to empty his port-folio into the Editor's lap. But every body will remember that the Easy Chair subsequently entreated that all manuscripts might be carefully laid aside for nine years before they were sent to the Magazine—a request which he here repeats. And he distinctly announces that nobody will in future have a right to complain if he receives no acknowledgment of the fate of any manuscript which he may confide to the post for the Magazine.

Do you think, then, that the mysterious and inaccessible personage, the Editor, is “an hard man,” without sympathy, without consideration, just as Rhadamanthus and severe as Brutus? It is that very supposition which the Easy Chair proposes to destroy. As he has often enough said before, there is a general feeling among writers who offer their manuscripts to magazines that they are not fairly treated, that every other author has a chance except themselves. And every author whose paper is accepted and printed knows that all those who were not successful will read his essay or story or poem with the curled lip of wonder—“Why, in the name of English literature, if *this* thing is worthy to print is my manuscript refused?” Is the half-sneering question really inspired by a jealous regard for English literature, or does it spring from mortified vanity? That is the inevitable response to such querulousness.

Meanwhile those who have never tried their fate by sending a paper for publication have very little idea of the vast numbers of those who are constantly doing it. It is something usually done by stealth, and there is great blushing if it is found to be fame. The most famous authors begin so; and perhaps the pæan of the world's applause is not more exciting than the first glance of the tyro at the page upon which his first effusion stands transfigured in type. Dickens tells the story of this experience in a charming way in the pleasant preface to the “*Pickwick Papers*,” written in 1847 for a cheap issue of his works. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the London publishers, had seen some of Dickens's sketches in the *Morning Chronicle*, and one of them came to see him to propose a serial work, which ended in *Pickwick*. Dickens continues:

“When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by-the-by—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not

bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.”

The story of authors has always a singular and universal interest. It is probably because they are the most familiar friends of all the world. They are such a power, such an influence, such a consolation, such an inspiration, that the least personal details of their career are delightful. Boswell's Johnson is an immortal book, although certainly Dr. Johnson was not one of the greatest of men, and Boswell was certainly one of the smallest. Lockhart's Scott is drawn out through many volumes, yet not so far as to fatigue the interest and desire of the world. Southey has not a large public, but as a representative literary laborer the story of his life has a higher charm than any of his works. And even the heavy two volumes of Wordsworth's uneventful life, to the construction of which his brother brought the most preternatural powers of amiable dullness, is agreeable reading for a rainy day. While to speak of Lamb's Life and Letters and of Goldsmith's is to mention two of the most permanently charming books in our literature. There are seldom any great events in literary lives. Byron's Greek episode is by no means the most fascinating page in his career to the public interest. But it is the fact of personal friendship that makes the story precious. It is the power of establishing that friendship with the world which is the glory of the literary life.

As usual, the Easy Chair is wandering from the immediate theme. We were speaking of the first ventures of authors, while we stood by the awful chair of the Editor, and contemplated the goodly piles of possible literature stored in his ample pigeon-holes. But these are the very germs of all that friendly interest of which we were speaking. Precisely so lay Dickens's first unknown manuscript upon the editor's desk of that magazine to which he anonymously sent it. That manuscript was worthless paper and ink then. What would you give for it now? A few weeks since I saw one of his manuscripts. It was the “copy” of one of the charming sketches called the “*Uncommercial Traveler*” which were printed in *Harper's Weekly* a year or two ago. It was given by Dickens to a friend of his in Boston, who had it exquisitely bound. I think it was the one, which had interested me, luckily, as much as any in the series, upon the old churches of London—buildings upon which I used to look as upon tombs that had once been temples, and which were now sometimes sparsely peopled with shadowy forms that seemed the ghosts of vanished congregations. The library in which I saw this manuscript is peculiarly precious for its choice selection, its original editions, and the presentation autographs of the authors to their famous friends, with the autograph annotations of those friends upon fly-leaves and margins. But among all the literary treasures I lingered longest over the manuscript of Dickens. And here before us now are these rolls of writing. They are by unknown hands; but do they not gain a profound interest and value when we think that some one of those writers may yet be as famous as Dickens?

Now, of course, an intelligent editor remembers this all the time. He knows that if he does not carefully examine the manuscripts sent to him, some

Dickens, some Shakespeare, some Scott may slip by and carry his glory to another shrine. Is he likely, then, to slight your paper because he does not know you, or because it is anonymous, or because he does not recognize the writing? No, believe me: an editor is the most forbearing and long-suffering of men. He knows that at least eight-tenths of his clients must be disappointed, and he knows, also, that eight-tenths of the disappointed will regard the return of their work as a personal grievance. Still he must do his work and his duty; and it is the very perfection of his office so to do it that at least some of the noble army of the unlucky may present arms to him rather than charge bayonets upon him. It is in this view that the following letter is significant and interesting. It is the spontaneous testimony of a disappointed contributor to the thoughtful sympathy with which her offering was returned, and it is one of many. Let every aspirant, then, understand that even editors have human hearts. But if those aspirants would prove their own humanity, let them remember his overwhelming labors and lay the fruit of their genius to ripen in the drawer of their experience for one hundred and eight months, as a wise old Latin poet advised; a poet who secured his immortality by one small volume, which, doubtless, was to all his writing what the one concentrated drop of attar of rose is to the acres of roses which were culled to furnish it. Don't send your roses here. Send only the drop of attar.

Here is the letter.

"To the Editor:

"I write to acknowledge a debt of gratitude. If you are pleased to listen I will explain as briefly as may be. It was three years ago. In entire ignorance of the proper way, I had sent you an unfinished manuscript. To give you some idea of the anxious, despairing feelings that prompted the presumptuous act, I will refer to my circumstances at the time. We were poor: had always been poor. From a child I had been trying to educate myself that I might, by teaching, render our situation more comfortable. But my loved mother was sick. I could not leave home much, and when I did was obliged to make my own way. Finally, she died. Another soon took her place, and I had a home no longer. My little brother and sister clung to me sadly, tearfully entreating me not to leave them, while she, who should have wiped their tears, harshly bade them stop crying and mind what they had to do. It was cold, desolate November. I could not stay with them long. I must get a school if possible, but it was with the sad feeling that I must do something more remunerative than teaching that the paper I referred to was written. My mother had committed the little ones to my care, and how could I leave them so unhappy without making a great effort to earn enough to keep them with me? My great necessity made me feel that I could endure a scornful denial if it came; and beside that possibility there glimmered a trembling hope, like the sweet light of a star amidst thick clouds—a hope that I might succeed. Words can never tell what a world of happiness revolved around that thought.

"At last the answer came. I held the letter in my hand, and saw without opening it that my own manuscript had come back to me. Alas for my sensitive heart! It scarcely throbbed while I rode slowly along in the rough lumber-wagon through the wet, dreary, autumn landscape to the distant town. I held it unopened, for curious eyes were on me, and I would not have them guess my secret. I was going among strangers to seek employment, and with the painful proof in my hand that I was not equal to my own aspirations, I could have turned hopelessly back had it not been that I had no home to turn to. So I said mentally, 'I can endure, I can bear any thing, I must go on.' Arrived at my destination I had a few minutes to myself. I found in the envelope my own manuscript and an accompanying note. That note I have it now. The memory of its kind words is like a spot of sweet sunlight in a forest of

shadows, and it will be to me a pleasure forever. It was so kind. Instead of the thoughtless, unfeeling refusal I had feared, my paper was declined with regrets that it could not be accepted, the more so, it said, 'as we infer from your note that the avails of your pen are of consequence to you.' It advised me to finish the story and send it elsewhere, as it might meet with better success. I can not repeat all, but it is all worthy to be repeated. The writer seemed to understand my sensitive heart as my own mother would have done.

"The words gave me new life and courage. There were those in the distant city who did not despise the efforts of the humble girl in the back country; who were sorry that they could not with justice to themselves aid her by accepting her simple productions. The consciousness of sympathy gave me strength to persevere, till I gained a situation as teacher in a family school.

"But enough. I only refer to my own affairs to show you how much your kindness was appreciated. I wished at the time to write you, as I have written now, but thought best to wait till another year, when I might perhaps be able to send something for your *Magazine* at the same time. But poverty has always pressed hard. I have been obliged to give it up year after year, and I know not how the future may be.

"I know this is not an isolated case. Many might tell of your kindness, but my heart is full whenever I think of it, and I wish that others might know of it too, though not in my name. If this unworthy testimony is worth giving to your numerous readers, please use it as you think best, only keeping to yourself my name and residence, which I give that you may know I am sincere."

The Easy Chair, at least, thinks best to publish the letter as an illustration of the pleasant relations that exist between the management of the *Magazine* and some of those who are unsuccessful aspirants for a place upon its pages.

IN the midst of our terrible war it is impossible not to cast a glance of sympathy across the water upon the marriage festival of the Prince of Wales. Of course there are lights enough in which to look at it by which it seems even tragical. The mobs in Ireland, the imminent riots of the starving poor in Lancashire, the vast, seething mass of misery and poverty which comprises the bulk of the English population, make a very ghastly contrast to the glittering pageant of this princely wedding. Then that a people of good sense should support such an enormous and expensive fiction as a monarchical establishment is incredible. But the twentieth part of the population, who are really the governing class, prefer to do it. And they also prefer to tell us Americans that we are now in trouble for having dispensed with the same luxury. It is a saying to which we could listen with more respect if British history were not familiar to us. But John Bull undoubtedly prefers his King and Crown upon the condition that the King shall be but a ceremony and the Crown a bauble. He insists that it is better to pay half a million of dollars every year to an amiable youth of inoffensive qualities than to pay several millions to put down a revolt. The reasoning would be right, if the one expense necessarily prevented the other.

But to-day we will not argue the point. To-day we will think only of the undoubted happiness of the Queen and her son and of the new daughter, and of the profound satisfaction of John Bull as he looks on and congratulates himself at the fine show, in much the same way that a poulterer felicitates himself upon his well-conditioned yard. For the boy Albert Edward no Englishman can by any possibility have any particular emotion. He has done nothing. He has said nothing. He is by no action of his own

identified with the British nation. He is the son of a Queen, and in due order will be King of England. His importance and interest are in no sense individual. They are purely representative. John Bull agrees to regard him as the figure-head of the nation, as the symbol of British national majesty. So the whole thing is a pageant. Prince, Princess, Queen, and all, are but the puppets which typify John Bull. That worthy, therefore, looks on, and pays the bill with pride and complacency. And if he is satisfied, are we to quarrel? On the contrary, is there not something very respectable in his attitude and emotion? The lion would perhaps be rather more impressive if his claws were not pared and his teeth drawn, but still the mane is pretty, and the eye has a fine fierce fire. Royalty has practically ceased in England. The King died when Charles lost his head. George III. tried to be King again and was snubbed. But royalty had its sharpest trial of another kind in George IV. The marvel was how intelligent gentlemen could consent to acknowledge such a popinjay, who was only a popinjay, who had no real power whatever, as their typical head. Yet when George IV. went to Edinburgh, Walter Scott begged to preserve the glass out of which the sacred lips had drank the toddy. John Bull reveres the form, conscious that the spirit has long since exhaled. He calls his system a Government of King, Lords, and Commons. But he has practically eliminated the King. And the whole system is radically changed.

Therefore, gentle reader, if you and the Easy Chair had hired a window in the house of the Messrs. Dakin, in St. Paul's Church-yard (would that it might have been Mr. Johnny Newberry's window!), and had helped pay the four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars which they received for their "window accommodations," we should have looked with a little philosophic pity upon the fair-haired and dull-looking young Englishman who is paid so handsomely for being one day king, upon condition that he will confine himself to stalking deer, patronizing Sunday-schools, and receiving complimentary addresses. Still we should have agreed that the spectacle was brilliant. The dingy, smoke-begrimed old London houses tried at least to smile. They made their windows and balconies as gay as they could with flags, and draperies, and garlands, and festoons of crimson cloth. There was a stately arch on London Bridge of "a mixed character of architecture," and producing "an indescribable effect," which is very probable. The "galaxies of female beauty," the "most elegant company," that filled the balconies of the Mansion House and the Fishmongers' Hall, waving their handkerchiefs "with an energy that could not fail to gratify the fair object, now the observed of all observers," are described in the London papers, as you see from these little extracts, with the unctuous commonplace of all such accounts. Then there was the wedding-cake, five feet and a half high, two feet and a half broad at the base, weighing one hundred pounds, and built in four stories. It was covered with devices of every kind: the arms of Denmark and England, the plumes of the Prince, the figures of the Muses, of Cupid and Hymen, of the Loves and Graces: and it was festooned with wreaths of orange flowers between the many columns. In some indescribable way the niches of the pediment of the cake were made to open like doors, so that the blooming bride might cut it; or, as the reporter wrote, with a due sense of the weight of words: "When opened, her Royal Highness, the Princess

of Wales, will be enabled to draw the knife across the cake."

The bridal gifts were very pretty, but apparently of moderate cost for a royal wedding. The only device that seemed to be original was that of the guard for the wedding-ring. This was a ring set with six precious stones, so selected and arranged that the initial letters of their names formed the word "Bertie," an affectionate diminutive of Albert. The stones were a beryl, an emerald, a ruby, a turquoise, a jacinth, and another emerald. Nor should the gift of the city of London be forgotten. This was a necklace of thirty-two diamonds, with a pair of ear-rings, the cost of which was about fifty thousand dollars. The city of Copenhagen, on the other hand, is to present a copy of Thorwaldsen's Hebe and a pair of pictures of the city; while other pictures, other statues, albums, prayer-books, are to come from other sources.

But if we wish to see the consummation of all this preparation we must hasten from the window of the Messrs. Dakin in St. Paul's Church-yard, and betake ourselves to Windsor, where the ceremony itself is to take place. There is an immense bustle in the loyal town. Carriages are rolling rapidly along the streets. Eager crowds of foot-passengers are every where collected; and lo! at half an hour before noon, seven—the mystic seven—royal carriages, with an escort of horse-guards, come rumbling and glittering toward St. George's Chapel, where the Hope of England (no smiling!) is to be united to the Flower of Denmark. People have been jamming and staring about the doors since nine o'clock, and soon after ten the fine company began to arrive. But nobody is admitted until every thing is ready. When that fortunate moment arrives the happy holders of tickets pass in, and the ushers seat them all upon the ranges of seats covered with bright scarlet and yellow cloth. A part of the archway leading into the nave is separated into a temporary hall by heavy gold and purple silk hangings. Here the wedding guests and the great officers of state assemble, and as the curtains part occasionally we can catch glimpses of waving plumes, and fluttering clouds of gauzy dress, and the flash of jewels.

But meanwhile let us cast a glance into the chapel. The main aisle is covered with a red and black carpet with a broad cream-colored border, worked with the Prince's plume and motto, and his monogram, blended with that of the Princess, embossed between. In front of the altar is a raised dais, reached by three broad steps, covered with garter-blue velvet cloth worked with the old Tudor rose. At each side there are crimson and gold seats, with fringes and tassels of bullion, for the royal families of England and Denmark. The screen on the left of the altar is removed, and a box for the diplomatic body is introduced. The right screen has also been taken down, and there is another box for the special friends of the bride and bridegroom. In this box, the very best place of all in the chapel, is reserved a place for Mr. Frith, the artist, who is to paint a picture of the Marriage for the Queen. At the left of the altar and above it is the Queen's box, the floor of which is raised so that she may see and be seen. The golden communion-service is spread upon the altar. The stalls of the Knights of the Garter are covered with purple velvet. A group of extraordinary beings in heavy and unmanageable golden garments move stiffly about. They are heralds and kings-at-arms, part of the inscrutable Gog and Ma-

gog of the British royal mythology—Lancaster and Windsor, Norroy and Clarencieux. But while these droll people stalk about, one of the famous women of this time, the most famous of all who will be in the chapel to-day, looks into the choir and goes up into the seats among the other ladies who are to sing the hymn of praise. It is Jenny Lind. Lesser people follow. Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and the mere untitled, enter in gorgeous apparel, feathered, diamonded, and clad in violet velvet or mauve satin. The Lord and Lady Mayoress, the Speaker and his wife, come shining in; and at a quarter before twelve the illustrious company of the Knights of the Garter sweep their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white ribbon, up the aisle. A cloud of lawn announces the arrival of the Bishops. A gleam of jeweled orders, and the diplomatic body are settling themselves in their box.

It is at this point, when the Queen is about to appear, that the celebrated historian Jenkins is overwhelmed, and dissolves in a kind of ecstasy. "It is, in truth," says the celebrated Jenkins, "a scene of such stately pomp and royal circumstance as few have ever seen before, where the noblest by birth and intellect, the greatest and most revered in power, are all assembled within the narrow precincts of this grand old choir, like the treasures of the nation in their carved oak casket." And while Jenkins is thus a prey to the most astounding emotions, "just a perceptible movement, a kind of consciousness that something has occurred," apprises him that the Queen has entered. The noble lady is in deep widow's mourning. Not an eye that sees her but is moist with sympathy—not a heart that thinks of her but is warm with tender pity.

But hark! while our eyes are straining every where, and can not see enough, there comes the first, faint, far sound of music mingled with cheers.

"The wedding guest, he beats his breast,
For he hears the loud bassoon."

It is the stately measure of the national anthem. It comes nearer and nearer. There is some slight delay; then the purple curtain is lifted, and the trumpets burst forth into a pæan, while the royal family move slowly and in superb costume toward the altar. They all make a low obeisance to the Queen, who rises and smiles upon her children. There is a louder blare of trumpets and rattle of kettle-drums, and the bridegroom, the Prince of Wales, walking between his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, proceeds to the altar, while the Wedding March of Mendelssohn is played magnificently. There is another exquisitely breathless moment of delay. Jenkins, and you, and I are actually faint with emotion. The Prince also keeps looking back at the purple curtain, "evidently keenly anxious," whispers Jenkins. Thank Heaven, at last! exclaims the historian, as with a great clangor of trumpets "muffled into a rich indistinctness behind the curtains," the bride's procession enters. She is pale as a white rose, and is clad in white and silver, and a perfume of orange-flowers follows her as she moves. Eight lovely virgins veiled in white—Jenkins gives up in despair. "Imagination," he faintly sighs, "must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them."

The moment has come. The bride surrounded by her companions stands beside the Prince. There is a solemn silence—a pause of expectation, which is broken by the slow and solemn strains of a hymn composed by the Prince's father:

"This day, with joyful heart and voice,
To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways."

The Queen is entirely overcome, and withdraws into her pew, while, with hushed solemnity, the ceremony is performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England.

Come, gentle reader, the show is ended. The two young folks are safely married. The procession has passed out. They stood in the saloon car and rolled away weeks ago. The draperies are down. The garlands withered. The Lady Georgiana Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn, is inconsolable; for she was to have been one of the bridesmaids, and a slight illness prevented her from sharing in the most splendid pageant in which an English lady could take part. Let us shed a few tears, and offer her the homage of our respectful sympathy. And the other unhappy victims, the poor folks who were squeezed to death in the crowd in London during the procession of the reception and the illumination, and into the condition of whose families the Queen has kindly made inquiry that she may aid them—have we a tear or two left for them also? Grim, old, dingy London has resumed its hereditary gloom. The imperial blue mantles are laid away. The cake is cut and consumed. The bridal bells have rung. The bonfires have burned out. We can but wish the young people well. We can but hope that the young man will be wise—that like his mother he will restrain as far as he can the jealousy of an aristocracy toward a Republican Government; that like his father, he may be an honorable, prudent man. As for us Americans, let us hope that the future King of England will understand that the coldness, and jealousy, and bitterness of feeling which now exists between the two countries is due to no fault of ours. Let him remember his welcome here three years ago. It was not curiosity merely. It was good feeling.

And for the bride, let two most illustrious British poets sing her epithalamium. First, Edmund Spenser:

"Now all is done: bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.

* * * * *
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay—
Pour not by cups but by the belly-full—
Pour out to all that will.

* * * * *

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer and their echo ring."

And second, Alfred Tennyson, whose nuptial ode rings out like a joyful burst of bells, cheers, and bugles:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
 Flames, on the windy headland flare!
 Utter your Jubilee, steeple and spire!
 Clash, ye bells in the merry March air!
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
 Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

Alexandra!

"Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir.
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
 O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
 For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
 Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!"

THE opera, which is a customary haunt of every well-ordered Easy Chair, has languished sadly during the war, but has revived under the best of our managers, Max Maretzek, and has flourished greatly. A manager must be a man of an incredibly sanguine temperament. For the experience of theatres and operas universally is that they are but faro tables or games of *rouge et noir*, at which, if you seem to win, you are sure to be lured on to play until every thing is lost. How long the indefatigable Maretzek has been flying like a shuttle between New York, Havana, and Mexico! How perpetually he has been bringing out new companies and wonderful singers! How incessantly the papers have appealed in his behalf to the pride, the taste, the duty of the public! How he has floated over all changes and convulsions, passing through civil wars and despotisms and republics unheeding, but solely bent upon changing the notes of certain singers into the notes of certain currencies! And yet, with all this devotion and unwearied patience and effort, if the manager were to die to-morrow, what sort of success would his estate indicate?

Yet once a manager always a manager. The fascination is such that he can not escape. A man embarks in that galley, and whether he discover that he has no business there or not, he still prosecutes the doubtful voyage. Meanwhile Easy Chairs and all the lounging fraternity are the gainers; while that remarkable part of mankind known as fashionable society, owes the opera manager, and especially Maretzek, a monument of silver. It is he who has secured to it the traditions of fine society, which require the opera. A fashionable society without an opera is a queen without a court.

The opera with us began properly in Chambers Street. There was the old National, indeed, where Miss Sherriff sung; and we do not forget that Malibran herself had sung in the old Park. But as an institution of our fine society it dates from Palmo's in Chambers Street. They used to sing *Belisario* there, and we all looked knowing, and said that it was really very well. They sang, too, the plaintive, pathetic *Puritani*; and then some people for the first time felt the character of Italian music. The theatre was very small. It was prodigiously uncomfortable. But, dear me! in white gloves and white waistcoats (they were actually worn then), who could be conscious of any thing but bliss?

Then came the flight up town to Astor Place. Palmo was submerged, and Patti and Sanquirico appeared as managers. The golden age of the Astor Place Opera was the brief and beautiful epoch of

Truffi and Benedetti. No operatic success in this country was ever so entirely satisfactory, probably, to the audience as theirs. We all went mad with the loveliest of Lucias, and died in tuneful agony with the most delicious of tenors. Poor Benedetti lost his voice. The climate was too sharp, or he had his tonsils cut, or some sad mishap befell; in any case he lost his voice, and all we Easy Chairs of both sexes our joy. Truffi herself faded after Benedetti failed. She never seemed quite the same, and gradually she disappeared from the scene. A multitude of singers followed, chief of whom was Bosio, whom some of us—that is, we who made up the truly wise part of the opera-goers—knew to be as fine a singer as she was afterward declared to be in Europe. But the poor Astor Place house floundered along in its latter days, attempting to believe Parodi a tolerable prima donna, and flying white doves to her from the gallery on the night she appeared, with sonnets of adulation and ecstasy tied round their necks and showered about the house. But Steffanone came, took snuff, and carried the town by her ample self-possession and unctuous voice. She had the dowdy air and pure good-humor of Alboni, and she sang with a richness and fire that charmed and surprised.

At last the huge Academy opened its doors. It is a truly splendid theatre; tier upon tier of white and gold balconies, and all so brilliant and so vast. And here in the midst of the war Maretzek has brought a troupe from Cuba or Mexico, unknown to all of us, and here they have sung to enormous crowds; while, as if to atone for the long absence of a really fine opera, the gay world attends in gorgeous array. The rural Easy Chair, who strayed into the Academy upon any evening during the last month, to enjoy a little music, was confounded by the magnificence of toilet which beamed upon him from every side. The superb chevelures, the elaborate adorning of heads and shoulders, the wreaths of flowers, large, round, full-blóssomed, the hanging gardens upon the heads of beauty and fashion, were truly marvelous to behold. Nor were the baser sex wanting. They appeared in the whitest of cravats, and in gloves that were exquisitely stitched behind, superseding the modest lemon and straw kids of our prime, O Posthumus! There were also dress bonnets of glimmering silk and vaporous lace: lofty in front, and planted with piles and pyramids of roses between the forehead of the wearer and that of the bonnet. But it was a curious medley; for as there was no necessity of appearing in full dress, and as honest country people came to see a show, they did not prepare themselves to make part of it, and wore their honest clothes whatever they might be. However, the house was full, as the gratified eye of the manager perceived as he entered and seated himself, and waved his baton for the overture to begin.

The opera that evening was *Norma*, and never was it so well played in New York. The four singers were most excellent. Medori, the prima donna, is a woman of great dramatic talent, and sung, moved, and stood with an intensity of passionate expression that was unprecedented except when Grisi sang the rôle. Indeed it is impossible for one who saw her as Norma at the Academy to see any one else in the part without constantly remembering the superb disdain with which she occasionally overwhelmed the audience, which was preternaturally cool and indifferent. And the house was cool, and the magnificent singer had often to wrap her ermine mantle

around her; and altogether her remembrance of America can not be refreshing.

It was delightful to see an unheralded prima donna of such a large and noble style as Medori, and to see an opera in which every singer was so interested and devoted. If they could only learn it, spirit is half the battle of success. If that amiable tenor who seems carved in corned beef, and who has been tenor regnant so long, could infuse life and interest, and some show of fervor and passion into his acting and singing, he would not be easily supplanted in popular regard. As it is, Mazzoleni, the robust tenor, who actually makes a human part of Pollio, carries the most lively applause with his spirited singing and his capital acting.

But the elegiac Bellini pours only a thin rill of plaintive melody. Occasionally, indeed, as in the finale of *Norma*, the themes are truly beautiful and forcible; and in all his operas there is a characteristic touch of genius. But there are few joyous, truly masterly strokes. It is the wailing, hopeless Italy of 1830 that we hear in his works. And do all operas become a little wearisome after a time? There were the patriarchs of Palmo's in the house that evening. They seemed not a year older. They bowed and chatted; they smiled and stepped about. Was it all the same? Was the opera as fresh and expressive as ever? Or did they never care for the music, but only for the audience? Or, indeed, was the change only in some rustic Easy Chair, whose own taste may have been modified, and who has been to school at the German Opera during the winter?

Yet why should there be any quarrel? Is *Don Giovanni* not a delightful opera because *Fidelio* is grand? Is *Der Freischütz* not inspiring because *Lucrezia* is fine? Are there to be no more cakes and ales because virtue is so very virtuous? I know a man who has primroses and tulips, tuberoses and magnolias, violets and mignonnette, in his garden, and it is not less delightful than his neighbor's, who scorns all flowers but roses. The broader your taste, the more varied and constant your enjoyment. Titian and Raphael were great painters. But, kind Sir—who can not stand the tum, tum, tum of Bellini—Turner, and Murillo, and Giorgione are not contemptible.

Editor's Drawer.

NO more fearful tragedy has been enacted in modern times than that of the Indian massacres in Minnesota of last year. Our next Number will contain an account of this, written by one who passed through these terrible scenes. Yet there are comic incidents in the most awful tragedies. The following letter is sent to us by one of whom honorable mention will be made in the paper to which we have referred. Our correspondent writes from Mankato, Minnesota. By way of explanation of the letter which follows, he says:

"Last November the officer to whom this letter is addressed had charge of the removal from Camp Sibley, on the Upper Minnesota River, to Fort Snelling, the Sioux Indian prisoners (other than the condemned murderers), consisting of about fifteen hundred, mostly women and children. On the march from Fort Ridgely to Eagle Lake two squaws (*scooses*) fell out of the train, and did not come into camp that night. Scouts were sent back next morning, but failed to find them. Jacob Wilson, the writer

of the letter—the only white man near Eagle Lake—was requested to take care of the squaws when they should regain the trail, and assist them to overtake the train, or to forward them to Fort Snelling. One squaw rejoined the camp next night. The other was never heard of until this letter of Wilson gave account of her. She was crazy—so reported by the Indians when lost. The 'ball' that Mr. Wilson mentions was the bill or voucher given him for forage used by the train."

Januray the 25 1863

mr Curnal Marchal Sir I tak the opertunety of riting to you to let you know how I got along with those too scooses that you laft here whan you whant past egal city one of tham came aalong too howrs after the tran laft I give hir a pece and she want on after the tran the other came along a bout soon doon I give hir a pece and she want on after the tran I trid to gat to come in to the house I cood not gat hir in my wife tried hir bast to gat hir in but cood not gat hir in she sad she was afriad of me she want of and the nixt morning she came back on to the camp grown again and I want out and brot hir in and gave hir showmthing to eat but she wood not eat it from me my wife give hir some brad an meat and she wached and hide it in a letel boox that sat ander the table she stad round as long as I stad in the house I want of in the evning and was gone about too owrs while I was gone she roon of and I never hard of hir agan til the other day I found hir laying on the prarey the wclafes had hir prity much eat up

and about this ball that you gave me as paymant I wood be ablage to you if you wood instrack me how to manage a bowt gating it cashed I give it to a marchand in handerson on a ball that I owed him he sayes now that he can not dow anathing with it

if you will rit to me and derect me haw to manage a bowt gating it you will ablage me very much

your humbal frand

JACOB WILSON.*

OFFICE-SEEKERS are abundant enough; but office-resigners are not so plenty. "Few die and none resign," said Jefferson. But that now and then somebody does actually give up an office is clear from the following note received by the Postmaster-General at Washington on the 28th of February last—name and address being suppressed:

Postmaster-General, Washington City:

I hereby resign, release, and relinquish all my right, title, and interest in and to the important position of Postmaster of E—O—n, and to the profits and emoluments thereof, in favor of some one who wants a settlement for life. To me it has proved worse than the "seven years' itch;" and if one particle of Christian charity enters into the composition of your Department, I appeal to it to relieve me from the curse which I have so long endured with patience and humility.

I would suggest the name of L—i K—t, forty-fourth cousin to the New York Chancellor of that name. He is a good, reliable, straightforward, consistent, uncompromising, indefatigable, get-up-and-dust, Union Republican; likewise a gentleman and a scholar. Now if there be any other qualification required please advise me of its nature, and I will vouch that K—t possesses it.

Only relieve me, if the office should have to be discontinued.

Oh relieve! relieve!! relieve!!!

Yours in hopes of a speedy relief,

W. W. W—, P.M.

"M. K." WRITES as follows:

Mr Editor of Harper's Magazine

,I thought, I would Drop you a line in regerd to the editorial management of the magazine But with a faint Hope you would giv it anny attentin whotevr I consider it as it is one of the Best publised But I certainly Do not think it comes up to the standard of excellence of its earlier years. You now publish no more standard Poems no more

sketches of adventure or travels no more Historical. In the March Number you have a story entitled (for Better or for worse) which seems to me in its self is very incomplete it leaves every thing all in the Dark one long continued story at once in it would pleas the majority seems to me Yours Truly from a constant Reader.

THE parties of which I speak (says a friend) were a jocular young fellow named Aleck S—— and a jolly young Irishman named Nick H——. Nick was a "mud boss" on the "ragin canawl;" and Aleck owned an alarm-watch, which he wished to dispose of to Nick. It was a watch which Aleck assured Nick would awaken him at any given hour he might wish to rise, and took great pains to show the *modus operandi* of putting the alarm works in motion. Nick listened with astonishment and delight to the music of the watch, and being convinced of its great utility at once purchased it at an exorbitant price, and departed highly pleased with his bargain. In the course of an hour or two Nick returned, watch in hand, and accosted his friend in the following words:

"Be jabbers, looker here, Aleck. Take back your decaitful ould rattle-trap, and give me back me money immajiantly. Sure this botherin' thing is of no convainyance at all at all. Mightn't I just as well wake meself and git up at wanst as to git up and set this buggerin' thing to wake me?"

IRISH bulls are not all dead yet. Every now and then we see a first-rate one running at large, but rarely a bigger one than this, which was caught among the buffaloes lately. When the reader comes to the third resolution of the following, adopted at a meeting of our Catholic friends at Buffalo in February last, he will see the bull, horns and all:

1. *Resolved*, That a company be formed of stockholders for the erection of a Catholic Institute, in order to meet the different wants of this Catholic community, viz.: To have a suitable Hall, in which our Fairs, Social Meetings, Concerts, Gymnasia, etc., can be held; as also to give the Catholic youth of Buffalo and vicinity an opportunity of cultivating their spiritual and bodily faculties, and in which they may find a place for necessary recreation, without endangering their holy faith or their morals.

2. *Resolved*, That the stock or principal capital for the foundation of this Institute be fixed at fifty thousand dollars, divided in shares of twenty-five dollars each.

3. *Resolved*, That each shareholder, no matter how many shares he holds, shall have only one vote, with an additional vote for every five additional shares.

A FEW years ago there lived in a little town in Vermont an elderly man, a doctor and justice of the peace, who was extremely fond of a joke, and could get off some very good ones himself. As this town was not far from the Massachusetts line, and as the laws in that State respecting matrimony made requirements that many did not wish to comply with, it was no uncommon thing for persons near the line wishing to have the nuptial knot tied to cross over into Vermont, where the laws were less severe. As the Doctor was in the habit of tying such knots he was generally applied to by all for miles around. It was very common for these applications to be made in the night, and frequently at quite a late hour, by those that came from a distance. The Doctor was so used to being called up for that purpose that he felt quite sure of a job of the kind whenever he was waked.

It was on a very rainy night in the month of May that the old Doctor was waked from his very sound slumbers by a rapping on his bedroom window. He

arose and inquired who was there. The answer was, "J—— T—— and lady." The Doctor said, "Do you want to be married?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Join hands," said the Doctor. This was immediately done, when the Doctor continued:

"Under the window in stormy weather
I join this man and woman together;
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
E'er put this man and woman asunder."

The foregoing is sent to the Drawer by "J. T. B.," of Illinois, who says that it actually "occurred in the town of Vernon, Vermont." We can not prove that it did not happen then and there; but the same story, with the same verse, only a little more coarsely expressed, is told of Dean Swift. J. T. B. has tried to pass off an old story as a new one. He is not the first who has attempted it; and some of these days we propose to give a batch of these attempts, with the names and residences of the authors. Our materials are quite abundant.

In a town in Connecticut resides a man who made a fortune in the milk business by not giving full measure. As he grew rich he thought he would change his occupation to something more respectable, and accordingly bought a grist-mill. In conversation with his wife he said he did not feel right about the cheating which he had practiced in the milk business, and wished some way could be devised whereby he could repay in the grist-mill what he had cheated in the other. At last they settled on the following plan, which was to have the measures made which they took toll with as much too large as the milk-measures were too small.

AN old lady, a resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded, by the combined efforts of her children James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she knew something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the passage-way. The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming around a curve the Boston express train was on the same track, both nearing each other rather faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they only came together with a chuck, which pitched the old lady on her face in the passage-way between the seats. She rose to her hands and knees, and looking back, asked, "Jeemes, do they allus stop like that?"

HERE follows an extract from the advertisement of a cabinet-maker of Cazenovia, New York:

C O F F I N S .

A FULL assortment of sizes of Coffins already on hand. Particular attention paid to repairing old work. Prices for all to suit the times.

IN Nelson (a village better known under the euphonious title of Skunk Hollow) there used to live a rough old genius named James Bumpus, and called—by his familiars at first, and at last by every body—Jim Bump. One day as he went rolling through the little village, half-seas over, he saw, thrown carelessly upon the ground, a bag, upon which stood out plainly the characters "G. B." Old Jim stopped, looked at it askant, and at last picked it up and carried it off in triumph, muttering, "G. B.—Gim Bump. That bag's mine!"

On another occasion old Jim came home pretty tight again, having been to Cazenovia after a barrel

of flour. Meeting one of his cronies, he said to him, in his gruff voice,

"Jerry, been to town to-day—bought a bar'l o' flour—paid five dollars for't—'ll bet yo a quart o' beer yo can't guess how much I paid for't."

"Five dollars," said Jerry.

"Oh, now," said old Bump, "that ain't fair! *Somebody's been tellin' yo!*"

FROM the army of the Cumberland we have a couple of stories:

At the battle of Stone River, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the baggage of our regiment was destroyed by Wheeler's rebel cavalry, about 2500 strong. General Stanley, the commander of cavalry, collected about 2000 men, and set off in pursuit of Wheeler. Becoming separated from my company, I was riding along a by-road at a leisurely pace, when I saw coming toward me a man on horseback, and, notwithstanding his coal-black face was changed to a dishwater color, I recognized him to be "Hen," the company cook. He was coming on at a tremendous gallop, and evidently scared to within an inch of his life; his wool, if it did not "stand on end," became at least almost straight, fright having taken the kinks out.

"Hen," said I, "what on earth is the matter?"

Throwing his arms up wildly, utterly regardless of his horse, he yelled, rather than cried, in a most ludicrously absurd tone,

"Ise skedaddling, massa! Ise ske-dad-dling!"

The poor fellow had more to fear than one unacquainted with the fiendish spirit of Wheeler's cavalry may imagine, for, had he been caught, he would have had his brains blown out.

DURING the advance from Nashville Rosecrans had given orders that no fires should be built. He had a habit of riding around the outposts of the army to observe how his orders were kept. So, on the 29th of December, 1862, while riding along the top of a hill, alone, on the very extremity of our right, just below him, he saw a fire, with a party of men gathered round it.

"Hallo, boys! what regiment do you belong to?"

"Second Michigan infantry," replied the soldiers, not knowing who he was, as, owing to the darkness, they could only see he was a mounted man, and no more.

"Haven't you heard the orders about making fires, boys?"

"Yes; but we thought we would make a little coffee. Besides, the 'Butternuts' can't see us here."

Just as he said this a shell from one of the enemy's batteries, the gunners of which had observed the light, fell into the very centre of the little crowd, and bursting, killed and wounded four of them.

"That's right, boys!" cried the General; "make your coffee, break the orders, and catch the shells!"

MR. NESBIT, of Northern Vermont, is *not* distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents per pound. On breaking it to pieces at home it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming,

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow; and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be! I want you to make it right!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right." I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. N., *how much do you suppose that that hole would weigh?*"

Mr. N. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

A FRIEND of mine (writes a friend), residing in Port Huron, Michigan, has a little son about nine years old. A neighbor of this friend has a lovely and interesting daughter of about the same age. These children have been playmates and fast friends for several years, and, as is frequently the case in like circumstances, are often bantered on this childish attachment. Lately Uncle Sam E——, the father of the boy, met little Jennie on the street.

"What profession do you want Alva to study for?" said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, at the same time stroking affectionately the glossy curls of the little maiden.

"Oh!" said she, with a confused hesitation and an interesting lisp, "I don't know, Misther E——. I shouldn't like to have him be a ministher, I gueth."

"And why don't you want him to be a minister, Jennie?" said the old gentleman, smiling.

"Oh! cawth," replied she, blushing and looking down with unaffected modesty, "ministhers' children never have any fun."

AN unknown correspondent, from whom we hope to hear again, sends to the Drawer:

Mollic's Hans, who didn't "whistle in Dutch," puts me in mind of a transaction, or rather series of transactions, that will be enjoined by such of your readers as are printers; others, generally, will not understand.

The Constitution of the State of — requires the general laws and certain other public documents to be printed in Spanish as well as in English. As Spanish is a foreign language "double composition" is of course allowed. The other day, in looking over some old archives in the Controller's office, I found a lot of bills for the Spanish laws of 1851–52, in which double price was charged for *press-work*, because it was in a *foreign language*! Could impudence go further?

WE have an eccentric justice of the peace in this vicinity, a thoroughly honest man, always trying to do justice between his neighbors, but entertaining the utmost contempt for lawyers, and an inveterate hatred of the quirks and quibbles of the law. In a case before him recently justice was on the side of the plaintiff, but he had slept on his rights until he had legally lost them. The defendant called his Honor's attention to the fact, and alleged a decision of the Supreme Court to the point. His Honor didn't believe it. The case was brought and read, and authorities piled up, Ossa on Pelion. His Honor rubbed his spectacles, looked at the parties, scrutinized counsel, examined the books, drew a long breath, sighed heavily, and said, "Yes, Mr. T——, it's so; but if the Supreme Court *will* make a fool of itself it is no reason why I should. In my opinion, Sir, the Supreme Court is a nuisance. I overrule its decision on the point, Sir, and give judgment

for the plaintiff." The appeal papers went up the same day.

A GENTLEMAN, and, notwithstanding the joke gotten off at his expense, a very clever one (using clever in both the English and American sense), who does the irritable and indignant tyrants of olden times, having the fear of certain lawsuits ahead, called early one morning on a gentleman of our bar with, "Mr. C—, I wish to retain you, during my stay in the city, to defend any actions that may be brought against me." Jim, who had probably been clawed by the tiger the night before, or accidentally got too much whisky in his punch, or met with some other mishap that rendered him like bruin with a bruised cranium, looked at the actor a minute, and growled out, "Sorry, Sir, but can't do it; engaged since your first night on t'other side; evidence perfect, oral and ocular; could convict an angel under it; Shakspeare's heirs, Sir—murder—clear case; good-morning!" It is needless to add that the play-man looked elsewhere for counsel.

A CORRESPONDENT in the army of the Union now in Tennessee says that the Drawer is an institution, and around the camp-fires is the life of the circle. He writes:

During the pursuit that followed the battle of Shiloh the body-servant of General Bragg was captured. Being brought before General Buell, he was questioned as to incidents of the battle. Among other things, he said: "Dem gun-boats of yourn is mighty institutions. De night arter the battle, when the secess ware in your tents, s'posin' dey would have a fine time, de big guns on the boats would go boom. Den a big shell would come up through the woods, blazin' like a lamp-post, a-huntin' the secess and sayin', 'Whar is you! whar is you!' and wharever it would find a big crowd it would drop right down thar." The deep voice of the old negro so closely imitated the whirr of a large shell that the assembled generals burst into a hearty laugh.

WHEN Colonel Daniel M'Cook's regiment was lying at Camp Dennison, a brawny recruit from one of the eastern counties, who stuttered badly, was put upon guard-duty for the first time. A citizen attempted to pass the line. Recruit yelled out, "H-h-h-alt!" The citizen, who either did not understand him or paid no attention, was going on, when the sentinel carefully laid his bright "Springfield" upon the ground, and knocked the intruder down, saying, in his stuttering way, "There, now, mind the next time. If I ain't much with the frog-sticker yet I'm heavy with the fist." The recruit's fine behavior at Perryville afterward showed that he soon became "heavy" with the musket.

NEARLY every person who is old enough to remember the halcyon militia days can recall the interest which General S—, of —, took in the "general trainings." The General's early education was sorely neglected; but nothing daunted, he contended he could use big words as well as the lawyers who thought themselves so great. Once, when attempting to drill the nondescript crowd which muster-days invariably collected, he became very impatient at the awkwardness of his Falstaffians. Mounting a log near by, and after obtaining silence, he angrily said,

"It is a strange *phrenomena* you can't go through that *revolution*, so that you can march down to the

deepott in solid *phlanixes*, giving an *emolument* of *eclatt* to the *corpsee*!" The General's eloquence excited a laugh at least, and we are satisfied there are few passages in the English language its equal.

VERY much such a man was old Squire C—, one of the first clerks of Cass County, Missouri. The Grand Jury had come into court to report a lot of indictments which it had found, and upon which the foreman had properly indorsed "A true bill," signing his name. The clerk, not being satisfied with the simplicity with which Justice was clothing herself, wrote upon each indictment, under the foreman's name, the following: "We, the undersigned jurors, concur in the above *effluvia*." To which each juror signed his name, supposing it was some of the "lawyers' fixins."

"BURREL BETTS," writing from Josephine County, Oregon, sends us some extracts from a poem which he has amused himself "with writing while living alone and mining in the mountains of Southern Oregon." The following is his picture of "THE MINING LIFE OF THREE-QUARTERS OF THOSE WHO RUN AFTER GOLD EXCITEMENTS."

"Back to his lonely camp at close of day
The luckless miner wends his weary way,
In pensive study where on earth to make
Another raise, a small provision stake.
Uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, and unshorn,
His clothes in strips by chaparral are torn;
Toes peeping from his boots, and battered hat,
Tired, wet, and weary as a drowned rat:—
How changed from him we in the city knew,
In stove-pipe beaver, and a long-tailed blue,
Cigar in mouth, and carpet sack in hand,
By steamer bound to California land.
His store of wood, collected for the night,
To dry his clothes, and cook his little bite;
A broken shovel fries his meat, and bakes
A hasty mixture of unleavened cakes;
An oyster-can for tea-pot will suffice,
And pine or fir-leaves Hyson's place supplies.
His supper over, he improves a chance
To patch with flour-sack his demolished pants.
In musing mood he listens to the sound
Of night winds moaning in the woods around;
The mountain wolf or cougar's long-drawn howl,
The shrill coyoté and the hooting owl;
While as he plied his busy task, thus ran
The meditations of the lonely man."

Of which "meditations" we have only space to give the eight concluding lines, which certainly imply that there may be disadvantages connected even with gold-digging:

"Poor as the Prodigal who fed with swine,
His dimes all spent in rioting and wine,
Chased by misfortune over hill and dale
Like a stray dog with tin-pail at his tail;
Too poor to leave, and out of luck to stay,
The chance is small to ever get away:
Thus thousands live, exposed to all the ills
That luckless miners suffer in the hills."

A DES MOINES contributor tells us what one of the little ones said:

Upon the day of the adjournment of the last extra session of the Iowa Legislature several members were in the Auditor's office, drawing their per diem and mileage, when "Maggie," a wee five-year-old, the adopted daughter of one of the State officers, who was in the office, asked one of the Honorable Members to "play horse" with her—he to be the horse.

"Why, Maggie," said I, "you shouldn't make a horse of the gentleman."

"Oh!" said Maggie, "he isn't a *gentleman*; he's a Legislator-man!"

A SMART little girl lives in Illinois, as the saying below will certainly show:

"A little three-year old, daughter of the Rev. Professor in our Academy, had been taught the need of a new heart, and encouraged to pray for it. One day she had made some great mistake, and developed a large degree of native depravity. When the storm of passion had passed and reason resumed her sway her father asked how it happened that she should be so very naughty. 'Well,' said she, after a moment, 'pa, I asked God to make me a new heart two or three days ago, and he hasn't got it done yet.'

"Another little girl gave us an explanation of a part of the Sabbath-breaking in community:

"Her father, who was a pastor in one of our churches, was fortunate enough to have the assistance of an accidental minister one Sabbath, and thought of inviting him to dinner between services. The little girl heard this arrangement, and said,

"Ma, will the man come here to-day?"

"Being answered that he probably would, she cried out,

"Why, it is Sabbath day!"

"Yes," said her mother; "but he is a minister, and your father wishes to talk with him."

"Oh yes, ma; he is a minister, poor man, and doesn't know any better!"

AMONG some of the earlier records of justices' transcripts in Kansas is the following. A man had been arrested for stealing a yoke of oxen and a beehive, or, in the expressive language of the writ, "a bee gum." The justice, in sending the papers up to court, made this only indorsement, "*He slipped me on the oxen, but I cotch him on the bee gum.*" We defy any Eastern record to exceed this in conciseness.

J. PIERSON was a man of impulse and impatience, had been much in the habit of swearing, but tried to reform, and joined the "meeting." He was *boarding*, and one day after dinner had a violent fit of colic. In his agony he thrashed about in his room; and finally his landlady sent a servant-girl to see what was the matter. She got to the door of the room, and turned back and reported that the gentleman swore so terribly that she dared not go in. He heard the report. The landlady went in to inquire how he was.

"Madam," said he, "that poor Irish heathen you sent here can't distinguish praying from swearing!"

A CHAPLAIN in our army, whom we gravely suspect to be the hero of his own story, writes to the *Drawer* from the West, and tells this first-rate one:

A clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Illinois having heard that a portion of the country was without "the stated preaching of the Gospel"—in fact, had had no minister in those parts within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—resolved to give them a "service" on the Lord's day. Notice was stuck up at the cross-roads that preaching might be expected next Sunday in the school-house. Men came from all directions across the prairie; some on foot, some on horseback, some in wagons, but all with guns in hand, in hopes of meeting game on the way, and thus killing two birds with one stone. Passing over the preliminaries of a meeting thus strange and

novel to most of the comers, we find the preacher "holding forth" on the duty of "observing the Sabbath," when all at once the dogs (outside) set up a terrible yell, as hounds do in sight of the deer; for a noble stag had thrust his antlers in sight through the opening wood. All at once, as the deer was seen through the windows, there was a rush made for the shot-guns and rifles, stacked up in the corner of the room, and in less than no time the room was cleared of all save an old man with crutches and the preacher. As long as the old man sat still the preacher went on with his discourse. But the fever of excitement extended even to the lame man, who suddenly gathered up his crutches and made for the door.

"Well," said the parson, out of patience, "this is too much; it is all in vain!"

"Oh no," said the lame man, as he jerked himself on to the door—"oh no; I think they'll catch him!"

And catch him they did. They were generous enough to offer the preacher the fore-quarter, as the Levites did; but as it was killed on the Sabbath he modestly declined.

In the window of a store on Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey, may be seen the following:

"This Store has removed to 184 Market St."

A FRIEND in Baltimore says:

Not long ago, in the Eutaw Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, an amusing incident transpired, which we think worthy a place in the *Drawer*. The occasion was a Sabbath-school anniversary, and the capacious edifice was crowded with bright-eyed boys and girls and the friends of the cause generally. Among the speakers was the Rev. John G——r, of a sister church, who spoke earnestly and eloquently of the surpassing interest he felt in Sabbath-schools, and the beneficent influence they exerted upon the rising generation, etc., and concluded with an exhortation to his hearers to contribute liberally to the collection, "which is now about to be lifted, for the benefit of the school whose anniversary we celebrate to-day;" then, turning to the stewards, he remarked, "The stewards will please wait upon the collection and take the congregation up!" To judge from the excessive tittering, the "little ones" relished the mistake hugely.

Here is another: One night, during a protracted meeting held not long since in one of our churches, the exercises were continued much beyond the usual time, when, in the midst of ejaculations, the pastor arose to close the meeting, and gravely announced to the "sisters and brethren" that "it is now about time to bring our close to the meeting!"

ONE of our Boston subscribers mentions an instance of nigger wit that is as bright as any thing that comes from the "Hub:"

In one of our large warehouses here the porter, an "intelligent contraband," had a great propensity of laughing at other people's mistakes, and always took the opportunity to tax the delinquent with his shortcomings before a crowd. The system of shipping goods at this establishment was this: To give a ticket to the porter with the number of packages and the name of the party from whom they were purchased, that they might be selected from among other goods of a similar nature, and no mistake made. Now it seems he had a ticket given him with only the numbers on; and he, thinking he had

a good joke on some one, wrote the name on himself and shipped the goods—treasuring up the ticket, however, until near the close of business, when he finds the delinquent talking over the transactions of the day with his fellow-clerks. He immediately presents the ticket to one of the number, and asks him what he should think of a man that would give him a ticket like that? The party replied "that the ticket is all right." "Ah! but," says the contraband, pointing to the name, "dat little epitaph wern't on dar when it first come to me!"

For the benefit of metropolitan book-keepers "and the rest of mankind" I send you a copy of a bill made out and presented to me by a neighbor. The whole thing is "as true as preachin'." Let me premise, by way of explanation, that I was "improving" a piece of land—my present place of residence, in the great State of Missouri—and had employed Mr. Davis to board the hands—carpenters, plasterers, etc.—who were putting up the buildings for me. There are other miscellaneous items in the bill which will explain themselves.

This the 25th day of July. 1860.

Mr Isack Snucks m.D.

Account withe joab Davis	
28 to four days Board a peas for Woods an Boy he	
Went home two Nites charge 2 dollars per	
Week	\$2 00
August the 4 Woods an Boy 6 days a peas he Went	
home two Nites.....	3 00
August 2 an 3 an 4 an 7 for mr Hay Good Board...	1 00
9 to 1 Lod of poles 22 2 Joists 6 sleepers thirty in all	
for cutting and timber and haling.....	4 00
9 an 10 an 11 an 12 for mr John Battel Board one	
Nite Gon.....	1 00
for hors three days at 50 pr day.....	1 50
for holing appels & on loding	1 00
to one lod of coal holing at 5 cents a bushel	4 00
To a Bout one acre or mor of corn that Wood have	
maid 8 Barrels at 15) per Barrel.....	12 00
1 Gug at 15 cents.....	15
to holing one lod of hay	3 00
total Dew....	\$42 65

Joab davis

Mr. J. Davis is an original at accounts. He has his own method, and an "illegunt" method it is too. I have settled several claims he has held against me. Here is one of his accounts now in my possession:

Doct I. Snucks

this account Dew Joab Davis May 23th 1862	
For Sowing oats and for holing three Lods of Wood	
Wich Charly Jones a Greed to let me have a	
hors four day.....	\$2 00
24 for cutting & holing 1 lod of Green Wood	3 00
19 to littel over four half days plowing in corn	2 50
11th for hors	50
for hors to hunt Yours By your Brother.....	50
for hors Workinge in Buggy.....	50
for hors Goen to Mill.....	50
for oxen raken Stalkes	60
To 4 plankes for Bares 24 feet to Plank When I Was	
at St Louis.....	2 00
for oxen too days a haling of fodder	1 50
total Dew....	\$13 60

Joab davis

UNCLE MOSES BUMP was vastly weather-wise. One awfully dry summer, when the parched earth had not been blessed with a shower for six weeks, a neighbor sent his son on an errand to Uncle Moses, and strictly enjoined upon him that before he came away he must get the old man's opinion concerning the probable duration of the drouth. So before leaving he told him that his father wished to know what he thought of the weather. Uncle Moses went out, and, after a long and careful inspection of the brassy sky, said, oracularly,

"Well, Stephen, thee may tell thy father that if we don't get rain in the course of three or four weeks we shall have a remarkable dry time."

A very safe prediction.

FROM our gallant armies of the West the Drawer receives larger supplies of good things than it gets from the Potomac or the South. Here are samples:

One year ago this winter we were stationed at Bird's Point, Missouri. Secessionists were then supposed to have "rights that a soldier must respect," and there were stringent orders against jayhawking. Colonel (now General) Oglesby was then in command of the Eighth Illinois. Well, one day his fife and drum majors went out into the woods to practice a new tune. Attracted no doubt by the melody, a fine fat shoat of musical proclivities came near—alas! for the safety of his bacon, too near—for our bass-drummer, "by a change of base," made a base attack on his front; while the fifer, by a bold and rapid flank movement, charged him in the rear. 'Twas soon over; a few well-directed volleys of clubs and other persuasives were applied, and piggy went dead again—a martyr to his love for music! But how to get the deceased pork into camp?—"That's what's the matter" now. After considerable discussion an idea strikes the drummer (not so as to hurt him): "We will put him in the drum." "Just the thing, by hokey!" said the fifer. One head was taken out, and the hog stowed in, and our heroes started for their quarters, carrying the drum between them. In the mean time the regiment went out for a dress parade; and the Colonel, somewhat vexed at the absence of the principal musicians, no sooner saw the gents than, in a voice of reprimand, he ordered them to take their places with the music. The drum-bearers halted, looked at each other, then at the Colonel—but said never a word. The Colonel repeated his order in a style so emphatic that it couldn't be misunderstood. The dealers in pork felt a crisis had arrived, and that an explanation had become a "military necessity." So the drummer, going up close to the Colonel, in a low voice made him acquainted with the *status* of affairs, winding up with, "We 'low, Colonel, to bring the best quarter over to your mess." "Sick, eh?" thundered the Colonel. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go to your quarters?—of course! Bat-tal-ion, r-i-g-h-t f-a-c-e!" The Colonel had fresh pork for supper.

MANIFOLD are the expedients resorted to by the soldier-man to come it over the seceshers (a term that includes *all* citizens in these benighted regions), especially if there is an unusual tightness in the money market—and there generally is.

"Once upon a time," after a weary, dusty, forenoon's march, we halted for an hour or two's rest. A snug-looking farm-house being invitingly near, a couple of my comrades went over and called for dinner. Their names were Theodore and Levi (for short, The and Leve), and their united finances a three-cent stamp and a pewter dime. "But," said The, in an encouraging whisper to Leve, "don't be uneasy; I know a dodge that never fails. Why, I've had a dozen dinners on it, and it's as good as new yet." You see, *The* was raised in Philadelphia, and so he just naturally took to 'cuteness as a baby does to measles. Well, the dinner was in due season cooked, eaten, and pronounced good. "Now, landlord," said The, pulling out his purse with the

air of a millionaire, "what's the bill?" "One dollar for *both* of yer," said the host. "Very reasonable—*very*," remarked The, in a patronizing way, examining his wallet the while, as though looking for something. "I say, Leve, have you any small bills?" "Nary a one," was the answer. "Well, now, that's bad," soliloquized The; "and I've nothing less than a twenty! I suppose, landlord, you couldn't change a twenty-dollar bill?" "Wa'al, yes; I reckon—let's see what bank it's on!" For an instant The stood as though death-struck; and then, without a word, both broke as though the whole Southern Confederacy were in hot pursuit. "Well," ejaculated The, as he bolted from the house, "who'd have supposed that any one round here could change a twenty-dollar bill?"

THE Twenty-seventh Ohio, which must be remembered by every body who read of the desperate defense of Battery Robinet, at Corinth, has in its ranks some chaps who love fun as well as a fight. When it came into the service, the old belts and plates which had been manufactured in peace times for the *Ohio Volunteer Militia* were not all disposed of, and the waists of the Twenty-seventh were consequently all labeled, O. V. M. Though the U. S. has displaced most of these initials, a few of the old ones are still in use. On the 4th of October a corporal, wearing one of the old belts, was in command of a squad who were bringing in some rebel prisoners. After our men had passed the compliments of the day with their prisoners, and the canteens were duly emptied, one of the rebels inquires, "Corporal, what the devil does O. V. M. stand for?" "Oh! my plate, you mean?" says the Corporal; "that stands for *Ohio Visiting Mississippi*. We had a few made on purpose for this campaign!"

ONE of the high privates, whose knapsack had been thrown away during the fight, and who had consequently "nary a change," found himself, three weeks after, in a situation demanding a reconnoissance. He had taken off his only shirt, and was minutely examining it, when his Captain, making a tour of inspection, come in and inquires, "What is the matter?" Rising and saluting, high private answers, "I didn't think it right, Sir, to have these fellows all on duty at once; so I was dividing them off into reliefs!"

FROM one of the hospitals we get this characteristic incident for the Drawer:

An Irish soldier had died, and left behind him at home an affectionate father and a faithful wife to weep over the news of his death and to mourn his loss. The usual letter was written by the nurse who had charge of the ward, he died in, stating the fact of his death, and asking their pleasure as to his effects and remains. In due time the answer came, and ran something like this: His dues from Government (about six dollars) were to be carefully forwarded; but, owing to the expense, they had concluded not to send for his body, but had "*dacently waked his clothes!*"

UP in the Green Mountain State they have their own fun, as a few letters from a friend in those parts will show:

Sutton's store, in Vergennes, used in old times to be one of the favorite resorts of the inhabitants of the country round about. There the farmers "most did congregate" to trade and gossip, and the old

topers to await the chances of a treat to a nip of Sutton's St. Croix, or "old Jamaica sperits." It so happened at one of these seasons of gossiping that Sutton had a New York merchant visiting him, to whom he introduced some of the solid men present, but gave Captain P——, an old hunter and trapper, the "go by." Now Captain P—— considered himself quite as good, at least, as any body else, and could not "abear" such a slight, so he stalked up to the New Yorker and performed the ceremony for himself in this wise:

"Mr. Jones," said he, "my name is Captain Joseph P——, the greatest hunter in all this northern kentry; perhaps you may have heard of me?"

Upon this old Joe Whitlock, an old soaker whose powers of absorption were almost unlimited, staggered up and introduced himself:

"Mr. Jones, *my* name is Old Joe Whitlock, the greatest old drunkard in all this northern country; perhaps you mought have heard of me?"

Captain P—— left suddenly, and old Joe's clay was moistened many times and often, free of all expense to the owner.

OLD Captain B——, of Vergennes, was largely engaged in the coopering business, and being in want of a quantity of hoop-poles, beset Joe Whitlock to furnish him a lot.

"Why, Cap'n," said Joe, "I hain't got no hoop-poles!"

"Well, well, Joe, steal 'em—steal 'em! You can steal 'em, can't you?"

In a few days Joe answered the Captain's question by delivering several loads of the desired article, for which he received money enough to keep him in a state of exceeding bliss for a month.

"Now, Joe," said the Captain, after paying him for the staddles, "how did you get 'em?"

"Why, stole 'em, Cap'n, of course, as you told me to."

"Yes, I know, but *where* did you steal 'em?"

"Oh," said Joe, jingling the Spanish milled dollars in his pocket, "*up in your woods, Cap'n.*"

Tradition saith not how Captain B—— relished Joe's method of putting his advice in practice, nor whether he ever thereafter employed him in the getting of his hoop-poles.

A LADY friend of ours in Roxbury, Massachusetts, relates a grave incident in that neighborhood:

In a small town in Eastern Massachusetts was a well-known toper, Uriah G——, familiarly called "Riah." A funeral service had been held there, and the tomb door closed after the interment, but, by some oversight, left unfastened. Riah, reeling by soon after, in a state of obliviousness, was seized by a couple of wags and gently seated in the tomb. The seclusion and repose were at first harmonious with his feelings; but in a few hours, the fumes of the liquor having evaporated, he found himself in "the wrong pew," and commenced shouting lustily for help. A frightened townsman, hearing the din, concluded that the deceased friend, so recently interred, had suddenly been resurrected, and made off as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, spreading on all sides the startling tidings. In a short time the minister and many of the friends who had attended the funeral ceremonies had again gathered around the tomb. The door was opened, when, to their intense amazement, out stalked Riah! ejaculating, as he did so, with energetic gratitude, "By Hokey, I'm glad I've got out!"

Mr. Pigg's Picture Gallery.

I. West End.—Portraits and Domestic Sketches.



Portrait
of
William
Pigg
when very
young



Pigg at the Age of
Seven



Comic Sketch "A Pig Chase"



Mr & Mrs Pigg!!



Washington!!



A drawing from nature
by Mrs Pigg



Pigg as a Roman
Senator



Sketch of the house where
Pigg was Born in Bristol

II. South Side.—Originals by American Artists: Never on Exhibition.



A Rain Bow.

Church



young Chickens.

Tait.



Rockey Mts. with Buffalo.

Bierstadt



A Sweet Child.

Fisher



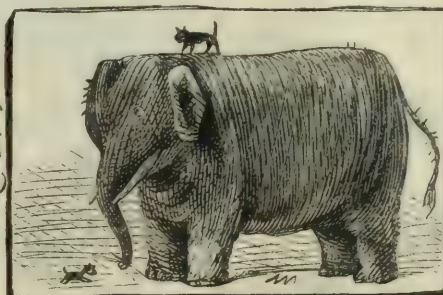
Water Fall

J. B. Thorpe



Indian Summer

McEntee



Animals

Hayes

Fashions for May.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—STREET DRESS.



FIGURE 2.—HOME TOILET.

IN the STREET DRESS the pardessus is of black silk, with ornaments in braid, with Brandebourgs.—Another pleasing style also of black silk, is made mantilla-shape—the upper portion, the line of the waist, and the lower border being trimmed with narrow flounces, set on with box plaits, each

with a button at top, and edged with a narrow *guipure*.

The HOME TOILET may be made of any seasonable material. The under-sleeves are of Mechlin net, with cuffs of blue taffeta, and trimmed with edgings of lace.

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